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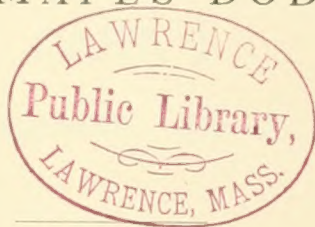
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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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VOLUME IX.

PART I.

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MISS FRANCES HARRIS.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

NO. I.

[Copyright, 1881, by THE CENTURY CO.]

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

DEAR BOY AND GIRL who were the first to read the very first number of ST. NICHOLAS, where are you to-day? Right here, we hope, looking at this page; and with you, thousands upon thousands of others. You have grown older,—several years older, but not too old to play with us, though we are only eight to-day. Yes, you have grown older; and of the rest, some who were babies then are reading over your shoulders now; and some who were big brothers and sisters at that time are perhaps showing the pictures to their own little ones who were nowhere at all when this magazine first came into life.

Well, have we not all, first and last, had good times together? And do we not all know more, feel more, and enjoy more, because of each other? Certainly we do. And most certainly in the full, busy years to come the friendly, beautiful crowd shall grow larger and larger, wiser and wiser, happier and happier! ST. NICHOLAS says so. And whatever ST. NICHOLAS prophesies must come to pass, because he has a special understanding with the boys and girls.

Now, on his ninth birthday, snugly settled in his new head-quarters on Union Square, overlooking half his native city, he naturally forms brave resolutions, and thinking over the past and the future, is sure of some day becoming "the very model of a modern" periodical.

Is he joking? No. Or boasting? No, indeed. The fact is, he can not tell exactly all he feels as his ninth Christmas draws near,—that is, not word by word, any more than you know all that you mean when you cry "Hurrah!" on a happy day. He is only crying "Hurrah!"

So, dear boys and girls, near and far, on the land, on the ocean, in cities, on the mountains, wherever, and whoever, you may be, so that you bear the colors of youth, ST. NICHOLAS greets you,—and wishes you many happy returns!

SPIDEREE.

BY Z. D. UNDERHILL.



ONCE upon a time, when there were very, very few men upon the earth, and those few were considered of little importance, the world, as all wise children know, was peopled by fairies. The elves then had everything their own way, and you might have heard grown-

up fairies in those days speaking of men and women as fanciful creatures that no sensible elfin child ought to believe in. There has been a great change since then, however, for nowadays plenty of respectable persons actually deny the existence of the fairies altogether, for the foolish reason that they have never seen them,—just as if any fairy would take the trouble to show himself to a person who did n't believe in him.

Fine times the sprites had then! Think of swinging on cobwebs, and taking a ride through the sunshiny air on a floating bit of thistle-down; of flying about on the backs of butterflies, and sailing over moonlit lakes on water-lily leaves; of being so small that you could creep into a silky-soft morning glory to sleep, and be wakened in the fresh dawn by the rosy light coming through the pink walls of your room,—or of taking a nap in the heart of a rose, where you would be perpetually fanned by the sweet breath of the flower. An easy life the elfin mothers led in those happy times; for when their tiny babies fretted and would not rest, as sometimes hap-

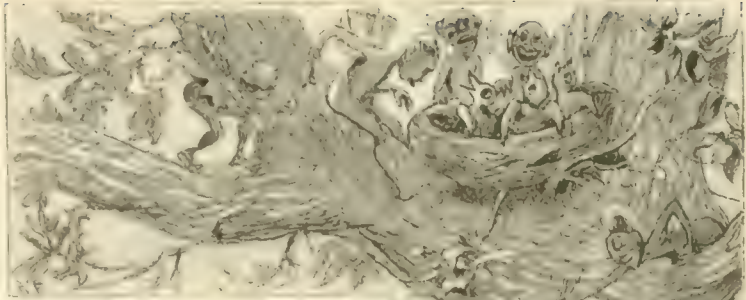
pened, they had only to hang them up in hare-bells and columbines, and let the wind rock them to sleep.

Old and young spent their time in merry dancing, and in frolicking, for they were a mischievous race, and loved to play all sorts of queer tricks on one another and on the animals that lived with them in the woods and meadows. They would pull the bushy tails of the gray squirrels, and then hide in the ragged bark of a tree, to watch them stare and hunt vainly about for their tormentors. They would knock the nut out of a chipmunk's paws, just as he was going to put it in his mouth, and hop about and giggle with delight, to see the angry little fellow sit up on his haunches and scold

till his voice could be heard all over the woods. They used to peep over the edges of the nests, and make faces at the young birds, until the poor featherless babies screamed harder than ever for their mothers to come home and protect them from these naughty elves. They took the bees' honey from the holes in the hollow trees where it had been so carefully stored by its busy makers; they used no end of wasps'-nests for paper on which to write notes to one another; and they stole the spiders' webs for ropes.

But, in spite of all these freaks, they were kind-hearted, and would not for the world do any real harm to any living creature. Indeed, when there was no rain, and the delicate plants were fainting for want of moisture, troops of fairies would often work hard for hours, bringing moss-cups full of water from the brook to refresh the drooping flowers; and more than one nestful of young birds who had lost their mother were brought up by the kind elves, who gave up their play to search for seeds and worms for the helpless orphans. And the squirrels and snakes, wasps, bees, and spiders, all knew that much as the fairies might love to tease them, there was no danger of their really hurting them. So, in spite of a few quarrels and scoldings, on occasions when the little people were really too troublesome, they were all good friends, and very merry and happy together.

I say that they were very happy, and so they were, but there was one thing which kept the fairies from being perfectly contented, and made them, even in the midst of their wildest gayety, keep an uneasy lookout for the danger which might be lurking near. At that time there lived another race of beings, who were no bigger than mortal children of two or three years, but who to the fairies were terrible giants. These were the goblins; and instead of playing about in moonshine and sunshine, and giving all their thought to merry tricks and little acts of kindness, they were of a cross and gloomy disposition, and spent their whole time in accumulating great heaps of gold and silver and precious stones. They thought this the only thing worth living for, and as fairy fingers were much finer than their own, and could do far more delicate work, it was the dearest desire of every goblin to catch a fairy, and set him to polishing the hard bits of shiny stone which were the pride of the goblin heart. Many and many an unhappy sprite had been snatched from his dance on the soft green moss carpet, and carried off to this hateful slavery.



Where the bad race of goblins lived, to what far off and horrible caverns their unfortunate playmates were carried, the fays and elves had never been able to discover; but that it was a long and terrible journey, and that the end of it was weary labor under pitiless masters,—this at least they had succeeded in finding out.



"PUTTING THE SQUIRREL'S TAIL AND MAKING FACES AT THE YOUNG BIRDS."

Now, at this time, in one of the greenest and prettiest of dells, decked with ferns, and shadowed by tall forest-trees, lived, among many others, three young sprites. The oldest, who was named Spiderree, was very kind to his sister Violet, and together they both took care of their little sister Moonbeam, who was still so young and flighty that it was often a hard task to keep her out of serious mischief.

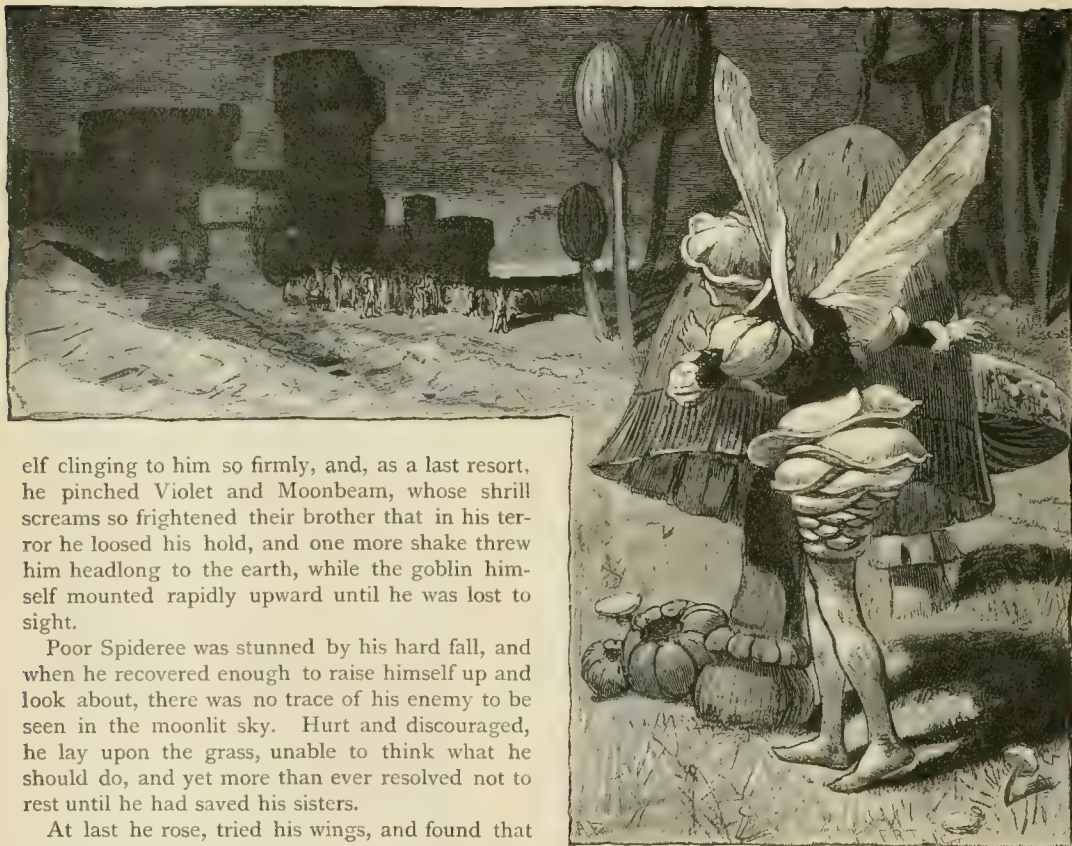
One evening, when the little people were all out enjoying the light of the full moon, which looked down with pleasure at their pretty antics, and when no one of them had any thought of danger, a dark shadow suddenly fell upon them, and the King of the Goblins, clad in strange flying-gear, swooped down like a bird of prey, and seizing Violet and Moonbeam, one in each hand, flew swiftly away with them. The shout of the whole troop of fairies, when they saw their two companions snatched away, was no louder than your faintest whisper, yet to Spiderree, who was standing a little distance off, it sounded like a deafening outcry, and he looked around, just as the goblin was

starting upward. Quicker than thought, he threw himself on the foot of the foe, grasped it tightly, and in spite of all efforts to throw him off, clung fast as they all rose together toward the sky.

On and on flew the goblin, shaking himself angrily every now and then, to get rid of Spiderree, who still hung on bravely, determined not to let go until he had found where his sisters were being taken, and in what way he could best go to work to save them from their sad fate. But the goblin was getting impatient at having this troublesome

lin-letter cut on one of the sides. This discovery delighted him greatly, for he now felt assured that the diamond must be the property of the goblin, who had dropped it in his flight, and who must have passed over the very spot where the diamond was lying. Much relieved to think he now knew in which direction to fly, he started off rapidly, and flew until he was exhausted.

For some hours he rested in the warm coils of a woolly young fern, and then he started again on his wearisome journey. Many times in his flight he



elf clinging to him so firmly, and, as a last resort, he pinched Violet and Moonbeam, whose shrill screams so frightened their brother that in his terror he loosed his hold, and one more shake threw him headlong to the earth, while the goblin himself mounted rapidly upward until he was lost to sight.

Poor Spiderree was stunned by his hard fall, and when he recovered enough to raise himself up and look about, there was no trace of his enemy to be seen in the moonlit sky. Hurt and discouraged, he lay upon the grass, unable to think what he should do, and yet more than ever resolved not to rest until he had saved his sisters.

At last he rose, tried his wings, and found that fortunately neither of them had been broken in the fall. Round and round he circled, just above the grass-tops, searching on every side for some little trace which might show him in what direction those he sought had flown. Soon, his eye was caught by a dew-drop, so bright that he bent down to see what was the cause of its singular brilliancy, and on coming close to it, he saw that, instead of a dew-drop, it was a tiny diamond. It was so finely cut that there were a thousand distinct sides, or facets, to it, and it was for this reason that it sparkled so. Spiderree picked it up, and found, on examining it closely, that there was a minute gob-

SPIDEREE HEARS THE GOBLIN HERALD PROCLAIM THE REWARD.

found bits of rainbow lying on the leaves over which he passed, and joyfully picked them up, for he knew that they were shreds of the rainbow scarf which Violet always wore, and that she must have torn them off and dropped them for the special purpose of guiding him aright. Often did he find himself astray, and forced to hunt around, until he was cheered by the sight of a rainbow-hued fragment glistening in the grass, or perhaps of a tiny diamond flashing light from a myriad points. Two more of these precious gems he

found—the second had two thousand, the third three thousand facets, and on each was the goblin-letter, so small that none but fairy eyes could see it, but which showed whose property the jewel was.

At last, after many days, worn out with traveling, with tired feet and drooping wings, Spideeree arrived in sight of a great and gloomy castle, built of enormous blocks of solid stone, and surrounded by a moat which prevented any near approach to it. The draw-bridge was raised when he first came in sight of it, and he stood and gazed across the moat at the dark building which he knew must be the abode of the King of the Goblins, and in which his little sisters, he felt sure, were condemned to perpetual labor, out of sight of the bright sunlight, the flowers, and the friendly wild creatures, which make a fairy's life one long delight.

Although he had penetrated farther than any adventurous member of his race had ever gone before, and had made his way to the very castle of the goblins, yet Spideeree seemed as far off as ever from success. Disheartened, he turned toward a neighboring wood, where he took up his home in an old tree-stump, and waited to see if perhaps some fortunate chance would help him to gain his object. Every day from his hiding-place he saw, at midday, a long train of elves, chained together two by two, come sorrowfully out of the castle, cross the draw-bridge, and take their daily walk under the guardianship of their harsh keepers, who would not permit them to talk together, nor even to take a single step out of the straight path. Last among them came Violet and Moonbeam, looking the unhappiest of all, for they had not yet grown used to the hard life they were forced to lead. Their brother watched them sadly, wondering whether he should ever find it possible to release them from their servitude.

One day, when he was sitting perched on top of one of the scarlet toadstools, a number of which grew in his new home, frowning and shaking his head as he vainly tried to think out some plan for making his entrance into the big castle, he heard what to him was a terribly loud voice, crying out. As it drew nearer he recognized it as the voice of a goblin herald, coming to announce news of public importance. Carefully slipping behind his toadstool, to avoid any chance of being seen, Spideeree heard with delight the herald proclaim at the top of his voice that the King of the Goblins had lost three of his handsomest diamonds, one with one thousand, one with two thousand, and one with three thousand sides, and that whoever should find and restore these to their rightful owner should have whatever he might please to ask as a reward.

Now Spideeree was a prudent as well as a brave

little fairy, and sat down to think about it, before taking back the diamonds to the King. Goblins, he remembered to have heard, were very treacherous as well as cruel; it would be better not to trust them too far, he thought. And the end of it was that he carefully hid the diamonds under a corner of an old stump, and set out alone to see what was to be thought of the state of affairs before bringing out the treasures from which he hoped to gain so much.

He went toward the castle; the draw-bridge was down, but at the end of it, just within the gloomy door-way, stood a cross old porter, who said, gruffly:

"What do you want, Atom?"

"If you please, sir," said Spideeree, politely, "I have news of his diamonds for the King!"

"You!" said the rough old porter. "What you know can't be worth much. But come along to my master, and he'll soon find out what you have to say for yourself!"

Spideeree followed the porter through the dusky halls of the castle, until he stopped before a heavy door, and knocked.

"Come in!" some one shouted.

The porter threw open the door, and said, bowing low: "I beg pardon, Your Majesty, but here's a conceited mite of a fairy thinks he's got your precious diamonds."

"Ha, ha!" roared the King. "Got my diamonds, has he? Hand 'em over, sir, and then I'll have you and the diamonds, too!"

"Please, sir," said Spideeree's shrill little voice, "I thought I was to have anything I wanted for a reward."

"So you believed that silly story, did you?" said the King. "Well, it was n't true, as any one with any sense might have known. So give up the diamonds."

"I have n't brought them with me, please, sir," said Spideeree.

"As if I'd believe that!" growled the King, and he picked up Spideeree, and looked in all his pockets, and even inside the lining of his hat, to see if the gems were hidden anywhere about him. His Majesty flew into a terrible rage as he went on, for he thought Spideeree had been only fooling him, and at last, in a fit of anger, he tossed him out of the window, shouting:

"Get out, you miserable, deceitful little mite!"

He was so angry that he threw Spideeree far across the moat, to the hard bank beyond, which for the little fellow was really very fortunate. Bruised and sore, he picked himself up and limped back to his woods. There he soon made for himself a healing salve of red cup-moss, and the juices of some wood plants, well mixed together, which in a short time restored him to his natural vigor.

For a whole day and night he sat on his toadstool, reflecting. But at last he said to himself, "Nothing

he raised his hand to rub his head, as puzzled people are very apt to do, and no sooner did a ray



"THE GOBLINS SPENT THEIR WHOLE TIME IN ACCUMULATING GREAT HEAPS OF GOLD AND SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES."

venture, nothing have!" and taking the thousand-sided diamond from its hiding-place, he started once more for the stone castle. When he reached it, all the inhabitants were out of sight, and the draw-bridge was raised.

of light from the diamond which he held fall upon the draw-bridge, than it slowly lowered itself, and then the way to the castle lay open before him. Now he felt certain of what he had long suspected, that the diamonds were magic jewels, and that it was for this reason that the King of the Goblins was so anxious to get them once more into his own possession.

Greatly pleased with this idea, Spidree passed over the bridge, and with a single gleam from the diamond opened the huge gates which were locked across his way. But alas, although the castle gates flew open before the enchanted rays, he could not open with them the door of a single chamber, and was forced to return to the woods for the two other diamonds, before he could make his way any farther. When he came back with these, Spidree soon found that, while the diamond with a thousand facets controlled only the draw-bridge and the great gates, the one with two thousand sides made every door in the castle fly open. Hastily he made his way to the apartment which he remembered as the King's. Here he paused a moment, and then, taking courage, let a single beam from the gem fall upon the massive door. Instantly it flew open, and within sat the Goblin King, who, the moment he saw the sparkling stone in Spidree's hand, started up, shouting: "At last! At last, I have them!" and rushed toward the door, with his hand stretched out to seize the jewel. The light which streamed upon him from it did not seem to affect him at all, and Spidree, in terror, just had time to draw the third



"SLOWLY THE GOBLIN KING GREW STILL AND RIGID."

"What shall I do now?" muttered Spidree. "They will never hear such a little voice as mine calling across the moat. How am I ever to get into their precious old cavern of a castle?"

As he stood puzzling over this difficult question,

diamond from his bosom and direct its beams upon his enemy.

As the glittering radiance fell upon the goblin, the laughter died upon his lips, the brightness faded from his eyes, and slowly he grew still and rigid before the wondering eyes of Spiderree, who now saw in front of him, instead of a raging foe, only a statue of stone, with its hand outstretched as if to grasp the empty air. Spiderree knew now that at last he had found the means of conquering the goblin tribe and undoing all the evil which their avarice and harshness had worked. Swiftly he flew from room to room, changing the inhabitants of each to stone, until he reached the apartment in which were confined the elfin work-people.

Here the diamond quickly turned the cruel keepers to stone, while all the eager fairies crowded around Spiderree to be loosed from their chains by the magic beams. Happiest among them all was Violet, to think that it was her own dear brother who had freed her and all their captive friends, while after long search little Moonbeam was found hidden far down in a dark corner, where she had been put for neglecting her work.

How they all rejoiced to be going back to their own happy world again, and how many questions Spiderree had to answer about the beautiful fairy-land, and the friends that they had all been longing so to see! Together the joyful troop left the castle, and crossed the draw-bridge. Spiderree, with Violet and Moonbeam, came last, and as he reached the middle of the bridge, softly the three diamonds slipped from his hand, and fell into the moat. No sooner were the elves all

across, than the draw-bridge lifted itself up, and the moat began slowly to spread into a wide expanse of water. A chilling wind blew from the enchanted castle, turning everything about to ice, and making the fairy band hurry still faster on their homeward

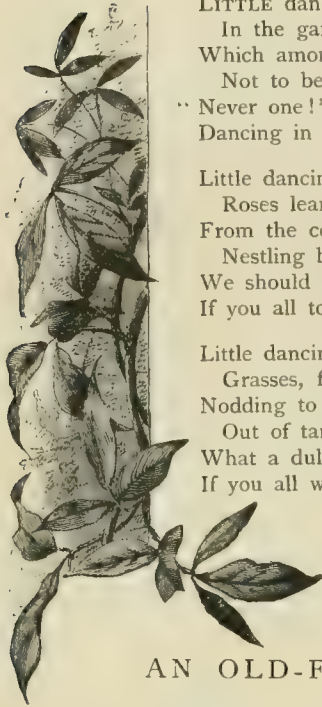


SPIDEREE TURNING THE KEEPERS TO STONE.

way. It was not long before they were all once more in their favorite haunts, frolicking and playing at their old tricks, without any fear of the terrible goblins, from whom Spiderree's patience and bravery had saved them for evermore.

LITTLE DANCING LEAVES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



LITTLE dancing leaves
In the garden-bower,
Which among you grieves
Not to be a flower?
"Never one!" the light leaves say,
Dancing in the sun all day.

Little dancing leaves,
Roses lean to kiss you;
From the cottage eaves
Nestling birds would miss you,—
We should tire of blossoms so,
If you all to flowers should grow!

Little dancing leaves,—
Grasses, ferns, and sedges,
Nodding to the sheaves,
Out of tangled hedges,—
What a dull world would remain
If you all were useful grain!

Little dancing leaves,
Who could do without you?
Every poet weaves
Some sweet dream about you.
Flowers and grain awhile are here;
You stay with us all the year.

Little dancing leaves,
When through pines and birches
The great storm-wind heaves,
Your retreat he searches,—
How he makes the tall trees roar!
While you—only dance the more!

Little dancing leaves,
Loving and caressing,—
He most joy receives
Who bestows a blessing.
Dance, light leaves, for dancing made,
While you bless us with your shade!

AN OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVING.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

SIXTY years ago, up among the New Hampshire hills, lived Farmer Bassett, with a houseful of sturdy sons and daughters growing up about him. They were poor in money, but rich in land and love, for the wide acres of wood, corn, and pasture land fed, warmed, and clothed the flock, while mutual patience, affection, and courage made the old farm-house a very happy home.

November had come; the crops were in, and barn, buttery, and bin were overflowing with the harvest that rewarded the summer's hard work. The big kitchen was a jolly place just now, for in the great fire-place roared a cheerful fire; on the walls hung garlands of dried apples, onions, and corn; up aloft from the beams shone crook-necked squashes, juicy hams, and dried venison—for in those days deer still haunted the deep forests, and hunters flourished. Savory smells were in the air; on the crane hung steaming kettles, and down among the red embers copper saucepans simmered, all suggestive of some approaching feast.

A white-headed baby lay in the old blue cradle

that had rocked six other babies, now and then lifting his head to look out, like a round, full moon, then subsided to kick and crow contentedly, and suck the rosy apple he had no teeth to bite. Two small boys sat on the wooden settle shelling corn for popping, and picking out the biggest nuts from the goodly store their own hands had gathered in October. Four young girls stood at the long dresser, busily chopping meat, pounding spice, and slicing apples; and the tongues of Tilly, Prue, Roxy, and Rhody went as fast as their hands. Farmer Bassett, and Eph, the oldest boy, were "chorin' 'round" outside, for Thanksgiving was at hand, and all must be in order for that time-honored day.

To and fro, from table to hearth, bustled buxom Mrs. Bassett, flushed and floury, but busy and blithe as the queen bee of this busy little hive should be.

"I do like to begin seasonable and have things to my mind. Thanksgivin' dinners can't be drove, and it does take a sight of victuals to fill all these

hungry stomicks," said the good woman, as she gave a vigorous stir to the great kettle of cider apple-sauce, and cast a glance of housewifely pride at the fine array of pies set forth on the buttery shelves.

"Only one more day and then it will be time to eat. I did n't take but one bowl of hasty pudding this morning, so I shall have plenty of room when the nice things come," confided Seth to Sol, as he cracked a large hazel-nut as easily as a squirrel.

"No need of my starvin' beforehand. *I always* have room enough, and I'd like to have Thanksgiving every day," answered Solomon, gloating like a young ogre over the little pig that lay near by, ready for roasting.

"Sakes alive, I don't, boys! It's a marcy it don't come but once a year. I should be worn to a thread-paper with all this extra work atop of my winter weavin' and spinnin'," laughed their mother, as she plunged her plump arms into the long bread-trough and began to knead the dough as if a famine was at hand.

Tilly, the oldest girl, a red-cheeked, black-eyed lass of fourteen, was grinding briskly at the mortar, for spices were costly, and not a grain must be wasted. Prue kept time with the chopper, and the twins sliced away at the apples till their little brown arms ached, for all knew how to work, and did so now with a will.

"I think it's real fun to have Thanksgiving at home. I'm sorry Gran'ma is sick, so we can't go there as usual, but I like to mess 'round here, don't you, girls?" asked Tilly, pausing to take a sniff at the spicy pestle.

"It will be kind of lonesome with only our own folks." "I like to see all the cousins and aunts, and have games, and sing," cried the twins, who were regular little romps, and could run, swim, coast, and shout as well as their brothers.

"I don't care a mite for all that. It will be so nice to eat dinner together, warm and comfortable at home," said quiet Prue, who loved her own cozy nooks like a cat.

"Come, girls, fly 'round and get your chores done, so we can clear away for dinner jest as soon as I clap my bread into the oven," called Mrs. Bassett presently, as she rounded off the last loaf of brown bread which was to feed the hungry mouths that seldom tasted any other.

"Here's a man comin' up the hill lively!" "Guess it's Gad Hopkins. Pa told him to bring a dozen oranges, if they war n't too high!" shouted Sol and Seth, running to the door, while the girls smacked their lips at the thought of this rare treat, and Baby threw his apple overboard, as if getting ready for a new cargo.

But all were doomed to disappointment, for it

was not Gad, with the much-desired fruit. It was a stranger, who threw himself off his horse and hurried up to Mr. Bassett in the yard, with some brief message that made the farmer drop his ax and look so sober that his wife guessed at once some bad news had come; and crying, "Mother's wuss! I know she is!" out ran the good woman, forgetful of the flour on her arms and the oven waiting for its most important batch.

The man said old Mr. Chadwick, down to Keene,



"PUSSY SAT DRINKING HER EYES IN THE CHEERFUL GLOW."

stopped him as he passed, and told him to tell Mrs. Bassett her mother was failin' fast, and she'd better come to-day. He knew no more, and having delivered his errand he rode away, saying it looked like snow and he must be jogging, or he would n't get home till night.

"We must go right off, Eldad. Hitch up, and

"I'll be ready in less 'n no time," said Mrs. Bassett, wasting not a minute in tears and lamentations, but pulling off her apron as she went in, with her head in a sad jumble of bread, anxiety, turkey, sorrow, haste, and cider apple-sauce.

A few words told the story, and the children left their work to help her get ready, mingling their grief for "Gran'ma" with regrets for the lost dinner.

"I'm dreadful sorry, dears, but it can't be helped. I could n't cook nor eat no way now, and if that blessed woman gets better sudden, as she has before, we'll have cause for thanksgivin', and I'll give you a dinner you wont forget in a hurry," said Mrs. Bassett, as she tied on her brown silk pumpkin-hood, with a sob for the good old mother who had made it for her.

Not a child complained after that, but ran about helpfully, bringing moccasins, heating the foot-stone, and getting ready for a long drive, because Gran'ma lived twenty miles away, and there were no railroads in those parts to whisk people to and fro like magic. By the time the old yellow sleigh was at the door, the bread was in the oven, and Mrs. Bassett was waiting, with her camlet cloak on, and the baby done up like a small bale of blankets.

"Now, Eph, you must look after the cattle like a man, and keep up the fires for there's a storm brewin', and neither the children nor dumb critters must suffer," said Mr. Bassett, as he turned up the collar of his rough coat and put on his blue mittens, while the old mare shook her bells as if she preferred a trip to Keene to hauling wood all day.

"Tilly, put extry comfortables on the beds to-night, the wind is so searchin' up chamber. Have the baked beans and Injun-puddin' for dinner, and whatever you do, don't let the boys git at the mince-pies, or you'll have them down sick. I shall come back the minute I can leave Mother. Pa will come to-morrer anyway, so keep snug and be good. I depend on you, my darter; use your jedgment, and don't let nothin' happen while Mother's away."

"Yes'm, yes'm—good-bye, good-bye!" called the children, as Mrs. Bassett was packed into the sleigh and driven away, leaving a stream of directions behind her.

Eph, the sixteen-year-old boy, immediately put on his biggest boots, assumed a sober, responsible manner, and surveyed his little responsibilities with a paternal air, drolly like his father's. Tilly tied on her mother's bunch of keys, rolled up the sleeves of her homespun gown, and began to order about the younger girls. They soon forgot poor Granny, and found it great fun to keep house all alone, for Mother seldom left home, but ruled her family in the good old-fashioned way. There were

no servants, for the little daughters were Mrs. Bassett's only maids, and the stout boys helped their father, all working happily together with no wages but love; learning in the best manner the use of the heads and hands with which they were to make their own way in the world.

The few flakes that caused the farmer to predict bad weather soon increased to a regular snow-storm, with gusts of wind, for up among the hills winter came early and lingered long. But the children were busy, gay, and warm in-doors, and never minded the rising gale nor the whirling white storm outside.

Tilly got them a good dinner, and when it was over the two elder girls went to their spinning, for in the kitchen stood the big and little wheels, and baskets of wool-rolls, ready to be twisted into yarn for the winter's knitting, and each day brought its stint of work to the daughters, who hoped to be as thrifty as their mother.

Eph kept up a glorious fire, and superintended the small boys, who popped corn and whittled boats on the hearth; while Roxy and Rhody dressed corn-cob dolls in the settle corner, and Bose, the brindled mastiff, lay on the braided mat, luxuriously warming his old legs. Thus employed, they made a pretty picture, these rosy boys and girls, in their homespun suits, with the rustic toys or tasks which most children nowadays would find very poor or tiresome.

Tilly and Prue sang, as they stepped to and fro, drawing out the smoothly twisted threads to the musical hum of the great spinning-wheels. The little girls chattered like magpies over their dolls and the new bed-spread they were planning to make, all white dimity stars on a blue calico ground, as a Christmas present to Ma. The boys roared at Eph's jokes, and had rough and tumble games over Bose, who did n't mind them in the least; and so the afternoon wore pleasantly away.

At sunset the boys went out to feed the cattle, bring in heaps of wood, and lock up for the night, as the lonely farm-house seldom had visitors after dark. The girls got the simple supper of brown bread and milk, baked apples, and a doughnut all 'round as a treat. Then they sat before the fire, the sisters knitting, the brothers with books or games, for Eph loved reading, and Sol and Seth never failed to play a few games of Morris with barley corns, on the little board they had made themselves at one corner of the dresser.

"Read out a piece," said Tilly from Mother's chair, where she sat in state, finishing off the sixth woolen sock she had knit that month.

"It's the old history book, but here's a bit you may like, since it's about our folks," answered Eph, turning the yellow page to look at a picture

of two quaintly dressed children in some ancient castle.

"Yes, read that. I always like to hear about the Lady Matildy I was named for, and Lord Bassett, Pa's great-great-grandpa. He 's only a farmer now, but it 's nice to know we were somebody two or three hundred years ago," said Tilly, bridling and tossing her curly head as she fancied the Lady Matilda might have done.

"Don't read the queer words, 'cause we don't understand 'em. Tell it," commanded Roxy, from the cradle, where she was drowsily cuddled with Rhody.

"Well, a long time ago, when Charles the First was in prison, Lord Bassett was a true friend to him," began Eph, plunging into his story without delay. "The lord had some papers that would have hung a lot of people if the king's enemies got hold of 'em, so when he heard one day, all of a sudden, that soldiers were at the castle-gate to carry him off, he had just time to call his girl to him, and say: 'I may be going to my death, but I won't betray my master. There is no time to burn the papers, and I can not take them with me; they are hidden in the old leathern chair where I sit. No one knows this but you, and you must guard them till I come or send you a safe messenger to take them away. Promise me to be brave and silent, and I can go without fear.' You see, he was n't afraid to die, but he *was* to seem a traitor. Lady Matildy promised solemnly, and the words were hardly out of her mouth when the men came in, and her father was carried away a prisoner and sent off to the Tower."

"But she did n't cry; she just called her brother, and sat down in that chair, with her head leaning back on those papers, like a queen, and waited while the soldiers hunted the house over for 'em: was n't that a smart girl?" cried Tilly, beaming with pride, for she was named for this ancestress, and knew the story by heart.

"I reckon she was scared, though, when the men came swearin' in and asked her if she knew anything about it. The boy did his part then, for *he* did n't know, and fired up and stood before his sister; and he says, says he, as bold as a lion: 'If my lord had told us where the papers be, we would die before we would betray him. But we are children and know nothing, and it is cowardly of you to try to fright us with oaths and drawn swords!'"

As Eph quoted from the book, Seth planted himself before Tilly, with the long poker in his hand, saying, as he flourished it valiantly:

"Why did n't the boy take his father's sword and lay about him? I would, if any one was ha'st to Tilly."

"You bantam! he was only a bit of a boy, and could n't do anything. Sit down and hear the rest of it," commanded Tilly, with a pat on the yellow head, and a private resolve that Seth should have the largest piece of pie at dinner next day, as reward for his chivalry.

"Well, the men went off after turning the castle out of window, but they said they should come again; so faithful Matildy was full of trouble, and hardly dared to leave the room where the chair stood. All day she sat there, and at night her sleep was so full of fear about it, that she often got up and went to see that all was safe. The servants thought the fright had hurt her wits, and let her be, but Rupert, the boy, stood by her and never was afraid of her queer ways. She was 'a pious maid,' the book says, and often spent the long evenings reading the Bible, with her brother by her, all alone in the great room, with no one to help her bear her secret, and no good news of her father. At last, word came that the king was dead and his friends banished out of England. Then the poor children were in a sad plight, for they had no mother, and the servants all ran away, leaving only one faithful old man to help them."

"But the father did come?" cried Roxy, eagerly.

"You 'll see," continued Eph, half telling, half reading.

"Matilda was sure he would, so she sat on in the big chair, guarding the papers, and no one could get her away, till one day a man came with her father's ring and told her to give up the secret. She knew the ring, but would not tell until she had asked many questions, so as to be very sure, and while the man answered all about her father and the king, she looked at him sharply. Then she stood up and said, in a tremble, for there was something strange about the man: 'Sir, I doubt you in spite of the ring, and I will not answer till you pull off the false beard you wear, that I may see your face and know if you are my father's friend or foe.' Off came the disguise, and Matilda found it was my lord himself, come to take them with him out of England. He was very proud of that faithful girl, I guess, for the old chair still stands in the castle, and the name keeps in the family, Pa says, even over here, where some of the Bassetts came along with the Pilgrims."

"Our Tilly would have been as brave, I know, and she looks like the old picter down to Gran'ma's, don't she, Eph?" cried Prue, who admired her bold, bright sister very much.

"Well, I think you 'd do the settin' part best, Prue, you are so patient. Till would fight like a wild cat, but she can't hold her tongue worth a cent," answered Eph; whereat Tilly pulled his hair, and the story ended with a general frolic.

When the moon-faced clock behind the door struck nine, Tilly tucked up the children under the "extry comfortables," and having kissed them all around, as Mother did, crept into her own nest, never minding the little drifts of snow that sifted in upon her coverlet between the shingles of the roof, nor the storm that raged without.



"LADY MATILDA AND HER BROTHER RUPERT ALL ALONE IN THE CASTLE."

As if he felt the need of unusual vigilance, old Bose lay down on the mat before the door, and pussy had the warm hearth all to herself. If any late wanderer had looked in at midnight, he would have seen the fire blazing up again, and in the cheerful glow the old cat blinking her yellow eyes, as she sat bolt upright beside the spinning-wheel, like some sort of household goblin, guarding the children while they slept.

When they woke, like early birds, it still snowed, but up the little Bassetts jumped, broke the ice in their jugs, and went down with cheeks glowing like winter apples, after a brisk scrub and scramble into their clothes. Eph was off to the barn, and Tilly soon had a great kettle of mush ready, which, with milk warm from the cows, made a wholesome breakfast for the seven hearty children.

"Now about dinner," said the young housekeeper, as the pewter spoons stopped clattering, and the earthen bowls stood empty.

"Ma said, have what we liked, but she did n't expect us to have a real Thanksgiving dinner, because she wont be here to cook it, and we don't know how," began Prue, doubtfully.

"I can roast a turkey and make a pudding as well as anybody, I guess. The pies are all ready, and if we can't boil vegetables and so on, we don't deserve any dinner," cried Tilly, burning to distinguish herself, and bound to enjoy to the utmost her brief authority.

"Yes, yes!" cried all the boys, "let's have a dinner anyway; Ma wont care, and the good victuals will spoil if they aint eaten right up."

"Pa is coming to-night, so we wont have dinner till late; that will be real genteel and give us plenty of time," added Tilly, suddenly realizing the novelty of the task she had undertaken.

"Did you ever roast a turkey?" asked Roxy, with an air of deep interest.

"Should you darst to try?" said Rhody, in an awe-stricken tone.

"You will see what I can do. Ma said I was to use my judgment about things, and I'm going to. All you children have got to do is to keep out of the way, and let Prue and me work. Eph, I wish you'd put a fire in the best room, so the little ones can play in there. We shall want the settin'-room for the table, and I wont have them pickin' round when we get things fixed," commanded Tilly, bound to make her short reign a brilliant one.

"I don't know about that. Ma did n't tell us to," began cautious Eph, who felt that this invasion of the sacred best parlor was a daring step.

"Don't we always do it Sundays and Thanksgivings? Would n't Ma wish the children kept safe and warm anyhow? Can I get up a nice dinner with four rascals under my feet all the time? Come, now, if you want roast turkey and onions, plum-pudding and mince-pie, you'll have to do as I tell you, and be lively about it."

Tilly spoke with such spirit, and her last suggestion was so irresistible, that Eph gave in, and, laughing good-naturedly, tramped away to heat up the best room, devoutly hoping that nothing serious would happen to punish such audacity.

The young folks delightedly trooped away to destroy the order of that prim apartment with housekeeping under the black horse-hair sofa, "horseback-riders" on the arms of the best rocking-chair, and an Indian war-dance all over the well-waxed furniture. Eph, finding the society of peaceful sheep and cows more to his mind than that of two excited sisters, lingered over his chores in the barn as long as possible, and left the girls in peace.

Now Tilly and Prue were in their glory, and as soon as the breakfast-things were out of the way, they prepared for a grand cooking-time. They were handy girls, though they had never heard of a cooking-school, never touched a piano, and knew nothing of embroidery beyond the samplers which

hung framed in the parlor; one ornamented with a pink mourner under a blue weeping-willow, the other with this pleasing verse, each word being done in a different color, which gave the effect of a distracted rainbow:

"This happy hour will never I forget
In my twentieth year, Providence B."

Both rolled up their sleeves, put on their largest aprons, and got out all the spoons, dishes, pots, and pans they could find, "so as to have everything handy," Prue said.

"Now, sister, we'll have dinner at five; Pa will

"It's all ready but the stuffing, and roasting is as easy as can be. I can baste first-rate. Ma always likes to have me, I'm so patient and stiddy, she says," answered Prue, for the responsibility of this great undertaking did not rest upon her, so she took a cheerful view of things.

"I know, but it's the stuffin' that troubles me," said Tilly, rubbing her round elbows as she eyed the immense fowl laid out on a platter before her. "I don't know how much I want, nor what sort of yarbs to put in, and he's so awful big, I'm kind of afraid of him."

"I aint! I fed him all summer, and he never gobbled at me. I feel real mean to be thinking of gobbling him, poor old chap," laughed Prue, patting her departed pet with an air of mingled affection and appetite.

"Well, I'll get the puddin' off my mind fust, for it ought to bile all day. Put the big kettle on, and see that the spit is clean, while I get ready."

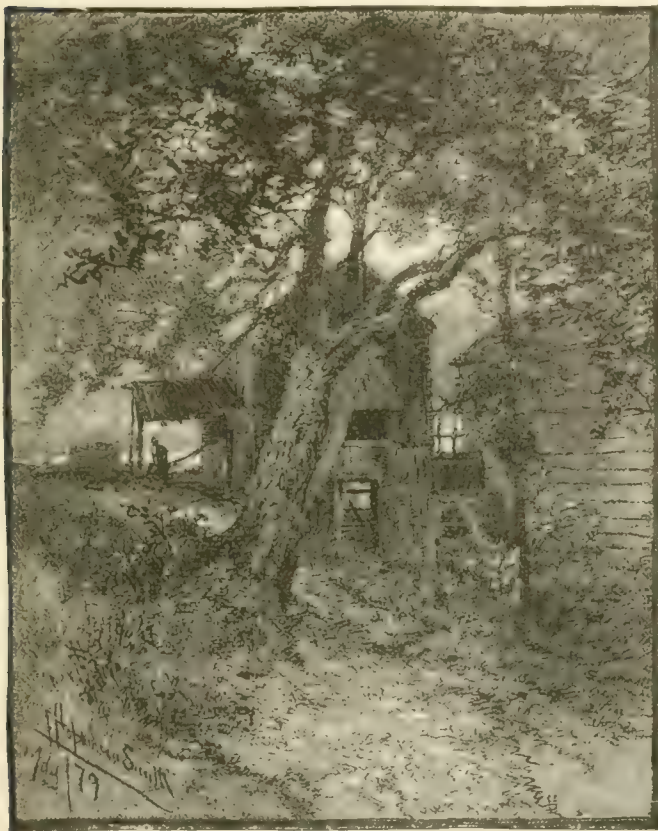
Prue obediently tugged away at the crane, with its black hooks, from which hung the iron tea-kettle and three-legged pot; then she settled the long spit in the grooves made for it in the tall andirons, and put the dripping-pan underneath, for in those days meat was roasted as it should be, not baked in ovens.

Meantime Tilly attacked the plum-pudding. She felt pretty sure of coming out right, here, for she had seen her mother do it so many times, it looked very easy. So in went suet and fruit; all sorts of spice, to be sure she got the right ones, and brandy instead of wine. But she forgot both sugar and salt, and tied it in the cloth so tightly that it had no room to swell, so it would come out as heavy as lead and as hard as a cannon-ball, if the bag did not burst and spoil it all. Happily unconscious of these mistakes, Tilly popped it into the pot, and proudly watched it

bobbing about before she put the cover on and left it to its fate.

"I can't remember what flavorin' Ma puts in," she said, when she had got her bread well soaked for the stuffing. "Sage and onions and apple-sauce go with goose, but I can't feel sure of anything but pepper and salt for a turkey."

"Ma puts in some kind of mint, I know, but I forget whether it is spearmint, peppermint, or pennyroyal," answered Prue, in a tone of doubt.



"THE OLD MILL, WHERE THE GREAT WHEEL TURNED AND SEASHED SO MERRILY IN THE SUMMER TIME."

be here by that time, if he is coming to-night, and be so surprised to find us all ready, for he wont have had any very nice victuals if Gran'ma is so sick," said Tilly, importantly. "I shall give the children a piece at noon" (Tilly meant luncheon); "doughnuts and cheese, with apple-pie and cider, will please 'em. There's beans for Eph; he likes cold pork, so we wont stop to warm it up, for there's lots to do, and I don't mind saying to you I'm dreadful dubersome about the turkey."

but trying to show her knowledge of "yarbs," or, at least, of their names.

"Seems to me it's sweet marjoram or summer savory. I guess we'll put both in, and then we are sure to be right. The best is up garret; you run and get some, while I mash the bread," commanded Tilly, diving into the mess.

Away trotted Prue, but in her haste she got catnip and wormwood, for the garret was darkish, and Prue's little nose was so full of the smell of the onions she had been peeling, that everything smelt of them. Eager to be of use, she pounded up the herbs and scattered the mixture with a liberal hand into the bowl.

"It does n't smell just right, but I suppose it will when it is cooked," said Tilly, as she filled the empty stomach, that seemed aching for food, and sewed it up with the blue yarn, which happened to be handy. She forgot to tie down his legs and wings, but she set him by till his hour came, well satisfied with her work.

"Shall we roast the little pig, too? I think he'd look nice with a necklace of sausages, as Ma fixed him at Christmas," asked Prue, elated with their success.

"I could n't do it. I loved that little pig, and cried when he was killed. I should feel as if I was roasting the baby," answered Tilly, glancing toward the buttery where piggy hung, looking so pink and pretty it certainly did seem cruel to eat him.

It took a long time to get all the vegetables ready, for, as the cellar was full, the girls thought they would have every sort. Eph helped, and by noon all was ready for cooking, and the cranberry-sauce, a good deal scorched, was cooking in the lean-to.

Luncheon was a lively meal, and doughnuts and cheese vanished in such quantities that Tilly feared no one would have an appetite for her sumptuous dinner. The boys assured her they would be starving by five o'clock, and Sol mourned bitterly over the little pig that was not to be served up.

"Now you all go and coast, while Prue and I set the table and get out the best chiny," said Tilly, bent on having her dinner look well, no matter what its other failings might be.

Out came the rough sleds, on went the round hoods, old hats, red cloaks, and moccasins, and away trudged the four younger Bassetts, to disport themselves in the snow, and try the ice down by the old mill, where the great wheel turned and splashed so merrily in the summer-time.

Eph took his fiddle and scraped away to his heart's content in the parlor, while the girls, after a short rest, set the table and made all ready to dish up the dinner when that exciting moment

came. It was not at all the sort of table we see now, but would look very plain and countrified to us, with its green-handled knives, and two-pronged steel forks; its red-and-white china, and pewter platters, scoured till they shone, with mugs and spoons to match, and a brown jug for the cider. The cloth was coarse, but white as snow, and the little maids had seen the blue-eyed flax grow, out of which their mother wove the linen; they had watched and watered while it bleached in the green meadow. They had no napkins and little silver; but the best tankard and Ma's few wedding-spoons were set forth in state. Nuts and apples at the corners gave an air, and the place of honor was left in the middle for the oranges yet to come.

"Don't it look beautiful?" said Prue, when they paused to admire the general effect.

"Pretty nice, I think. I wish Ma could see how well we can do it," began Tilly, when a loud howling startled both girls, and sent them flying to the window. The short afternoon had passed so quickly that twilight had come before they knew it, and now, as they looked out through the gathering dusk, they saw four small black figures tearing up the road, to come bursting in, all screaming at once: "The bear, the bear! Eph, get the gun! He's coming, he's coming!"

Eph had dropped his fiddle, and got down his gun before the girls could calm the children enough to tell their story, which they did in a somewhat incoherent manner. "Down in the holler, coastin', we heard a growl," began Sol, with his eyes as big as saucers. "I see him fust lookin' over the wall," roared Seth, eager to get his share of honor.

"Awful big and shaggy," quavered Roxy, clinging to Tilly, while Rhody hid in Prue's skirts, and piped out: "His great paws kept clawing at us, and I was so scared my legs would hardly go."

"We ran away as fast as we could go, and he come growlin' after us. He's awful hungry, and he'll eat every one of us if he gets in," continued Sol, looking about him for a safe retreat.

"Oh, Eph, don't let him eat us," cried both little girls, flying upstairs to hide under their mother's bed, as their surest shelter.

"No danger of that, you little geese. I'll shoot him as soon as he comes. Get out of the way, boys," and Eph raised the window to get good aim.

"There he is! Fire away, and don't miss!" cried Seth, hastily following Sol, who had climbed to the top of the dresser as a good perch from which to view the approaching fray.

Prue retired to the hearth as if bent on dying at her post rather than desert the turkey, now "brown-ing beautiful," as she expressed it. But Tilly boldly stood at the open window, ready to lend a hand if the enemy proved too much for Eph.

All had seen bears, but none had ever come so near before, and even brave Eph felt that the big brown beast slowly trotting up the door-yard was an unusually formidable specimen. He was growling horribly, and stopped now and then as if to rest and shake himself.

"Get the ax, Tilly, and if I should miss, stand ready to keep him off while I load again," said Eph, anxious to kill his first bear in style and alone; a girl's help did n't count.

Tilly flew for the ax, and was at her brother's side by the time the bear was near enough to be dangerous. He stood on his hind legs, and seemed to sniff with relish the savory odors that poured out of the window.

"Fire, Eph!" cried Tilly, firmly.

"Wait till he rears again. I'll get a better shot then," answered the boy, while Prue covered her ears to shut out the bang, and the small boys cheered from their dusty refuge up among the pumpkins.

But a very singular thing happened next, and all who saw it stood amazed, for suddenly Tilly threw down the ax, flung open the door, and ran straight into the arms of the bear, who stood erect to receive her, while his growlings changed to a loud "Haw, haw!" that startled the children more than the report of a gun.

"It 's Gad Hopkins, tryin' to fool us!" cried Eph, much disgusted at the loss of his prey, for these hardy boys loved to hunt, and prided themselves on the number of wild animals and birds they could shoot in a year.

"Oh, Gad, how could you scare us so?" laughed Tilly, still held fast in one shaggy arm of the bear, while the other drew a dozen oranges from some deep pocket in the buffalo-skin coat, and fired them into the kitchen with such good aim that Eph ducked, Prue screamed, and Sol and Seth came down much quicker than they went up.

"Wal, you see I got upsoot over yonder, and the old horse went home while I was floundering in a drift, so I tied on the buffalors to tote 'em easy, and come along till I see the children playin' in the holler. I jest meant to give 'em a little scare, but they run like partridges, and I kep' up the joke to see how Eph would like this sort of company," and Gad haw-hawed again.

"You 'd have had a warm welcome if we had n't found you out. I 'd have put a bullet through you in a jiffy, old chap," said Eph, coming out to shake hands with the young giant, who was only a year or two older than himself.

"Come in and set up to dinner with us. Prue and I have done it all ourselves, and Pa will be along soon, I reckon," cried Tilly, trying to escape.

"Could n't, no ways. My folks will think I'm

dead ef I don't get along home, sence the horse and sleigh have gone ahead empty. I've done my arrant and had my joke; now I want my pay, Tilly," and Gad took a hearty kiss from the rosy cheeks of his "little sweetheart," as he called her. His own cheeks tingled with the smart slap she gave him as she ran away, calling out that she hated bears and would bring her ax next time.

"I aint afeared—your sharp eyes found me out; and ef you run into a bear's arms you must expect a hug," answered Gad, as he pushed back the robe and settled his fur cap more becomingly.

"I should have known you in a minute if I had n't been asleep when the girls squalled. You did it well, though, and I advise you not to try it again in a hurry, or you 'll get shot," said Eph, as they parted, he rather crestfallen and Gad in high glee.

"My sakes alive—the turkey is all burnt one side, and the kettles have biled over so the pies I put to warm are all ashes!" scolded Tilly, as the flurry subsided and she remembered her dinner.

"Well, I can't help it. I could n't think of victuals when I expected to be eaten alive myself, could I?" pleaded poor Prue, who had tumbled into the cradle when the rain of oranges began.

Tilly laughed, and all the rest joined in, so good-humor was restored, and the spirits of the younger ones were revived by sucks from the one orange which passed from hand to hand with great rapidity while the older girls dished up the dinner. They were just struggling to get the pudding out of the cloth when Roxy called out: "Here 's Pa!"

"There 's folks with him," added Rhody.

"Lots of 'em! I see two big sleighs chock full," shouted Seth, peering through the dusk.

"It looks like a seminary. Guess Gramma 's dead and come up to be buried here," said Sol, in a solemn tone. This startling suggestion made Tilly, Prue, and Eph hasten to look out, full of dismay at such an ending of their festival.

"If that is a funeral, the mourners are uncommon jolly," said Eph, dryly, as merry voices and loud laughter broke the white silence without.

"I see Aunt Cinthy, and Cousin Hetty—and there 's Mose and Amos. I do declare, Pa 's bringin' 'em all home to have some fun here," cried Prue, as she recognized one familiar face after another.

"Oh, my patience! Aint I glad I got dinner, and don't I hope it will turn out good!" exclaimed Tilly, while the twins pranced with delight, and the small boys roared:

"Hooray for Pa! Hooray for Thanksgivin'!"

The cheer was answered heartily, and in came Father, Mother, Baby, aunts, and cousins, all in great spirits, and all much surprised to find such a festive welcome awaiting them.

"Aint Gran'ma dead at all?" asked Sol, in the midst of the kissing and hand-shaking.

"Bless your heart, no! It was all a mistake of old Mr. Chadwick's. He 's as deaf as an adder, and when Mrs. Brooks told him Mother was mendin' fast, and she wanted me to come down to-day, certain sure, he got the message all wrong, and give it to the fust person passin' in such a way as to scare me 'most to death, and send us down in a hurry. Mother was sittin' up as chirk as you please, and dreadful sorry you did n't all come."

"So, to keep the house quiet for her, and give you a taste of the fun, your Pa fetched us all up to spend the evenin', and we are goin' to have a jolly time on 't, to jedge by the looks of things," said Aunt Cinthy, briskly finishing the tale when Mrs. Bassett paused for want of breath.

"What in the world put it into your head we was comin', and set you to gittin' up such a supper?" asked Mr. Bassett, looking about him, well pleased and much surprised at the plentiful table.

Tilly modestly began to tell, but the others broke in and sang her praises in a sort of chorus, in which bears, pigs, pies, and oranges were oddly mixed. Great satisfaction was expressed by all, and Tilly and Prue were so elated by the commendation of Ma and the aunts, that they set forth their dinner, sure everything was perfect.

But when the eating began, which it did the moment wraps were off, then their pride got a fall; for the first person who tasted the stuffing (it was big Cousin Mose, and that made it harder to bear) nearly choked over the bitter morsel.

"Tilly Bassett, whatever made you put worm-wood and catnip in your stuffin'?" demanded Ma, trying not to be severe, for all the rest were laughing, and Tilly looked ready to cry.

"I did it," said Prue, nobly taking all the blame, which caused Pa to kiss her on the spot, and declare that it did n't do a mite of harm, for the turkey was all right.

"I never see onions cooked better. All the vegetables is well done, and the dinner a credit to you, my dears," declared Aunt Cinthy, with her mouth full of the fragrant vegetable she praised.

The pudding was an utter failure in spite of the blazing brandy in which it lay—as hard and heavy as one of the stone balls on Squire Dunkin's great gate. It was speedily whisked out of sight, and all fell upon the pies, which were perfect. But Tilly and Prue were much depressed, and did n't recover their spirits till dinner was over and the evening fun well under way.

"Blind-man's buff," "Hunt the slipper," "Come, Philander," and other lively games soon set every one bubbling over with jollity, and when Eph struck up "Money Musk" on his fiddle, old and young

fell into their places for a dance. All down the long kitchen they stood, Mr. and Mrs. Bassett at the top, the twins at the bottom, and then away they went, heeling and toeing, cutting pigeon-wings, and taking their steps in a way that would convulse modern children with their new-fangled romps called dancing. Mose and Tilly covered themselves with glory by the vigor with which they kept it up, till fat Aunt Cinthy fell into a chair, breathlessly declaring that a very little of such exercise was enough for a woman of her "heft."

Apples and cider, chat and singing, finished the evening, and after a grand kissing all round, the guests drove away in the clear moonlight which came out to cheer their long drive.

When the jingle of the last bell had died away, Mr. Bassett said soberly, as they stood together on the hearth: "Children, we have special cause to be thankful that the sorrow we expected was changed into joy, so we 'll read a chapter 'fore we go to bed, and give thanks where thanks is due."

Then Tilly set out the light-stand with the big Bible on it, and a candle on each side, and all sat quietly in the fire-light, smiling as they listened with happy hearts to the sweet old words that fit all times and seasons so beautifully.

When the good-nights were over, and the children in bed, Prue put her arm round Tilly and whispered tenderly, for she felt her shake, and was sure she was crying:

"Don't mind about the old stuffin' and puddin', deary—nobody cared, and Ma said we really did do surprisin' well for such young girls."

The laughter Tilly was trying to smother broke out then, and was so infectious, Prue could not help joining her, even before she knew the cause of the merriment.

"I was mad about the mistakes, but don't care enough to cry. I'm laughing to think how Gad fooled Eph and I found him out. I thought Mose and Amos would have died over it when I told them, it was so funny," explained Tilly, when she got her breath.

"I was so scared that when the first orange hit me, I thought it was a bullet, and scrambled into the cradle as fast as I could. It was real mean to frighten the little ones so," laughed Prue, as Tilly gave a growl.

Here a smart rap on the wall of the next room caused a sudden lull in the fun, and Mrs. Bassett's voice was heard, saying warningly, "Girls, go to sleep immediate, or you 'll wake the baby."

"Yes 'm," answered two meek voices, and after a few irrepressible giggles, silence reigned, broken only by an occasional snore from the boys, or the soft scurry of mice in the buttery, taking their part in this old-fashioned Thanksgiving.

MURILLO'S MULATIO.

BY MARY E. C. WOOD.



NEARLY three hundred years ago, in the city of Seville, lived one of the greatest of Spanish painters—Bartolomé Estéban Murillo.

Many beautiful pictures painted by this master

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adorn the palaces of the Old World, while a few may be found in the possession of wealthy art-lovers upon this side of the water.

In the church of Seville one may see four beau-

tiful paintings—one, a picture of Christ bound to a column, St. Peter in a kneeling posture at His feet, as if imploring pardon; another, a superb painting of St. Joseph; one of St. Ann; and a fourth, an exquisite picture of the Virgin Mother holding the infant Jesus in her arms. These paintings are largely sought for and long gazed

of six in the morning to take their lessons in drawing and painting in the studio of the great Murillo; to prepare and stretch canvas, run errands, and be ready at all times to answer the capricious demands of these high-born and imperious youths.

The poor mulatto boy had, however, in addition to a generous heart and amiable temper, a quick



GRANDERES OF SPAIN ADMIRING THE MULATTO'S PAINTINGS, IN MURILLO'S STUDIO.

upon by all art-lovers who visit Spain, and are particularly admired by artists for their truthful beauty, delicate tints, and natural coloring.

But they are not Murillo's.

These noble paintings, the pride and glory of Seville to-day, were conceived and executed by a mulatto, Sebastian Gomèz, who was once the slave, then the pupil, and in time the peer of his illustrious and high-minded master.

The childhood of Sebastian Gomèz was one of servitude. His duties were many and constant. He was required to grind and mix the colors used by the young señors, who came at the early hour

wit, bright intellect, and willing hands. His memory also was excellent; he was not without judgment, and, what was better than all, he was gifted with the power of application.

Intellect, wit, memory, judgment are all good endowments, but none of these will lead to excellence if one has not a habit of industry and steady application.

Sebastian Gomèz, at the age of fifteen, found himself capable, not only of admiring, but also of appreciating, the work of the pupils who wrought in his master's studio.

At times he even fancied that he could detect

errors and blemishes which they failed to note in their studies.

It chanced, sometimes, that he would drop a hint of his thoughts, when handing a maul-stick, or moving an easel for some artist student.

"How droll it is that the sly young rogue should be so nearly correct in his criticisms!" one of the pupils would perhaps remark, after overhearing some quiet suggestion of the mulatto lad.

"Aye. One might think the slave a connoisseur," would laugh another.

"Truly, it was owing to a cunning hint of his that my St. Andrew's arm was improved in the foreshortening."

"It was Gomèz who detected first the harshness in my coloring of this St. Catherine's hands, and noted the false curve of the lower lip. The mulatto has the true eye for color, and in truth he seems to guess at form as readily as some of his betters."

Such were the remarks that often followed the lad's exit, as the young señors lightly commented upon his criticisms. There came a time, however, when the poor mulatto received from their lordly lips far other than light comment.

One day, a student who had been for a long time at work upon a "Descent from the Cross," and who, but the previous day, had effaced from the canvas an unsatisfactory head of the Mater Dolorosa, was struck dumb with surprise at finding in its place a lovely sketch of the head and face he had so labored to perfect. The miracle—for miracle it seemed—was inquired into, and

examination proved that this exquisite head, which Murillo himself owned that he would have been proud to have painted, was the secret work of the little slave Sebastian. So closely had he listened to his great master's instructions to the pupils, so retentively stored them in his mind, and so industriously worked upon them while others slept,—his custom being to rise at three in the morning and paint until five,—that he, the servant of the young artists, had become, unconsciously to himself as to them, an artist also. Murillo, upon discovering the genius of Gomèz, was enraptured, and declared that the young mulatto should be in his sight no longer a slave, but a man, his pupil, and an artist.

"Other masters leave to posterity only pictures," exclaimed the glad master. "I shall bequeath to the world a painter! Your name, Sebastian, shall go down to posterity only in company with mine; your fame shall complete mine; coming ages, when they name you, shall call you 'Murillo's mulatto'!"

He spoke truly. Throughout Spain to-day that artist who, of all the great master's pupils, most nearly equals him in all his varied excellences, is best known, not as Sebastian Gomèz alone, but as "Sebastian Gomèz; The Mulatto of Murillo."

Murillo had Gomèz made a free citizen of Spain, treated him as a son, and, when dying, left him a part of his estate. But Gomèz survived his illustrious master and friend only a few years, dying, it is said, about the year 1590.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE EXTENSION TABLE.

BY NELLIE G. CONE.

THE Tournaments began one winter day, in the midst of a snow-storm. Dick and Belinda sat by the dining-room fire. Belinda was reading "Ivanhoe." She was a small girl, with large, innocent eyes. Dick was older than she, and a great deal wiser, but he condescended to play with her. Just then he wanted amusement; and he asked Belinda, in an injured way, why she was always reading.

"What else is there to do?" said the meek Belinda.

"We might play War," said Dick, rather slyly.

They had often played War on the extension table, setting up the tin and wooden armies opposite each other, and throwing an India rubber ball at each side by turns. But once Dick had

proposed to "draft," as he said, the animals from the Noah's Ark, and call them cavalry. Then he had drafted into his own army the otters, and other ugly but very little creatures which Belinda could not hit with the ball. Belinda, on the other hand, had chosen the giraffes and elephants because they looked so stately. Dick had won in a short battle of two minutes, and Belinda never forgot it.

"No, Dick," she said, firmly, "I don't want to play War."

"Well," said Dick, "there 's Tournament. May be that 's nicer than War."

"Beautiful!" cried Belinda. "Then we need n't have any animals."

She brought out at once all her battered toys,

and the two began to choose their knights, deciding that each should have six men.

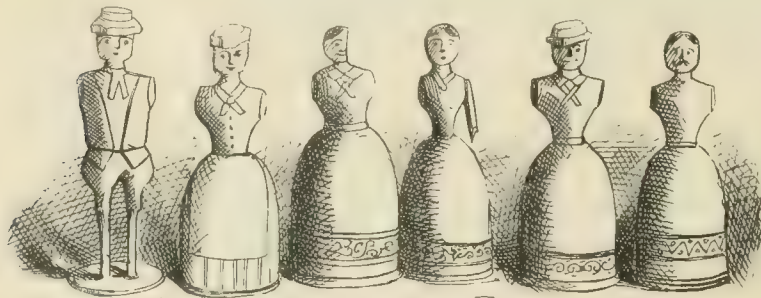
First, Belinda selected hers, naming most of them after the heroes in Sir Walter Scott's stories and poems, which both she and Dick liked to read. She made up her mind to have James Fitz-James, the disguised king in "The Lady of the Lake." She took to represent him a jointed cavalier, with buff jacket and gauntlets; but unfortunately he had lost both his legs (including a handsome pair of boots), and had to lean back upon his arms.

"Now," she said, "I think I'll have Wilfred of Ivanhoe," and she found a mild-looking wooden soldier with a piece of tin-foil tied around him.

She had a market in a box, with stiff green poplar-trees and tables full of fish and fruit; and out of this she took a man on a round yellowstand, wrapped him also in tin-foil, and named him Richard Cœur de Lion.

Then she remembered Tennyson's gentle Sir Galahad, and how he had a habit of riding about in the moonlight, and wearing silver armor, and always winning in tournaments because he was so good; and she got him from the market, too. He was a woman who had formerly kept a vegetable stand.

Next, in order that another wooden soldier might look like King Henry of Navarre, she made a pin-hole in the top of his black cap, or "helmet," as she called it, and put a white feather in the pin-hole. This looked so fine that she gave plumes to Ivanhoe, King Richard, and Sir Galahad, also.

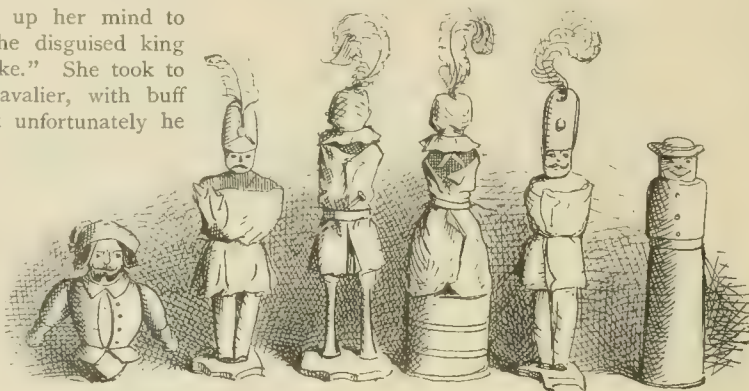


DICK'S BAND OF HEROES.

Lastly, she chose Ferrand of the Forest Brown. He used to be Shem, in the Ark. Dick never knew where Belinda found his new name, but evidently she was proud of it.

You will notice that Belinda selected only one of the market-women.

"I don't like them," she said. "They have aprons on, and they don't look nice."



"BELINDA'S GROUP HAD A MORE MILITARY APPEARANCE THAN DICK'S."

"Oh, I'll take the rest," said Dick, in the most obliging manner. "This," he went on, lifting a plum-colored fish-woman with half a head, "shall be Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf, known as the Savage Baron. This striped one is Lord Mar-mion."

"Why, he forged a letter!" said Belinda, with contempt.

"Never mind," said Dick. "He was a splendid soldier, and the book says he had a blue flag with a falcon on it; and his hair was all grizzly, except in front, where his helmet wore it off——"

"I don't think I'd have a knight that was bald," said Belinda.

"This other striped one," Dick continued, "is Sir Roderick Dhu, the chieftain of Clan Alpine. This red one is Sir William of Deloraine, good at need."

"Why!" said Belinda, again. "He was a robber! They were both robbers!"

"So they were," said Dick, cheerfully, seizing a brown woman as he spoke. "This is Bertram Rising-hame, who burned the castle in 'Rokeby.'"

"But he was a pirate!" cried Belinda.

"Yes," said Dick, taking no notice of his sister's horror, "and if you'll give me a lead-pencil, I'll make him a big mustache. Pirates always wear mustaches. There! This fish-seller, the only real man I have, shall be Brian de Bois-Guilbert,

the Templar, who carried away Rebecca of York."

"Dick," said Belinda, solemnly, "you never will win our tournament with such knightly thralls."

They're just a set of tramps!"



SIR WILFRED OF IVANHOE.

But Dick only said he "guessed" he liked them pretty well. When all were chosen, Belinda, who liked to draw, made a sketch of each group, and was pleased to see that her own had a more military appearance than Dick's. "Now," she inquired, when the knights had been placed at opposite ends of the table, "how does a tournament begin?"

"In the first place, you of course must be the herald for your knights, and I'll be the herald for mine," explained Dick. "First, the herald sounds a trumpet, just like this: Tra-la-la-la! Then you say, 'This blow is from Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf,' for instance, 'to Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe,' for instance; and if you can think of a war-cry, or anything of that kind, you say that, too." At this point he flung the ball, and Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe fell headlong. "When they fall like that," Dick continued, "they are unhorsed; and you know when a knight is unhorsed, he must n't fight again till next day."

Belinda sorrowfully removed Sir Wilfred, and then, with a feeble crow that she meant for a trumpet-blast, aimed the ball at the Savage Baron. She said that the blow was from Richard Cœur de Lion, who, she added, was Front de Bœuf's lawful king and master. The ball passed over Sir Reginald's head, and, after a few defiant remarks, he rolled his lawful king and master off the table.

Would you believe that, in this tournament, Dick did not use (until the last) one of his wicked



SIR REGINALD FRONT DE BŒUF.

knights, excepting Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf? Would you believe that the royal James Fitz-James, the gentle Sir Galahad, and the brave King Henry of Navarre were all "unhorsed" by that plum-colored rebel? When they attacked him, the ball, owing to the nervousness of the "herald," Be-

linda, generally struck either the mantle-piece or the coal-scuttle.

Once or twice it grazed him, but he only spun about and settled down into his old position with a clatter. The artful Dick, when he obligingly chose the market-

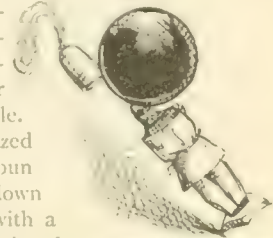
women, had foreseen that their heavy wooden skirts would hold them steady. Belinda was almost in despair. Of all her goodly company of knights, Ferrand alone remained. She shut both eyes, shouted, "Ferrand of the Forest Brown to the rescue, ho!" and let the ball go where it would.

To her great surprise there was a sharp crack, and in an instant Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf lay on the hearth-rug in two pieces.

Belinda felt almost as if she had won the day. To be sure, the piratical Bertram Risinghame "unhorsed" Sir Ferrand soon after. But that did not mend Front de Bœuf. Neither would glue, although they tried it. They laid him in a broken match-box that had a Crusader on the cover, and they played no more tournament until next day, all Belinda's knights being prevented from fighting again by Dick's rule about "unhorsing."

"Dick," said Belinda, as she tried to fasten on the helmet of Navarre, which had been knocked from his head by the Savage Baron, "don't you think we ought to call them the Knights of the Round Table?"

But Dick said he thought the Knights of the Extension Table would be better. And that was their name as long as they lasted.



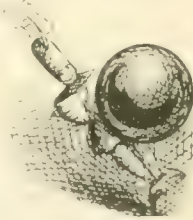
SIR FERRAND OF THE FOREST BROWN.



SIR GALAHAD.



SIR REGINALD FRONT DE BŒUF.



SIR FERRAND OF THE FOREST BROWN.



SIR REGINALD FRONT DE BŒUF.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO TRIED TO MIND.

BY JOEL STACY.



SUSAN, good sister Susan! was a gentle girl of eight,
And Totty was but four years old, when what I now relate
Came to the happy little pair, one bright November day—
A Sunday, too—while good Papa was many miles away.

"Good-bye, my darlings! don't forget." The little ones went forth,
Their hearts all in a sunny glow, their faces to the north—
Their faces to the chilling north, but not a whit cared they
Though the pretty church before them stood full half a
mile away.

For Mother, with her smiling face and cheery voice, had said:
"I can not go to church to-day, but you may go instead.
Baby will need me here at home—the precious little pet!
But babies grow in time, you know. She'll go to meeting yet."

"Take care of sister Sue!" she said, while tying
Totty's hood,—

"And, Tottykins, I'm sure you'll be, oh, *very*
still and good!

Good-bye, my darlings! Don't forget. Now,
Sue, you know the pew!

And, Tot, be Mamma's little mouse, and sit
up close to Sue."

A pretty sight it truly was, to see the rosy pair
Walk down the aisle and take their seats, with sweetly solemn air.
And Susie soon was listening, her manner all intent,
While little Tot sat prim and stiff, and wondered what it meant.

The quaint, old-fashioned meeting-house had pew-seats low and bare,
With backs that reached above the heads when they were bowed in prayer.
And thus it was when suddenly a scratching sound was heard,
Faint at the first, then almost loud—but not a person stirred.

All heads were bowed; and yet it rose—that scratching, puzzling sound,
The staidest members rolled their eyes and tried to look around;
Till Susie, stately little maid! felt, with a startled fear,
That, whatsoe'er its cause might be, the noise was strangely near.

Out went her slyly warning hand, to reach for Totty there;
When, oh, the scratching rose above the closing words of prayer!
An empty mitten on the seat was all poor Susie felt,
While on the floor, in wondrous style, the earnest Totty knelt!

Poor Susie leaned and signaled, and beckoned, all in vain;—
Totty was very much engaged and would not heed, 't was plain.
When suddenly a childish voice rang through the crowded house:—
"DON'T, Susie! 'cause I've dot to be my mamma's 'ittle mouse!"

Many a sober face relaxed, and many smiled outright,
While others mourned in sympathy with Susie's sorry plight;
And Totty, wild with wrath because she could be mouse no more,
Was carried soon, a sobbing child, out through the wide church-door.

Now parents ponder while ye may upon this sad mishap,
The mother, not the mouse, you see, was caught within the trap.
And lest your little listening ones may go beyond your reach,
Be chary of your metaphors and figurative speech.

ALL-HALLOW EVE MYTHS.

BY DAVID BROWN.

AS THE world grows old and wise, it ceases to believe in many of its superstitions. But, although they are no longer believed in, the customs connected with them do not always die out; they often linger on through centuries, and, from having once been serious religious rites, or something real in the life of people, they become at last mere children's plays or empty usages, often most zealously enjoyed by those who do not understand their meaning.

Still other customs have been parts of a heathen religion, and when that religion was supplanted by Christianity, the people held on to the old customs, although they had lost their first significance.

For instance, when a party of boys and girls are out in a sail-boat, and the wind dies down, some one says, "Whistle for the wind." A boy whistles, and they all laugh, for it seems a good joke to think of raising the wind by a whistle. But it was a serious thing to the sailors of old time, for to them the whistle was an imitation of the sound of the winds, and their intention in making it was that the gods might hear, and make the real winds blow. But a better illustration of all this is our All-hallow Eve festival. Its history is that of a custom which has passed from the worship of heathen gods into the festivities of the Christian church, and has sunk at last into a mere sport.

All-hallow Eve is now, in our country towns, a time of careless frolic, and of great bonfires, which, I hear, are still kindled on the hill-tops in some places. We also find these fires in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and from their history we learn the meaning of our celebration. Some of you may know that the early inhabitants of Great Britain, Ireland, and parts of France were known as Celts, and that their religion was directed by strange

priests called Druids. Three times in the year, on the first of May, for the sowing; at the solstice, June 21st, for the ripening and turn of the year; and on the eve of November 1st, for the harvesting, those mysterious priests of the Celts, the Druids, built fires on the hill-tops in France, Britain, and Ireland, in honor of the sun. At this last festival the Druids of all the region gathered in their white robes around the stone altar or cairn on the hill-top. Here stood an emblem of the sun, and on the cairn was the sacred fire, which had been kept burning through the year. The Druids formed about the fire, and, at a signal, quenched it, while deep silence rested on the mountains and valleys. Then the new fire gleamed on the cairn, the people in the valley raised a joyous shout, and from hill-top to hill-top other fires answered the sacred flame. On this night, all hearth-fires in the region had been put out, and they were rekindled with brands from the sacred fire, which was believed to guard the households through the year.

But the Druids disappeared from their sacred places, the cairns on the hill-tops became the monuments of a dead religion, and Christianity spread to the barbarous inhabitants of France and the British Islands. Yet the people still clung to their old customs, and felt much of the old awe for them. Still they built their fires on the first of May,—at the solstice in June,—and on the eve of November First. The church found that it could not all at once separate the people from their old ways, so it gradually turned these ways to its own use, and the harvest festival of the Druids became in the Catholic Calendar the Eve of All Saints, for that is the meaning of the name "All-hallow Eve." In the seventh century, the Pantheon, the ancient

Roman temple of all the gods, was consecrated anew to the worship of the Virgin and of all holy martyrs. The festival of the consecration was held at first on May 13th, but it was afterward changed to November 1st, and thus All Saints Day, as it is now called, was brought into connection with the Druid festival. This union of a holy day of the church with pagan customs gave new meaning to the heathen rites in the minds of the common people, and the fires which once were built in honor of the sun, they came to think were kindled to lighten Christian souls out of purgatory. At All-hallow-tide, the church-bells of England used to ring for all Christian souls, until Henry VIII. and Elizabeth forbade the practice.

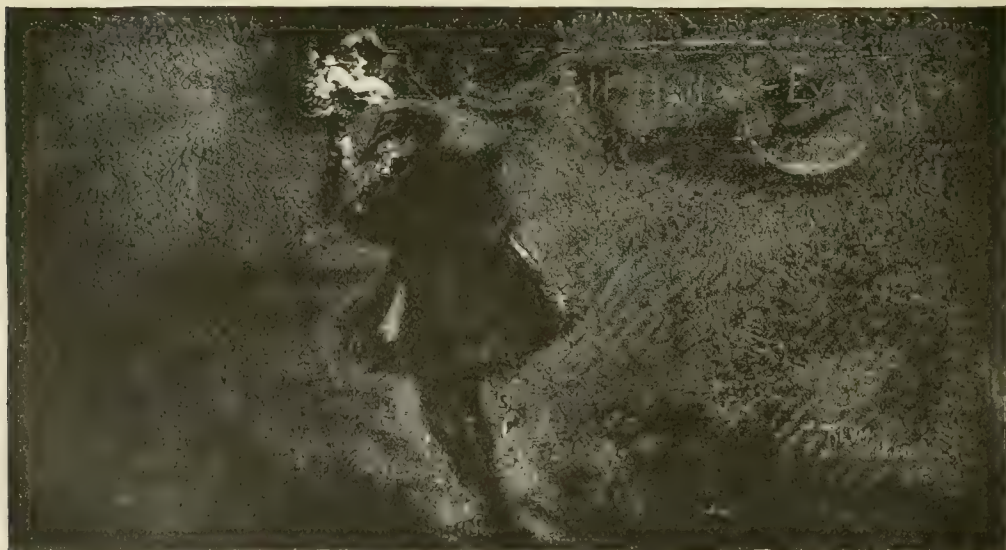
But by its separation from the solemn character of the Druid festival, All-hallow Eve lost much of its ancient dignity, and became the carnival-night of the year for wild, grotesque rites. As century after century passed by, it came to be spoken of as the time when the magic powers, with which the peasantry, all the world over, filled the wastes and ruins, were supposed to swarm abroad to help or injure men. It was the time when those first dwellers in every land, the fairies, were said to come out from their grotts and lurking-places; and in the darkness of the forests and the shadows of old ruins, witches and goblins gathered. In course of time, the hallowing fire came to be considered a protection against these malicious powers. It was a custom in the seventeenth century for the master of a family to carry a lighted torch of straw around his fields, as shown in the picture, to protect them from evil influence through

the year, and as he went he chanted an invocation to the fire.

Because the magic powers were thought to be so near at that season, All-hallow Eve was the best time of the year for the practice of magic, and so the customs of the night grew into all kinds of simple, pleasant divination, by which it was pretended that the swarming spirits gave knowledge of the future. Even nowadays, it is the time, especially, of young lovers' divinations, and also for the practice of curious and superstitious rites, many of which were described to you in ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1879. And almost all of these, if traced to their sources, lead us back to that dim past out of which comes so much of our superstition and fable.

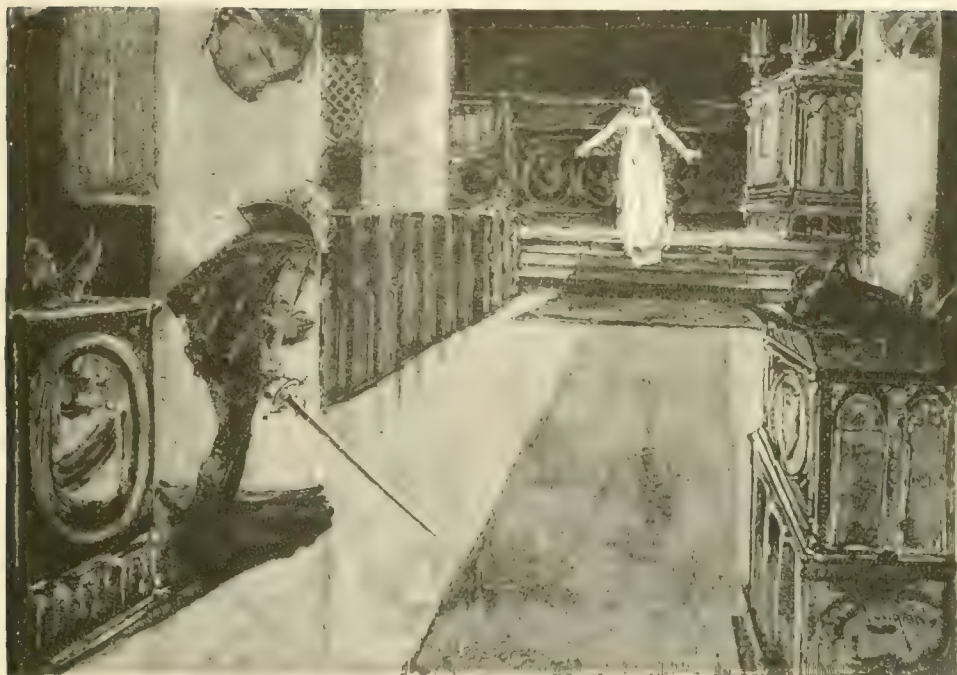
But belief in magic is passing away, and the customs of All-hallow Eve have arrived at the last stage; for they have become mere sports, repeated from year to year like holiday celebrations.

Indeed, the chief thing which this paper seeks to impress upon your minds in connection with All-hallow Eve is that its curious customs show how no generation of men is altogether separated from earlier generations. Far as we think we are from our uncivilized ancestors, much of what they did and thought has come into our doing and thinking,—with many changes perhaps, under different religious forms, and sometimes in jest where they were in earnest. Still, these customs and observances (of which All-hallow Eve is only one) may be called the piers, upon which rests a bridge that spans the wide past between us and the generations that have gone before.



WALLACE OF UHLEN.

BY F. VINTON BLAKE



Brave old Wallace of Uhlen dwells
On a castled crag of the Drachenfels.

White of hair and of beard is he,
Yet holdeth his own right manfully.

Oft and oft, when his limbs were young,
Out from its scabbard his good sword
sprung;

In castle hall, or in cot of thatch,
With Wallace of Uhlen none might match.

The brave old baron one day had heard
The peasants round by a legend stirred,

Of a ghostly lady, that watched till light
In Keidenloch Chapel every night.

So to his seneschal quoth he:
"Go watch, and tell me if such things be."

"My lord, I'd fain take many a knock
Than watch in the Chapel of Keidenloch;

"I'll stand the brunt of many a fight,
But ghosts are another matter, quite."

Then up old Wallace of Uhlen stood,
And stoutly vow'd by the holy rood,

And all things holy, all things bright,
He'd watch in the chapel that very night.

With only a sword, from his castled rock
Down he strode unto Keidenloch;

And with the twilight, dusk and brown,
Deep in the chapel he sat him down.

Wallace of Uhlen watched awhile
The pale moonbeams in the middle aisle.

The glimmer of marble here and there,
The oriel painting the dusky air.

Over his feet a something drew;
"Rats!" quoth the baron, with sudden
"shoo!"—

Then from the stair-way's darkness bleak,
Sounded a most suspicious creak.

Out from the stair-way's darkness came
A creak that should put a ghost to shame!

"Spirits, I fancied, were airy matter;
Hush!" spake the baron, "now, have at her!"

Lo! the chancel was all aflame,
And past the altar the lady came.

Sank the flame with many a flicker,
Till ever the darkness seemed the thicker.

Nearer and nearer stole the maid—
A ghastly phantom—a fearful shade!

His blade old Wallace uplifted high:
"Now, which is stronger, thou or I?"

But lo! affrighted, the lady dread
Back through the chapel turned and fled;

And hasting after with many a blow,
Old Wallace of Uhlen laid her low.

He drew her into a moonlit place,
And gazed undaunted upon the face—

Gazed on the face so pale and dread,
And saw no maid, but a robber dead—

The scourge of many a fertile plain,
By Wallace of Uhlen lying slain.

So up to his castle striding back,
He pledged the ghost in a cup of sack,

And roared with laughter when from his rock
He looked to the Chapel of Keidenloch.

THE PETERKINS GIVE A FANCY BALL.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



RIGHT not something be done by way of farewell before leaving for Egypt? They did not want to give another tea-party, and could not get in all at dinner. They had had charades and a picnic. Elizabeth Eliza wished for something unusual, that should be remembered after they had left for Egypt. Why should it not be a Fancy Ball? There never had been one in the place.

Mrs. Peterkin hesitated. Perhaps for that reason they ought not to attempt it. She liked to have things that other people had. She, however, objected most to the "ball" part. She could, indeed, still dance a minuet, but she was not sure she could get on in the "Boston dip."

The little boys said they would like the "fancy" part and "dressing up." They remembered their delight when they browned their faces for Hindus, at their charades, just for a few minutes; and what fun it would be to wear their costumes through a whole evening! Mrs. Peterkin shook her head; it was days and days before the brown had washed out of their complexions.

Still she, too, was interested in the "dressing up." If they should wear costumes, they could make them of things that might be left behind,

that they had done wearing—if they could only think of the right kind of things.

Mrs. Peterkin, indeed, had already packed up, although they were not to leave for two months, for she did not want to be hurried at the last. She and Elizabeth Eliza went on different principles in packing.

Elizabeth Eliza had been told that you really needed very little to travel with—merely your traveling dress and a black silk. Mrs. Peterkin, on the contrary, had heard it was best to take everything you had, and then you need not spend your time shopping in Paris. So they had decided upon adopting both ways. Mrs. Peterkin was to take her "everything," and already had all the shoes and stockings she should need for a year or two. Elizabeth Eliza, on the other hand, prepared a small valise. She consoled herself with the thought that, if she should meet anything that would not go into it, she could put it in one of her mother's trunks.

It was resolved to give the Fancy Ball.

Mr. Peterkin early determined upon a character. He decided to be Julius Cæsar. He had a bald place on the top of his head, which he was told resembled that of the great Roman, and he concluded that the dress would be a simple one to get up, requiring only a sheet for a toga.

Agamemnon was inclined to take the part which his own name represented, and he looked up the costume of the Greek king of men. But he was dissatisfied with the representation given of him in Dr. Schliemann's "Mykenæ." There was a picture of Agamemnon's mask, but very much battered. He might get a mask made in that pattern, indeed, and the little boys were delighted with the idea of battering it. Agamemnon would like to wear a mask, then he would have no trouble in keeping up his expression. But Elizabeth Eliza objected to the picture in Dr. Schliemann's book; she did not like it for Agamemnon—it was too slanting in the eyes. So it was decided he should take the part of Nick Bottom, in "Midsummer Night's Dream." He could then wear the ass's head, which would have the same advantage as a mask, and would conceal his own face entirely. Then he could be making up any face he pleased in the ass's head, and would look like an ass without any difficulty, while his feet would show he was not one. Solomon John thought that they might make an ass's head if they could get a pattern, or could see the real animal, and form an idea of the shape. Barnum's circus would be along in a few weeks, and they could go on purpose to study the donkeys, as there usually was more than one donkey in the circus. Agamemnon, however, in going with a friend to a costumer's in Boston, found an ass's head already made.

The little boys found in an illustrated paper an accurate description of the Hindu snake-charmer's costume, and were so successful in their practice of shades of brown for the complexion, that Solomon John decided to take the part of Othello, and use some of their staining fluid.

There was some discussion as to consulting the lady from Philadelphia, who was in town.

Solomon John thought they ought to practice getting on by themselves, for soon the Atlantic would lie between her and them. Mrs. Peterkin thought they could telegraph. Elizabeth Eliza wanted to submit to her two or three questions about the supper, and whether, if her mother were Queen Elizabeth, they could have Chinese lanterns. Was China invented at that time? Agamemnon was sure China was one of the oldest countries in the world and did exist, but perhaps Queen Elizabeth did not know it.

Elizabeth Eliza was relieved to find that the lady from Philadelphia thought the question not important. It would be impossible to have everything in the house to correspond with all the different characters, unless they selected some period to represent, such as the age of Queen Elizabeth. Of course, Elizabeth Eliza would not wish to do this, when her father was to be Julius Cæsar.

The lady from Philadelphia advised Mrs. Peterkin to send for Jones, the "caterer," to take charge of the supper. But his first question staggered her. How many did she expect?

They had not the slightest idea. They had sent invitations to everybody. The little boys proposed getting the directory of the place, and marking out the people they didn't know, and counting up the rest. But even if this would give the number of invitations, it would not show how many would accept; and then there was no such directory. They could not expect answers, as their invitations were cards with "At Home" on them. One answer had come from a lady, that she, too, would be "at home," with rheumatism. So they only knew there was one person who would not come. Elizabeth Eliza had sent in Circumambient ways to all the members of that society—by the little boys, for instance, who were sure to stop at the base-ball grounds, or somewhere, so a note was always delayed by them. One Circumambient note she sent by mail, purposely omitting the "Mass.," so that it went to the Dead-Letter Office, and came back six weeks after the party.

But the Peterkin family were not alone in commotion. The whole town was in excitement, for "everybody" had been invited. Ann Maria Bromwich had a book of costumes, that she lent to a few friends, and everybody borrowed dresses or lent them, or went into town to the costumer's. Weeks passed in preparation. "What are you going to wear?" was the only question exchanged, and nobody answered, as nobody would tell.

At length the evening came—a beautiful night in late summer, warm enough to have had the party out-of-doors, but the whole house was lighted up and thrown open, and Chinese lanterns hung in the portico and on the pillars of the piazzas.

At an early hour the Peterkins were arrayed in their costumes. The little boys had their legs and arms and faces browned early in the day, and wore dazzlingly white full trousers and white turbans.

Elizabeth Eliza had prepared a dress as Queen Elizabeth, but Solomon John was desirous that she should be Desdemona, and she gave up her costume to her mother. Mrs. Peterkin therefore wore a red wig which Ann Maria had found at a costumer's, a high ruff, and an old-fashioned brocade. She was not sure that it was proper for Queen Elizabeth to wear spectacles, but Queen Elizabeth must have been old enough, as she lived to be seventy. As for Elizabeth Eliza, in recalling the fact that Desdemona was smothered by pillows, she was so impressed by it that she decided she could wear the costume of a sheet-and-pillow-case party. So she wore a white figured silk that had been her mother's wedding-dress, and over it

draped a sheet as a large mantle, and put a pillow-case upon her head, and could represent Desdemona not quite smothered. But Solomon John wished to carry out the whole scene at the end.

As they stood together, all ready to receive, in the parlor at the appointed hour, Mr. Peterkin suddenly exclaimed: "This will never do! We are not the Peterkins—we are distinguished guests! We can not receive."

"We shall have to give up the party," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Or our costumes," groaned Agamemnon from his ass's head.

"We must go out, and come in as guests," said Elizabeth Eliza, leading the way to a back door, for guests were already thronging in, and up the front stairs. They passed out by a piazza, through the hedge of hollyhocks, toward the front of the house. Through the side windows of the library, they could see the company pouring in. The black attendant was showing them upstairs; some were coming down, in doubt whether to enter the parlors, as no one was there. The wide middle entrance hall was lighted brilliantly, so were the parlors on one side and the library on the other.

But nobody was there to receive! A flock of guests was assembling,—peasant girls, Italian, German, and Norman; Turks, Greeks, Persians, fish-wives, brigands, chocolate-women, Lady Washington, Penelope, Red Riding-hood, Joan of Arc, nuns, Amy Robsart, Leicester, two or three Mary Stuarts, Neapolitan fisher-boys, pirates of Penzance and elsewhere,—all lingering, some on the stairs, some going up, some coming down.

Charles I. without his head was entering the front door (a short gentleman, with a broad ruff drawn neatly together on top of his own head, which was concealed in his doublet below).

Three Hindu snake-charmers leaped wildly in and out among the throng, flinging about dark, crooked sticks for snakes.

There began to be a strange, deserted air about the house. Nobody knew what to do, where to go!

"Can anything have happened to the family?"

"Have they gone to Egypt?" whispered one.

No ushers came to show them in. A shudder ran through the whole assembly, the house seemed so uninhabited, and some of the guests were inclined to go away. The Peterkins saw it all through the long library-windows.

"What shall we do?" said Mr. Peterkin. "We have said *we* should be 'At Home.'"

"And here we are, all out-of-doors among the hollyhocks," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"There are no Peterkins to 'receive,'" said Mr. Peterkin, gloomily.

"We might go in and change our costumes,"

said Mrs. Peterkin, who already found her Elizabethan ruff somewhat stiff, "but, alas! I could not get at my best dress."

"The company is filling all the upper rooms," said Elizabeth Eliza; "we can not go back."

At this moment the little boys returned from the front door, and in a subdued whisper explained that the lady from Philadelphia was arriving.

"Oh, bring her here!" said Mrs. Peterkin. And Solomon John hastened to meet her.

She came, to find a strange group half-lighted by the Chinese lanterns. Mr. Peterkin, in his white toga, with a green wreath upon his head, came forward to address her in a noble manner, while she was terrified by the appearance of Agamemnon's ass's head, half-hidden among the leaves.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin. "There are no Peterkins, yet we have sent cards to everybody that they are 'At Home'!"

The lady from Philadelphia, who had been allowed to come without costume, considered for a moment. She looked through the windows to the seething mass now crowding the entrance hall. The Hindu snake-charmers gamboled about her.

"We will receive as the Peterkin family!" she exclaimed. She inquired for a cap of Mrs. Peterkin's, with a purple satin bow, such as she had worn that very morning. Amanda was found by a Hindu, and sent for it, and for a purple cross-over shawl that Mrs. Peterkin was wont to wear. The daughters of the lady from Philadelphia put on some hats of the little boys and their India rubber boots. Hastily they went in through the back door and presented themselves, just as some of the wavering guests had decided to leave the house, it seeming so quiet and sepulchral.

The crowd now flocked into the parlors. The Peterkins themselves left the hollyhocks and joined the company that was entering, Mr. Peterkin, as Julius Cæsar, leading in Mrs. Peterkin, as Queen Elizabeth. Mrs. Peterkin hardly knew what to do, as she passed the parlor door, for one of the Osbornes, as Sir Walter Raleigh, flung a velvet cloak before her. She was uncertain whether she ought to step on it, especially as she discovered at that moment that she had forgotten to take off her rubber overshoes, which she had put on to go through the garden. But as she stood hesitating, the lady from Philadelphia, as Mrs. Peterkin, beckoned her forward, and she walked over the ruby velvet as though it were a door-mat.

For another surprise stunned her—there were three Mrs. Peterkins! Not only Mrs. Bromwich, but their opposite neighbor, had induced Amanda to take dresses of Mrs. Peterkin's from the top of the trunks, and had come in at the same moment with the lady from Philadelphia, ready to receive.

She stood in the middle of the bow-window at the back of the room, the two others in the corners. Ann Maria Bromwich had the part of Elizabeth Eliza, and Agamemnon, too, was represented, and there were many sets of "little boys" in India rubber boots, going in and out with the Hindu snake-charmers.

Mr. Peterkin had studied up his Latin grammar a little, in preparation for his part of Julius Cæsar. Agamemnon had reminded him that it was unnecessary, as Julius Cæsar in Shakespeare spoke in English. Still he now found himself using with wonderful ease Latin phrases such as "*E pluribus unum*" where they seemed to be appropriate.

Solomon John looked well as Othello, although by some he was mistaken for an older snake-charmer, with his brown complexion, glaring white trousers, and white shirt. He wore a white lawn turban that had belonged to his great-grandmother. His part, however, was more understood when he was with Elizabeth Eliza as Desdemona, for they occasionally formed a tableau, in which he pulled the pillow-case completely over her head.

Agamemnon was greeted with applause as Nick Bottom. He sang the song of the "ousel cock," but he could not make himself heard. At last he found a "Titania" who listened to him.

But none of the company attempted to carry out the parts represented by their costumes. Charles I. soon conversed with Oliver Cromwell and with the different Mary Stuarts, who chatted gayly, as though executions were every-day occurrences.

At first, there was a little awkwardness. Nuns stood as quiet as if in their convent cells, and brave brigands hid themselves behind the doors, but as the different guests began to surprise each other, the sounds of laughter and talking increased. Every new-comer was led up to each several Mrs. Peterkin.

Then came a great surprise—a band of music sounded from the piazza. Some of the neighbors had sent in the town band, as a farewell tribute.

This added to the excitement of the occasion. Strains of dance-music were heard, and dancing was begun. Sir Walter Raleigh led out Penelope, and Red Riding-hood without fear took the arm of the fiercest brigand for a round dance.

The various groups wandered in and out. Elizabeth Eliza studied the costumes of her friends, and wished she had tried each one of them. The members of the Circumbient Society agreed it would be always well to wear costumes at their meetings. As the principles of the society enforced a

sort of uncertainty, if you always went in a different costume you would never have to keep up your own character. Elizabeth Eliza thought she should enjoy this. She had all her life been troubled with uncertainties and questions as to her own part of "Elizabeth Eliza," wondering always if she were doing the right thing. It did not seem to her that other people had such a bother. Perhaps they had simpler parts. They always seemed to know when to speak and when to be silent, while she was always puzzled as to what she should do as Elizabeth Eliza. Now, behind her pillow-case, she could look on and do nothing; all that was expected of her was to be smothered now and then. She breathed freely and enjoyed herself, because for the evening she could forget the difficult rôle of Elizabeth Eliza.

Mrs. Peterkin was bewildered. She thought it a good occasion to study how Mrs. Peterkin should act; but there were three Mrs. Peterkins. She found herself gazing, first at one, then at another. Often she was herself called Mrs. Peterkin.

At supper-time the bewilderment increased. She was led in by the Earl of Leicester, as principal guest. Yet it was to her own dining-room, and she recognized her own forks and spoons among the borrowed ones, although the china was different (because their own set was not large enough to go around for so much company). It was all very confusing. The dance-music floated through the air. Three Mrs. Peterkins hovered before her, and two Agamemnons, for the ass's head proved hot and heavy, and Agamemnon was forced to hang it over his arm as he offered coffee to Titania. There seemed to be two Elizabeth Elizas, for Elizabeth Eliza had thrown back her pillow-case in order to eat her fruit-ice. Mr. Peterkin was wondering how Julius Cæsar would have managed to eat his salad with his fork, before forks were invented, and then he fell into a fit of abstraction, planning to say "*Vale*" to the guests as they left, but anxious that the word should not slip out before the time. Eight little boys and three Hindu snake-charmers were eating copiously of frozen pudding. Two Joans of Arc were talking to Charles I., who had found his head. All things seemed double to Mrs. Peterkin as they floated before her.

"Was she eating her own supper or somebody's else?" Were they Peterkins, or were they not?

Strains of dance-music sounded from the library. Yes, they were giving a fancy ball! The Peterkins were "At Home" for the last time before leaving for Egypt!

SLUMBER SONG.

BY EDWIN OSCAR COOKE.

HUSH, baby, hush!
 In the west there 's a glory,
 With changes of amethyst, crimson, and gold:
 The sun goes to bed like the king in a story
 Told by a poet of old.

Hush, baby, hush!
 There 's a wind on the river—
 A sleepy old wind, with a voice like a sigh;
 And he sings to the rushes that dreamily quiver,
 Down where the ripples run by.

Hush, baby, hush!
 Lambs are drowsily bleating
 Down in cool meadows where daisy-buds grow,
 And the echo, aweary with all day repeating,
 Has fallen asleep long ago.

Hush, baby, hush!
 There are katydids calling
 "Good-night" to each other adown every
 breeze:
 And the sweet baby-moon has been falling and
 falling,
 Till now she is caught in the trees.
 Baby, hush!

Hush, baby, hush!
 It is time you were winging
 Your way to the land that lies—no one knows
 where;
 It is late, baby, late—Mother 's tired with her
 singing,
 Soon she will follow you there.
 Hush! Baby—Hush!

SOME BALLOON EXPERIENCES.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

NEARLY all of us have read and heard so much about balloons that it is not necessary now to consider their construction or their history. All that is intended in this article is to give an idea of some of the unusual experiences of balloonists.

It is nearly a hundred years since the first balloon was sent up in France by the brothers Montgolfier, and yet very little advancement has been made in the science of ballooning. It is true that we can make balloons that will rise as high as human beings can bear to go, but this is proved to be of little practical use. In 1862, two English gentlemen, Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell, ascended to a height of seven miles above the surface of the earth. At this immense height the air was so thin and light that they could scarcely breathe; it was intensely cold, the mercury in the thermometer going down below zero. One of the gentlemen very soon became insensible, while the other was so nearly exhausted that he was barely able to seize with his teeth the rope which opened a valve in the top of the balloon. In this way a portion of the gas was allowed to escape, and they came down very rapidly. If they had gone up much higher, it is probable that both would have perished in that cold and dangerous upper air. This ascent

proves that seven miles is too high above the surface of the earth for human beings to live in comfort or safety.

Although, as we have just seen, it is perfectly possible to make balloons go up into the air to a great height, no means have yet been discovered by which they can be made to move in any required direction. Until this is done, balloons can never be of much practical use.

Many attempts have been made to devise methods by which balloons can be propelled and steered, but, up to this time, none of them have been found to answer the purpose. In *Scribner's Monthly* for February, 1879, Mr. E. C. Stedman described an aerial ship which he invented. His theories and plans seem to be quite practicable, and when a ship of this kind is made, it is to be hoped that we shall be able to navigate the air in any direction we please. But this is all in the future.

Not many years ago there was made in New York a balloon in which three gentlemen intended to try to cross the Atlantic Ocean. This great balloon was not to be propelled by any machinery, but to be carried on its course by a current of air which it is believed continually moves at a certain altitude from west to east, across the Atlantic. But this

balloon was made of poor materials, and it burst before it was entirely filled with gas. It is fortunate that this accident happened when it did, for if the balloon had burst when it was over the ocean, it would have been a sad thing for the three gentlemen. If this attempt had succeeded, it is probable that by this time there would be balloons making regular trips to Europe; still I do not know of any breeze or current that would blow them back again.

But, although we are not yet able to direct the

connected with the ground by a rope. From this balloon the men could see what the enemy was doing, and how his forces were disposed, and were high enough to be out of gunshot.

But the most important use to which balloons were ever applied was during the siege of Paris, in the late war between France and Prussia. It was impossible for any one to get out of the city, excepting in a balloon, and a number of persons availed themselves of this way of leaving Paris.*

Monsieur Gambetta, the distinguished French statesman, was among those who escaped in a balloon. These ascents were very important, because the balloons not only took persons, but carrier-pigeons, and these pigeons afterward flew back to Paris bearing news from the outside world; and in no other way could the besieged citizens get such news. Some of the balloons came down in the French provinces, some were blown over to England, and one was carried across the North Sea into Sweden. Some of them came down among the Prussians, and their unfortunate occupants were captured by the enemy. Out of the sixty-four balloons which left Paris during the siege, only two were lost and never heard of after.

One of the advantages enjoyed by balloonists is, that they can in a measure choose their own weather, especially in the summer-time. By this I mean that they can rise above the clouds into clear sunlight, no matter how dreary or stormy it may be near the earth, and they can go up high enough to be just as cool as they could possibly wish.

In one of their ascensions, Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell, of whom I have before spoken, left

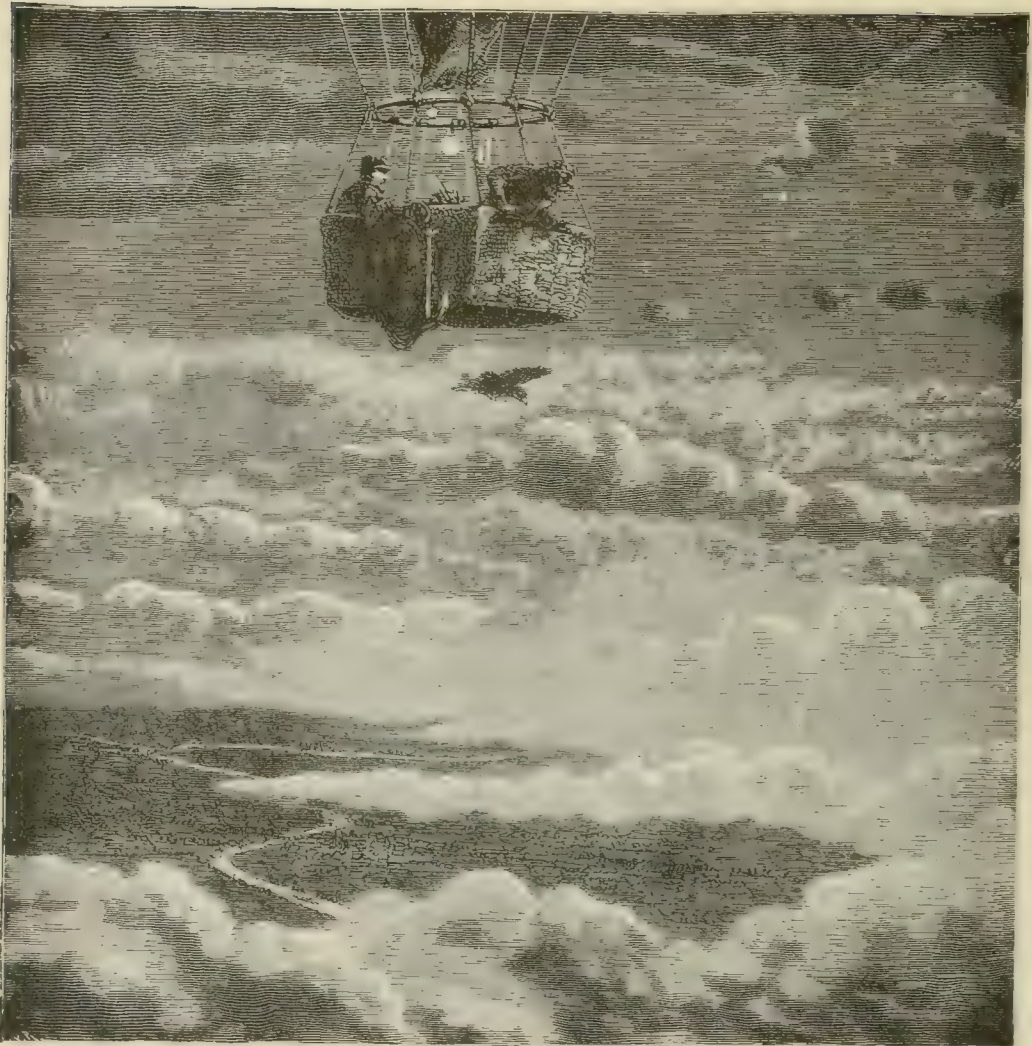


A SNOW STORM ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

course of balloons, they have, in late years, been put to some practical use. During our late war, balloons were used by the Union army for the purpose of making military observations. Two of them were attached to General McClellan's army, and, with the gas generators and other apparatus, were drawn about in wagons from place to place. When it was desired to make an observation of the works or position of the enemy, a balloon with several men was sent up to a sufficient height, and

the earth in a balloon on a cloudy, sultry day in June. They passed through cloud after cloud, fog after fog, expecting every moment to come out into sunlight, and to see the blue sky above them; but they went upward through this vast mass of fog and cloud until they had attained a height of four miles; and still they were not out of the clouds. It was not considered prudent to go any higher, and so they very reluctantly began to descend without having penetrated through these immense

* See the story of "Puck Parker," in *SUNDAY NEWS* for April, 1878. Page 416.



LOOSING A PIGEON FROM A BALLOON, AT NIGHT.

layers of cloud and fog. On coming down, they passed through a fall of rain, and then, some distance below that, through a snow-storm, the air all about them being thick with snow-flakes. This, it must be remembered, was in the summer-time, when the people on the earth had no idea that a snow-storm was going on above them, or that the clouds they saw over them were four miles thick. On another occasion, three balloonists went upward through a snow-storm very much like the one which Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell passed through during their descent.

People who make balloon voyages very often take birds with them, especially pigeons, which

they let loose at a great height. When not too high above the earth, pigeons frequently fly directly to their homes, but at a height of three or four miles they sometimes seem bewildered, and act as if they did not know how to find their way back to the ground. They fly around and around, and occasionally alight upon the top of the balloon, and stay there. Sometimes, when the height is very great, the air is too thin to support a flying bird, and the pigeon drops like lead until it reaches denser air, when it is able to fly.

Dogs and cats are often taken up. They are sent down attached to a parachute, which is a contrivance like an immense umbrella, and is

intended to prevent the rapid fall of anything suspended beneath it; the resistance of the air under the wide-spreading parachute causing it to descend very slowly and gradually. In this way, cats and dogs have come to the ground from balloons without receiving any injury, although it is not to be supposed that they fancied the trip.

Balloonists themselves have frequently come down to the earth in parachutes, descending from a height of one or two miles. Generally these descents have been made in safety, yet there have been cases when the parachutes were not properly constructed, and when the unfortunate balloonists came down too fast, and were killed.

Not only when they descend by means of a parachute, do air-voyagers, or *aéronauts*, as they are called, run great risks of injury or death, but also when they come down in their balloons. In fact, it is much easier and safer to go up in a balloon than

perienced balloonists frequently manage to come down very gradually and gently, but sometimes the car of the balloon strikes the earth with a great shock; and if the wind is strong, the balloon is often blown along just above the surface of the ground, striking against trees, fences, and rocks, until its occupants, or some persons on the ground, manage to stop it.

But a descent into a river, a lake, or an ocean is one of the greatest dangers that a balloonist can expect. As I have before said, there has been no way devised by which a balloon may be made to move in any desired direction. Consequently when one comes down over the water the *aéronaut* generally endeavors to throw out all his sand-bags and other heavy things, in order that the balloon may rise again, and not come down until it has been blown over the land.

With regard to rivers and small lakes, this plan



"SOMETIMES DURING THE DESCENT, THE CAR IS DROPPED INTO THE WAVES."

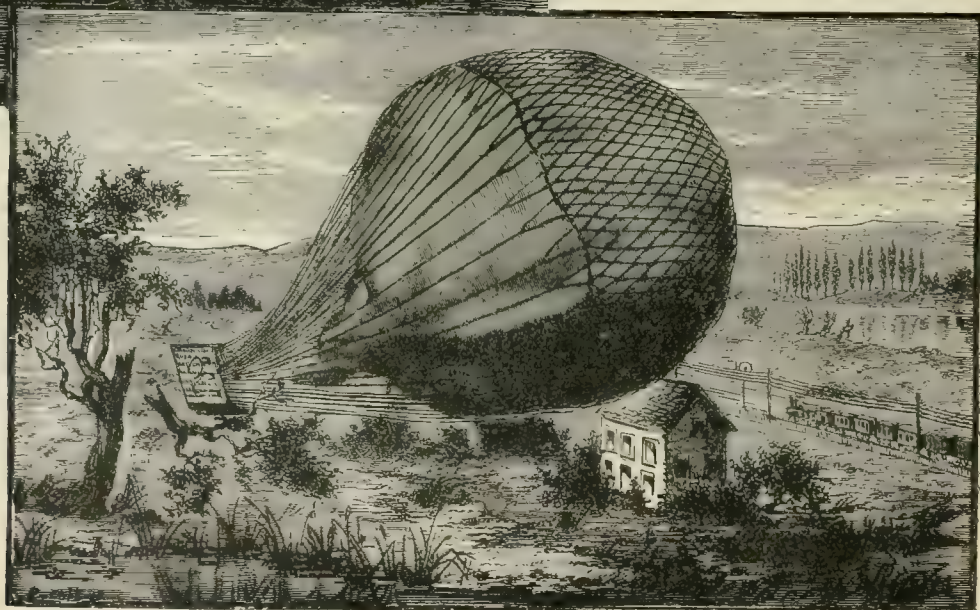
to come down in one. It is seldom possible for the *aéronaut* to know exactly, or to regulate just as he would wish, the rapidity of its descent. Ex-

may often be successful, but when the balloon is being carried out to sea, it generally comes down into the water sooner or later, and if the balloonists



are not rescued by some passing boat or vessel, they are almost certain to be drowned. In cases such as these, the balloons are often blown for a long distance over the surface of the ocean, sometimes dipping the car into the waves, then, perhaps, rising a little and sailing for a short distance above them, and then dragging the car and its occupants with great rapidity through the water. The lower picture on this page shows an incident that occurred on the land in October, 1863. An immense balloon, built by M. Nadar, and appropriately named "Le Géant" [The Giant], rose from Paris and made a pleasant voyage in the air. But when it neared the earth again, the vast ball was seized by the wind, and for hours the two-story car of wicker-work was dashed against rocks, trees, and houses, until the nine travelers, with broken limbs and many bruises, were rescued near Rethem, in Hanover. Many people would be frightened to death, even if they were not actually killed, during such adventures as these; but *aéronauts* must, of necessity, be brave men, for if a man is easily frightened, it is a wise thing for him to keep out of a balloon.

As I have said, balloons were found useful during the Civil War in the United States, but the first time a balloon was employed in warfare was at the battle of



Fleurus, Belgium, in 1794, between the French and the Austrians. Upon this occasion the balloon was managed as a kite, in the manner shown in the upper picture on the preceding page.

Sometimes balloonists have had very curious ideas. Mr. Green, one of the most distinguished aeronauts of England, once made an ascent on the back of a pony. The animal was so fastened on a platform beneath the car that he could not lie down nor move about. His owner then got upon his back, and the balloon rose high into the air. They came down in perfect safety, and the pony did not appear to have made the slightest objection to his aerial flight. Other aeronauts have made successful ascents on horseback and in various dangerous ways, but some of them lost their lives while performing these fool-hardy feats.

Occasionally balloonists make long voyages. Mr. Wise, our greatest American aeronaut, once made a trip of one thousand one hundred and twenty miles in a balloon. He was a very successful balloonist. He made several hundred ascents, and was one of the few aeronauts who possessed a scientific knowledge of his profession.

He made a study of air-currents, and all matters relating to ballooning, and wrote a book on the subject. It is not long, however, since he lost his life during a balloon journey, so we see that even the most experienced navigators of the air are not free from danger.

But the practiced balloonist does not seem to fear danger any more than does the sailor, who steers his ship across the stormy ocean. There seems to be a fascination about ballooning, and some persons have made a great many ascents. Mr. Green made more than five hundred ascents in balloons. He, however, escaped all serious dangers, and died at a good old age.

The incidents which I have described show that, although balloons have, so far, been of little practical service to mankind, the people who are fond of rising two or three miles into the air very often meet with curious experiences, and that these unusual things generally occur when they are descending to the earth. If any of us could feel certain that it was not necessary for us to come down again, it might be a very pleasant and prudent thing to go up in a balloon.



"MISTER BROWN TAKES SISTER ANNIE YIDEN 'MOST LAYV DAY. 'CAUSE SHE 'S A LID DIRT, I 'DUSE. WONDER WHAT MADE ME BE SO YOUNG. ONLY FIVE YEARS OLD! I 'D PREFER BE FOUR. TEE DEN, A GOOD MANY FOLKERS 'S FREE. 'MOST ALL 'TITL DIRT'S AINT ANY OLDER 'N 'AL."

SIR JOSHUA AND LITTLE PENELOPE.

By E. S. L.

ST. NICHOLAS already has given to its readers a paper telling "About the Painter of Little Penelope," but there is one interesting incident in the history of that same little Penelope and her noble artist-friend which was not told in the former article, and which, I think, you may like to hear. And first let me say that aside from his renown as a painter of hundreds of glorious pictures, Sir Joshua has left many pleasant memories of his kind and noble nature. It was shown very often in his great love for children, whose portraits he was so wonderfully successful in delineating. Perhaps none of his paintings are more famous than the two pictures of little "Lady Penelope Boothby" and "The Strawberry Girl," both of which ST. NICHOLAS already has shown you; * and still another of his beautiful pictures of this kind is the portrait of little Miss Frances Harris, given as the frontispiece of the present number. Sir Joshua had many girl and boy friends to whom he was very much attached, but perhaps he was most fond of the sweet-faced Penelope Boothby, the only child of Sir Brook Boothby. He was never too busy with palette and brush to grant admittance at the tiny knock of little Penelope, who often would be taken by her faithful nurse to Sir Joshua's studio, and left there for hours, to beguile her "own, ownest friend" by her sweet ways and her pretty turns of speech. The little one was always ready to quietly pose for him, whenever he wished to "take her picture." His favorite way of portraying her was as she looked when she was "dressed up" in a fine old cap of his grandmother Reynolds, from which her baby face beamed out upon him "like a ray from Heaven."

And now comes the story of the wonderful June day when this little girl—scarcely then in her sixth year—was missing from her pleasant home. "High and low," all over the house, and all about the lovely grounds, had her anxious mamma, her young aunt Hester, and every servant, looked after, and called for, their little Penelope. She was nowhere to be found—at least so it seemed—certainly not in the fine old house, even in the most unused nook or corner. Her own devoted nurse was very sick in bed that day, and they did not, at first, venture to disturb her with news of her missing pet. But, as the vain search continued, they could not delay any longer seeking wise Joan's advice and sympathy. "Go to the studio for her," said the sick woman,

at once; "this is one of the days when I take her there." It seemed incredible to the distressed family that their little child, hitherto so tenderly guarded, could have attempted to thread her way through the crowded streets of London! Yet, they hastened to follow poor Joan's counsel without delay, their hearts all the while filled with most fearful forebodings. So, as soon as the carriage and horses could be brought to the door, Mrs. Boothby and her sister were off at a quick pace, you may be sure, for Leicester square, where Sir Joshua had his studio.

They never forgot how long that summer morning's drive seemed to them, or how breathlessly they each looked up and down every street they passed through; or how, several times during the ride, now the mother, and again the aunt, would fancy, for the moment, that she had *surely* caught a far away glimpse of the lost Penelope!

Their keen anxiety, however, was all over the moment they stepped within the painter's rich octagonal studio. For there, safe and happy enough, they found the little runaway, under the watchful care of Sir Joshua and his beautiful niece, Offy Palmer. She was snugly curled up, fast asleep after her long walk, in the elevated mahogany arm-chair where dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, and very many children, had sat for their portraits.

Upon his little friend's unattended arrival, Sir Joshua had immediately sent a messenger to her home, to tell her parents of the child's safety.

But this messenger the mamma and aunt had missed, unhappily, on account of their coachman's having driven by a shorter route than the usual one. But they were glad to feel that even before they could reach home the sick nurse Joan, who tenderly loved her little charge, would receive the good tidings that little Penelope was safe.

You may well suppose that there were great and wondering rejoicings at the large round tea-table of the Boothbys, that same evening, especially when the young daughter's remarkable promenade was once more told anew to her doting papa,—Sir Joshua at the same time dwelling with renewed delight upon his astonishment and pleased surprise at the entrance of his little morning caller.

A very precious memory, too, did this incident become to the loving heart of the great painter, when, not long after, his sunny visitor passed on before him into the better life.

* See ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1875, and April, 1876.



OLLIE'S DREAMS.

BY EUDORA M. STONE BUMSTEAD.

OUR Ollie went to his bed
 With tears just back of his eyes,
 And a pain, because, as his sister said,
 He was "overly fond of pies."
 He dreamed the dreadfulest dreams—
 As dreadful as they could be;
 For a big, big piece of pie, it seems,
 Is a bad, bad thing for tea.

He dreamed of a terrible snow
 That fell from an inky sky,
 And every flake that the winds did blow
 Was big as a pumpkin pie!
 All in a heap 't was laid,
 While the rude winds laughed in glee,
 But oh, the deep, deep drift that it made
 Was a sad, sad thing to see!

Then he thought the Summer was dead,
 And Winter would always stay;
 That an iceberg ledge was his only bed,
 And a glacier his home by day.
 And the Sun, too late he rose,
 And he went to bed too soon,
 And a long, long icicle hung from the nose
 Of the cold, cold Man-in-the-moon.

He turned to his sister; oh,
 How lonely and sad he felt
 When he found she was made of ice and snow
 Which a hug would be sure to melt!
 Just think of the dreams he had,
 As dreadful as dreams could be!
 Oh, a big, big piece of pie is bad
 For a small, small boy at tea!

THE VERNEY ANCESTOR.

BY PAUL FORT.

THE Verney children were very proud of their great-grandfather. It is not every boy and girl who knows who his or her great-grandfather was. The Verney children knew all about the individual who occupied this position in their family; and, as I said before, they were very proud of him. Mr. Verney, the children's father, took a great interest in his family history; and once, when on a visit to England, had traced back his line of ancestors to the time of the Norman Conquest. To be sure, the family name was then De Vernaye, but it is well known that our forefathers often spelt their names very differently from the way in which we spell ours. There was also a break in the line of ancestry from 1590 to 1670, during which period a part of the family was supposed to have emigrated to America. A good many English families did emigrate to America about this time, and if the De Vernaye family were coming at all, it is probable that they came then. There was also another break from the period of this supposed emigration down to the time of the great-grandfather whom the Verney children knew all about. But it was so evident in the mind of Mr. Verney that these gaps could be satisfactorily filled up, if he could only get hold of the proper records, that the omissions in his line of ancestors did not

trouble him at all. While in England, he had visited the old castle of the Guysters, into which family the De Vernayes were said to have married about the time Mr. Verney lost track of them. In this castle was a mailed figure, seated in a chair, which figure, Mr. Verney was positive from certain marks on the armor, was intended to represent Sir Leopold De Vernaye, who must have been his ancestor.

Mr. Verney would have been very glad to buy this figure and set it up in his library at home, because very few, or none, indeed, of his friends had mailed figures of their ancestors. But the idea of having a mailed figure in his library was so attractive to Mr. Verney that he bought a suit of old armor in England and took it home with him. It was not such handsome armor as that worn by the proud Sir Leopold, but it would do very well, and was far better in his eyes than the old Continental uniforms of which some of his neighbors were so proud.

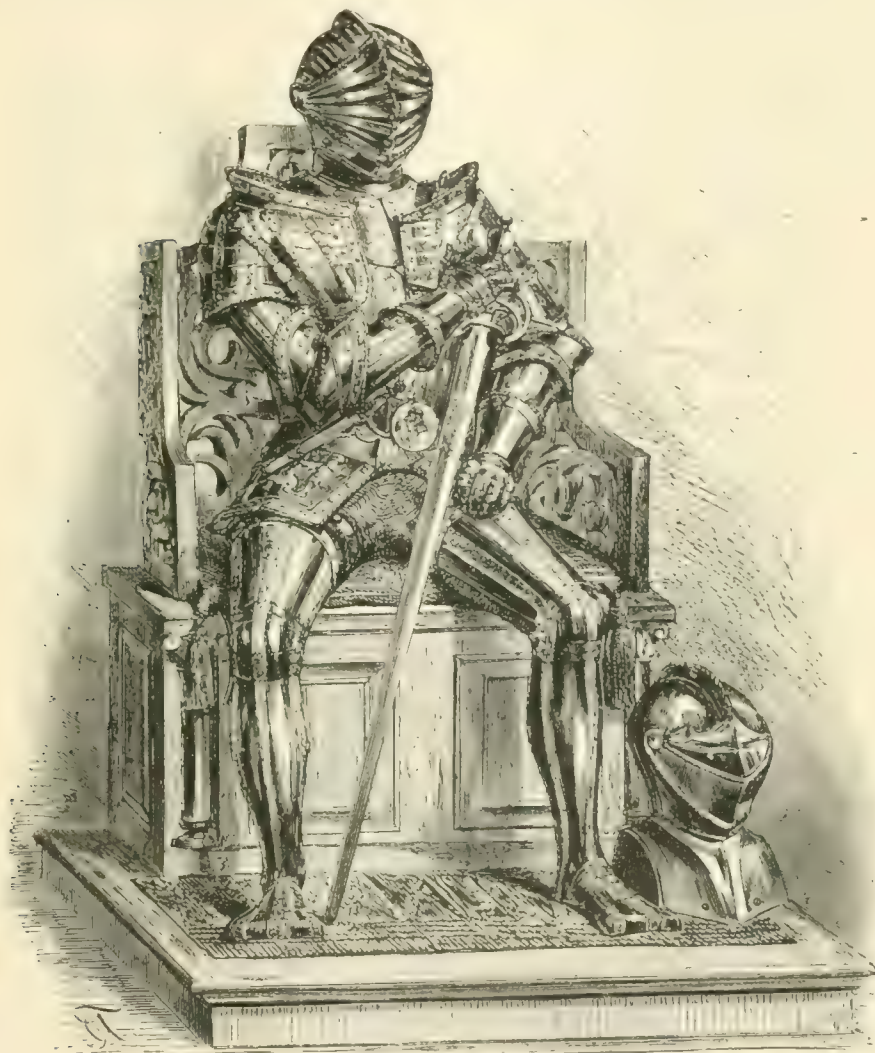
This suit of mail he had properly set up on a pedestal in his library, which room was handsomely furnished with old-fashioned chairs, a high clock, and other furniture that looked as if it had belonged at some time to ancient families.

The books had formerly been kept in the library,

but as the book-cases did not suit the other furniture, they had been removed to an upper room.

This figure he showed to his friends as a specimen of the kind of armor his ancestors must have worn. "The brave wearer of this mail," he would say, "had certainly done some hard fighting, and these dents and those breaks in the mail were prob-

In course of time this suit of armor, and the armed figure of the De Vernaye, about which their father talked so much, became so mixed up in the minds of the Verney children, that they really supposed that the figure of the mailed knight in the library represented one of their ancestors, and before very long, some of the younger



"SIR REGINALD DE VERNAY"

ably made when he couched his lance or drew his sword in the battles of Hastings and Marston Moor."

Some of Mr. Verney's visitors, who remembered English history, knew that this individual must have lived a very long life indeed if he had fought in both the battles of Hastings and Marston Moor, but they were too polite to say anything about it.

visitors to the house actually began to think it was the great-grandfather about whom the Verneys talked so much.

The nearest neighbors and most intimate friends of the Verneys were the Greens. The children of this family had no idea who their Green great-grandfather was. Their father was not living, and

their mother really did not know anything about her husband's grandfather. She believed that he had lived somewhere out West, but she was not positive even about this. She knew who her own grandfather was, but this did not matter, as she herself did not actually belong to the Green family. But in spite of this want of ancestry, the Green children could run as fast, and jump as high, and were just as clever at their lessons, and had as good manners, as the Verney boys and girls with their family line.

Leopold and Edgarda Verney, who were about fifteen and sixteen years old, were very proud of their high descent, and sometimes looked down rather grandly upon the Greens; whereas the children of the latter family, especially Tom Green, a tall boy of seventeen, were quite fond of making fun of the Verneys' family pride.

One afternoon, Tom Green called to see Leopold and Edgarda, but finding they were not at home, he resolved to wait a little while for them, and sat down in the library. While there, it struck him it would be a good idea to try on the coat of mail which stood in the room. He had often wished to do this, for he desired very much to know how an ancient knight had felt when clad in his heavy suit of mail; but he had never cared to ask permission, for he knew the Verneys would not like it. But now he thought it would be no harm just to try on the things, and so, hastily removing the cuirass and the other pieces of mail, and their props and supports, he put them, as well as he could, upon himself. He tried to walk about, but they were so heavy he could scarcely move.

"If I wanted to fight anybody," he said to himself, "I should take these things off before I began."

He was just about to remove the awkward and heavy mail, when he heard footsteps approaching the library-door. "Here come Leopold and Edgarda," he said to himself, "and I will give them a little scare."

So saying, he took his stand upon the pedestal, and put himself as nearly as possible in the position in which the figure had been placed. But, instead of the older brother and sister, there came into the room two small children, Fitz Eustace and Rowena Verney, with their little dog Tip. Fitz, as he was generally called, wore a paper soldier-cap, and carried a drum and a toy sword.

"Hello!" he cried, when he came into the room, "here is somebody I can fight with my new sword. Nurse says I must n't fight you or Tip, but I can't hurt our old 'cestor, so I am going to fight him."

"You ought to say 'ancestor,'" said Rowena, "and you ought n't to fight him either, for I guess he was a very good man."

"I don't believe he was good," said Fitz, drawing a chair near to the figure, "and I am going to stand on this chair and whack his head."

"Why was n't he good?" asked Rowena.

"Because he was a coward," said Fitz.

"Why was he a coward?" asked Rowena, who always had a "why" for everything.

"Because," answered Fitz, trying to reach the helmet with his tin sword, "he wore these iron clothes, which nobody could stick him through, and did n't only fight other fellows with iron clothes, but he cut and jabbed the poor soldiers, who had only common clothes on, which any spear or sword could go through, knowing all the time, too, that they could n't cut and jab him back. Tom Green told me all this."

"I don't believe he was a coward at all," said Rowena. "Edgarda has often read me stories about these old knights, and they were always just as kind to poor ladies and little children as ever they could be. That is n't being a coward."

"But he did n't have to put on his iron clothes to be kind," said Fitz. "It was only when he had them on that he was a coward." And the boy made another crack at the figure's head.

"I don't believe he was ever anything of the kind," said Rowena, taking the great mailed hand affectionately in her own, while the little dog Tip sniffed around the knight's feet in a way he had never done before.

"This glove feels exactly as if it had fingers in it," said Rowena.

At this moment the figure spoke.

"If I am a coward, young man," it said, "I should like to know what you are."

At these words Fitz Eustace dropped into the chair as if he had been shot, while Rowena stood as if petrified by fear.

"Here is a boy," continued the figure, "who comes and strikes a person who can not strike him back, and then begins to call people cowards."

"I did n't know you was alive," said Fitz, almost beginning to cry, while Rowena ran and threw her arms around her brother.

"I suppose not," said the figure, "or you would not have struck me. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, you are our 'cestor," said Fitz, preparing to slip out of the chair.

"Well, then, you need n't run away," said the figure. "You have seen me all your lives, and you ought to know by this time that I will not hurt you. Would you like to hear a story?"

The idea of hearing a story from anybody was delightful to Rowena, and a story from the old ancestor was something she could not resist, frightened as she was; so she whispered to her brother:

"Let 's listen to his story. He can't move. He can't hurt us."

Rowena now clambered into the chair beside her brother, and the figure proceeded.

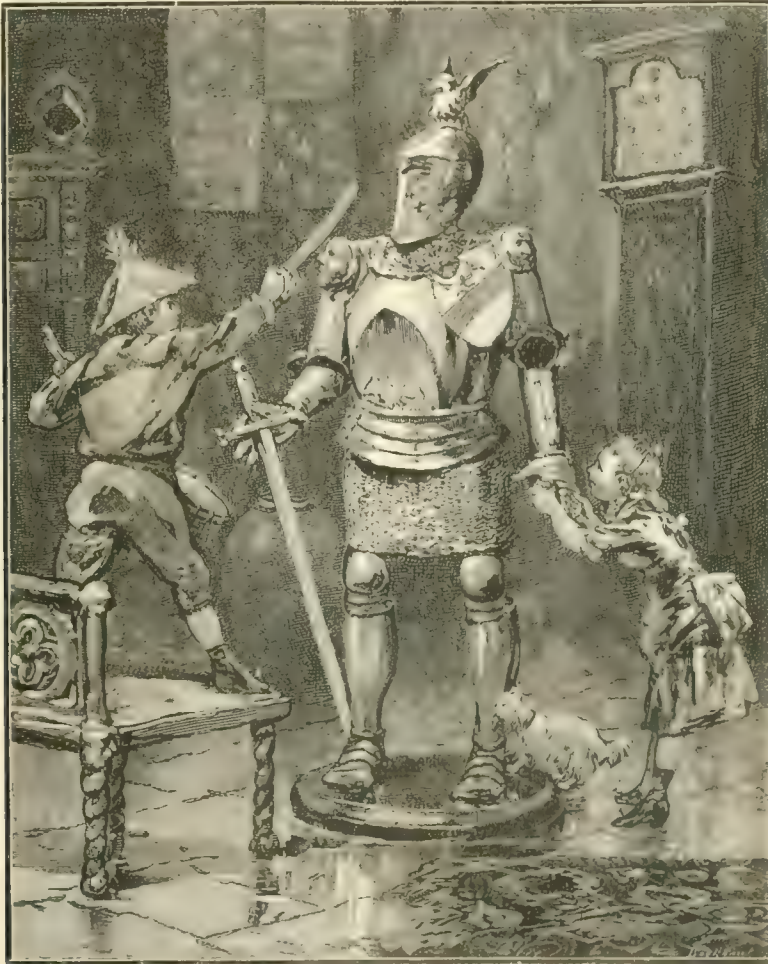
"You think it is a fine thing, do you not," he said, "to have an ancestor who has been very grand and has done great deeds?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Rowena, speaking for herself and Fitz, who had not yet recovered.

time of the year, the fairies used to preserve and pickle a great quantity of chipply-berries."

"What are they, sir?" asked Rowena.

"They were a kind of berries the fairies were very fond of. There are none of them now, so there is no use telling you what they were like. They were the fairies' principal food during the winter, and so they needed a great many of them at preserving and pickling time. Therefore, on a



THE VERNEY CHILDREN MAKE TALK WITH THEIR ANCESTOR.

"Well, then," said the 'cestor, "I want you to pay particular attention to my story. Once there was a fairy godmother. She had been godmother to a great many children, but at the time I am speaking of, she was godmother to only one boy and a girl. Their names were Ramp and Bramette. They were not brother and sister, but they were acquainted with each other. At a certain

certain day of every year, the people of the country round about used to give up everything else, and go to work gathering chipply-berries for the fairies, for it was considered a great thing to be on good terms with these little folk. When the day for gathering chipply-berries came, at the time I tell you of, the fairy godmother called Ramp and Bramette to her. 'I am very anxious,'

she said, 'that my two godchildren should distinguish themselves on this day; and, therefore, I am going to offer a prize for you to work for. Whichever of you succeeds the better in the labors of to-day shall have this diamond, which you see is as big as the largest chipply-berry.' The children were delighted at this offer, and ran away to the chipply-fields. In the evening the fairy godmother came to see what they had done. Bramette had a bushel-basket full of berries. 'Did you gather all these?' asked the fairy. 'Oh, no,' said Bramette, 'they were nearly all gathered by my father and mother, my grandfather and grandmother, who are the best chipply-berry gatherers in this district.' 'But did not you gather any of them?' asked the fairy. 'I believe I did pick a few at first,' said Bramette, 'but I liked best to measure them as they were brought in, to see how many we were getting.' 'Then they are not really yours,' said her godmother. 'Oh, yes, they are,' answered Bramette. 'Father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother, said that I could call them all my own, so that I might try for the prize.'

"And what have you done?" said the fairy, turning to Ramp. 'I have only gathered these,' said the boy, producing a quart-pot full of chipply-berries, 'but I think they are all good ones.' 'Yes,' said the fairy, turning them out, 'they are fine, sound berries, but are these all you could get?' 'Yes, ma'am,' answered Ramp, 'I would n't pick the little withered ones, and it was hard work finding these big fellows. I had to climb all day upon the hill-sides and among the rocks.' 'The diamond is yours,' said the fairy godmother. 'What you have brought, you have gathered yourself, and all the credit is your own. Bramette owes her berries entirely to her parents and grandparents. She has a great many more berries than you have, but she gathered none of them herself. Let this be a lesson to you, Bramette,' she continued. 'It is very well that your father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother, are the best chipply-berry gatherers in the district; but that makes you no better, and gives you no reason to think well of yourself. If you wish to be justly proud, you must do something to be proud of, and not rely on what your ancestors have done.'

"That is my story," said the figure, "and I wish you to remember it, and to tell it to your older brother and sister. Don't I hear them now, coming in at the front door?"

"Yes, sir," cried Fitz and Rowena. And they instantly jumped down from the chair and ran to tell the wonderful news to Leopold and Edgarda, while, the moment they were out of the room, Tom Green made haste to take off his hot and heavy

armor, which had begun to be very uncomfortable, and to set it up as it was before.

As soon as the two children met their brother and sister in the hall, they began to talk together. "What do you think!" cried Fitz. "The 'cestor has been telling us a story!"

"He talked just like a real man!" said Rowena.

"What!" exclaimed Leopold.

"He said he was not a coward!" cried Rowena.

"And they gathered chipply-berries," cried Fitz.

"What!" exclaimed their sister Edgarda.

"And he said if you want to do a thing you must do it yourself," said Rowena.

"And Ramp only got a quart-pot full," cried Fitz.

"What!" exclaimed Leopold.

"And people are cowards when they strike people and can't get struck back," said Rowena.

"And they pickled and preserved them," cried Fitz.

"What!" exclaimed Edgarda.

"And it don't do for your grandfathers to work for you," said Rowena.

"And they must have been awful good, and Bramette had a whole bushel of them," said Fitz.

"What do you mean?" cried Leopold.

"But Ramp did his own work," said Rowena.

"I wish I had been Bramette!" cried Fitz.

"She must have had chipply-berries enough for all the fairies and herself too."

"What *are* you talking about?" asked Edgarda.

"But then, Ramp got the diamond," said Rowena.

"But he could n't eat that," said Fitz.

At this moment, Tom Green walked into the hall from the library.

"Why, Tom!" cried Leopold. "Where did you come from?"

"I have been here some little time, and I just waited in the library for you to come home."

"Oh, I know now!" exclaimed Edgarda. "I know all about it. You have been putting on that armor in the library, and playing a trick on these children."

"Well," said Tom, laughing, "it was n't exactly a trick. I was only trying to tell them a story."

"Had it a moral?" asked Leopold.

"Well—yes," answered Tom, hesitatingly, "it did have a kind of a moral."

"What was it?" asked Edgarda.

"I can't put it into exactly the right words," said Tom, "but I meant it to carry out my idea, that I would rather the people I know should be proud of me, than to be proud myself of anybody who is dead. But I did not come here to say all this. I came to talk about the Archery Club."

THE CARNIVORISTIC OUNCE.

BY MRS. M. E. BLAKE.

THERE once was a beast called an Ounce,
Who went with a spring and a bounce.

His head was as flat

As the head of a cat,

This quadrupedantical Ounce,

'Tical Ounce,

This quadrupedantical Ounce.

You 'd think from his name he was small,
But that was not like him at all;—

He weighed, I'll be bound,

Three or four hundred pound,

And he looked most uncommonly tall,

'Monly tall,

He looked most uncommonly tall.

He sprang on his prey with a pounce,
And gave it a jerk and a trounce;

Then crunched up its bones

On the grass or the stones,

This carnivoristic Ounce,

'Ticous Ounce!

This carnivoristic Ounce!

When a hunter he 'd meet on the shore,
He 'd give a wild rush and a roar—

His claws he 'd unsheath,

And he 'd show all his teeth,—

But the man would be seen nevermore,

Nevermore!

The man would be seen nevermore!



I 'd rather—I'm telling you true—
Meet with three hundred weight of a Gnu,

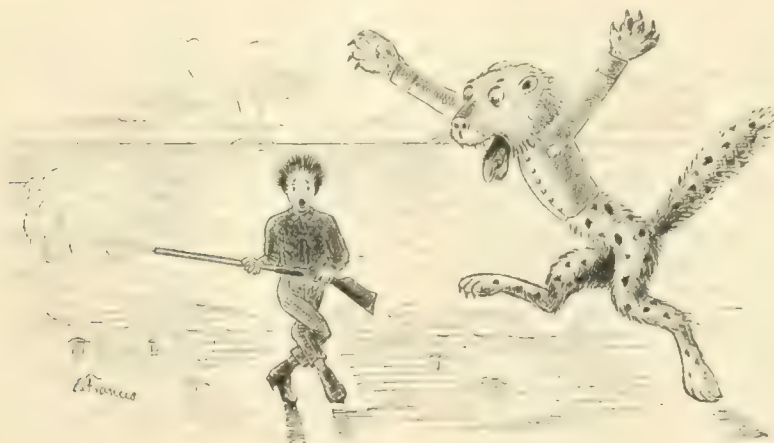
A Sea-Horse or Whale,

Or a Cow with a tail,

Than an Ounce of this kind—would n't *you*?

Would n't *you*?

Than an Ounce of this kind—*would n't you*?



HOW JOHNNY'S BIRTHDAY WAS KEPT.

BY EMMA K. PARRISH.

JOHNNY PODGE was writing invitations to a birthday party, which was to take place the next Saturday, owing to his being eleven years of age on that day. He had hurried home from school and partaken hastily of a few doughnuts, just to ward off utter starvation; and now he was seated at a little stand in the kitchen, with his head low down on his left arm, and his eyes rolling after the strokes of his awkward pen.

He had ended one invitation with "Yours respectively," and another with "Yours respectfully," and he was thinking whether some other word would n't be better, when his mother, who was making bread at the kitchen table, remarked:

"How it does snow! but I hope it will be pleasant on Saturday."

"What for?" asked Johnny, innocently.

"Why, for your party, of course."

Johnny laughed slyly. He knew well enough "what for," but he liked all the direct allusions to his party that could be obtained, and his mother's first remark had not been pointed enough. Feeling very good-natured, now that he had had his little joke, he condescended to ask his mother's advice about wording the invitations.

"Would you say, 'Please come to a birthday party to Johnny Podge's'? or would you say, 'Come to my house to a party next Saturday'?"

"Oh, I don't know," said his mother, musingly, as she patted a loaf into shape. "Seems to me they put it a little different, but I can't remember how. You'd better wait until Pa comes; he'll know all about it. Pa's been a great party man."

"Oh, I can't wait; I have so many to write, I sha' n't have them ready if I don't hurry."

Johnny laboriously completed his third invitation, and addressed it to a little girl; and, as she was a very nice little girl, and very saucy, too, he was troubled in mind on account of a large blot with which he had inadvertently adorned the last line of his note.

Then there came a soft knock at the back door.

"Go to the door, Johnny; my hands are all in the dough," said his mother.

Johnny opened the door, and there stood nobody; but, in a moment, Hugh McCollom peered around the corner of the shed.

"Say, come out a minute, wont you?" he whispered.

"Oh, come in," said Johnny; "it snows so."

"No, you come out; I want to speak to you." And he held to view a large square parcel, wrapped in brown paper.

Johnny stepped out and closed the door.

"Now," began Hugh; and then he stopped and untied the parcel nervously. His face showed that he had been crying, in the way that boys' faces sometimes demonstrate grief, namely, by pale marks where the tears had washed their way.

"What's the matter?" asked Johnny. "What makes your face so streaked?"

"Mother, she's sick, and the doctor he said the medicine would n't cost much, and it costs a dollar. I've got a quarter, but the drug man would n't give me less than a dollar's worth; so I thought if you'd let me have the other seventy-five cents, I'd give you all my pictures. You know you wanted to buy them, once?"

Johnny had been eager to buy the pictures when he first saw them, but just now he wanted all his pennies to buy refreshments for Saturday's festivities; and, for a few seconds, he felt very miserly, and wished Hugh had staid away. But he remembered a good many things during those seconds,—among others, that he once was sick himself, and that it was dreadful to be sick; so he said, with a little sigh, as he thought of the vanishing candies: "Come in, and let's look at them. I think I'll buy them."

Hugh came in, hesitatingly, and took off his cap to Mrs. Podge.

"How do you do, Hughie? and is your ma well?" asked Mrs. Podge.

"No, ma'am; she's sick."

"Why, what's the matter with her?"

"The doctor said, a fever on her lungs."

"Oh dear! but that is bad! I must go over to see her this very evening."

Johnny brought out his diary, in which he kept his money, and he encouraged Hugh to spread the drawings on the kitchen table, where they called forth volumes of admiration from Mrs. Podge.

"I never saw anything half so beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Did you do them yourself, Hughie?"

"Yes, 'm," said Hugh, meekly; "an' Johnny, he said may be he'd buy them."

"The doctor gave him a perskaption, an' it costs a dollar to make it," said Johnny, explaining, "and Hughie said he'd take seventy-five cents for the pictures; but I'm not going to keep them all," he added, bravely.

"Oh, yes, you can have every one," said Hugh, earnestly.

"No, my son," said Mrs. Podge, shaking her head. "You sha' n't take them all. That would be as bad as robbing the fatherless. I know they're worth a great deal of money; Mrs. Blakely has pictures in her parlor, no handsomer than these, that cost three dollars apiece! It might have been the frames, though—they had beautiful gold frames, with red cord and everything. But you must take only a few, Johnny."

Johnny counted out seventy-five cents, which left the little pocket of his diary almost empty, and handed the money to Hughie, with several of the drawings.

Hughie's noon hours and evenings and Saturdays were mostly spent with his pencil, which perhaps accounted for his weak eyes, into which the tears would keep coming, as he shoved on his cap and hurried away with the remainder of his drawings, muttering a choked sort of "thank ye" as he went out.

He ran to the drug store, and again presented the prescription, this time laying down the money with it. His mother thought he had been gone a long time, but it was not her way to complain, and when he returned, she merely asked:

"Did you get the medicine?"

"Here it is, mother," said Hugh, joyfully. He brought a cup from the pantry, and prepared the medicine as directed by the label on the bottle.

The rest of his drawings he had left in the woodshed. He had quietly abstracted them from his box without his mother's knowledge, and in like manner they were returned when the medicine had accomplished the soothing effect of putting her to sleep; and so the good woman did not know for many days of the sacrifice the boy had made in parting with his treasured drawings. He stirred around softly, putting coal in the stove, and getting his supper of oatmeal porridge and baked potatoes, with a mind immensely relieved, for he had perfect faith in medicine of any sort, if only prescribed by a doctor.

Mrs. McCollom was very poor, and it did seem as if she always would be. The neighbors occasionally had spasms of generosity, in which they gave her all the help her Scotch pride would permit; but these did not go far nor last long, and before any one knew it, down she was again, poorer than ever.

Johnny Podge was very silent at supper that evening, and seemed to be meditating something unpleasant and perplexing.

"Mrs. McCollom is sick," said Mrs. Podge, to her husband, "and I think I'll run around there when the baby's asleep."

So, when the dishes were washed, and the baby was asleep in the cradle, Mrs. Podge put a shawl over her head, and went to see Mrs. McCollom.

"Is Hugh's mother very sick?" Mr. Podge inquired of Johnny, as he sat rocking the cradle.

"Yes, Pa; an' I bought some pictures of him to pay for medicine, an' I've only got about thirteen cents left; an' Pa, I was thinking prob'ly you would n't want to spare more 'n the three dollars you promised, so may be I can't have the party this time."

"Well, my son, wont three dollars be enough?"

"No, for I was going to have about twenty come, and I'd want as much as six pounds of candy, so as not to look stingy, and I promised Ma I'd pay for the raisins if she'd put 'em in thick in the cake; and there's a lot of other things to get, besides. I have n't invited anybody yet, and I could get out of having the party, easy; and may be you'd let Hughie have the money, instead. He's an awful good boy to his mother."

"How many have you told about the party?" asked his father.

"Nobody but one boy; he sits with me, and I told him not to tell."

"Probably not more than twenty boys know about it by this time, then," said his father, laughing.

"Oh, no! he said 'honest injun' he would n't tell, and he's an awful good boy," said Johnny. "His name is Harry Holdclose."

"His name is enough recommendation," said Mr. Podge, with another laugh.

The vow of "honest injun," in Johnny's opinion, was one of great solemnity, and he had never known a boy so depraved as to break it.

Mr. Podge thought the matter over as he rocked the cradle and gazed out of the window at the sky bright with a full moon and ever so many stars. The storm was all gone, and nothing was left to remember it by, excepting the snow.

Mrs. Podge returned a little depressed. It was quite late, and Johnny had fallen asleep on the kitchen lounge. "I never did see folks quite so poor, but everything is just as neat! And that Hughie, he can make porridge and get his own supper, and fix the wet towels on his mother's head just as nice! I only wish Johnny was as handy. But we've got to do something for them, Joseph. If it was n't for Johnny's party we've promised him, we might spare a few dollars." Mrs. Podge was quite out of breath with saying so much.

"Johnny has just been at me to give over the party," said Mr. Podge, in his kindest voice.

"Whatever in the world is that for? Why, he was a-writing his invitations as busy and happy as you could ask!"

"He has spent nearly all his party-money for those drawings, and he kind of hinted, would I put in the three dollars I promised, for Hugh's folks, instead," said Mr. Podge.

"The dear little soul! I do believe, sometimes, Joseph, that Johnny is growing a good boy," said Mrs. Podge, in a loud, happy whisper.

"That was better than forty parties!" Johnny thought; but his father and mother never knew that he had heard it, and he lay like a little 'possum, waiting for further praises. None being forthcoming, however, he thought it prudent to stretch himself and go through the motions of waking up.

"Pa says you talk of giving up the party," said his mother, gently, when he arose from the lounge.

"Yes, ma'am; I don't care much about it any more, and I thought you an' Pa would just as lief give the money to Hughie's folks. I believe I'll go up to bed now, Ma."

His mother kissed his sleepy face, and his father touched Johnny's hair with his fingers, and said, "Good-night, my son!"

So Mrs. Podge, the next day, carried the three dollars to Mrs. McCollom, who was too ill to refuse it; and Hughie bought, at his discretion, such things as they most needed, and the neighbor-women took turns sitting up o' nights with his mother.

Now, Johnny's school-fellow, with the remarkable name, had to be informed that the party was given up, and, to Johnny's satisfaction, he found that Harry had never said a word about it to anybody. But this young keeper of secrets was an inquisitive boy, and he wanted to know why the party had been given up. Johnny, however, utterly refused to tell, partly because he did n't want to brag, and partly for fear Hughie would find out about it.

But Harry Holdclose was a boy with a very busy brain, and, suspecting that there was a disappointment somewhere, it entered into his kind heart to devise a plan. This plan was neatly outlined at recess, and fully completed at noon.

The day was Thursday, which, as we all know, is just two days before Saturday; and before school was out that evening, all the boys and girls in Johnny's class, and some privileged ones in other classes, were in a buzz of excitement over the "s'prise party at Johnny Podge's, Saturday night, you know!"

All but Johnny. He was a little speck sulky, because there was so much whispering and laughing, the nature of which he could n't guess. And it was the same all through Friday; and at night, when the scholars trooped along in clusters and crowds, Johnny went moping silently home. Even Hughie seemed to have joined the rest, and Johnny

felt deserted and forlorn, and his mother's heart ached for him when she thought of the pleasure he had given up.

But by the next morning he had forgotten his vexation, and all the forenoon he was deep in a beautiful book his mother had given him. After dinner, he hurried with his Saturday errands, so as to have some fun with his sled before the snow should melt. It was a cloudless day, and the sun shone magnificently.

"What lovely weather for the party!" Mrs. Podge thought, with a sigh; and she wondered if Johnny was very much disappointed.

Johnny had a good time with his sled that afternoon, and, toward sunset, Hughie joined him. Mrs. McCollom was better, and the kind woman who had come to spend that evening with her had urged Hughie to run out and take the air a little while. When dark set in, and Johnny went home to supper, unusually happy at heart, his mother ventured to say:

"Well, Johnny, we've had a pretty good time without the party, have n't we?"

"I've had a gay time with my book, and Hughie, and everything, and I'm hungry as a bear," said Johnny.

Papa Podge, if I may so allude to him, did n't come home until ten o'clock on Saturday nights, for he was a clerk in a little dry-goods store, which had a habit of sitting up late evenings on Saturday, for customers; so, when there came a tremendous knock at the front door, giving Mrs. Podge "such a dreadful start," there was no one to answer it but herself and Johnny, and, being the least bit timid, they both went, and carried the baby along, too.

"My goodness! is it a fire?" exclaimed Mrs. Podge, as she opened the door and saw what seemed like a hundred people clustered in front of the house, all as still as mice.

"S'prise!" said a boy who stood close to the steps.

This was Harry Holdclose.

"S'prise! S'prise!" said the other boys and girls, a good many times over, as they tumbled laughingly into the house.

Dear! how merry that evening was! The little parlor overflowed into the dining-room, and that into the kitchen; and it did seem as if every corner contained a boy, while the girls flitted about the rooms like fairies and chattered like parrots. Hughie was there, too, his face shining with joy, and his generous heart beating many strokes faster with pleasure at the honor shown his friend and patron.

They played a good many games, all of a lively character, and were in the midst of the enchant-

ments and vicissitudes of "Copenhagen" when the astonished Mr. Podge arrived. Suddenly, Johnny heard the door open, and his father say: "Whatever, in all the world!"

"It's a surprise on Johnny!" said Mrs. Podge, her face glowing with pride and pleasure.

At the sound of his father's voice, Johnny sprang out, scattering a little crowd of girls, and cried: "Oh, Pa, I *did* have a party, after all!"

"Yes, I see you did, my son," said Mr. Podge, who seemed to feel that the occasion required a speech; "and I heartily thank all these young ladies and gentlemen for the honors they have heaped upon us all, I may say. My young friends, you are very welcome to this house, and may you live long in joy and prosperity."

It is true that Mr. Podge's words were almost drowned in the general merriment; but nobody minded that; on the contrary, they all rushed upon him without waiting for introductions, and dragged him into the game, which he enjoyed wonderfully. Then the girls got their packages of cake and cookies, and the boys their papers of

candy, and nuts, and oranges; and, as there was n't a table in the house large enough, nor a room that would begin to hold them all, they passed the refreshments around on plates and saucers, and sat and stood everywhere, eating and making merry. Such a jolly party Johnny never had seen. He had n't dreamed of anything half so nice in his wildest moments, when he had been laying his own plans.

As for Mrs. Podge, there never was so proud and happy a little woman. She felt sure it was the highest honor that had ever been paid to any member of her family, far or near, and she thought it was all owing to Johnny's goodness. "He must be a great favorite at school," she thought.

Dear, innocent heart! it was the wise boy who sat with Johnny who deserved the honor and the glory of that festive occasion.

Johnny fully understood and appreciated this fact; but he went to bed none the less happy for having been the subject of a "s'prise," and more than satisfied with the way in which his birthday had been kept.



"OH, dear Papa!" three children cried,
 "You promised, don't you know?
 That next when you should take a ride
 All three of us should go."
 "I DID," that father said. "You know
 I never speak at random.
 So get your roller-skates. We'll go
 Off in a tearing tandem!"



J. Francis.



A·SUDDEN·FOOTSTEP·SOUNDED·NEAR.
AND·THROUGH·HER·TEARS·UPGLANCING.
SHE·SAW·ACROSS·THE·SUNNY·FIELD.
A·QUAINT·OLD·DAME·ADVANCING.

"GOOD·FAIRY.
BOUNTIFUL."

SHE·CRIED·

"AH·ME·BUT·

I·AM·WEARY·

FROM·MORN·TILL·

NIGHT·MY·TOIL·IS·

HARD·

THE·DAYS·ARE·

LONG·&·DREARY·

LEND·ME·I·PRAY·

THY·MAGIC·WAND·

THAT·SHALL·MY·

LABOR·LIGHTEN·"

"NAY·SAID·THE·DAME·

"A·BETTER·GIFT·

I·BRING·THY·LIFE·TO·

BRIGHTEN·



TEN·LITTLE·
WORKMEN·

BRAVE·&·SWIFT·

WHO·EVER·

SHALL·OBEY·THEE·

LAY·ON·THEM·

WHAT·COMMAND·

THOU·WILT·

AND·PROVE·THEIR·

SKILL·I·PRAY·THEE·"

THE·FAIRY·OPENED
WIDE·HER·CLOAK·

TEN·DWARFS·

FLEW·OUT·FROM·

UNDER·

THE·MAIDEN·WATCHED·

THEM·DO·HER·WORK·

HER·BLUE·EYES·BIG·

WITH·WONDER·

NOW·HERE·NOW·THERE·WITH·NIMBLE·FEET.
 THEY·RAN·TO·DO·HER·PLEASURE.
 "KIND·FAIRY·BOUNTIFUL," SHE·CRIED.
 "GIVE·ME·THIS·WONDROUS·TREASURE."



THE·FAIRY·SMILED·"KEEP·FOR·THINE·OWN.
 THESE·SERVANTS·GOOD·&·CLEVER.
 BUT·PRETTY·ONE·REMEMBER·THIS.
 LET·THEM·BE·IDLE·NEVER."

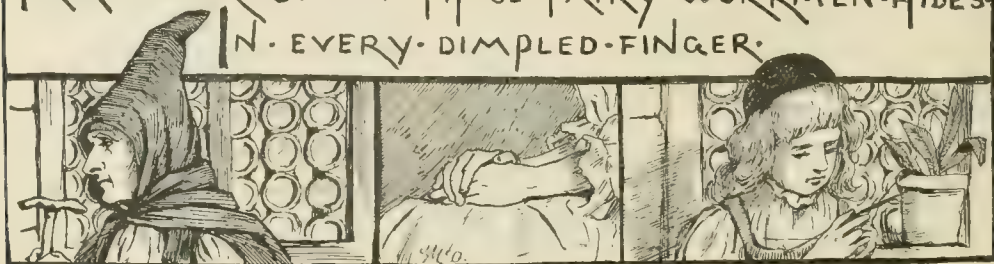
SHE·VANISHED·HAD·
 THE·MAIDEN·DREAM·
 MAYBE·BUT·EVER

AFTER·
 HER·WORK·WAS·
 AS·BY·MAGIC·DONE·
 HER·DAYS·WERE·FILLED·
 WITH·LAUGHTER·



O·THOUGHTFUL·
 LITTLE·MAIDEN·MINE!
 LON·ON·YOUR·
 CLASPED·HANDS·LEAN·
 NOW·YOU·HAVE·
 HEARD·MY·FAIRY·TALE·
 CAN·YOU·NOT·GUESS·
 ITS·MEANING?

TAKE·UP·YOUR·IDLE·WORK·AGAIN·NOR·LET·THE·SLOW·
 TASK·LINGER·ONE·OF·THOSE·FAIRY·WORKMEN·HIDES·
 IN·EVERY·DIMPLED·FINGER·





TOMMY (WHO HAS INSISTED ON PLACING HIS NEW BIRD IN HIS POCKET THANKS GIVING DAY):—"INGO" HERE (PODS THE HART), AND I'VE LEFT THAT NERK IN MY OTHER KNECKING-SKIES!"

ONE DAY ON A DESERT ISLAND.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

It was the 30th of May, and the waters of the great ocean rose and fell slowly, regularly, as if old Atlantic were gently slumbering. The sun had not yet appeared, but the rose color that tinged the mist along the eastern horizon betrayed his ambush. A slight haze rendered objects at a distance somewhat indistinct, softening and almost obliterating the line where sky and ocean met. A breeze so gentle as scarcely to ripple the surface of the water fanned the cheeks of three boys standing in a small cat-boat, gazing eagerly ahead toward a low island.

Had you seen the boys, you would at once have noted something familiar in their general appearance, and could scarcely have failed to recognize them as old acquaintances, for who does not know "Tom, Dick, and Harry"? You would also soon have discovered that they were on a holiday. An examination of their "traps," or personal baggage, stowed forward, out of reach of salt water, would have shown Tom to be an amateur naturalist, Dick a sportsman, and Harry an artist.

"Well, what is it? Sea-serpent, octopus, or wild goose?" asked Dick, as Tom leveled a spy-glass at some distant object on the water.

"A pair of great northern divers," answered Tom, "and you may as well put up your new, patent, double-back-action breech-loader, for you would have to load with expedited chain-lightning to hit one of them, even if we should get within gunshot."

"We'll see about that," growled Dick, as he pushed a couple of wire cartridges into his pet breech-loader. Harry, who had the tiller, headed the "Nomad," as their boat was named, straight for the birds. The breeze was light, and the boat glided through the smooth waters, leaving noiseless little ripples in her wake.

As the "Nomad" neared them, the divers seemed not in the least afraid; now and again one would disappear in the water, leaving only two rings upon the surface to tell where it had been. Tom timed them, and found that they sometimes remained under water nearly a minute and a half.

While thus engaged, he was startled by two loud reports near his head, bang! bang! The two birds disappeared like magic, the same instant that two charges of shot splashed up the water on the very spot they had left.

Tom laughed, as he turned to Dick with a "Did n't I tell you so!"

But the sportsman could not believe they had been too quick for him, and he insisted that one must certainly have been hit. However, the speedy re-appearance of the divers at a good safe distance, paddling playfully around, convinced him to the contrary.

Meanwhile the breeze had died out, and the boys turned their eyes impatiently toward the distant island.

While Harry was regretting the time wasted in chasing "those loons," as he called them, he descried a man in a row-boat putting out from the island. "Now we are all right, boys," he exclaimed, "for that 's Billy Whetmore, from the light-house, coming to take us ashore."

Feeling relieved on this score, the boys turned

"We give it up. What are they?" asked Harry.

"Watch," answered Tom, pointing to one that had been sailing much nearer the boat than the others. The bird seemed to hesitate a moment in the air, then suddenly down it came with a mighty swoop from its dizzy height, striking the water astern of the "Nomad" with a great splash. After a few vigorous flaps with its wings, the bird rose again, with its prey glistening in its talons.

"There 's a fisherman for you, Dick!" cried Tom; "one who fishes without bait or line, and carries his fish-hooks on his toes. He is, in other words, the American osprey."

"'Nomad,' ahoy!" shouted some one close by, and the next instant the red, jolly face of the light-house keeper's son appeared over the side, as he scrambled from his dory aboard the "Nomad."

Harry, grasping his hand, welcomed him with, "Well, old Robinson Crusoe, how 's your desert island?" And turning to his companions, he introduced "Mr. Whetmore, 'Billy' Whetmore, the best sailor and fisherman in these waters."

"I reckon the island 's all there," said Billy,



THE NEST ON DOG'S-HEAD ROCK—SHORE OF THE DESERT ISLAND.

their attention to some large birds that sailed about overhead.

"Eagles?" said Dick, inquiringly.

"Guess again," said Tom.

"but if you 'll dish me up a sweep, I will have you all ashore in a jiffy, and you can see for yourselves."

In a comparatively short time the "Nomad" was



FISH-HAWK NEST, IN THE TOP OF A TREE.

riding at anchor in a rocky little cove, and the crew were all ashore upon the Desert Island.

The boys felt just then more like investigating the light-house kitchen than the Desert.

It was seven o'clock when they sat down to a steaming hot breakfast of blackfish, cakes, and coffee, and many an old dyspeptic epicure would give a year of his life for the ability to relish a meal as Tom, Dick, and Harry enjoyed that one.

Breakfast over, the crew of the "Nomad" lounged on a bench upon a bluff in front of the light-house, while Billy Whetmore was rigging up fish-lines, hooks, bait, etc.

Harry began to make a sketch of an osprey's-nest on one of the rocks below.

This particular rock was a very peculiar one, its resemblance to an animal being so striking that it is named "Dog's-Head Rock." On the back of this stone dog the fish-hawk's home was built.

So the sketch was dubbed "The castle on the rock." At the suggestion of Billy Whetmore, the calm waters rippling around the rock were, in the sketch, whipped up into a storm. "It makes it seem more natural, like," Bill said.

The wild birds that filled the air with their screeches and cries were pointed out, classified, and named by our young naturalist, who further entertained his companions with an account of the fish-hawk or American osprey, telling how much more cleanly and noble a bird it is than its European relative, never touching anything but fish; while, according to Figuiet, the European osprey frequently feeds upon wild fowl and carrion. He explained, also, how some of the older naturalists sanctioned an extravagant romance concerning the construction of this bird's feet, one of which was supposed to be webbed and formed like that of a duck, for swimming, while the other had the talons of an eagle, for grasping prey.

Tom also told how a friend captured a young osprey just before it was ready to leave the nest, and with the aid of a companion attempted to carry it home, holding it by the ends of its outstretched wings to avoid its sharp beak and talons. Suddenly the bird flopped completely over, breaking one wing badly at the second joint. Thinking that the wounded bird might recover best under the care of its parents, it was left at the foot of the nest tree, where the old ones could feed it. After an absence of some hours, the friends returned to see how the patient progressed, and were somewhat surprised to find that the old birds had killed their crippled young, by striking their sharp beaks through its neck and throat.

Once fairly started on his favorite topic, there was no telling when Tom's lecture would end, but a loud "Peow! Pe-ow!" from Bill Whetmore, on the beach, notified them that all was ready for the blackfishing expedition.

The fishing-grounds lay between this island and the Long Island shore, a distance of some three-quarters of a mile, in a rocky, dangerous inlet, through which the tides rush so fiercely as to fleck the many jutting ledges with foam.

Rigged out from top to toe in oil-skin "togs," the party were seated in a row-boat. Bill Whetmore took the oars and began to back out stern foremost among the half-submerged rocks, into the midst of a whirling, bubbling tide that ran with

the velocity of rapids. The boys fairly held their breath as their little boat dashed, with the speed of an arrow, at first one and then another of the sharp edges, against which the rushing tide boiled and spun in a dangerous manner. Shooting rapids in a canoe was child's play to this. Just as the destruction of the boat and the consequent ducking of all hands seemed inevitable, a dexterous jerk of Bill's oar this way or that would send the boat in safety past the rock, only to make a hair-breadth escape from its next neighbor.

Before they reached the fishing-ground the boys were, to use the mildest term, considerably excited, but Whetmore was as cool and collected as though paddling in the calm waters of the bay. The thorough knowledge of every little eddy and cross-current, the skill displayed in taking advantage of them and managing the boat, aroused the boys' highest admiration. They moved out in a zigzag course toward a point where two tides met, and where, although there was no wind, the meeting of the currents lashed the waters into tumbling white-caps.

Backing up to the edge of a whirlpool, one anchor was cast from the bow into the midst of the seething waters, the boat was quickly backed until the line was taut, then another anchor, cast from the stern, was made fast, and the boat was swinging easily and safely in smooth water, with the tide rushing wildly around ugly rocks a few feet to the right, and bubbling over a submerged reef a yard or so to the left. From this vantage ground the boys commenced hostilities against the blackfish; "chumming" for them, Bill called it, meaning that chopped bait (lobster and clams) was strewn over the sides of the boat for some time, to attract the fish. After two hours' good sport, they started on the return trip towing sixty pounds of blackfish astern.

In the old dining-room of the light-house each boy paid his involuntary compliment to their host's dinner; and their remarks on his skill as a boatman made Bill blush through all his twenty years' tan and weather-stain.

"I tell you that was a plucky row, and it required some nerve, too," said Dick.

"Yes," added Tom, "when a man loves his profession, and gives it his whole mind and attention, he can accomplish wonders."

"Well," remarked Harry, grandly, "if I had the knowledge of art that Bill has of boats, tides, winds, and weather, I'd always be on the line at the academy."

Dinner over, an exploring expedition through the island had its separate attractions for each of the boys, and they started, Dick with his breech-loader and game-bag, Tom with numerous boxes and bags

for capturing and conveying specimens, and Harry with sketch-book and pencils.

"I guess you had better keep away from that old hawk on the wood-pile," was Bill's parting remark, as the party left the light-house.

Once away from the building, it seemed to the boys as though the whole island was alive with birds; the sand bluff in front was fairly honey-combed by the hundreds of bank swallows that twittered and fluttered in clouds about their homes. Inland, the long sand-stretches were dotted with occasional trees, so dwarfed, twisted, knotted, and gnarled, by poverty of soil below, and severity of storms above, that each was more like an overgrown gooseberry bush than a legitimate tree. The ospreys had taken possession of every available spot to build their nests, and when they build it is no delicate moss and twig structure, fastened with horse-hair, and lined with soft feathers or wool, but a solid affair, one nest occupying a whole tree. It has a foundation of sticks, clubs, and pieces of timber so large and heavy that it would seem an impossibility for any bird to move them. Piled up, sometimes to the height of five feet, is fully a cart-load of sponges, sea-weed, and debris of all kinds, picked up along the beach; on the top of this mass is the nest proper, hollowed out like a basin, lined with grasses and soft material. Many such massive nests as this were scattered over trees and rocks, and even on the bare ground. Tom called the boys' attention to this, saying that "according to the works on natural history that he had seen, the American osprey, or fish-hawk, invariably built in the tops of the tallest trees. Baird gives as exceptional instances a nest found in a small pine in Maine and another upon a cliff on the Hudson River, and I believe Audubon found one or two on the ground."

One of the first nests they approached was built on the top of a pile of wood, and from the warlike looks of the two old birds and the peculiar location of their nest, the boys concluded that this must be the old hawk Bill had warned them against molesting. So of this nest Harry decided he must have a sketch, and seating himself comfortably at a short distance, he began to work, while the other boys sauntered on. The old birds looked on suspiciously for some time; at length one of them took wing and after soaring to a considerable height, he made a sudden dart down toward Harry, with a shrill cry and a rushing noise that caused our startled amateur artist to drop everything and scamper off with very undignified rapidity. And it was some time before he dared steal back after his book and pencils. That sketch was never finished.

As Harry reluctantly left the wood-pile nest, the

popping of Dick's gun along the beach told plainly enough that its owner was enjoying the day, in a way to suit his tastes.

Off in the distance Tom was visible, standing motionless, gazing intently on the ground, while around and over his head circled and flew scores of swallow-like birds. As Harry approached the spot, he could see that the birds were much too large for swallows, and were peculiarly marked with white, giving the effect of an open space between the tip and main part of the wings. The air was full of them, and they darted by close to his ears with a whirring noise.

Harry found Tom on his knees apparently searching for something in the sand.

"I say, Tom, if you have lost your senses, you will never find them again without a microscope," was Harry's salutation.

"I think I must have lost one of my senses at least," responded Tom, "for I had my eye fixed upon the exact spot where a bird was sitting, but



FIGURE 17. W.B.

when the bird flew off, and I stooped to pick up the two eggs I knew must be there—presto, change,—and they were gone. You know, my boy, these night-hawks don't build nests, but deposit their eggs upon a flat rock, or on the ground. The eggs are small, and so closely do they resemble the ground or lichens in color and markings that it is next to impossible to find them."

"'T is, eh? Well, that depends upon who it is that is hunting them," cried Harry, as he stooped and picked up something at his feet which he handed to his friend, with: "Here, friend naturalist. You see, an artist must have a good eye to distinguish delicate shades of color."

"Thanks, old fellow," and Tom, taking from his pocket a small blow-pipe, made a hole at each end of the eggs and blew out the contents; then plac-

ing them carefully each in a separate box, he marked the boxes, "May 30th, 1881. Desert Island, *Chordeiles popetue*; location, open, sandy flats."

Here Harry, who had been watching Tom, spoke:

"Cordelia Puppets, are they? Well, that proves how ignorant we of the masses are. Now I always thought these birds were whip-poor-wills."

"Not so awfully ignorant as you would make out," responded Tom; "although these are not whip-poor-wills, but night-hawks, or bull bats, they all belong to the same family, the goat-suckers, or *Caprimulgide*. Hereafter you can inform inquiring friends that these night-hawks, although related, are an entirely different bird from the *Antrastomus* or whip-poor-will."

"Well, if you will but let up on those jaw-breaking words—'scientific terms,' I should say—for just one moment, I was going to tell you that I found two of these 'Cordelia puppet' night-hawks sitting on eggs upon the top of the mansard roof of our house in Boston."

"That's worth recording," said Tom, taking out his note-book and jotting down the fact.

Walking on together, the boys found many objects of interest, and at Tom's request Harry made a sketch of one of the osprey-nests, to illustrate and prove the assertion that the American species will not molest other birds—for in the interstices on the sides of this nest were half a dozen or more homes of the crow blackbird, some containing eggs. On others the mother-bird was sitting, while still others contained young birds. These facts Harry discovered by clambering up the next tree. He even put his hand over the top of the main nest, exclaiming to his companion: "Three hawk's-eggs, Tom, and they are warm, too."

"It will be warm for you in about a minute," shouted Tom, "for here come the old birds." Harry had had experience enough of that kind, so he let go all holds and dropped to the ground in a hurry; but he had made his sketch, to which he gave the title "Nature's Commune."

The two friends now turned on the beach to hunt up Dick, whose gun had reported him at different points along the shore.

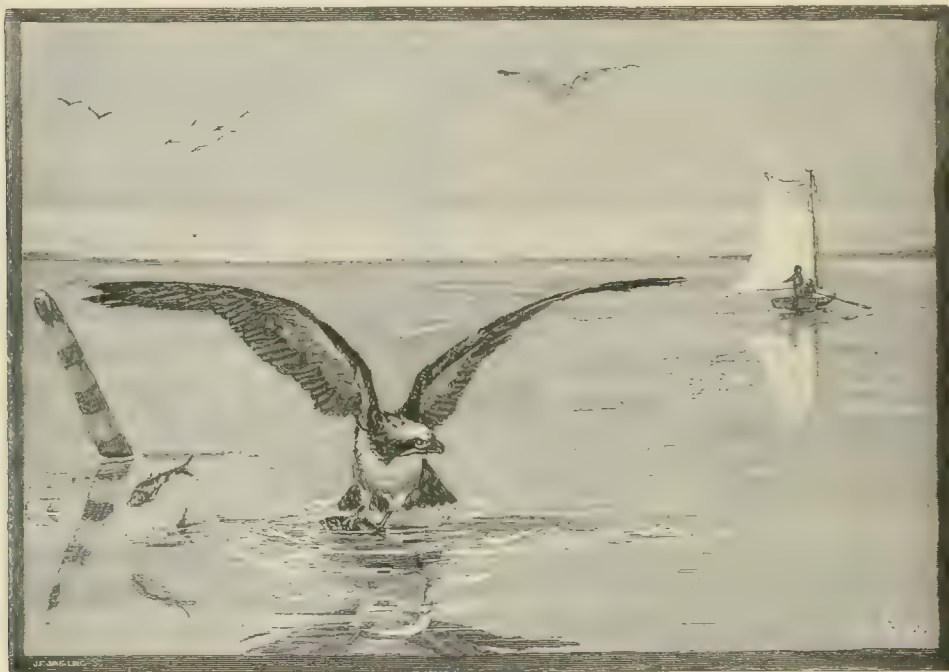
Harry, who was some distance ahead, suddenly stopped, and called excitedly back to Tom to hurry up, for he had found a veritable sea-monster, that was all mouth, excepting his tail, and all tail but the mouth. He seemed quite disappointed that Tom should recognize it as a fish known as the angler, or "fishing frog."* Horrid-looking specimens they are, with huge mouths and fat tongues. Bucketfuls of fish have been taken from their capacious stomachs. They are known to catch sea-

* See *Sci. Nat.*, 1874, page 256.

gulls and wild fowl which are swimming on the surface of the water, and to swallow them whole. A loon was taken from the stomach of one captured at Ogunquit, on the coast of Maine.

After Harry had secured a sketch of this gormandizing angler, they continued their search for their sporting friend, and soon found him stretched

First he drew a good-sized circle in the sand; then, from a dozen or so of the little creatures which Dick had captured and placed in his hat, each of the boys chose one for himself. These they compared carefully, to prevent mistakes in identification. Dick selected a crab with the largest claw he could find. Harry, following his example, picked



"THE OSPREY ROSE AGAIN, WITH ITS PREY GLISTENING IN ITS TALONS."

at full length on the sand. He said he had been watching some little fiddler-crabs dig their holes, and that it was fun to see them swing their long-necked eyes around, to make sure the coast was clear, and then scamper off four or five feet from their homes, drop their little load of sand, once more stop to move their eyes around the circle, and scamper back to disappear in their holes for another load of sand.

"But, I say, fellows," cried Dick, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "I have an idea——"

"Bottle it, Dick, as a specimen for Tom," interrupted Harry; "ideas are great rarities nowadays."

"Tom is not the only one who wants ideas, even if they are other people's," retorted Dick, "but you can both have this one. It's this: Let's have a crab-race."

"The race of crabs is pretty well established already," interposed Tom.

But they both entered eagerly into Dick's scheme.

out a saucy big fellow, while Tom chose a small crab with two small claws. All three steeds were placed under a drinking-cup in the center of the ring drawn on the sand.

"Now," explained Dick, "no one is allowed to touch his crab under any circumstances, until the race is decided. I shall lift the cup at the word, and the first crab to cross the line of the circle wins the race, and the last one out loses. Now, what stake shall we race for?"

It was finally agreed that as they would, in all probability, have to make an all-night sail to get home, the loser of the race should stand the first watch, and the winner the last watch.

Tom gave the word: "Attention! Are you ready? Go!" and the cup was lifted, freeing the little creatures. Tom's crab started off sideways, at a rapid gait, but Harry's and Dick's hesitated. At this the boys shouted, danced about, and waved their caps. But the pugnacious little steeds, in-

stead of being frightened into running, disregarded the size of their enemies, and bravely reared up on their hind legs and showed fight. Tom laughed until he was faint, for, taking advantage of his knowledge, he had selected a timid female whose smaller pincers were of no use whatever in battle, and who consequently ran away from the other crabs as fast as her numerous little legs could carry her.

At last, Dick's steed started off, but he stopped just inside the line to rear up at some imaginary foe. And then Harry's horse, finding himself all alone, made a sudden dash out of the ring.

Tom had won; Harry was lucky; and Dick had lost.

was heartily enjoyed, and a few minutes later they were once more aboard the "Nomad," headed for home, with a fair breeze.



THE RACE.



"HARRY HAD FOUND A VALUABLE SPECIMEN."

The race had hardly ended, when Billy Whetmore's "Peow! Pe-ow!" down the beach, startled the boys into the knowledge that it was getting late, and that they were pretty hungry.

After a brisk walk, their supper at the light-house

about a dozen valuable sketches. And Tom, after counting over his specimens, concluded that he had n't missed much that day. In fact, they all joined in the belief that they had crowded about a week's fun into the twelve hours spent on the Desert Island.

Dick, at the tiller, said he had put in a pretty good day's fun, had a splendid lot of fish and a good mess of birds stowed forward on ice, and that he did n't mind it, if he did lose the race. Harry remarked that, in addition to all his fun, he had

 ELBERON.

I. JULY.

I WATCHED the little children by the sea,
 Tempting the wave with mimic forts of sand;
 Hillock and pit they modeled in their glee,
 Laughing to see them leveled on the strand.
 Deep was the music of the breakers' roar,
 And bright the spray they tossed upon the shore;
 Fresh gales of joy blew landward, but in vain;
 The Nation's heart was heavy with its pain.

II. AUGUST.

The little children skipping by the sea,
 Bare-legged and merry, challenge its advance,
 Holding the sunlight in their hair, they greet
 The prone wave's tumult while they shout and dance.
 But he who suffers far away grows faint
 With longing for the sea-side cheer and plaint;—
 Ah, bright the tide, and blue the bending sky,
 While stately ships, intent, go sailing by!

III. SEPTEMBER.

What power was this? no tumult on the deep!
 The conscious waves crept whispering to the sand;
 The very children, awed and eager, shared
 The spell of silence holding sea and land;
 White wings of healing filled the summer sky,
 And prayerful thousands stood expectant by,
 While borne on bed of hope,—content and wan,—
 The Nation's Man came into Elberon.

'T is well!" the news sped gladly, day by day,—
 "Old Ocean sends its strengthening breeze apace!"
 Grandly, beneath the shining cottage eaves,
 Our country's banner floated in its grace.
 When, suddenly, grim shadows gathered near
 To overwhelm us with a nameless fear;
 Till all along Atlantic's sobbing sands—
 Far as it rims our own and other lands;
 Across the world; what spot the sun shines on—
 Sounded the tidings dread:
 Our Man is dead!
 The Nation's grief broods over Elberon.



A NOBLE LIFE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

NO EVENT of modern times has created so deep and wide-spread a sorrow throughout the civilized world as the death of James Abram Garfield, late President of the United States. When he was struck down by the bullet of a wicked man, everybody was filled with amazement and alarm. There was no reason why such an attack on the President should be expected or looked for. He was a peaceable and kindly man, full of generous feelings, and with a friendly interest for all men. And when it was told to the country that this large-hearted, and upright, and honest Christian gentleman had been shot, people could hardly believe the tale. An assault like that seemed utterly causeless.

When it appeared to be possible that the President might recover, there was much relief felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. Wherever there were people dwelling, whether in the crowded cities of the Atlantic sea-board, or in lonely hamlets and camps afar in Western wilds,

men, women, and children waited and watched with great anxiety for the latest news from the wounded President. It was a remarkable sight, this waiting of a great nation around the bedside of a smitten president. From lands beyond the sea, too, came many messages of affectionate inquiry. Kings and queens, great men and the common people of every land, hoped and prayed for the recovery of the President. The powerful rulers of Europe seemed to forget for a while their ambitious schemes, and they sent word to their representatives in this country that they desired the very latest news, day by day, from the White House, where Garfield lay betwixt life and death. For eleven weeks, it may be said, the whole civilized world watched for some sign of hope that the President might live and not die.

This hope was not to be realized, although it did seem at times that the long suspense was over and that the beloved chief magistrate was on a fair road to health. At last, and suddenly, the news was

flashed all abroad that Garfield was dead. Never before, probably, did ill news fly so fast and so far. Gradually, there had seemed to be less and less hope that the noble sufferer could live, and so people were partly prepared for the worst. The brave and gentle spirit of Garfield passed away at half-past ten in the evening, and before the clocks struck twelve at midnight, the bells were tolling in every city in the United States, saying to all the people that the long-suffering, much-enduring President lay dead by the margin of the great sea that he loved so well, and on whose shining waves his last dying glance had lingered.

Everywhere, men went about with saddened faces and dejected mien. It seemed as if there was mourning and lamentation in every house in the land. As soon as people could rally from the first shock of grief, they began to hang out the emblems of sorrow on every hand. It was as if men and women, not being able to go and weep by the death-bed of the good President, did what they could to show their real sorrow for what was now beyond the help of man. From the first, as it now appears, there was no possibility that the President could ever really recover. But this was not known certainly until after his death, and so long as news came that he was still alive, the people prayed to the good God for his restoration to health. For weeks, millions of men and women in all lands, Christians of every sect, Israelites, Greeks, and those of strange faiths, daily offered up prayer to God that this precious life might be spared. So, when he died, they who had hoped and prayed for him were exceeding sorrowful, and they showed their sadness in many ways. The whole republic may be said to have been clothed in mourning. There was never such a sight in any country as on the day of the funeral of Garfield, when many of the larger cities and towns of the United States were completely draped in the emblems of mourning, and every flag drooped at half-mast. From beyond the sea came sympathizing messages from the great ones of the earth and from friends of America in foreign parts. The good Queen of England sent loving and tender words for herself and her children, and directed the British envoy at Washington to lay on Garfield's bier a memorial of her, with a kindly message which she sent. And then, with mourning and lamentation all over the broad land, the mortal remains of the President were carried back to Ohio, and were buried on a height from which one may look over the sparkling waters of the great Lake Erie.

This man, whose tragic sickness and death were lamented as a personal grief by many millions, and at whose burial the noblest and the best of

Christendom, here and in foreign lands, sincerely mourned, was, at the beginning of his public career, only a modest American citizen. He served his country with distinguished honor in the war and on the floor of Congress, and when he was elected President, many thousands of citizens rejoiced in the belief that his character and statesmanship gave promise of an unusually wise and brilliant administration. But he had been in office only four months when he was shot; he had not been long known to the people of other countries, and he had not had time, as president, to show how wise and how able he would be. Nor did he come of any lofty or ancient race of men, whose deeds of prowess or renown could be found carved on monuments and in noble temples. In his boyhood, he had been very poor, and had worked at humble callings for the sake of earning a livelihood, and securing a good education. Why, then, was there all this lamentation, sorrow, and spontaneous display of grief abroad and at home?

The career of James A. Garfield was thoroughly American. His character was worthy of all imitation. In his poverty when a young boy, he might have gone to school for two years before the time when he did enter the school-house, but that he had no shoes to wear; and this same needy lad, who afterward drove the horses of a canal-boat, lived to be the president of the United States. He carried into his high office a manliness of character, a Christian courage, and a sincerity of purpose that are more to mankind than the highest honors that can be heaped upon our fellow-man. Every American boy has heard, at some time, that he may live to become the president of the United States. But the life of Garfield, and the remarkable spectacle afforded by the last days of that life, very clearly show that it was the man, rather than the office, which men honored when the tragical end of his career drew to a close. The death of a president of the republic, and especially a death so purposeless and cruel, would have excited the sympathy of the world. But the history of Garfield's life is a beautiful example of what may be achieved by a loving heart, a generous nature, and a high purpose. In that life the boys of America have a noble model, and one which they may safely follow. Better than being president is to be honest, brave, true, manly, tender to one's mother, courageous for the right, and a friend to the weak and those who have no helper. All this, Garfield was, and this is why, when he fell a victim to the shot of an assassin, and when he was borne to his last resting-place, a wave of sorrow swept around the globe.

We are nowhere told that Garfield had aimed at being president before he was nominated to that

high place. There is no evidence that he had made any plans for his elevation to the great office that he occupied when he died. But the reward of a life of honest endeavor in the path of the right came to him unexpectedly and without his seeking for it. And I dare say that, if he had never been chosen president, he would have reaped full reward in some other way. For him, at least, it was better to be right than to be president. And while to possess by the vote of the people the highest office of the Republic is an honorable ambition, the example of Garfield shows that it is far better to win a good name and to build up a character that shall stand when all other things perish. We do not now so much lament a dead president as the tragical taking away of a high-minded man, an affectionate father, son, and husband, and a sincere patriot.

Nevertheless, the nation has suffered a calamity in the death of Garfield. He had the qualities which would have made him a good president. If his life had been spared, it seems most likely that the country would have highly approved of his administration of its affairs. Then, too, it is a sad thing that any man should be called to die for his country as Garfield was. He was not killed for himself, but because he was the president. If he had never been chosen by the people to the place he filled, he would have been alive to-day, as far as we can know. So there is a feeling of indignation and anger under all the mourning and sorrow for Garfield. The nation has been hurt as well as the family. It is a matter for profound sorrow that the life of a man is put in jeopardy because he has been chosen president by a free people. It is our boast that, in this country, every man has a chance for himself, and nobody is kept down by circumstances which are peculiar to any class, or sect, or social condition. Garfield was a shining example of what may be achieved by well-directed labor, and we are greatly grieved that his life, so admirably calculated to illustrate the force of character and the width of the ways to distinction in which an American boy may walk, should end in a manner so undeserved and so untimely.

When a boy, Garfield was lively, quick, and restless. His teacher complained that the lad was "perpetual motion." He could not study, even when great sacrifices had been made by his mother and his brothers to get him ready for school. When this was reported to his mother, her heart sank, but she could only say, "Why, James!" The tone of sorrow and disappointment went to the boy's heart, and he fell on his knees, and, burying his face in her lap, cried out that he would keep still in school, and that he would learn. He kept his word. From that day, he stuck

manfully to his work, and, whether he was riding on the canal tow-path, hammering away at carpentering, plunging into book-keeping, or toiling in the hard position of school-teacher, he seemed to be forever pushed on by the thought that he had promised to do his best. It was evident that he believed that the best preparation for the duties and responsibilities of to-morrow is the faithful performance of the labors of to-day. No idle dreamer, he went right on with his work, whatever it might be, doing his best. He waited for no applause, and he was not stimulated in his labors by the hope of reward. With a clear conscience, a ready hand for those who needed help, a large heart throbbing for the poor and the distressed, and with a sincere belief in the goodness of God's government of the world, Garfield filled up his days with honest industry and faithful service to his country and to his time.

Does any boy ask what good can come of all this, now that the man has died, and has been cut off, too, before he had arrived at the end of the natural term of human life? Garfield has, indeed, lived in vain if we can not find in his life and character something worthy of imitation. He has lived in vain if the influence of his example is not felt, for generations, upon the forming characters of the lads who are to be the future rulers and law-makers of this republic. The President is dead, but the record of his life can not die. And when we think of the pathetic figure that he made when he went out of this life, and of the untimely end of his career, which seemed to be just about to be at its best, we can recall with comfort the truth that

"In the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives."

Nor need we lament for him who has gone up higher. Even those who were so near and dear to this warm-hearted and loving man in his lifetime do not mourn with a sorrow that can not be comforted. If it is true that, in future ages, the American youth shall be taught the goodly lesson of the lives of great men who have gone before, it is true that such an example as Garfield's can not perish. And if this is true of the life that endures upon the face of the earth, as men come and go, we can with our thought follow into shining realms the admirable and lovable man just now gone from among us. What he did lives after him. And although when he went away the land was filled with lamentation and weeping,

"He passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in paradise."



THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.—BY ROBERT HERRICK.*

LORD, thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the sparres¹ of which I lie
Both soft and drie,
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worne by th' poore,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchin 's small:
A little butterie,² and therein
A little byn,³
Which keeps my little loafe of bread,
Unchipt,⁴ unflead;⁵
Some brittle sticks of thorne or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
And glow like it.

Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
The pulse⁶ is thine,
And all those other bits, that bee

There placed by Thee;
The worts,⁷ the purslain,⁸ and the messe
Of water cresse
Which of thy kindnesse thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet⁹
To be more sweet.
'T is Thou that crownest my glittering hearth
With guiltlesse mirth,
And givest me wassaile¹⁰ bowls to drink,
Spic'd to the brink.
Lord, 't is thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles¹¹ my land,
And giv'st me for my bushell sowne,
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each yeare;
The while the conduits of my kine¹²
Run creame for wine:

All these, and better thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankfull heart;
Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

WE have room in our Treasure-box this month only for the quaint, old-fashioned Thank-giving hymn given above. You would not be interested to read the works of Robert Herrick, excepting the few dainty songs which you will find in almost every book of selected poems: but his "Thanksgiving for his House" is so simple and earnest in its thoughts and so humble in spirit, that it is well worth your reading at this Thanksgiving season of the year. As the many words in this poem that have gone out of use since it was written might puzzle you, the following note will explain them. The meaning of the whole poem is plain enough, as you will see.

¹ "Sparres," *sparres*,—beams or rafters. ² "Butterie," *buttery*,—a small room in which provisions are kept. ³ "Byn," *bin*,—a box, or an inclosed place. ⁴ "Unchipt,"—whole, no part being cut away or broken off. ⁵ "Unflead," *unflayed*,—not peeled, no crust stripped off. ⁶ "Pulse,"—beans, pease, etc. ⁷ "Worts,"—vegetables, or herbs. ⁸ "Purslain," *purslane*,—a pot-herb, sometimes used for salads, garnishing, or pickling. ⁹ "Beet,"—the vegetable. ¹⁰ "Wassaile," *wassail*,—a spiced liquor formerly drunk on festive occasions. ¹¹ "Soiles," *soils*,—enriches. ¹² "Kine," cows.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

THE writer of "Recollections of a Drummer-Boy" wishes to say both to the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* that he is writing no made-up story or fictitious narrative, but is drawing upon his own personal experiences for all he has to say. He was a Drummer-Boy in the "Army of the Potomac," having been mustered into the service in midsummer, 1862, and mustered out with what remained of his regiment at the close of the war, in 1865. Opposite to him, on the wall of his library, in which he is writing, hangs his "Discharge," framed in stout lathwork, while before him on his table are three little black books, all stained and soiled with exposure to wind and weather on many a long march,—journals or diaries kept by him in camp and field,—together with a bundle of old army letters written to the folks at home. Would the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* like to take an occasional peep into the contents of those three little black books and this bundle of old letters? Would they like to know something of the actual life of a Drummer-Boy in the Army?

CHAPTER I.

OFF TO THE WAR.

WHEN, in 1861, the war-fever broke out in the school I was attending, and one after another the desks were left vacant where the older boys had sat, and there were few scholars left but the girls and the smaller boys, who were too young to think of following the envied example of their older fellows, you can scarcely imagine how very dull our life became. We had no interest in study, were restive and listless, and gave our good teacher a world of trouble. The wars of Cæsar and the siege of Troy,—what were they when compared with the great war actually now being waged in our own land? The nodding plumes of Hector and the armor of Homer's heroes were not half so interesting or magnificent as the brave uniforms of the soldiers we saw occasionally on our streets. And when, one day, one of our own school-fellows was brought home, wounded by a ball through his shoulder, our excitement knew no bounds! And so, here is a letter I wrote to my father:

DEAR PAPA: I write to ask whether I may have your permission to enlist. I find the school is fast breaking up. Most of the boys are gone. I can't study any more. *Wont* you let me go?"

Poor Father! In the anguish of his heart it must have been that he sat down and wrote, "You may go!" Without the loss of a moment I was off to the recruiting-office, showed my father's letter, and asked to be sworn in; but alas! I was only sixteen, and lacked two years of being old enough, and they would not take me unless I could swear I was eighteen, which I could not do,—no, not even to gain this ardently desired object!

So then, back again to the school, to Virgil and Homer, and that poor little old siege of Troy, for a few weeks more; until the very school-master himself was taken down with the war-fever, and began to raise a company, and the school had to look for a new teacher, and they said I could enlist as

drummer-boy, no matter how young I might be, if only that I had my father's consent! And this, most unfortunately, had been revoked meanwhile, for there had come a letter, saying: "My dear boy: If you have not yet enlisted, do not do so: for I think you are quite too young and delicate, and I gave my permission perhaps too hastily and without due consideration." But alas! dear Father, it was too late then, for I had set my very heart on going; the company was nearly full, and would leave in a few days, and everybody in the village knew that Harry was going for a drummer-boy.

There was an immense crowd of people at the depot that midsummer morning nearly twenty years ago, when our company started off to the war. It seemed as if the whole county had suspended work and voted itself a holiday, for a continuous stream of people, old and young, poured out of the little village of L—, and made its way through the bridge across the river, and over the dusty road beyond, to the station where we were to take the train.

The thirteen of us who had come down from the village of M— to join the larger body of the company at L—, had enjoyed something of a triumphal progress on the way. We had a brass band to start with, besides no inconsiderable escort of vehicles and mounted horsemen, the number of which was steadily swelled to quite a procession as we advanced. The band played, and the flags waved, and the boys cheered, and the people at work in the fields cheered back, and the young farmers rode down the lanes on their horses, or brought their sweethearts in their carriages and fell in line with the dusty procession. Even the old gate-keeper, who could not leave his post, got much excited as we passed, gave "three cheers for the Union forever," and stood waving his hat after us till we were hid from sight behind the hills.

Reaching L— about nine in the morning, we found the village all ablaze with bunting, and so wrought up with the excitement that all thought

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of work had evidently been given up for that day. As we formed in line and marched down the main street toward the river, the sidewalks were every-

waving, and band-playing, the train at last came thundering in, and we were off, with the "Star-Spangled Banner" sounding fainter and farther away, until it was drowned and lost to the ear in the noise of the swiftly rushing train.

For myself, however, the last good-bye had not yet been said, for I had been away from home at school, and was to leave the train at a way station, some miles down the road, and walk out to my home in the country, and say good-bye to the folks at home,—and that was the hardest part of it all, for good-bye then might be good-bye forever.

If anybody at home had been looking out of door or window that hot August afternoon, more than nineteen years ago, he would have seen, coming down the dusty road, a slender lad, with a bundle slung over his shoulder, and—but nobody was looking down the road—nobody was in sight. Even Rollo, the dog, my old play-fellow, was asleep somewhere in the shade, and all was sultry, hot, and still. Leaping lightly over the fence, by the spring at the foot of the hill. I took a cool draught of water, and looked up at the great red farm-house above, with a throbbing heart, for that was Home, and many a sad good-bye had there to be said, and said again, before I could get off to the war!

Long years have passed since then, but never have I forgotten how pale the faces of Mother and sisters became when, entering the room where they were at work, and



IN FOR IT!

where crowded with people—with boys who wore red-white-and-blue neck-ties, and boys who wore fatigue-caps, with girls who carried flags, and girls who carried flowers, with women who waved their kerchiefs, and old men who waved their walking-sticks, while here and there, as we passed along, at windows and door-ways, were faces red with long weeping, for Johnny was off to the war, and may be mother and sisters and sweetheart would never, never see him again.

Drawn up in line before the station, we awaited the train. There was scarcely a man, woman, or child in that great crowd around us but had to press up for a last shake of the hand, a last good-bye, and a last "God bless you, boys!" And so, amid cheering and hand-shaking, and flag-

throwing off my bundle, in reply to their question, "Why, Harry! where did *you* come from?" I answered, "I come from school, and I'm off for the war!" You may well believe there was an exciting time of it in the dining-room of that old red farm-house then. In the midst of the excitement, Father came in from the field, and greeted me with, "Why, my boy, where did *you* come from?" to which there was but the one answer, "Come from school, and off for the war!"

"Nonsense; I can't let you go! I thought you had given up all idea of that. What would they do with a mere boy like you? Why, you'd be only a bill of expense to the Government. Dreadful thing to make me all this trouble!"

But I began to reason full stoutly with poor

Father. I reminded him, first of all, that I would not go without his consent; that in two years, and perhaps in less, I might be drafted and sent amongst men unknown to me, while here was a company commanded by my own school-teacher, and composed of acquaintances who would look after me; that I was unfit for study or work while this fever was on me, and so on, till I saw his resolution begin to give way, as he lit his pipe and walked down to the spring to think the matter over.

"If Harry is to go, Father," Mother says, "had n't I better run up to the store and get some woolens, and we'll make the boy an outfit of shirts yet to-night?"

"Well,—yes; I guess you had better do so."

But when he sees Mother stepping past the gate on her way, he halts her with—

"Stop! That boy can't go! I *can't* give him up!"

And shortly after, he tells her that she "had bet-

sewing-machine is going most of the night, and my thoughts are as busy as it is, until far into the morning, with all that is before me that I have never seen—and all that is behind me that I may never see again.

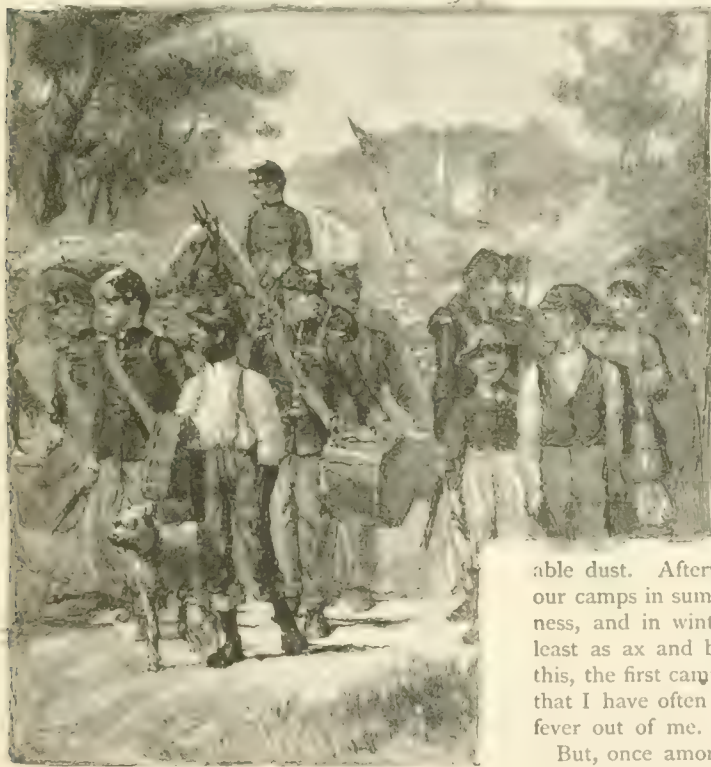
Let me pass over the trying good-bye the next morning, for Joe is ready with the carriage to take Father and me to the station, and we are soon on the cars, steaming away toward the great camp, whither the company already has gone.

"See, Harry, there is your camp." And looking out of the car-window, across the river, I catch, through the tall tree-tops, as we rush along, glimpses of my first camp,—acres and acres of canvas, stretching away into the dim and dusty distance, occupied, as I shall soon find, by some ten or twenty thousand soldiers, coming and going continually, marching and counter-marching until they have ground the soil into the driest and deepest dust I ever saw.

I shall never forget my first impressions of camp-life as Father and I passed the sentry at the gate. They were anything but pleasant, and I could not but agree with the remark of my father, that "the life of a soldier must be a hard life, indeed." For, as we entered that great camp, I looked into an A tent, the front flap of which was thrown back, and saw enough to make me sick of the housekeeping of a soldier. There was nothing in that tent but dirt and disorder, pans and kettles, tin cups and cracker boxes, forks and bayonet scabbards, greasy pork and broken hard-tack in utter confusion, and over all and everywhere that insuffer-

able dust. Afterward, when we got into the field, our camps in summer-time were models of cleanliness, and in winter models of comfort, as far at least as ax and broom could make them so, but this, the first camp I ever saw, was so abominable, that I have often wondered it did not frighten the fever out of me.

But, once among the men of the company, all this was soon forgotten. We had supper—hard-tack and soft bread, boiled pork, and strong coffee (in tin cups), fare that Father thought "one could live on right well, I guess," and then the boys came around and begged Father to let me go; "they would take care of Harry; never you fear for that," and so helped on my cause that that night, about



THE REGIMENT STARTS FOR THE WAR

ter be after getting that woolen stuff for shirts," and again he stops her at the gate with—

"Dreadful boy! Why *will* he make me all this trouble? I *can not* let my boy go!"

But at last, and somehow, Mother gets off. The

eleven o'clock, when we were in the railroad station together, on the way home, Father said :

"Now, Harry, my boy, you are not enlisted yet; I am going home on this train; you can go home with me now, or go with the boys. Which will you do?"

To which the answer came quickly enough; too quickly and too eagerly, I have often since thought, for a father's heart to bear it well:

"Papa, I'll go with the boys!"

"Well, then, good-bye, my boy! and may God bless you and bring you safely back to me again!"

The whistle blew "off brakes," the car door closed on Father, and I did not see him again for three long, long years!

Often and often as I have thought over these things since, I have never been able to come to any other conclusion than this: that it was the "war fever" that carried me off, and that made poor Father let me go. For that "war fever" was a terrible malady in those days. Once you were taken with it, you had a very fire in the bones until your name was down on the enlistment-roll. There was Andy, for example, afterward my mess-mate. He was on his way to school the very morning the company was leaving the village, with no idea of going along, but seeing this, that, and the other acquaintance in line, what did he do but run across the street to an undertaker's shop, cram his school-books through the broken window, take his place in line, and march off with the boys without so much as saying good-bye to the folks at home! And he did not see his Cæsar and Greek grammar again for three years.

I should like to tell something about the life we led in that camp; how we ate and slept and drilled, but as much more interesting matters await us, we must pass over our life here very briefly. I open the first of my three little black books, and read:

"*Sept. 2d.*—Received part of our uniforms, and I got a new drum. Had a trial at double-quick this evening till we were all out of breath, after which thirty-five of our men were detailed as camp guard for the first time. They stand guard two hours out of every six.

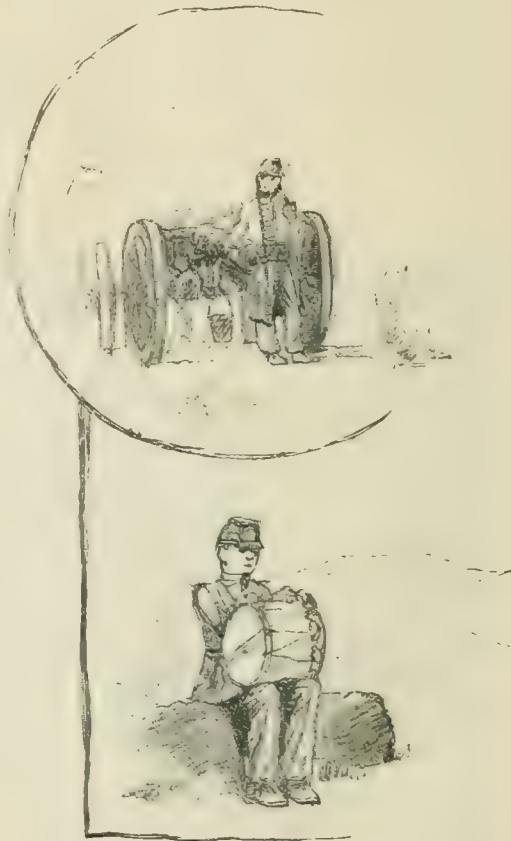
"*Sept. 3d.*—Slept soundly last night on the ground, although the cold was severe. Have purchased an India rubber blanket—'gum' blanket, we called it, to keep off the dampness. To-day, we were mustered into service. We were all drawn up in line. Every man raised his right hand, while an officer recited the oath. It took only a few minutes, but when it was over one of the boys exclaimed: 'Now, fellows, I'd like to see any man go home if he dare. We belong to Uncle Sam, now.'"

Of the one thousand men drawn up in line there

that day, some lived to come back three years later and be drawn up in line again, almost on that identical spot, and how many do you think there were? No more than one hundred and fifty.

CHAPTER II.

ON TO WASHINGTON.



AFTER two weeks in that miserable camp at the State capital, we were ordered to Washington, and into Washington, accordingly, one sultry September morning, we marched, after a day and a night in the cars on the way thither. Quite proud we felt, you may be sure, as we tramped up Pennsylvania Avenue, with our new silk flags flying, the fifes playing "Dixie," and we ten little drummer-boys pounding away, awkwardly enough, no doubt, under the lead of a white-haired old man, who had beaten *his* drum nearly fifty years before under Wellington, at the battle of Waterloo. We were

green, raw troops, as anybody could tell at a glance; for we were fair-faced yet, and carried enormous knapsacks. I remember passing some old troops somewhere near Fourteenth street, and being painfully conscious of the difference between them and us. *They*, I observed, had no knapsacks; a gum blanket, twisted into a roll and slung carelessly over the shoulder, was all the luggage they carried. Dark, swarthy, sinewy men they were, with torn shoes and faded uniforms, but with an air of self-possession and endurance that came only of experience and hardship. They smiled on us as we passed by,—a grim smile of half pity and half contempt—just as we in our turn learned to smile on other new troops a year or two later.

By some unpardonable mistake, instead of getting into camp forthwith on the outskirts of the city, whither we had been ordered for duty at the present, we were marched far out into the country under a merciless sun, that soon scorched all the endurance out of me. It was dusty, it was hot, there was no water, my knapsack weighed a ton. So that when, after marching some seven miles, our orders were countermanded, and we were ordered back to the city again, I thought it impossible I ever should reach it. My feet moved mechanically, everything along the road was in a misty whirl, and when at night-fall Andy helped me into the barracks near the Capitol from which we had started in the morning, I threw myself, or rather, perhaps, fell, on the hard floor, and was soon so soundly asleep that Andy could not rouse me for my cup of coffee and ration of bread.

I have an indistinct recollection of being taken away next morning in an ambulance to some hospital, and being put into a clean white cot. After which, for days, all consciousness left me, and all was blank before me, save only that in misty intervals I saw the kind faces and heard the subdued voices of Sisters of Mercy; voices that spoke to me from far away, and hands that reached out to me from the other side of an impassable gulf.

Nursed by their tender care back to returning strength, no sooner was I able to stand on my feet once more than, against their solemn protest, I asked for my knapsack and drum, and insisted on setting out forthwith in quest of my regiment, which I found had meanwhile been scattered by companies about the city, my own company and another having been assigned to duty at "Soldiers' Home," the President's summer residence. Although it was but a distance of three miles or thereabouts, and although I started out in search of "Soldiers' Home" at noon, so conflicting were the directions given me by the various persons of whom I asked the road, that it was night-fall before I reached it. Coming then at the hour of dusk to a gate-way

leading apparently into some park or pleasure-ground, and being informed by the porter at the gate that this was "Soldiers' Home," I walked about among the trees in the growing darkness, in search of the camp of Company D, when, just as I had crossed a fence, a challenge rang out:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign!"

"Hello, Ellis," said I, peering through the bushes, "is that you?"

"That is n't the countersign, friend. You'd better give the countersign, or you're a dead man!"

Saying which, Ellis sprang back in true Zouave style, with his bayonet fixed and ready for a lunge at me.

"Now, Ellis," said I, "you know me just as well as I know myself, and you know I have n't the countersign, and if you're going to kill me, why, don't stand there crouching like a cat ready to spring on a mouse, but up and at it like a man. Don't keep me here in such dreadful suspense."

"Well, friend without the countersign, I'll call up the corporal, and he may kill you—you're a dead man, any way." Then he sang out:

"Corporal of the Guard, post number three!"

From post to post it rang along the line, now shrill and high, now deep and low: "Corporal of the Guard, post number three!" "Corporal of the Guard, post number three!"

Upon which up comes the corporal of the guard on a full trot, with his gun at a right-shoulder-shift, and saying:

"Well, what's up?"

"Man trying to break my guard."

"Where is he?"

"Why, there, beside that bush."

"Come along, you there; you'll be shot for a spy to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"All right, Mr. Corporal, I'm ready."

Now, all this was fine sport; for the corporal and Ellis were both of my company, and knew me quite as well as I knew them, but they were bent on having a little fun at my expense, and the corporal had marched me off some distance toward head-quarters beyond the ravine, when again the call rang along the line:

"Corporal of the Guard, post number three!"

"Corporal of the Guard, post number three!"

Back the corporal trotted me to Ellis.

"Well, what in the mischief's up now?"

"Another fellow trying to break my guard, Corporal."

"Well, where is he? Trot him out; we'll have a grand execution in the morning. The more the merrier, you know, and 'long live the Union!'"

"I'm sorry, Corporal, but the fact is I killed this chap myself. I caught him trying to climb over the gate there, and he would n't stop nor give the countersign, and so I up and at him, and ran my bayonet through him, and there he is!"

And sure enough, there he was,—a big fat 'possum!

"All right, Ellis; you're a brave soldier. I'll speak to the colonel about this, and you shall have two stripes on your sleeve one of these days."

And so, with the 'possum by the tail and me by the shoulder, he marched us off to head-quarters, where, the 'possum being thrown down on the ground, and I handed over to the tender mercies of the captain, it was ordered that:

"This young man should be taken down to Andy's tent, and a supper cooked, and a bed made for him there; and that henceforth and hereafter, he should beat reveille at daybreak, retreat at sundown, tattoo at nine P. M., and lights out a half-hour later."

Nothing, however, was said about the execution of spies in the morning, although it was duly ordained that the 'possum, poor thing, should be roasted on the morrow.

Never was there a more pleasant camp than ours, there on that green hill-side across the ravine from the President's summer residence. We had light guard duty to do, but that of a kind we esteemed a most high honor, for it was no less than that of being special guards for President Lincoln. But the good President, we were told, although he loved his soldiers as his own children, did not like being guarded. Often did I see him enter his carriage before the hour appointed for his morning departure for the White House, and drive away in haste, as if to escape from the irksome escort of a dozen cavalry-men, whose duty it was to guard his carriage between our camp and the city. Then when the escort rode up to the door, some ten or fifteen minutes later, and found that the carriage had already gone, was n't there a clattering of hoofs and a rattling of scabbards as they dashed out past the gate and down the road to overtake the great and good President, in whose heart was "charity for all, and malice toward none."

Boy as I was, I could not but notice how pale and haggard the President looked as he entered his carriage in the morning, or stepped down from it in the evening after a weary day's work in the city; and no wonder, either, for those September days of 1862 were the dark, perhaps the darkest, days of the war. Many a mark of favor and kindness did we receive from the President's family. Delicacies, such as we were strangers to then, and would be for a long time to come, found their way from Mrs. Lincoln's hand to our camp on the

green hill-side; while little Tad, the President's son, was a great favorite with the boys, fond of the camp, and delighted with the drill.

One night, when all but the guards on their posts were wrapped in great-coats and sound asleep in the tents, I felt some one shake me roughly by the shoulder, and call:

"Harry! Harry! Get up quick and beat the long roll; we're going to be attacked. Quick, now!"

Groping about in the dark for my drum and sticks, I stepped out into the company street, and beat the loud alarm, which, waking the echoes, brought the boys out of their tents in double-quick time, and set the whole camp in an uproar.

"What's up, fellows?"

"Fall in, Company D!" shouted the orderly.

"Fall in, men," shouted the captain, "we're going to be attacked at once!"

Amid the confusion of so sudden a summons at midnight, there was some lively scrambling for guns, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, and clothes.

"I say, Bill, you've got my coat on!"

"Where's my cap?"

"Andy, you scamp, you've got my shoes!"

"Fall in, men, quick; no time to look after shoes now. Take your arms and fall in."

And so, some shoeless, others hatless, and all only half dressed, we form in line and are marched out and down the road at double-quick for a mile; then halt; pickets are thrown out; an advance of the whole line through the woods, among tangled bushes and briars, and through marshes, until, as the first early streaks of dawn are shooting up in the eastern sky, orders are countermanded, and we march back to camp, to find—that the whole thing was a ruse, planned by some of the officers for the purpose of testing our readiness for work at any hour. After that, we slept with our shoes on.

But poor old Jerry Black,—a man who should never have enlisted, for he was as afraid of a gun as Robinson Crusoe's man Friday,—poor old Jerry was the butt for many a joke the next day. For, amid the night's confusion, and in the immediate prospect, as he supposed, of a deadly encounter with the enemy, so alarmed did he become that he at once fell to—praying! Out of consideration for his years and piety, the captain had permitted him to remain behind as a guard for the camp in our absence, in which capacity he did excellent service, excellent service! But oh, when we sat about our fires the next morning, frying our steaks and cooking our coffee, poor Jerry was the butt of all the fun, and was cruelly described by the wag of the company as "the man that had a brave heart, but a most cowardly pair of legs!"

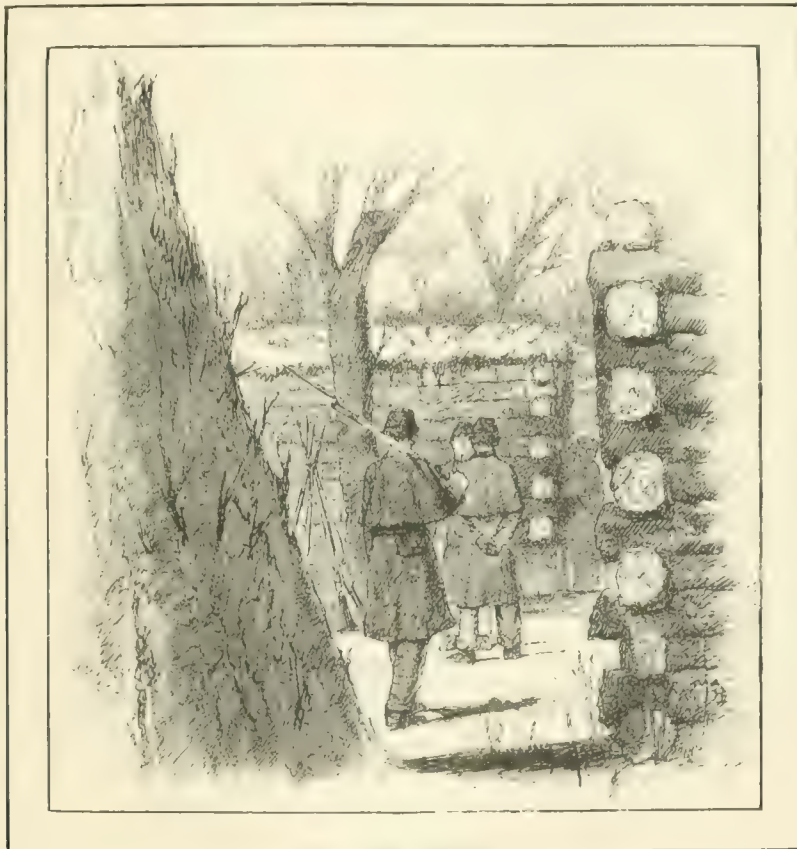
CHAPTER III.

OUR FIRST WINTER QUARTERS.

"WELL, fellows, I tell you what! I've heard a good deal about the balmy breezes and sunny skies of Old Virginny, but if this is a specimen of the sort of weather they have in these parts, I, for one, move we 'right-about-face' and march home."

So saying, Phil Hammer got up from under the scrub-pine, where he had made his bed for the

inland in the direction of Falmouth, and had halted and camped for the night in a thick undergrowth of scrub-pine and cedar. The day of our landing was remarkably fair. The skies were so bright, the air was so soft and balmy, that we were rejoiced to find what a pleasant country it was we were getting into, to be sure; but the next morning, when we drummer-boys woke the men with our loud reveille, we were all of Phil's opinion, that the sunny skies and balmy breezes of this new land were all a miserable fiction. For, as man after



IN WINTER QUARTERS.

night, shaking the snow from his blanket and the cape of his overcoat, while a loud "Ha! ha!" and an oft-repeated "What do you think of this, boys?" rang along the hill-side on which we had found our first camping-place on "Old Virginia's Shore."

The weather had played us a most deceptive and unpleasant trick. We had landed the day before, as my journal says, "at Belle Plains, at a place called Platt's Landing," having been brought down from Washington on the steamer "Louisiana"; had marched some three or four miles

man opened his eyes at the loud roll of our drums, and the shout of the orderly: "Fall in, Company D, for roll-call!" he found himself covered with four inches of snow, and more coming down. Fortunately, the bushes had afforded us some protection; they were so numerous and so thick that one could scarcely see twenty rods ahead of him, and with their great overhanging branches had kindly kept the falling snow out of our faces at least, while we slept.

And now began a busy time. We were to

build winter quarters—a work for which we were but poorly prepared, either by nature or by circumstance. Take any body of men out of civilized life, put them into the woods to shift for themselves, and they are generally as helpless as children. As for ourselves, we were indeed “Babes in the Wood.” At least half the regiment knew nothing of wood-craft, having never been accustomed to the use of the ax. It was a laughable sight to see some of the men from the city try to cut down a tree! Besides, we were poorly equipped. Axes were scarce, and worth almost their weight in gold. We had no “shelter tents.” Most of us had “poncho” blankets; that is to say, a piece of oil-cloth about five feet by four, with a slit in the middle. But we found our ponchos very poor coverings for our cabins; for the rain just *would* run down through that unfortunate hole in the middle; and then, too, the men needed their oil-cloths when they went on picket, for which purpose they had been particularly intended. This circumstance gave rise to frequent discussion that day: whether to use the poncho as a covering for the cabin, and get soaked on picket, or save the poncho for picket, and cover the cabin with brush-wood and clay? Some messes* chose the one alternative, others the other; and as the result of this preference, together with our ignorance of wood-craft and the scarcity of axes, we produced on that hill-side the oddest looking winter quarters a regiment ever built! Such an agglomeration of cabins was never seen before nor since. I am positive no two cabins on all that hill-side had the slightest resemblance to each other.

There, for instance, was a mess over in Company A, composed of men from the city. They had *one* kind of cabin, an immense square structure of pine logs, about seven feet high, and covered over the top, first with brush-wood and then coated so heavily with clay that I am certain the roof must have been two feet thick at the least. It was hardly finished before some wag had nicknamed it “Fortress Monroe.”

Then, there was Ike Sankey, of our own company; he invented another style of architecture, or perhaps I should rather say, he borrowed it from the Indians. Ike would have none of your flat-roofed concerns; he would build a wigwam. And so, marking out a huge circle, in the center of which he erected a pole, and around the pole a great number of smaller poles, with one end on the circle and the other end meeting in the common apex, covering this with brush and the brush with clay, he made for himself a house that was quite warm, indeed, but one so fearfully gloomy that within it was as dark at noon as at midnight. Ominous sounds came afterward from the dark

recesses of “The Wigwam”; for we were a “skirmish regiment,” and Ike was our bugler, and the way he tooted all day long, “Deploy to the right and left,” “Rally by fours,” and “Rally by platoons,” was suggestive of things yet to come.

Then, there was my own tent or cabin, if indeed I may dignify it with the name of either; for it was a cross between a house and a cave. Andy and I thought we would follow the advice of the Irishman, who in order to raise his roof higher, dug his cellar deeper. We resolved to dig down some three feet; “and then, Harry, we ’ll log her up about two feet high, cover her with ponchos, and we ’ll have the finest cabin in the row!” It took us about three days to accomplish so stupendous an undertaking, during which time we slept at night under the bushes as best we could, and when our work was done, we moved in with great satisfaction. I remember the door of our house was a mystery to all visitors, as, indeed, it was to ourselves until we “got the hang of it,” as Andy said. It was a hole about two feet square, cut through one end of the log part of the cabin, and through it you had to crawl as best you could. If you put one leg in first, then the head, and then drew in the other leg after you, you were all right; but if, as visitors generally did, you put in your head first, you were obliged to crawl in on all fours in a most ungraceful and undignified fashion.

That was a queer-looking camp all through. If you went up to the top of the hill, where the colonel had his quarters, and looked down, a strange sight met your eyes. By the time the next winter came, however, we had learned how to swing an ax, and we built ourselves winter quarters that reflected no little credit on our skill as experienced woodsmen. The last cabin we built—it was down in front of Petersburg—was a model of comfort and convenience; ten feet long by six wide, and five high, made of clean pine logs straight as an arrow, and covered with shelter tents; a chimney at one end, and a comfortable bunk at the other; the inside walls covered with clean oat-bags, and the gable ends papered with pictures cut from illustrated papers; a mantel-piece, a table, a stool; and we were putting down a floor of pine boards, too, one day toward the close of winter, when the surgeon came by, and looking in, said:

“No time to drive nails now, boys; we have orders to move!” But Andy said:

“Pound away, Harry, pound away; we ’ll see how it looks, anyhow, before we go!”

I remember an amusing occurrence in connection with the building of our winter quarters. I had gone over to see some of the boys of our company one evening, and found they had “logged up” their tent about four feet high, and stretched a

* A “mess” is a number of men who eat together.

poncho over it to keep the snow out, and were sitting before a fire they had built in a chimney-place at one end. The chimney was built up only as high as the log walls reached, the intention being to "cat-stick and daub" it afterward to a sufficient height. The mess had just got a box from home, and some one had hung nearly two yards of sausage on a stick across the top of the chimney, "to smoke." And there, on a log rolled up in front of the fire, I found Jimmy Lane and Sam Reed sitting smoking their pipes, and glancing up the chimney between whiffs every now and then, to see that the sausage was safe. Sitting down between them, I watched the cheery glow of the fire, and we fell to talking, now about the jolly times they were having at home at the holiday season, and again about the progress of our cabin-building, while every now and then Jimmy would peep up the chimney on one side, and shortly after, Sam would squint up on the other. After sitting thus for half an hour or so, all of a sudden, Sam, looking up the chimney, jumped off the log, clapped his hands together and shouted:

"Jim, it's *gone*!"

Gone it was; and you might as well look for a needle in a hay-stack as search for two yards of sausage among troops building winter quarters on short rations!

One evening Andy and I were going to have a feast, consisting in the main, of a huge dish of apple-fritters. We bought the flour and the apples of the sutler at enormous figures, for we were so tired of the endless monotony of bacon, beef, and bean-soup, that we were bent on having a glorious supper, cost or no cost. We had a rather small chimney-place, in which Andy was superintending the heating of a mess-pan half full of lard, while I was busying myself with the flour, dough, and apples, when, as ill-luck would have it, the lard took fire and flamed up the chimney with a roar, and a blaze so bright that it illuminated the whole camp from end to end. Unfortu-

nately, too, for us, four of our companies had been recruited in the city, and most of them had been in the volunteer fire department, in which service they had gained an experience, useful enough to them on the present occasion, but most disastrous to us.

No sooner was the bright blaze seen pouring high out of the chimney-top of our modest little cabin, than at least a half-dozen fire companies were on the instant organized for the emergency. The "Humane," the "Fairmount," the "Good-will," with their imaginary engines and hose-carriages, came dashing down our company street, with shouts, and yells, and cheers. It was but the work of a moment to attach the imaginary hose to imaginary plugs, plant imaginary ladders, tear down the chimney and demolish the roof, amid a flood of sparks, and to the intense delight of the firemen, but to our utter consternation and grief. It took us days to repair the damage, and we went to bed with some of our neighbors, after a scant supper of hard-tack and coffee.

How did we spend our time in winter quarters, do you ask? Well, there was always enough to do, you may be sure, and often it was work of the very hardest sort. Two days in the week the regiment went out on picket, and while there got but little sleep and suffered much from exposure. When they were not on picket, all the men not needed for camp guard had to drill. It was nothing but drill, drill, drill: company drill, regimental drill, brigade drill, and once even division drill. Our regiment, as I have said, was a skirmish regiment, and the skirmish-drill is no light work, let me tell you. Many an evening the men came in more dead than alive after skirmishing over the country for miles around, all the afternoon. Reveille and roll-call at five o'clock in the morning, guard mount at nine, company drill from ten to twelve, regimental drill from two to four, dress-parade at five, tattoo and lights out at nine at night, with continual practice on the drum for us drummer-boys—so our time passed away.

(To be continued.)





By the fence, a-mid the clo-ver,
Stand brave Bob and blithe-some Bess;

He peeps up, and she peeps o-ver.
What is the se-cret? Who can guess?



As I WENT down to Lon-don town,
 The cit-y for to see,
 My lit-tle lad, all brave-ly clad,
 Came step-ping up to me.
 "Good-mor-row, pret-ty sir!" said I.
 "The same to you!" said he.
 I curt-sied low, and he did bow,
 And doffed his hat and feath-er.
 Said I: "The day is fair and gay."
 Said he: "'T is charm-ing weath-er.
 I, too, go down to Lon-don town,—
 Shall we not go to-geth-er?"
 A-way we went, on pleas-ure bent,
 The cit-y we did see,
 And when the sun was sink-ing down,
 Came home right mer-ri-ly.
 "It was a pleas-ant day!" said I.
 "We 'll go a-gain!" said he.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BLESS me! How bleak November must be in books! Why, they say there that it is as gloomy, windy, dreary a season as one can well stand; that the earth is dead, as it were, and the sea in such a rage about one thing and another that it is as much as one's life is worth to venture upon it!

Well, all this may be so, but your Jack doubts it, and so do Deacon Green and the dear Little School-ma'am. You see, we believe in November. It's a good honest month, November is. It does n't put on any spring airs, nor freeze you with stiff winter manners, but just shakes its crisp yellow leaves at you (the fewer the merrier) and crackles its stubble under your feet and meets you in good hearty fashion, ready at any time for a romp. If you light a fire in its honor, up goes the smoke! out fly the sparks! and ho for a roaring blaze! If you go out on the sea to find it, there it is—strong, brave, and in dead earnest, every wave alive, and a gale in every breath. And what a sun it has! none of your scorchers, but a clean-cut cool flood of life and light. Then its stars—how they *do* sparkle! and all the while if any sturdy little outdoor thing wants to grow, and really means business, there is sure to be a warmish little corner for it somewhere.

Look out for November, my little lads and ladies! Be as honest, crisp, and bright as itself when it shakes hands with you—and give it Jack's best compliments.

Now let us take up the subject of

THE SUN'S VOICE.

YOUR Jack can not say that he ever actually heard it himself, but it often has seemed to him that the Sun must have something to say which is very pleasant to hear; else why the answer of joy that bubbles up from the meadows and trills from

the woods, when he gets up bright and rosy of a morning? I'm told, though, that he has a real voice, and that a Mr. Graham Bell has caught its sound.

And long ago, when the world was a good deal younger and, perhaps, quicker-eared than it is now, a man named Pythagoras said: "The stars in moving produce a heavenly melody which they who are wise may hear"; and that melody he called "the music of the spheres."

Perhaps Pythagoras was right; but, even if he was not, why here in our day, as the dear Little School-ma'am tells me, stands Mr. Graham Bell, and in his hand is a piece of rounded glass called a lens; this he sets up so that it will gather and send on their way side by side some of those parts of a sun-beam that are called "dark rays,"—all you youngsters who have learned about the spectroscope will know what they are,—these dark rays he lets fall upon the flat surface of a delicate telephone, and immediately a musical note sounds forth; and that is one tone of the great Sun's voice!

So, then, perhaps there may be literal truth as well as sublime poetry in the solemn phrase which I once heard Deacon Green chanting over and over to himself:

"The Morning Stars sang together
And all the Sons of God shouted for joy."

ANSWERING VOICES.

TALKING of the Sun's Voice and those who answer it reminds me that, according to the Little School-ma'am and, doubtless, other authorities, there was in ancient Egypt talk of a certain stone statue of Memnon, seated, gazing eastward across the Nile. This statue was said to give forth a musical note as soon as the sun shone upon it in the morning, and it sang all day long; but when the sun sank in the west, the stone sent up a wailing cry, as if in farewell to the dying light.

Now was n't this a noble old statue? ST. NICHOLAS* has told you all about this appreciative stone gentleman, but I thought it well, just here, to call him to mind.

WHITE CROWS AND OTHER CROWS.

YOUR Jack lately overheard Deacon Green telling the Little School-ma'am that, one day last spring, when he was strolling with a friend in a beautiful Connecticut valley, two white crows and two black ones flew over his head in company; and he added that he had seen a white blackbird, but never until then had he seen white crows.

A wood-wanderer down in Florida sends word of another queer crow. Says he: "I had tripped, and bumped my forehead against a tree, and was stooping over a quiet pool to examine my hurt in the watery mirror, when a harsh, unfeeling voice behind me cried, 'Haw, haw!' It was just as if a man had laughed in derision, and I turned quickly, feeling a little out of temper at what I thought the rudeness of a perfect stranger. Looking up, I saw on a branch not far away a black crow, sitting as gravely as a judge. Just then his bill opened, and

[* See ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1874, page 695.—ED.]

out of it sounded the hoarse 'Haw, haw!' again. Of course that set me laughing, and away flew the 'perfect stranger,' no doubt deeply shocked at my want of politeness!"

HEARING PLANTS GROW.

DEAR JACK, — Near my house is a field where the corn-rows have the rank and file of an army, and I have to wit that I lie and swing in my hammock beneath the trees, on a very hot damp summer-night, I lay there wide awake and quite still, and the moonlight fell upon the corn between the leaves, went out the morning for there was not a sigh of wind to stir them, even the neighbouring tassels in the neighboring corn-army were quiet. But all at once there came a shy little sound, then another, and several more, and each was less than the last, as if a pair of mice were, low but distinct. And all the while the air was motionless. And do you know, dear Jack, I really believe that then and there I actually heard the corn grow, and that those little sounds were made by the bursting of the sheaths of its blades. Of course, I know anybody might say "Pshaw! — how flat! — you must have been dreaming!" But I was wide awake, and I do not think I was mistaken. — Yours truly, AMICE G.

Perhaps Amice did hear in the great stillness the breaking of the sheaths and the pushing out of the budding growths. But, any way, Jack has just heard that, by applying a new-fangled electrical affair, men have made the growing of a plant show its progress to the eye, by the motion of a pointer around a dial, and have compelled it to make itself heard at short intervals by the regular tinkle of a bell! What next?

A BUTTERFLY BRANCH.

Now and then on summer days some beautiful member of the Scale Wing tribe pays a flying visit to your Jack's neighborhood. And right pleasant it is to see him hover a moment in the air,—and alight on some sweet blossom, slowly opening and folding up his mottled wings,—and next floating away in the sunshine, hither and thither, as light and free as if he were a sprite from Fairy-land. Well, my dears, here is a picture of some pretty creatures of this kind, and here, too, is the true story about them:

During the summer a party of grown-ups were camping-out somewhere in Wisconsin, and one day they saw at a little distance a tree-branch with

what seemed to be its own white blossoms having a rare frolic with the wind; for they were blowing off, and blowing on again, fluttering up and down, and circling about, in a very frisky way. But on going close up it was found that what had appeared to be flying flowers really were a score or more of butterflies clustering around the branch,—a sort of surprise party of white-winged beauties.

Your Jack has heard, too, that in Monterey, California, there are three pine-trees called "the Butterfly trees" because for at least twelve years they have been covered almost all the time with live butterflies. The trees measure about eighteen inches through the trunk, and they bear quite as many butterflies as they have leaves.

It may be that these particular trees give out an



"THE BUTTERFLY BRANCH."

odor or yield a sap which the butterflies like very much; but my birds have not told me yet about this, and perhaps one of you youngsters will be the first to explain to me why butterflies are attracted in such numbers to these curious perching-places.

THE MAGIC PEN.

(An Operetta for the Children.)

BY E. S. BROOKS,

Author of "The Land of Nod."

CHARACTERS.

The Lord of the Magic Pen.

Mr. Fact, and Prince Fable:—His Councilors.

Fancy Bright, and High Desire:—Petitioners on behalf of the children.

Columbus, Joan of Arc, and Washington:—Followers of Fact.

Jack the Giant-Killer, Cinderella, and Robinson Crusoe:—Followers of Fable.

The Gnome Man.

Puck, the Pen's Messenger.

The Herald from Gnome Man's Land.

Dolly, Dot, and Dick:—The children's delegates.

The Musical Frolics.

The Page of the Pen.

The Standard-Bearer.

The Elephant Driver.

The Elephant.

Half of this operetta is given in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, so that all who wish to study it for representation may take up the first part of it now. The concluding portion will be given next month, in ample time for preparation for the holidays.

NOTES.

The design of this operetta is to suggest that under all its song and show lurks a meaning, to the effect that children's stories, to be effective, must combine all the elements of interest and fancy, of fact and fable. The costumes here set down can be added to or departed from according to facilities at hand or the taste of the managers. The construction and management of the mechanical effects introduced, viz., the Elephant and the Gnome Man, are known to all, and can be undertaken by supple and willing young men. The full effect of the presentation will be found to lie in the strength and training of the Chorus of Frolics, which should be as large as practicable (not less than six; and fifteen if possible), in the accuracy of movement, and in the proper attention to stage arrangements and details. The bell accompaniment to the choruses, the proper construction of the Gnome Man (or dwarf), the elephant and his car, and the artistic arrangements of the tableaux, require most care, but the result will amply repay the labor expended.

COSTUMES AND ACCESSORIES.

The Lord of the Pen. Student's gown of black silk; blouse of cardinal, black velvet, and gold. Under-graduate's cap, such as is worn in English colleges, surmounted with imitation quill-pen in silver; gray beard, scepter, cardinal stockings, and slippers.

HAT OF "HIGH
DESIRE."

Mr. Fact. A straight-cut modern black suit, high black silk hat, cane and eyeglasses.

Prince Fable. Prince's suit of pale blue, white, and silver; pale blue stockings, slippers, cap with white plume; cloak to match.

Fancy Bright. Pink tarlatan dress, with silver stars and bands; coronet, with silver star; pink stockings.

High Desire. A tall boy, with high conical or Tyrolean hat. Black, gold, and cardinal court dress; cloak of same.

The Page of the Pen. Cardinal blouse and short cloak, with silver braid; skull cap, same colors; cardinal stockings. He bears the Magic Pen on a large cushion of black or crimson.



CUSHION AND MAGIC PEN.

Columbus. Underdress of lavender silesia, puffed sleeves; over-dress: purple, trimmed with gold braid; lavender stockings; som-

brero, with lavender or white plumes. (See picture on any five-dollar greenback.)

Joan of Arc. See picture in Tuckey's Joan of Arc (Putnam, publisher); short purple dress, purple cap, with white plumes; armor of silver and gold.

George Washington. Continental suit (see picture in Lossing's



THE BANNER.

Field-Book of the Revolution); sword; blue coat, buff trimmings; buff pants, lace ruffles; three-cornered cap, black stockings, buckles on shoes.

Jack the Giant-Killer. Blouse of green and buff, red sash, long gray stockings, cap, with red plume; sword and bugle.



GNOME MAN'S CAP.

Cinderella. Fancy ball-dress of white tarlatan, with gold stars and bands; train; veil; band for hair.



THINKING-CAP.

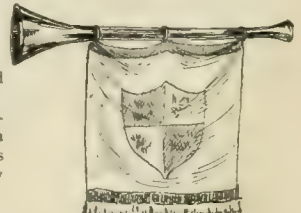
Robinson Crusoe. Brownish Canton flannel blouse or frock, the rough side out, sleeveless; pointed cap of same; gray leggings, strapped across above the knee; belt, with pistol; stuffed or imitation parrot on shoulder; gun.

The Standard-Bearer. Tight-fitting suit of cream-white, with bands of gold and cardinal put on, military style; cream-white stockings; buckles; fatigue cap of same, with cardinal and gold bands.

Dolly, Dot, and Dick. Ordinary children's dress, with ulsters over coats, and hats or caps on. They each carry a toy balloon.

Puck. Dressed as a "District messenger-boy."

The Frolics. Fifteen little girls dressed in white tarlatan, as nearly alike as possible; gauze wings, white stockings, white shoes; each with chime of bells.



HERALD'S TRUMPET.

The Lizard of the Zoo.—Mossy, brass, white House, tarmac, half bare and half cloaked, large H. inlets in car.

The Elephant.—Illustrated as in engraving, p. 100, "Art of Amusement," and shown in "John Spenser's Great Human Menagerie," St. N. O. N. Y. 17 April, 1881.

The Gnome Man.—as in illustration, p. 101 and 102, "Art of Amusement." His dress is of dark blue, pale blue, and silver. Phrygian cap of silver.

The Fool Car.—Platt on fitting, very large, lazied, bill's wagon, so arranged that it can be drawn by the two boys who represent the elephant, the back made in imitation of a back cover.

The Trees and Drapery.—Canopy draped with green and silver.

with trimmings of crimson and gold, background, maroon; chair, same.

The Gnome Man's Alcove.—A curtained dais, which may be set in a recess; drape with Turkey red.

Other Properties.—The banner should be cardinal, with the device of a quill pen in silver crossing a broken sword, in gold, and is lined with pale blue. Three toy balloons for Dot, Dolly, and Dick. Two thinking-caps, like polo caps; one of crimson and gold, and one of blue and silver.

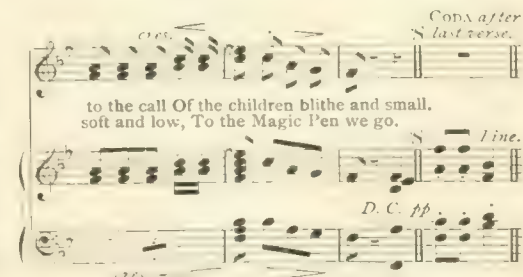
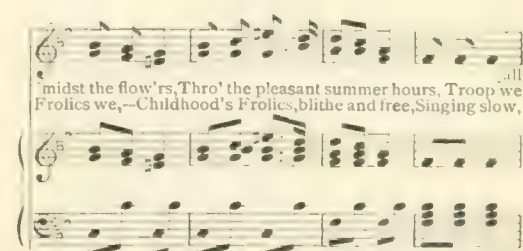
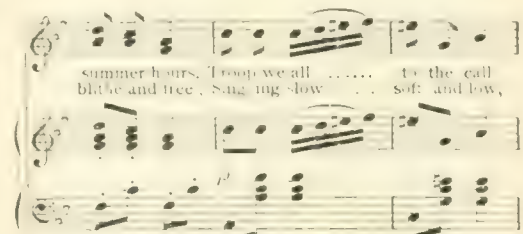
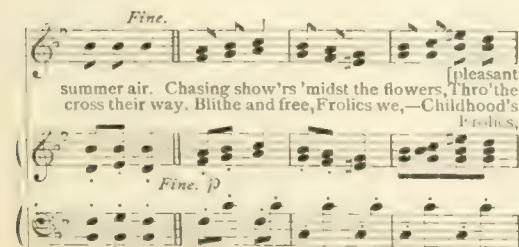
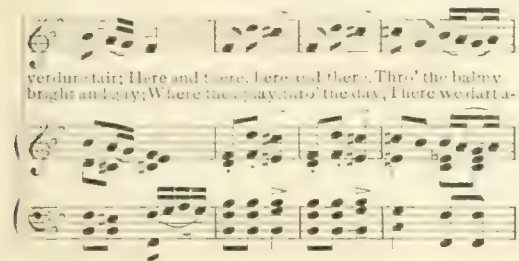
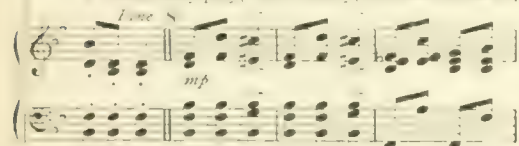
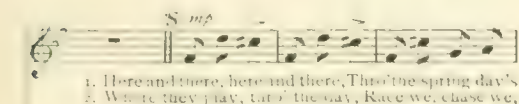
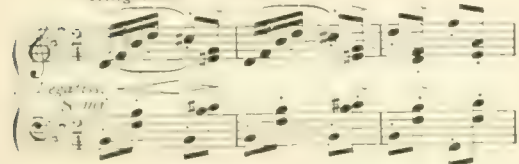
The Herald.—Brown blouse and cloak trimmed with red, blue, and gold braid; skull-cap, with same colors; trumpet of cardinal and gold, and blue and silver drapery.

THE OPERETTA

SCENE.—Court of the Lord of the Magic Pen. Throne—empty. Enter the FROLICS, singing:

M. A. V. Anthony Reiff.

This Symphony before each verse
Allegretto.



Enter FANCY BRIGHT and HIGH DESIRE. BOTH SPEAK:

We're Fancy Bright and High Desire!
Reaching, ever, high and higher,
Ours the hands that never tire,
Ours the feet that climb—
As we build for childish pleasure
All the joys that children treasure,
As we set to childish measure
Life's sweet morning-chime.

They who take are ever yearning,
Still for new delights are burning;
So we hasten,—turning, turning,
From the homes of men.
On the mighty Master calling,
For some childish tale entralling,
From the store that's ever falling
From the Magic Pen.

Chorus of FROLICS, with bell accompaniment:

Music by Anthony Reiff.*

Allegretto. Scherzo.

mp Ped. BELLS. *

Tingle, tangle,

L.H. R.H.

tingle, Jingle, jangle, jingle,

BELLS. BELLS.

Sound the bells, sil-ver bells. Jingle, jangle,

jingle. Tingle, tangle, tingle,

Ped. BELLS. *

Jingle, jangle, jingle, Sing the bells,

BELLS.

ring the bells, Jingle, jangle, jingle.

GIRLS. ♪ BOYS. ♪ GIRLS. ♪ BOYS. ♪ ALL.

Jingle, Jangle, Jingle, Jangle, Thus we call our

GIRLS. ♪ BOYS. ♪ GIRLS. ♪ BOYS. ♪

Master with our bells, Jingle, Jangle, Jingle, Jangle,

Thus we call, Thus we call our Mas-ter with our

bells. Thus we call. Thus we call our Master with our

bells. Jingle, jingle, jingle, Jingle, jingle, jingle, Merry

tr. tr. tr. tr.

BELLS, *end of voice part.*

bells. BELLS. *8va*

ff Ped. BELLS.

FANCY BRIGHT and HIGH DESIRE, together:

O Master of the Magic Pen,
Great Wizard of the Brain,
Come—as we voice our wishes here!
Come—mighty Master; quick—appear!
Nor let us call in vain:
Now, as we lift our song again,
Come—Master of the Magic Pen!

Chorus of FETTERES, as before

Enter MASTER OF THE MAGIC PEN, seated on his book-chariot, drawn by elephant in charge of elephant-driver. The MASTERES preceded by the STANDARD-BEARER, and followed by the PAGE OF THE PEN (who bears the Pen on a velvet cushion), and by Mr. FACT and PRINCE FABLE. FETTERES salute with chorus, as follows:

Music by Anthony Reiff.*

Maestoso.

Hail! hail! hail! Prince of the thoughts of men!

f

Hail! hail! hail! Lord of the Magic Pen! Hail! hail!

hail! Prince of the thoughts of men! Hail! hail! hail!

Lord of the Magic Pen! hail! hail!

hail! hail!

Lord of the Magic Pen! Hail!

Lord of the Magic Pen! Hail!

MASTER:

Who is it calls?

FANCY BRIGHT and HIGH DESIRE:

We, gracious Master!—
Fancy Bright and High Desire.
To thee we haste
(Thought flies not faster),
And for thy boundless aid aspire;

Kneel before him.

And bending low,
Before thy feet,
With joy and love
Our sovereign greet.

MASTER descends from car and ascends the throne; standing before it, says to DRIVER:

Lead off the car.
But wait without until I call, and then
Bear me to other fields afar,
Where countless labors waiting are
Still for the Magic Pen.

DRIVER salams low and leads off elephant-car. STANDARD-BEARER and PAGE stand at foot of throne; FACT and FABLE stand higher, at right and left of MASTER.

MASTER, from the throne, standing:

I'm the Lord of the wonderful Magic Pen;
I'm the Master of every Tongue,
And my stories old for the children I've told,
Since the days when the earth was young.

Far back, far back, in the misty years,
In the young world's morning glory,
My Magic Pen for the children then
Traced many a wondrous story.

And the ages came and the ages fled;
But still has my Pen kept going,
And the children small love the stories all
That fast from the Pen are flowing.

And so, Fancy Bright and High Desire,
You shall have what to give I am able—
With the aid of the Pen and my Councilmen—
My servitors—Fact and Fable.

Seats himself.

FANCY:

I'm Fancy Bright!

HIGH DESIRE:

I'm High Desire!

FANCY:

Mine are the schemings,

HIGH DESIRE:

Mine the fire,

BOTH:

That still with thought,
Mount high and higher
In every childish brain.

FANCY:

And the children,
Ever yearning,
Now for something
New, are burning.

HIGH DESIRE:

Some new story,
Wonder-turning,
Ask they now again.

BOTH, kneeling at foot of throne:

Mighty Master,
Give us, give us
Something grand that shall outlive us,
That shall stir the hearts of men.
Then should Fancy
And Desire
Never more to lead aspire;
This might lift the children higher
By the mighty Magic Pen.

MASTER:

What ho, my trusty page!
Give quick, give free,
The Magic Pen.

PAGE, kneeling, presents the pen.

Now Fact, now Fable,
Come to me,
And say what shall
This story be,
To touch the children's ken!
Quick, Page,
The thinking-caps for both.

PAGE presents caps to FACT and FABLE.

MASTER continues:

Think Fact—think Fable.
Be not loath
To guide the Magic Pen.

FACT and FABLE place the thinking-caps on their heads, fold their arms, and pace slowly up and down the stage, lost in thought, while the FROLICS sing very soft and low this chorus:

Music by Anthony Reiff.*

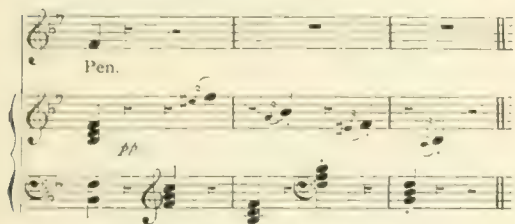
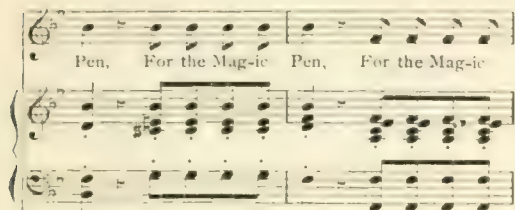
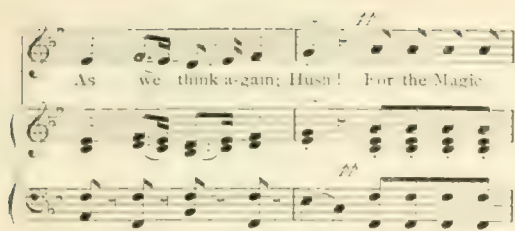
Moderato con Misterioso.

Legatiss. pp

Sotto Voce.

pp

*Ped. pp **



MR. FACT, removing cap and bowing to the throne:

I am plain Mr. Fact, always ready to act
In the service of sense or of reason;
Let, O Master, the Pen, for the children of men,
Give but *facts*—which are always in season;
For the truth is the truth! and a lie is a lie!
Howsoever in jewels you dress it;
If my speech is too plain, I regret—but in vain
Can I seek for soft words to express it.
Let the little ones know that their duties below
They must do just as conscience impels them;
Let them read every day only *facts*, I should say,
In the stories that History tells them.

Bows and steps aside to the right.

PRINCE FABLE, removing cap and bowing to throne:

No, Master, no! oh, write not so,
Lest dull and dry thy stories wither;
Bring joy and light, and pictures bright,
And day-dreams tripping hither, thither.
Let elf and fay the livelong day,
Hold fast and rapt the childish fancies;
While far and near, on childish ear,
Fall only sounds of songs and dances.
Age travels fast, youth soon is past.
Let then the Pen, O Master, lighten
The children's hour; thou hast the power
Closed ears to ope, dull eyes to brighten.
Let Mr. Fact, who knows not tact
But simple sense, teach rule and table;
The wondrous tale will more avail
Than dull, dry facts—thus counsels Fable.

Bows and steps aside to the left.

MASTER, rising:

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"
Thus, the Pen tells me, an old poet said—
If so confusing must your counsels be,
We might as well go home and get to bed;

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Nothing the children could obtain to-night—
You are both wrong, and yet, you both are right.
Your thinking-caps put on! seek further speech!—
Or, stay! that sooner we the end may reach,—
Ho, Fact and Fable, summon quickly here
Some of the tales you'd send the children dear.

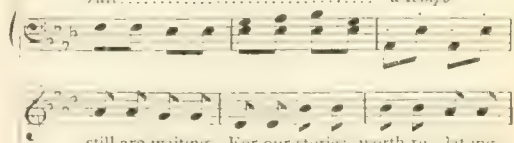
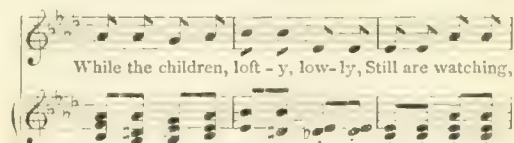
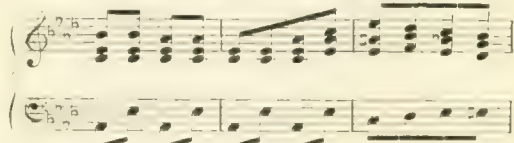
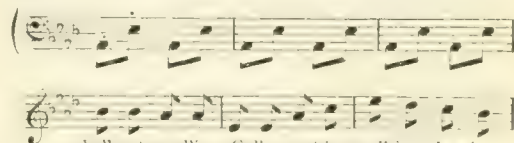
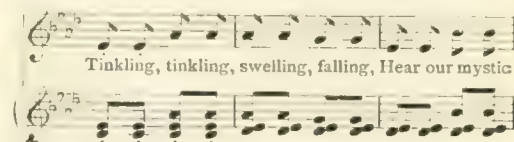
FACT and FABLE, both:

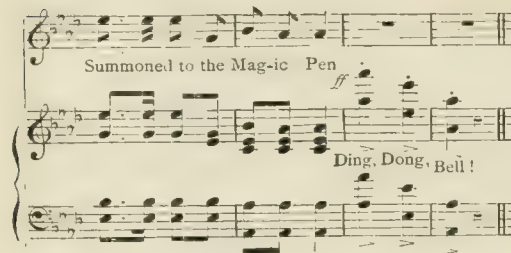
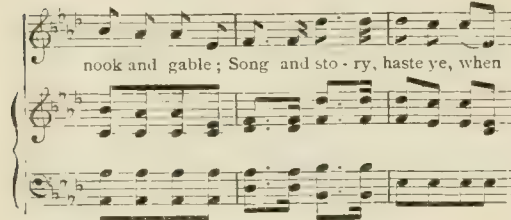
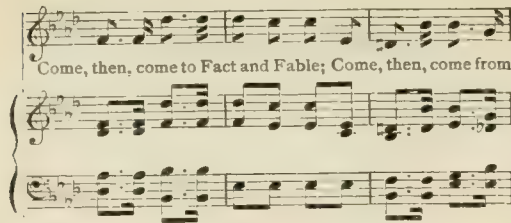
Lift, Frolics all, the song and call,
And bid our thoughts appear.
Come, stories old, so often told,
Come to the Master here.

CHORUS OF FROLICS:

N.B.—The singers in this chorus should have bells, and shake them gently at each note they sing, like sleigh bells. These should be shaken loudly at each of the three notes in the closing symphony, marked Ding, Dong, Bell!

*Allegretto Moderato.
Delicately.*





Enter, right, JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, CINDERELLA, and ROBIN-
SON CRUSOE. They cross to PRINCE FABLE and bow to him.
FABLE presents them before the throne.

Mighty Master—these *my* stories,
Age-enshrined in childish glories,
Jack the Giant-Killer, bold!

JACK bows to throne.

Cinderella, never old!

CINDERELLA bows to throne.

Crusoe, from his island-hold!

CRUSOE bows to throne.

Trooping here from field and fen,
Take them, Master of the Pen!

MASTER:

You are welcome, Fables all,
To the great Pen's council-hall.

PRINCE FABLE and his followers step aside. Then enter, left,
COLUMBUS, JOAN OF ARC, and GEORGE WASHINGTON. They
cross to MR. FACT and bow to him. FACT presents them
before the throne:

These, the followers of Fact;
Golden deed and glorious act,
Each one here has known;
Take, oh take them, Master mine,
See in each a truth divine,
Bending at thy throne.
Great Columbus, ne'er afraid!

COLUMBUS bows to throne.

Fair Joan, the soldier-maid!

JOAN bows to throne.

Washington, the patriot staid!

WASHINGTON bows to throne.

Take them for thine own!

MASTER:

Hail, glorious Facts! the Magic Pen
Records your virtues yet again.

FROLICS in chorus, speaking:

Valiant Facts and gleaming Fables,
Trooping here from nooks and gables,
You are welcome, welcome when
Summoned by the Magic Pen.
By each tinkling, tankling bell,
Speak, we charge you, fair and well;
Stories children love to hear,
Tell now to our Master dear.

The followers of FACT and FABLE stand alternately before the
MASTER and speak their lines, saluting him both before and
after speaking.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, with spirit. (Let the "*tra-lil-la*" be in
imitation of the notes of a bugle):

Where castles gleam, and banners stream
By hill, and sea, and river;
Where helmets flash, and chargers dash,
And bright swords clash and shiver,
I scour the land on every hand,
My bugle sounds: *tra-lil-la*!
My arm is strong; loud rings my song;
I am Jack the Giant-Killer!

From Dover's boats to John O'Groat's,
From east to western waters,
I ride in might, with armor bright,
Beloved of England's daughters.
And still my song rings loud and long,
My bugle sounds: *tra-lil-la*!
I fear no fray, come night or day,
I am Jack the Giant-Killer!

With courage bright, I've faced in fight
A score of monstrous giants;
By pluck and art I played my part,
And gave them hot defiance.
They're met—they're slain! and o'er the plain,
My bugle sounds: *tra-lil-la*!
My arm is strong, loud rings my song—
I am Jack the Giant-Killer.

MASTER:

Hail, mighty Jack! thy deeds so bold
The Pen has told for centuries back.

Jack steps back.

JOAN OF ARC:

Is there aught, O mighty Master,
In the fairy tales of yore,
Can surpass *my* wondrous story,
Told the children o'er and o'er?

A simple maid of France,
My dream-eyes saw in trance
How king and country should be saved by me;
My hand should bear the lance,
My plume lead war's advance,
My life-blood, pledged to France,
Should set my country free.

So, not a whit dismayed,
Nor once set sore afraid,
By jeer or laugh, by insult, threat, or frown;
In armor all arrayed,
A simple soldier-maid,
I led the cavalcade,
And gave my land renown.

Up from the dust and mire,
I raised my country higher,
And crowned my king, victorious o'er his foes.
Mine not to rest nor tire
Till Right o'er Might aspire,
Nor did I dread the fire
That 'round me wrapped and rose.

By my story, mighty Master,
I would show to girl and boy,
Still may come—by faith and patience—
Victory, glory, peace, and joy.

MASTER:

Brave-hearted girl, full well I heed
How, in your country's direst need,
Your faith so strong gave victory then,
As well records the Magic Pen.

(JOAN steps back.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE:

Never yet, O mighty Master,
Was there boy in boyish days,
But his heart beat fast and faster
As he listened in amaze
To my deeds of pluck and daring,
Shipwrecked on the stormy main—
How I struggled, nothing sparing
Till I reached the land again.
How I built my island fortress;
How I lived from day to day;
How I builded boats, and fashioned
Useful things in wood and clay.
Still my cats, and goats, and parrot,
Still my dog and gun so sure,
Still Man Friday, happy savage,
In boy-hearts shall long endure.
Restless eyes and breathless longing
Tell how strong the story's strain,
As the fancies, rushing, thronging,
Crowd the busy, boyish brain.

MASTER:

Heigh-ho! Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
While your story lives, all boys will do so.
But for pluck and for push still may boys and may men
Profit well by the story you give to the Pen.

(CRUSOE steps back.)

COLUMBUS:

On Genoa's walls the sunlight falls,
On Spain's fair fields of glory;
And high and proud their legends crowd
The page of ancient story.
But, Master mine, not Genoa's line
Nor knights of Spain were able
To find, like me, across the sea,
Realms only known in fable.
One summer day I sailed away
Across the western waters,
To where the breeze o'er sunset seas
Fans dusky sons and daughters.
In doubt and pain I sailed from Spain,
But backward soon returning,
Gave joy serene to king and queen—

A new world, worth the earning!
Mine were the hands that gave the lands,
Mine all the praise and glory;
And, teaching still the worth of will,
I live in childish story.

MASTER:

And still, Columbus, shall your deeds again,
For worlds new-told, live by the Magic Pen.

(COLUMBUS steps back.)

CINDERELLA:

Low in the meadows the daisies are springing,
Lowly the violets hide 'neath the grass;
High in the heavens the rainbow is swinging,
Light o'er the hill-tops the bright sunbeams pass.

Patient and helpful, in silence and cinders,
Never complaining, nor moaning her lot;
Slaving, herself, while no pleasure she hinders,
Work—her day's portion; at night—her hard cot.
Hark! with a crash vanish kitchen and hearth-stone;
Pumpkins are coaches—mice horses—rats men;
Gorgeous in laces and jewels the maid shone;
Come palace, come ball-room; come prince, joy,—
and then—

Naught but once more cinders, hearth, and—a slipper
Humbleness, drudgery, patience, and thought!
Then—the shoe fits the fair feet of the tripper,
Then the prince finds the *one* maiden he sought.

Low in the meadows the daisies were springing,
Lowly the violets hid 'neath the grass;
Now both wreath the bride's crown, while bells
madly ringing
Proclaim Cinderella a princess at last.

MASTER:

Cinderella, Cinderella! Shall I ever, lass, forget
The glory of your story, that the Pen is writing yet?

(CINDERELLA steps aside.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON:

Truth is mighty, truth is noble;
This my text, O Master mine;
This the story to the children
I would utter, line on line.

The hurrying years have rolled away,
And turned a century's score,
Since—captain of the patriot host—
I fought at Freedom's fore.
Years earlier, when a happy lad
On fair Virginia's plains,
I spoke the truth in spite of wrong,
In spite of error's pains.
My father's joy was blest reward
For truth so fairly spoken,
And from that day this rule I kept—
"Let not your word be broken."
Whatever now of great renown
My name and fame surroundeth,
Whatever glow of honest worth
In my life-work aboundeth,
To this firm rule is doubly due—
This rule, to youth appealing:
"Speak truth; stand firm for simple right;
Avoid all double-dealing!"

MASTER:

Still, noble Washington, to teach
To all the sons of men,
Thy precepts,—to time's farthest reach,
In every land, in every speech,—
Shall flow the Magic Pen.

(WASHINGTON steps aside.)

(To be concluded next month.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE CHILDREN'S GARFIELD HOME.

THE following letter from Master Willie P. Herrick was first printed in the *New York Evening Post*, of Sept. 27th, just as this number was going to press, but we gladly reprint it here, and hope it will be carefully considered by every reader of ST. NICHOLAS:

I felt very badly when our President died, and my brother and I think it would be very nice to have a home in the country for little sick children. Mamma thought that each little boy or girl could give from one cent up to twenty-five cents. We thought we could call it the Garfield Home, and we also thought it would be very nice to have a picture of President Garfield in it. We would like all little boys and girls to join in this. Please put this in the paper, and also put in for the parents to tell the children. WILLIE P. HERRICK.

WILLIE AND TOTTIE,
Newport, Sept. 27th, 1881.

We wish to add our hearty praise to Willie's suggestion, and to say that we propose to enlist this magazine in the effort to carry it out. THE CENTURY CO., publishers of ST. NICHOLAS, have volunteered to receive and credit all subscriptions for the Garfield Home that may be sent them—with the understanding that if the total amount subscribed should prove insufficient to found a home, it may be applied as a "Children's Garfield Fund" to the benefit of "The Poor Children's Summer Home," or some kindred charity of New York City. We believe there are thousands of boys and girls all over the land who felt as anxious an interest as their elders during the long weeks of President Garfield's illness, and as keen a grief at his death. And all such young folk will welcome Willie's suggestion and the offer of THE CENTURY CO. as an opportunity to fitly honor the memory of the good President by helping to accomplish a great practical good. Letters and subscriptions may be addressed to THE CENTURY CO., Union Square (North), N. Y.

For the further encouragement of all those who may wish to subscribe to the fund, we shall supplement Willie's letter by a sweet little letter from Nellie Satterlee Curtis, which came to us a few weeks ago, inclosing ten dollars to send five poor children of New York City on a week's visit to the Summer Home. We forwarded the letter and the money to the Superintendent, Mr. Fry, and received in reply the admirable letter which also is given in this "Letter-box." It shows clearly enough how much good could be done by the proposed "Garfield Home," and little calculation is needed to convince any reader of ST. NICHOLAS that a large sum can be quickly realized from a great number of small subscriptions. The project of the "Children's Garfield Home" is worthy alike of the good and great-hearted President and the generous, patriotic boys and girls of America.

Here is Nellie Curtis's letter:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is eight dollars, for four children to go to the place that was written about in ST. NICHOLAS last June,—but not this very last, but the summer before this. And this is the way of all of it. When Mamma read me that, I thought it was splendid, and I wished I could send the little girl in the picture that is down-stairs helping the tiny one down. But I had not two dollars. But soon after there was a picnic. It was fifteen cents on the cars to the place, and Papa gave me the money to go, and when it was Thursday, Manma was sick and I was bound to go, till Mamma looked so sad in fear I should get hurt, and I did not go; and I just thought I would start with that fifteen cents and earn some more, and send a child to the sea-shore. And my Auntie she is awful kind, and gives so much, I just thought I would ask her if she would try and earn some. And Auntie she thanked me, she was so pleased. And most of the money was given me to buy things with, but I had rather send the children; and some I earned sewing, and other ways. And then when Mr. Pratt and Mr. Deitrich gave me some I thought I would start for another child, and that dear, sweet, precious Auntie she said she would try, and four dollars she sends, and her name is Harriet N. Austin, and four dollars I send, and I hope the children will be happy. I did not want the children to go till water-melons came. That piece in ST. NICHOLAS told in the picture how they loved it. Will you try and write in your paper if they have a splendid time? Oh, I wish I could see them so happy, because I have enjoyment all the time! And Auntie does like it so about the children, and every week she writes me just a beautiful letter! And I ought to be happy, and Cousin Mary she thinks I ought to be

good, when I have such good friends. When next summer comes, I hope some more can go with money I will have, and I will ask some other children and send awful poor sad ones. Good-bye.
NELLIE SATTERLEE CURTIS.

P. S.—What do you think! Mrs. Phebe Howe wrote my Auntie that her children would send me two dollars to send a child; and so, after my Papa had got the money fixed, here came two dollars from Louie and Emma Howe and their brother, and I am more pleased than for myself. And now another child will be happy, and I think it was so kind for them; and good Papa got it fixed to ten dollars in place of eight dollars.

And here is the letter from Mr. Fry, which, we are sure, will make generous little Nellie and her friends more than ever happy in having saved and sent the money:

BATH, L. I., Aug. 27, 1881.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mr. Macy, our assistant secretary, has just brought me a very sweet letter from Nellie Satterlee Curtis, inclosing ten dollars, to send five little girls who are not so fortunate as she, to spend a week each at the Children's Summer Home, Bath, L. I. Only a little girl with a heart warm, pure, and tender, while surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of life, would have thought of the two hundred and forty destitute children at the Home, and so we value her kind words. I hope you will thank her even more for them than for the money. I have sent for five little girls from the neighborhood of Cherry and Water streets, in New York, and they will come Monday prepared to enjoy a week with us. When they come I will read Nellie's letter to them, so that they may know they are indebted to her and her little friends for the pleasant time they will have. Perhaps I may get them to write to her, or, if not, then I will write, and tell her all about them that I think will in any way interest her.

I wonder if Nellie and the other little girls know that we have a new Home, larger and finer in every way than the one she read about in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1880? It may interest them to know something about it; but I must make the story very short, for you may well imagine the guardian of two hundred and forty little girls has but little time to spare for letter-writing.

The old Home, very near here, was small—an old-fashioned house with but scanty room inside, and not very spacious grounds surrounding it. Not much space for romping, and swinging, and such other amusements as children love. Then, too, the dormitories were small, so that we could only have about a hundred and fifty children there at one time, and were obliged to turn away a number of poor little girls, who would have enjoyed a week at the sea-shore. But, worst of all, we only rented the house, and did not know but we might have to give it up, and so would have no Home at all. But one day Mr. A. B. Stone thought he would go down to Bath and see the children in their Summer Home. Well, he came, and saw how happy they were; and, just like little Nellie, he said, "I want to have more children enjoy a week in the country," and so he bought for twenty thousand dollars a beautiful piece of land called Bath Park. It is about as big as Union Square in New York City, and fronts right on the bay outside of the Narrows. It has a grassy knoll, shaded by a number of large trees. There is a very large pavilion, that makes a fine play-ground for the children in wet weather. Mr. Stone gave all this beautiful land to the New York Children's Aid Society. They put up a nice large building and furnished it, so that now the poor children who attend the industrial schools of New York will have a Summer Home by the sea for all time to come. We have a large dormitory, one hundred and ten by forty feet, and two smaller ones about forty feet square, giving us ample room for two hundred and fifty little folks. Our dining-room is large enough to seat the entire number at once. We have a nice kitchen, a laundry, a wash-room for the children, a room where they keep their clothing, twenty-eight swings, and a merry-go-round with seats for twenty-two. So you see we are not badly off. Then we have a beautiful sandy beach, and the Atlantic Ocean for a bath-tub. Once a day the children bathe, and I am sure you would be greatly amused to see perhaps a hundred and sixty little girls splashing and screaming with delight, while the teacher in charge stands upon the shore, looking a little like a hen with young ducks. From the bath they go to the dining-room, where a bountiful meal awaits them. They have roast beef, potatoes, bread and butter, and rice-pudding for dinner to-day, and the nice salt bath has sharpened their appetites. From the dining-room they make a grand rush for the swings and the merry-go-round. Some gather in little groups about the trees, while many form rings, and so they amuse themselves until supper-time. We have ten cows, that supply us with pure country milk, and I assure you the children enjoy their wholesome supper of bread and milk. After supper comes a walk on the beach, or a stroll through the fields in search of wild flowers. Then

the morning, and in the evening, and when they are tired away to their little beds, and I sit in a refreshing sleep, that I have and the sun peeping out the window, and the moon in the sky, and the stars in the sky, and the stars in the sky. And so the week slips away, as a long picnic. On Saturday they go home on the train, and on Monday another company of two hundred and fifty is whirled out from the crowded city in the same way—many, perhaps, getting their first view of the beautiful country. I often wonder what they think of their small, dark, and dirty bedrooms at home as they contrast them with our large, clean dormitory, with its snowy sheets and woven-carpeted floors. I am sure they must find it restful and most grateful for all the comfort and fun of the week.

I have told you something about the Home in this letter, and I think now it would, perhaps, have been better had I told you more about the children and the wretched homes they live in. Twenty-five hundred little girls have already spent a week each at the Home this season, and a thousand boys are anxiously waiting for the first Monday in September, so that they may visit us.

Sincerely your friend, CHAS. R. FRY.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., of London, for their courtesy in permitting us to copy, as the frontispiece of the present number, their beautiful engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Miss Frances Harris.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was twelve years old last week, and my sister decorated two dozen sheets of writing paper with water-color pictures, in the upper left-hand corners, for my birthday present. Every sheet is different, and some are very pretty. Perhaps the readers of ST. NICHOLAS who have a taste for painting would like to know how to decorate paper like this for Christmas presents. Many pretty pictures can be taken from this magazine. Fluffy is a very cunning little girl to paint. The poem and illustrations about her are in the May number, 1877. Another good thing for painting is in the February number of the same year; it is three little children crying. Each figure makes a complete picture.

First draw the outline of the picture with a lead-pencil, tint it with water-color laid on very thin, and then re-line with burnt sienna. It is best to use paper without lines. For a child that can not write straight without them, get watered lines.—Your little friend,
BEATRICE BROWN.

PEORIA, Sept. 15, '81.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in the September number how to make corn-husk dolls. I made some the day I got the ST. NICHOLAS, and they look very funny. I am sorry the corn is gone, because I can't make any more dolls. I like to read the stories in the ST. NICHOLAS very much.
IRENE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your English readers and reside at Congleton. I am thirteen years of age. I have read your stories by Mrs. Oliphant of Lady Jane Grey and Mary, Queen of Scots, and since reading them I have been to Westminster Abbey and the Tower. I looked with great interest at the tombs in the Abbey, and like your correspondents, Carl and Norris, I saw the monument to Mary, Queen of Scots, and also that of her rival, Queen Elizabeth. I saw the fac-simile of the letter in James I.'s handwriting, giving directions respecting the building of the monument to his mother. I also saw the chapel where Queen Elizabeth's tomb is placed, and where Oliver Cromwell, and John Bradshaw, who presided at the trial of Charles I., were buried; but it was stated that the bodies were taken away from there after the Restoration. I felt all the more interest in this because Bradshaw was born a short distance from this town, and was the mayor in 1637. For many years he lived in this town, and fearful stories about ghosts with clanking chains haunting the house used to be told to our grandfathers when they were children. I saw where Queen Elizabeth was lodged as a prisoner while in the Tower, as well as the great keep built by William the Conqueror, and the Traitor's Gate, and the gloomy-looking tower called the Bloody Tower. I thought most about Lady Jane Grey, and where she was beheaded, and where the two princes were murdered and buried. I saw what seemed to me to look awful—a block which had been used in the beheading of Lord Lovat, and some other noblemen, in 1745, and the marks where the ax had struck the block, and the ax used for beheading; also the mask of the executioner. I thought of Lady Jane Grey laying her head down on such a block. I shuddered, and was glad I was living in a less barbarous age.
ADA BUXTON STATHAM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I can interest some of the readers of the Letter-box by telling them of a Pig-a-graph from which I had great pleasure. I took an old account-book, and asked each person I knew to draw a pig in their eyes shut, and then sign their name under it.—Your constant reader,
W. MENGEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I tried making soap-bubbles with a spool, by Maie Stevenson's direction, and succeeded nicely. The bubbles

were very large, and blue, pink, and yellow, and as they floated off, the colors looked like colored pearl set in the bubbles. I wrote this to show you that the spool is a success.
A READER.

SANDY K. CO., NEW YORK, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think many of your readers may like to know, if they have not already found out, what pretty little things can be made out of the good ends of burnt matches.

I will try and describe them, you know, I have a little house, which, kept carefully as a "show-thing," has lasted a long time. Of

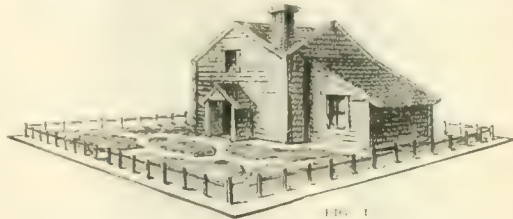


FIG. 1.

course any one who is fond of using his wits and fingers for pretty presents can try other things—churches, dog-kennels, pin-trays, and so forth. I am only going to tell of one house, the first I ever made.

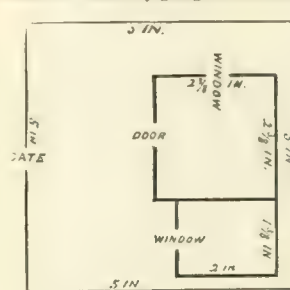


FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

knife is indispensable. Take a piece of thickish white card-board, about five inches square, and toward one corner draw the plan of your house, and paint the floors of both rooms with red and blue tiles.

The walls are made of matches, and you see in Fig. 2 are $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches for the large and small room respectively.

Fig. 3 shows how the matches are cut and glued together, and how the window is cut out and finished. At the back of the framed

window-holes mica or thin glass is fastened, and two thin cross-splinters are then delicately glued in front to form the panes. White paper blinds are put inside, while crimson curtains and a red pot containing a green bushy plant are also painted inside on the mica or glass, and give a charming effect. Fig. 4 is the front view of the house, and shows both rooms, their windows, the rustic porch, and the chimney. The backs and the left sides of both rooms are quite plain.

Now glue the walls down in their proper places, pressing them well together, and do not be afraid of the glue, as it helps to stop up any little gaps, and makes the little dwelling snugly free from draughts.

Before putting the roof on, fasten down to the floors of the rooms any little furniture, such as a three-legged table made of a cross-section of a sugar-cane and three points of wood, a wee wooden dresser, and so on.

The roof for the main room is in two pieces, and made the same way as the walls, and is just glued in so as to make two sloping sides from the topmost point of the back and front, but no gables, and you will find the right and left walls make two triangles which stand up from the roof and form a pretty addition to the whole effect. The small room should have deep projecting gables. The chimney is shown in Fig. 4. Paint the card-board round about green for grass, and lay out the garden with walks as your fancy suits you, and for proper gravel-walks gum them and sprinkle with sand till well covered. Put bits of mossy bark in appropriate places and make as rustic a garden as you can, and finally inclose it all with a fence and gate.—Yours truly,

EMILY H. S., 15½ years.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—EIGHTH REPORT.



It may be well to explain to the many children who are now reading the pages of ST. NICHOLAS for the first time, that the Agassiz Association is a society organized for the purpose of studying natural objects. The Association has been in existence for about seven years, but has consisted of less than a hundred members, chiefly living among the Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts, until last November, when a general invitation was given, through the columns of ST. NICHOLAS, to all who were interested in nature, to join this society.

At that time a general outline of our plan was given, a simple constitution was presented, and the kind indorsement of Professor Alexander Agassiz was noticed. To the several numbers of ST. NICHOLAS since October, 1880, then, we beg to refer all readers who would know more of our society. We will repeat, however, that the invitation to membership is unrestricted by considerations of age, ability, or place. Most of our members are under twenty years of age, many are not yet ten; but we are happy to count in our ranks a large and increasing number of fathers and mothers, teachers and college professors. We need the older to help us answer the questions of the younger, and we must have the little ones to help us puzzle those who have been growing wise for many years.

Our plan is to have small branch societies, consisting of not less than four members, formed in different towns. These local "chapters," while adopting the general name of "Agassiz Association," and conforming to our constitution, are at perfect liberty to frame their own by-laws and arrange their own plans of work.

There is no initiation fee to be paid to the Central Lenox Chapter, and nothing is required of the chapters excepting a monthly report of progress, including such details as names of new members, reports of discoveries, accounts of expeditions, etc.

It is our aim to make the Agassiz Association direct its members to courses of reading, to methods of observation and collection, answer their questions when not too difficult, and help them to exchanges among themselves of such duplicate specimens as they may have to spare. Since last November we have heard from about twelve hundred young people, nearly all of whom have become active and enthusiastic members.

While we prefer to have independent local chapters formed, wherever four persons can be found who take sufficient interest in what lies in the fields about them, yet when it happens that only one or two wish to join, we have arranged to receive them as corresponding members of our home chapter at Lenox, on the same terms as we receive the boys of our own academy, viz.: the payment of twenty-five cents initiation fee, and the agreement to send us a monthly report on some subject agreed on between them and the president. These reports are read at the meetings of our Lenox chapter as a regular part of our proceedings. Among the questions most uniformly put to us by new correspondents have been these:

"How can I join the Association? How can I make a cabinet? How can I catch insects? How can I kill them? How can I preserve them? How am I to press flowers?"

All these questions have been carefully answered and illustrated in previous reports of the A. A., and we must request new members not to repeat these inquiries, but to refer to the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS.

When a new chapter is formed, there are two items which the secretary thereof should always make a point of noting in his first letter to us. 1st. The names of all the members. 2d. The special branch of study in which each is interested.

Now, in accordance with our report of last month, we will allow a few of our friends to have the floor:

"ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

"DEAR SIR: We are a 'Chapter' of the Agassiz Association, No. 83; and are trying to improve our minds in natural history by corresponding with persons interested in that science, and exchanging specimens.

"We first started about the last of February, and painted and papered our room for meetings, and made cabinet cases, which we have already filled. We have two hundred minerals, as many shells, and over one hundred insects. We have also deposited in the savings-bank a number of dollars which we have earned. We wish to correspond with others and to exchange minerals and other specimens.

F. F. FLETCHER, Pres., Box 368."

We would suggest that applications for exchange be more definite, and expressed in as few words as possible—for example:

The Lenox, Mass., Chapter will exchange labeled specimens of sea-weed for mounted and labeled wild flowers of Colorado.

It is well also, in asking for exchanges, to be rather too modest than too bold in your requirements. One member seems to err a trifle in this regard, for he writes:

"I have two bugs which I wish to exchange for a piece of gold ore and silver ore."

Still, it depends on the bugs!

We must make room for a bright letter from a little Bennington, VT., girl of eleven. It shows how to study without a text-book.

"DEAR MR. BALLARD: I would like to join the Agassiz Association, if you please. I make little discoveries in a pool of dead water near our house. Of course, what I call discoveries, is finding out things without looking in a book.

"In the pool there are some things that I call snails, but they are black, and their shells don't look like snails' shells. One day I took two old pans and filled them with water. Then I caught some of the snails and put them into the pans. They had horns. I took some water-soaked leaves out of the pool and most of them had a kind of substance like yellow jelly full of white specks on them. The snails ate the decayed leaves greedily, but after they had had one 'square meal,' they did n't seem to eat any more for a long time.

"Their shells are fastened to their necks I think—for they take every part of their bodies out of their shells except their necks.

"Pretty soon the little white specks began to come out of the jelly. I looked at them closely, and they were baby snails. They were white, and had little shells on.

"Some of them fastened on to the shells of the big snails and went sailing around with them. The longest of the big snails were half an inch long. I call these things snails because they look more like them than anything else; but I wish you would tell me what they really are.—Good-bye.

"IRENE PUTNAM."

Will some member of the A. A. please express an opinion on this point?

"We have a red-cap's nest in our porch, and would like to cage them for pets, but do not know what to feed them on, or whether they would live in a cage. Please answer.

"MARGUERITE AND ALBERTA."

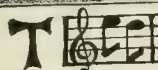
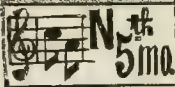
We are sure that, on second thought, no members of the A. A. will wish to "cage" any bird which has shown sufficient friendliness and confidence to nest so near their home. Watch the habits of the little red-caps and let them fly away.

It is now time to be on the watch for snow-crystals. Let them fall on a black cloth. Examine them through a hand-glass, and draw them as accurately as you can. We shall hope to receive a large number of drawings during the winter. Please remember always to note the temperature and the force of the wind at the time of observation. Write your letters on one side of the paper only; make them as terse as possible. Write your address very plainly, and inclose stamped envelope for reply. All such letters receive prompt attention.

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



"WHAT I
CALL A
SNAIL."



QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

READING ACROSS: 1. To tie together.
2. A loud sound. 3. An operatic air.
4. Viable.
Initials, read downward, to boast. Initials, read upward, external appearance. Finals, read downward, a dull color. Finals, read upward, a poet. DYICIE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

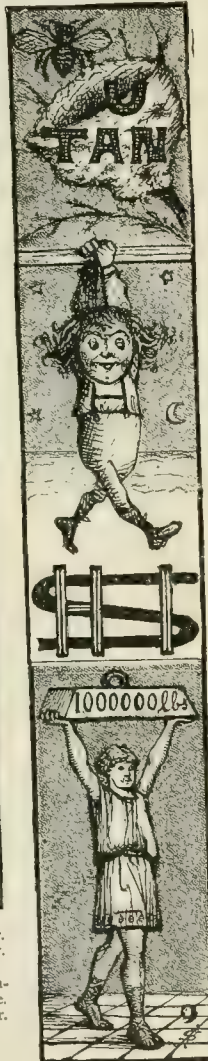
My primals and finals each name a celebrated naturalist.
CROSS-WORDS: 1. An eminent Roman commander, who was father-in-law to the historian Tacitus. 2. A species of antelope. 3. To rectify. 4. A French coin of small value. 5. A sailor who has been credited with wonderful adventures. 6. A coloring matter. 7. A small stringed instrument.

REBUS.

THE solution of this rebus consists of three lines from a well-known poem by Robert Burns.

DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD wandering, and leave a broad, flat vessel; again, and leave a line of light.
2. BEHEAD a strip of leather, and leave a device for snaring animals; again, and leave a smart blow.
3. BEHEAD tasteless from age, and leave a story; again, and leave a beverage.



CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

THE syncopated letters, read in the order here given, spell what Shakespeare says has been "slave to thousands."

1. Syncopate a leaf of the calyx, and leave to mark with a stamp.
2. Syncopate discovered, and leave over-affectionate.
3. Syncopate an animal, and leave a flexible pipe.
4. Syncopate the tanned skin of a sheep, and leave to deliver from arrest.
5. Syncopate to extract the essence by soaking, and leave a pace.

PERRY ADAMS.

CHANGED HEADS.

I AM a word of letters three;
Many changes lie in me:—
First, about the air I fly;
Next, beneath your window cry;
Here, I'm found beneath your feet;
Next, you wear me in the street;
Now, I am a small boy's name;
Then, an Irish birth I claim;
Here, a trap is set for me;
Now, a verb I chance to be;
By feasts and plenty now I'm made;
Next, brewers use me in their trade.
Change but my head each time and see
How these queer turns can in me be.

MARY O. N.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the October number, from Emma A. Bryant, 3—Max A. K., 5—Margaret B. and Beatrice C. B. Sturgis, Paris, France, all—Geo. Smith Hayter, London, England, 5—Archie and Charlotte Warden, Havre, France, 5—"Dycie," Havre, France, 11—Hester Powell, Gloucestershire, England, 8—M. H. M., Hants, England, 1.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Frank R. Heath—"Professor and Co."—J. H. Eaton—John Payne—Dorothy—Grace R. Ingraham and Josie M. Robbins—Fred C. McDonald—Grace E. Hopkins—Charlie and Josie Treat—J. Deane and E. Poole—Herbert Barry—P. S. Clarkson—Rowland H. Jackson—"Boccaccio"—"Skipper"—H. and B.—Henry C. Brown—Luther M. Scroggs—Hattie B. Hawes and Carrie L. Borden—Edward Vultee—"Chuck"—Daisy May—Trask—Nellie, Grace, and Harold—J. S. Tennant—"Queen Bess"—"Partners"—"80 and 81"—"Engineer"—"Daisy and Kittie"—Florence Leslie Kyte—"Guesser"—Madge Clark.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from George Gillespie, 3—"Edgewood," 3—Eita Hawxhurst, 1—"Will O. Tree," 3—H. A. Vedder, 4—"Crystale," 5—Camille Giraud, 8—"Sweetie and Pet," 4—Mars, 3—H. H. Bobkidd, 11—Archie F. Hassam, 1—Gertie Jenkins, 3—"Y. A. C.," 2—J. Milton Gitterman, 2—"X. L. C. R.," 11—"April and May," 5—Edith Beal, 6—Maie P. Bartlett, 1—E. D. S., 1—No name, 11—Theodore Tankauer, 4—Jennie French, 9—Harry Thorne, 11—Annie J. Pique, 1—"Fairview Nursery," 11—Edward Liddon Patterson, 11—Everett W. Stone, 6—Lizzie C. Carnahan, 4—Weston Stickney, 3—Eleanor Telling, 6—Lottie A. Lacey, 8—Milton S. Lacey, 11—John Z. Miller, 1—Irene Bethune, 1—E. J. Campbell, 9—Elise Mercur, 11—"Somebody," 2—Lida P. Bostwick, 9—Grace Redpath, 1—Kenneth B. Emerson, 5—Jessie, Ernst, Maud, and Jinks, 4—"Atlanta," 3—"Ghost," 1—C. M. Mathews and family, 11—"Bell," 5—Lizzie B. and Charles J. Townsend, 5—Belle Prindwille, 1—Cornie and May, 8—"Clovis," "Charles," and "Beetle," 11—Caroline Stuart Dickson, 1—Alice Fuller, 6—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Incognito, 1—Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell, 11—Josie Hamilton, 1—Julia Sturdevant, 3—Rose Raritan, 3—Marjorie Murray and Tommy Pillsbury, 11—"G. U. non," 2—Rory O'More, 3—C. L. K. and M. N., Jr., 1—"G. U. N. Powder-maker," 2—Bessie Taylor, 6—"Puss-in-Boots," 1—Salucy Chandlee, 6—Rebie S. Webb, 7—Florence Beckett, 3—Carrie Viles, 11—Clara and Jim, 1—Anna and Alice, 10—Carrie Hitchcock Wilson, 1—Leslie W. Hopkinson, 4—"Susie," 1—Conrad and Frank, 9—Clara Mackinney, 7—Gipsy Valentine, 1—May Beadle, 11—Edith and Townsend McKeever, 8—"Cinderella," 1—Raymond Carr, 1—Virginia Callmeyer, 7—Lizzie McM., 1—Lizzie Barker and Mattie Colt, 3—Sadie E. Maddox, 1—Mollie Weiss, 5—Walter O. Forde, 8—"Peasblossom," 2—M. and W. S. Conant, 8—Lizzie Fyfer, 9—Florence R. Radcliffe, 3—Charlie W. and Wilhelmina Amsterdam, 3—Mamie Magovern, 1—Tillie Power, 8—"P. Nut," 4—"Daphne," 4—Perry Beattie, 4—Minot, 5—Belle Huntley and Emma W. Myers, 10—"Two People," 7—11—Mollie Swipes, 2—Caroline Larrabee, 8—Edith and Jessie, 7—Marion, Lilla, and Daisy, 8—Nellie J. Gould, 7—Stowe Phelps, 9—Charles H. Phelps, 4—Alice M. Kyte, 11—"Fast"—"Dick Deadeye," 9—Arabella Ward, 5—Dollie Francis, 11—"Fast Friends," 8—"Sairey Gamp and Betsey Png," 9—Amelia E. Jennings, 2—Florence Provost, 2—X. Y. Z., 7—Alice Bryant, 4—John W. Wroth, 10—Bessie C. Barney, 11—Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 7—Belle and Bertie, 8—Esther L. and Geo. J. Fiske, 7—Alice Rhoads, 5—Carol and her Sisters, 10—J. Ollie Gayley, 6—Katrina, 8.

D. C. L.



By permission of Goupil & Co.

[See page 62.]

THE KING'S FAVORITE.

ENGRAVED BY COLE, AFTER THE PAINTING BY ZAMACOLS

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1881.

No. 2.

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CAP AND BELLS.

BY H. WINTHROP PIERCE.

IN the Middle Ages, when kings and great lords had almost no occupation beside fighting and hunting, they lived apart in large, gloomy castles, built for strength and defense, with little thought of cheerfulness. During the season of the year when they could not ride with hawks and hounds to hunt the wild animals which then abounded in all parts of Europe, nor enjoy themselves in their own pleasure-grounds, time must have hung heavily upon their hands. Books were few, and learning was thought fit only for "women and clerks."

Therefore, to beguile their time, almost every man of means kept a professional "fool" or "jester." And the jester often was a dwarf, more or less deformed, whose misfortune was considered a fit subject for mirth in those rough days.

The fool's dress was usually of rich materials, made in the most fantastic style, and of various hues, but yellow was the distinctive color for ornament and fringes. Cocks' feathers and foxes' tails were worn, while a number of little bells, attached to the clothes, tinkled gayly with every motion. Jesters always wore a wallet, and they carried a stick, on the end of which was either a funny head carved in wood, or else a bladder with a few rattling peas inside. The favored fool had access to his master, even if it should be a king, at any hour of the day or night. And, naturally, through this intimacy and the fact that his business was to amuse, he frequently obtained great influence over his master, who, with the entire household, would become much attached to him.

Shakespeare represents domestic fools as often bitter and sarcastic, but faithful and attached, ready to go into poverty and exile rather than leave their friends when overtaken by adversity.

King Lear, when driven out into the storm by his daughters, is followed by his fool. And when Rosalind is banished from her uncle's court, Touchstone leaves his comfortable home, and goes with her and her faithful cousin into the wild forest. Hamlet remembers, when he sees the skull of his father's jester Yorick, how "he had borne me on his back a thousand times," and that he, when a light-hearted, happy little prince, "had pressed his lips he knew not how oft." And speaking of Shakespeare, all who have read the great master's plays must have noticed how often he puts wonderful bits of wisdom into the lively, mocking raillery of the beloved fool.

An Italian jester named Gonello, born in Florence about 1400, A. D., entered the service of the Marquis of Ferrara, by whom his judgment was so highly prized that he was consulted on the most important state affairs. In course of time, the Marquis lost his health, and the doctors declared that nothing would restore it save the shock of an unexpected cold bath. But no one dared to give the Marquis a ducking.

At last, Gonello resolved, as his patron grew worse and worse, that he would try what no other friend or servant of the Marquis would venture to do. One day, walking beside the river with his lord, Gonello, without a word, pushed him in, waited just long enough to see that the Marquis was pulled out alive, and then fled to Padua.

The sudden plunge had the wished-for effect on the health of the Marquis; but he, far from being grateful, flew into a rage, and issued an edict that, if Gonello should ever set foot again on the soil of Ferrara, his life should be forfeited.

Poor Gonello was homesick enough in Padua.

He read the edict through and through, until he saw that he was prohibited only from setting foot on the *soil* of Ferrara. Then he quickly got a donkey-cart, filled it with earth, and labeled it "Paduan ground." Perched on this, he passed in state into the streets of Ferrara. But he was soon seized, thrown into prison, tried, and convicted of having laid violent hands on the Marquis, and of having disobeyed his edict, for which offenses he must die.

On the day appointed for his execution, the whole city turned out to see him. The poor fellow was blindfolded; his head was placed on the block. But the executioner, instead of lifting the ax, dashed a pailful of water on Gonello's neck.

Then the people knew that all the dreadful preparations had been made in jest. How they waved their caps, and cheered, and shouted: "Long live the Marquis!" "Long live Gonello!"

found that the poor fellow could joke with them no more. He had been frightened to death. The



WILL SOMERS PRESENTS HIS UNCLE TO KING HENRY VIII.

Marquis, full of remorse at having, by his cruel joke, destroyed his faithful friend, gave him a grand funeral, and did everything in his power to honor his memory.

Francis I., of France, had a jester of great beauty and refinement, who wrote verses which the King was glad to pass off as his own. This person was selected, when a boy of thirteen, on account of his remarkable brightness and beauty, to be the King's jester, notwithstanding the entreaties of his parents, who were of noble birth, and in spite of the tears and prayers of the boy himself, who had hoped to be a soldier and a great man. It is sad to think of the noble-hearted lad, secretly pining in the splendor of the court, yet bravely doing his best to enliven the dull hours, and perhaps trying his powers at a war of wits when he would have preferred to do battle in earnest.

But I can not give you his history here. You may be sure, however, that he was not so happy as Will Somers, of England. This famous wit, who was jester to Henry VIII., asked among many jokes, "What is it, that the less there is of it the more it is feared?" and then enjoyed the surprise of the court on his telling the answer—"A little bridge over a deep river." His reputation spread to his old home in Shropshire, and his aged uncle trudged up to Greenwich to visit him at



GONELLO'S TRICK.

But Gonello did not rise, and when his friends, with laughter and congratulations, lifted him, they

tation spread to his old home in Shropshire, and his aged uncle trudged up to Greenwich to visit him at

the court. The countryman's old-fashioned dress and simple manner, as he passed through the streets asking the way to the King's palace, attracted attention. When he found the building, he asked the jeering pages at the gate, "If there was not a 'gentleman' at court named William Somers?" The pages laughed in disdain, and led the old man to a place where Will was sleeping in the park, with his head resting on a cushion that a poor woman had given him because he had interceded to save the life of her son, who had been condemned to be hanged as a pirate.

Will greeted his uncle with affection, and as he led him through the presence chamber, where crowds of richly dressed courtiers were assembled, he called aloud: "Room, knaves! Room for me and my uncle!"

Then, seeing that his relative's dress was not a fitting one in which to appear before the King, Will took him to his own room and dressed him in one of his queer motley suits. This done, Will brought his uncle in before "Bluff King Hal," who was much amused at the contrast between the venerable figure and its droll costume. Treating the uncle with respect due his years, the King encouraged him to talk.

The old man then told His Majesty about a common near his home, which had been unjustly shut up from the poorer people. And the King was so much interested in his account of the affair, that he ordered the ground to be thrown open to the public at once, and created the old uncle bailiff of the common, with a salary of twenty pounds a year, which in money of to-day would be a very comfortable income.

In those early times, jesters appeared on all occasions. They bustled about at the tournaments, and were busy with sharp remarks on the proceedings—now full of pity, now exulting, ready to help

the favorite knight to victory or to lead from the field his fallen foe.

A jester once complained to his king that an offended noble had threatened to kill him.

"If he does," said His Majesty, "I shall have him hanged a quarter of an hour afterward."

"Ah, but that would not save my life," said the Fool. "Could n't you have him hanged a quarter of an hour before?"



YORICK AND YOUNG HAMLET.

Jesters filled, in their time, a humble but important place, telling the truth to those who would not have heard it from any one else. And they sometimes acquired such great influence that many persons found it safest to treat them with consideration, or learned to their sorrow that to offend the

king's favorite was to place an obstacle in their own road to advancement.

But as intelligence became more general and reading more common, household jesters were no

longer needed, and the theater and the production of books and ballads gave a new field for the talents of those who in ruder times would have worn the cap and bells.



Little Dutch Karl
 and little French Jeanne
 They went out together
 ○○○○○○ to dine.
 But they couldn't agree
 For when she said "Oui"
 He always would answer her
 "Nein"



THE LITTLE BEGGAR'S BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

By H. H.

'T WAS on a bitter winter's day,
I saw a strange, pathetic sight;
The streets were gloomy, cold, and gray,
The air with falling snow was white.

A little ragged beggar child
Went running through the cold and storm;
He looked as if he never smiled,
As if he never had been warm.

Sudden, he spied beneath his feet
A faded button-hole bouquet:
Trampled and wet with rain and sleet,
Withered and worthless, there it lay.

He bounded, seized it with delight,
Stood still and shook it free from snow;
Into his coat he pinned it tight,—
His eyes lit up with sudden glow.

He sauntered on, all pleased and proud,
His face transformed in every line;
And lingered that the hurrying crowd
Might chance to see that he was fine.



The man who threw the flowers away
Never one half such pleasure had;
The flowers' best work was done that day
In cheering up that beggar lad.

Ah me, too often we forget,
Happy in these good homes of ours,
How many in this world are yet
Glad even of the withered flowers!

HERMANN THE BRAVE.

By H. MARIA GEORGE.

HE lived a great many years ago, in a country across the sea, near the Black Forest. His father was a small Saxon land-holder by the name of Billung, who owned a few acres of feeding-ground, some more of forest, and a poor hut of wood, with a thatched roof, wherein he lived with his wife and two children,—Hermann and a girl.

Hermann was two years older than his sister Gertrude, who was seven. He was a manly little fellow, very brave and very strong for his age. Often the children were sent to the forest to cut wood for fuel, for the father had to work in the field all day and the mother had to spin. The boy carried a big, heavy knife, curved almost like a sickle. This he used instead of an ax. Hermann cut the wood, and his little sister tied it in small bundles and carried these to the hut.

At this day, wolves are seldom found in the Black Forest; but in Hermann's time, almost a thousand years ago, they were very numerous there. Great, fierce, shaggy monsters they were, who, when urged on by hunger, would not hesitate alone to attack men.

Hermann and his sister had been told not to linger in the forest after sundown. But one day the boy espied an eagle's nest, and he was so long in reaching it that twilight had ended before they started home. Just in the edge of the forest they were met by a fierce growl, and Hermann had barely time to clutch his knife, which was slung at his back, when a wolf rushed upon his sister.

The beast was one of the largest and fiercest of its kind, and Gertrude must certainly have fallen a victim to its savage attack, had not her brother

placed himself in front, cutting and slashing in a way that would have done credit to any of the knights at the Emperor Otho's court. But the wolf was not disposed to give up its supper even then, and plunged at Hermann, rising on its hind legs, and

"I have been killing a wolf," was the reply of the nine-year-old hero.

"Killing a wolf!" exclaimed the father, still alarmed, and uncertain whether to believe him. "Not so fast, my boy. Where is the wolf?"



HERMANN OFFERS BATTLE TO THE WOLF.

snarling and gnashing its sharp teeth in a fearful manner.

The boy stood his ground manfully, and made vigorous defense with his stout knife, while little Gertrude clung to his frock, crying. Finally, he gave the beast a blow that disabled it. Then he struck another that quite killed it.

Hermann cut off the great hairy ears of the monster and thrust them under his girdle, and then the two children shouldered their wood and marched toward home, as if nothing had happened. Outside the forest they met their father, who, alarmed by their long absence, was coming in search of them. He bore a flaming torch in his hand, and by its light he saw that the boy's clothing was streaked with great red stains.

"What have you been doing?" asked he.

"Back in the forest, dead; but here are his ears. The beast attacked Gertie, and I killed him with my knife. This is all wolf-blood on my breast and arms."

Billung clasped his children to his breast, murmuring a thankful prayer. The peril they had escaped was great, and the boy's heroism was the talk of the neighborhood for years. Nor did his courage, as he grew older, become less.

Some four years after this, when Hermann was about thirteen, as he was tending his father's cattle in the open field one day, he saw a gay cavalcade of horsemen turn aside from the road and enter the field. The boy sprang to place himself in their way, and cried out in a bold voice:

"Go back! Only the road is yours: this field belongs to me."

Their leader, a tall man with an imposing mien, reined his horse and inquired, "And who may you be, my lad?"

"My name is Hermann Billung. Yonder is my father's homestead. This is our field, and you have no right here."

"I have the right to go where I will," said the knight, shaking his lance threateningly. "Get out of the way, or you will be ridden over."

But the boy stood his ground, and with flashing eyes turned on the cavalier,—

"Right is right," he cried, "and you can not ride through this field without first riding over me."

"What do you know about right, younker?"

"I know that this is our field, and no Billung ever gives up his right."

"But do you think it right to refuse to obey your emperor? I am Otho," and the horseman drew himself up with a kingly air.

"You King Otho, the pride of Saxony?" cried Hermann, in astonishment. "But it can not be! Otho guards our rights—you would break them. That is not like the emperor. Father has often told me so."

"I should like to see the father of so brave a boy; lead me to him," said the emperor, kindly interest depicted in his earnest face.

"The smoke that you may see above those bushes rises from our home. You will find my father there, but I can not leave these cows which

he bade me tend. But if you are in truth the emperor, you will keep to the road, for Otho protects our rights."

So the courtly train turned from the field, leaving the brave boy unmolested to care for his cattle. Otho rode direct to the peasant's cottage, and when he had found the father, he said to him:

"Your name is Billung, and mine is Otho. I want to take your son to court with me, to educate him so that he may become my esquire. He will make a true man, and I have need of such."

Billung joyfully granted Otho's request. Hermann was called in, and told of his good fortune. He put on his best clothes and rode away on a war-horse by the side of Otho, as proud as any boy could be. But this was not the last of Hermann.

He grew to be a brave knight—the bravest, in fact, at the emperor's court. He had a horse of his own now, and he wore cloth of gold and silver, with a long plume in his velvet cap, and a golden spur on his heel. When he went to war he dressed up in dark steel armor, and looked as grim and formidable as any of the old knights, though he was only twenty years old.

One day, Otho sent his young favorite across the country to visit a great castle where a duke lived. It was miles away, and a dreary road, but Hermann, accompanied by only a single esquire, set off with a light heart, singing a merry song.

For two or three days all went well. The birds sang in the woods, his horse cantered briskly, and Hermann's heart was joyful. In the afternoon of the third day, the woods grew thicker and the road wilder, and just where it was the darkest and wildest, he was startled by loud screams, and then he heard rough, fierce oaths, and the rush of many feet, and the clank of armor.

He did not stop to count his enemies, but drawing his sword, spurred his horse forward right upon the scene. And such a scene it was! A graceful and richly dressed lady, whose jewels seemed

worth a monarch's ransom, was in the grasp of a savage-looking man, whose followers had already beaten her three attendants to the earth. There were nearly a score of them, rough, desperate-looking fellows, but Hermann did not hesitate.

He was in their midst almost before they knew it, cutting and slashing away in terrible earnest. With his first blow he struck down the ruffian whose arms were around the lady. Then he turned upon the others. At first they were greatly scared, but when they saw there were only two to fight, they crowded around with a great clatter, and soon Hermann had his hands full.

But he was very brave and very strong, though he was so young. He had unhorsed all the famous knights at Otho's court, and here were no knights, but robbers. He knew he should conquer, and conquer he did, though he got a wound that laid him by for more than a fortnight, but he himself slew eleven of the robbers outright.

The lady took him to her father's castle, which was not distant, and there she tended him until he was able to mount his war-horse again. During his confinement he discovered that the castle was the very one he had been journeying to, and that the lady was Duke Henry's daughter. On the last day of his stay he did the emperor's errand, and he also did another for himself, for when he rode away it was as the accepted suitor of beautiful Lady Adelaide.

At their marriage, which occurred not long afterward, Otho himself was present, with many of his princes, and the ceremony was a very grand one. At its conclusion the emperor bestowed upon his young friend a great dukedom. For thirty years he reigned as duke of Saxony, and then he died, but not until he performed many other gallant deeds, which we have no room to relate. You will find his name in all the old German histories, for Hermann the Brave was one of the noblest and most celebrated men of his time.



DONALD AND DOROTHY.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH NONE OF THE CHARACTERS APPEAR.



THE door of the study was closed, and only Nero was to be seen. He, poor dog, stood in the wide hall gazing wistfully at the knob, and pricking up his ears whenever sounds of movement in the room aroused his hope of being admitted. Suddenly he gave a yelp of delight. Somebody surely was approaching the door. The steps—they were a man's—halted. There was a soft, rolling sound, as if the master's chair had been drawn to the table; next a rustling of paper; a deep-voiced moan; the rapid scratching of a quill pen; then silence—silence—and poor Nero again stood at half-mast.

Any ordinary dog would have barked or pawed impatiently at the door. But Nero was not an ordinary dog. He knew that something unusual was going on—something that even he, the protector and pet of the household, the frisky Master of Ceremonies, must not interfere with. But when the bell-pull within the room clicked sharply, and a faint tinkle came up from below, he flew eagerly to the head of the basement stair, and wagged his bushy tail with a steady, vigorous stroke, as though it were the crank of some unseen machine which slowly and surely would draw Liddy, the housemaid, up the stair-way.

The bell rang again. The machine put on more steam. Still no Liddy. Could she be out? Nero ran back to take an agonized glance at the motionless knob, leaped frantically to the stair again—and, at that moment, the study door opened. There was a heavy tread; the ecstatic Nero rushed in between a pair of dignified legs moving toward the great hall-door; he spun wildly about for an instant, and then, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, settled down on the rug before the study fire. For there was not a soul in the room.

CHAPTER II.

FOURTEEN YEARS AFTERWARD.

THE house is there still, so is Nero, now an honored old dog, frisky only in his memories. But old as he is in teeth and muscle, he is hardly past

middle-age in the wag of his still bushy tail, and is as young as ever in happy devotion to his master. Liddy, too, is down-stairs, promoted, but busy as in the days gone by; and the voice of that very bell tinkled but an hour ago.

Here is the same study; some one within, and the door closed. Opposite, on the other side of the wide hall, is the parlor, its windows looking across piazza, sloping lawn, road-way, and field, straight out to the sparkling lake beyond. Back of the parlor is a sunny sitting-room, its bay-window framing a pleasant view of flower-garden, apple-orchard, and grape-arbor—a few straggling bunches clinging to the almost leafless November vines. And within, throughout the house indeed, floats a sunny-shady combination of out-door air, with a faint, delightful odor of open wood-fires. What a quiet, home-like, beautiful place it is!

Let us look into the sitting-room.

A boy, with his back toward the door, sitting, feet and all, upon the end of a big sofa, his bended knee tightly held between his arms, his head thrust forward earnestly—altogether, from the rear view, looking like a remarkable torso with a modern jacket on—that's Donald. On the other end of the sofa, a glowing face with bright brown hair waving back from it, the chin held in two brownish little hands, and beneath that a mass of dark red merino, revealing in a meandering, drapery way that its wearer is half-kneeling, half-sitting—that's Dorothy.

I am obliged to confess it, these two inelegant objects on a very elegant piece of furniture are the hero and heroine of my story.

Do not imagine, however, that Donald and Dorothy could not, if they chose to do so, stand before you comely and fair as any girl and boy in the land. It is merely by accident that we catch this first glimpse of them. They have been on that sofa in just those positions for at least five minutes, and, from present appearances, they intend to remain so until further notice.

Dorothy is speaking, and Donald is—not exactly listening, but waiting for his turn to put in a word, thus forming what may be called a lull in the conversation, for up to this point both have been speaking together.

"It's too much for anything, so it is! I'm going to ask Liddy about it, that's what I'm going to do, for she was almost ready to tell me the other day, when Jack came in and made her mad."

"Don't you do it!" Donald's tone is severe, but still affectionate and confidential. "Don't you do it. It's the wrong way, I tell you. What did she get mad at?"

"Oh, nothing. Jack called her 'mess-mate' or something, and she flared up. But, I tell you, I'm just going to ask her right out what makes him act so."

"Nonsense," said Donald. "It's only his sailor-ways, and besides——"

"No, no. I don't mean Jack. I mean Uncle. I do believe he hates me!"

"Oh, Dorry! Dorry!"

"Well, he does n't love me any more, anyway! I know he's good and all that, and I love him just as much as you do, Don, every bit, so you need n't be so dreadful astonished all in a minute." (Dorry was apt to be ungrammatical when excited.) "I love Uncle George as much as anybody in the world does, but that's no reason why, whenever Aunt Kate is mentioned, he ——"

"Yes, it is, Dot. You ought to wait."

"I *have* waited—why, Don" (and her manner grows tearful and tragic), "I've waited nearly thirteen years!"

Here Don gives a quick, suddenly suppressed laugh, and asks her, "why she did n't say fourteen," and Dorothy tells him sharply that "he need n't talk—they're pretty even on that score" (which is true enough), and that she really has been "longing and dying to know ever since she was a little, little bit of a girl, and who would n't?"

Poor Dorothy! She will "long to know" for many a day yet. And so will the good gentleman



"THE SPARKING LAK BEYOND"

who now sits gazing at the fire in the study across the wide hall, his feet on the very rug upon which Nero settled himself on that eventful November day, exactly fourteen years ago.

And so will good, kind Lydia, the housekeeper, and so will Jack, the sailor-coachman, at whom she is always "flaring up," as Dorothy says.

CHAPTER III.

WHICH PARTLY EXPLAINS ITSELF.

DOROTHY REED was of a somewhat livelier temperament than Donald, and that, as she often could not but feel, gave her an advantage. Also, she was ahead of him in history, botany, and grammar. But Donald, though full of boyish spirit, was steadier, more self-possessed than Dorothy, and in algebra and physical geography he "left her nowhere," as the young lady herself would tersely confess when in a very good humor. But never were brother and sister better friends. "She's first-rate," Don would say, confidentially, to some boon companion, "not a bit like a girl, you know—more like—well, no, there's nothing tomboyish about her, but she's spirited and never gets tired or sickish like other girls." And many a time Dorothy had declared to some choice confidential friend of the twining-arms sort, that Donald was "perfectly splendid! nicer than all the boys she had ever seen, put together."

On one point they were fully united, and that was in their love for Uncle George, though of late their uncle had seemed always to be unconsciously making rough weather between them.

This expression, "rough weather," is not original, but is borrowed from Jack, whom you soon shall know nearly as well as the two D's did.

And "the two D's" is not original, either. That's Liddy's. She called Donald and Dorothy "the two D's" for short, when they were not present, just as she invariably spoke of the master of the house, in his absence, as "Mr. G." There

was not the slightest disrespect in this. It was a way that had come upon her after she had learned her alphabet in middle life, and had stopped just at the point of knowing or guessing the first letter of a word or a name. Farther than that into the paths of learning, Liddy's patience had failed to carry her. But the use of initials she felt was one of the short cuts that education afforded. Besides, the good

soul knew secrets which, without her master's permission, nothing would tempt her to reveal. So, to speak of "Mr. G." or "the D's," had a confidential air of mystery about it that in some way was a great relief to her.

Mr. George was known by his lady friends as "a confirmed bachelor, but a most excellent man,"

the "but" implying that every well-to-do gentleman ought to marry, and the "excellent man" referring to the fact that ever since the children had been brought to him, fourteen years ago, two helpless little babies, he had given them more than a father's care. He was nearly fifty years of age, a tall, "iron-gray" gentleman, with the courtliest of manners and the warmest of hearts; yet he was, as Liddy described him to her cousins, the Crumps, "an unexpected kind o' person, Mr. G. was. Just when you made up your mind he was very stiff and dignified, his face would light up into such a beautiful glow! And then, when you thought how nice, and hearty, and sociable he was, he would look so grave out of his eyes, and get so straight in the back that he seemed like a king in an ermine robe."

When Liddy had compared a man to "a king in an ermine robe," she had expressed her utmost pitch of admiration. She had heard this expression long ago in a camp-meeting discourse, and it seemed to her almost too grand a phrase for human use, unless one were speaking of Mr. George.

And a king Mr. George was, in some ways—a king who ruled himself, and whose subjects—Mr. George's traits of character—were loyal to their sovereign. Yet on one point he did deserve to be otherwise compared. All difficulties that were under his power to control, he would bravely meet, but when anything troubled him which he could not remedy,—in fact, on occasions when he was perplexed, worried, or unable to decide promptly upon a course of action,—he often was a changed being. Quick as a flash the beautiful, genial glow would vanish, the kingly ermine would drop off, and he could be likened only to one of the little silver owls that we see upon dinner-tables, quite grand and proper in bearing, but very peppery within, and liable to scatter the pepper freely when suddenly upset.

Poor Dorry! It had been her sad experience to call forth this catastrophe very often of late, and in the most unexpected ways. Sometimes a mere gesture, even the tone of her voice, seemed to annoy her uncle. On one occasion, while he was pleasantly explaining some public matter to Donald and herself, she laid her hand gently upon the back of his, by way of expressing her interest in the conversation, and his excited "Why did you do that?" made the poor girl jump from him in terror.

Lydia, who was softly brightening the fire at that moment, saw it all, and saw, too, how quickly he recovered himself and spoke kindly to the child. But she muttered under her breath, as she went slowly down to the basement:

"Poor Mr. G. 's gettin' worse of late, he is. I don't see as he ever will feel settled now. It 's amazin' puzzlin', it is."

Yes, it was puzzling. And nobody better understood and pitied the kingly soul's perplexity than the good woman. Even Jack, the coachman, though he knew a good deal, had but a faint idea of what the poor gentleman suffered.

On the day when we saw Donald and Dorothy perched on the sofa, Mr. Reed had been remarkably changeful, and they had been puzzled and grieved by his manner toward Dorothy. He had been kind and irritable by turns, and finally, for some unaccountable reason, had sharply requested her to leave him, to "go away for mercy's sake," and then she had been recalled on some slight pretext, and treated with extra kindness, only to be wounded the next moment by a look from her uncle that, as she afterward declared, "made her feel as if she had struck him."

Donald, full of sympathy for Dorry, yet refusing to blame Uncle George without a fuller understanding, had followed his sister into the parlor, and there they had tried in vain to solve the mystery—for a mystery there evidently was. Dot was sure of it; and Donald, failing to get this "foolish notion," as he called it, from Dot's mind, had ended by secretly sharing it and reluctantly admitting to himself that Uncle George—kind, good Uncle George—really had not, of late, been very kind and good to Dorry.

"He has n't been *ugly*," thought Donald to himself, while Dorothy sat there, eagerly watching her brother's countenance,— "Uncle could n't be that. But he seems to love her one minute, and be half afraid of her the next—no, not exactly afraid of her, but afraid of his own thoughts. Something troubles him. I wonder what the blazes it is! May be——"

"Well?" exclaimed Dorry, impatiently, at last.

"Well," repeated Don, in a different tone,— "the fact is, it *is* trying for you, Dorry, and I can't make it out."

Meanwhile Lydia, down-stairs, was working herself into what she called "a state" on this very matter. "It is n't Christian," she thought to herself, "though if ever a man was a true, good Christian, Mr. G. is—but he 's amazin' odd. The fact is, he does n't know his own mind in this business from one day to t' other, and he thinks me and Jack sees nothin'—Mercy! If here don't come them precious children!"

Surely enough, the precious children were on their way down the kitchen stairs. They did not go into that cheerful, well-scrubbed apartment, however, but trudged directly into the adjoining room, in which Liddy, guarded by the faithful old

dog, Nero, was now seated, peeling apples. It had been fitted up for Liddy years ago when, from a simple housemaid, she was "promoted," as she said, "to have eyes to things and watch over the D's."

"You may think it strange," she had said, grandly, that very morning, to Jack, looking around at the well-polished, old-fashioned furniture, and the still bright three-ply carpet, "that I should have my setting-room down here, and my sleeping apartment upstairs, but so it is. The servants need watching more than the children, as you know, Mr. Jack, and I've had to have eyes to things ever since the D's first come. Master Donald says I ought to call it 'having an eye,' but sakes! what would one eye be in a house like this? No, it's eyes I want, both eyes, and more too, with the precious D's wild as young hawks, and Mr. G. as he is of late, and the way things are."

Liddy looked up when Donald and Dorothy entered, with a "Sakes! You've not been fretting again, Miss Dorry?"

"No—not exactly fretting, Liddy; that is, not very much. We just came down to—to—Give me 'n apple?"

"Steady! St-e-a-dy!" cried Liddy, as after her hearty "help yourselves," the brother and sister made a simultaneous dash at the pan on her ample lap, playfully contesting for the largest. "One would think you were starving!"

"So we are, Liddy," said Dorothy, biting her apple as she spoke; "we are starving for a story."

"Yes!" echoed Donald, "a story. We're bound to have it!"

"Hum!" muttered Liddy, much flattered. "Do you know your lessons?"

"Per-fectly!" answered the D's, in one breath. "We studied them right after Dr. Lane left."

"Well," began Liddy, casting a furtive look at the red wooden clock on the mantel; "which story do you want? You've heard 'em all a score of times."

"Oh, not that kind," said Dorothy, playfully motioning to her brother, for you see by this time she was quite cheerful again. "We want a certain par-tic-ular story, don't we, Don?"

Instead of replying, Don took Dorry's outstretched hand with nonsensical grace, and so dancing to the fire-place together in a sort of burlesque minuet, they brought back with them two little mahogany-and-hair-cloth foot-benches, placing them at Lydia's feet.

Ignoring the fact that these seats were absurdly low and small, the D's settled themselves upon them as comfortably as in the days gone by, when the benches had been of exactly the right size for

them; and at the risk of upsetting the apples, pan and all, they leaned toward Liddy with an expressive "Now!"

All this had been accomplished so quickly that Liddy would have been quite taken by surprise had she not been used to their ways.

"Bless your bright eyes!" she laughed, uneasily looking from one beaming face to the other, "you take one's breath away with your quick motions. And now what certain, special, wonderful kind of a story do you want?"

"Why, *you* know. Tell us all about it, Lydia," spoke Dorothy, sober in an instant.

"Sakes! Not again? Well, where shall I begin?"

"Oh, at the very beginning," answered Donald; and Dorothy's eager, expressive nod said the same thing.

"Well," began Liddy, "about fourteen years ago —"

"No, no, not there, please, but 'way, 'way back as far as you can remember; farther back than you ever told us before."

"Well," and Lydia proceeded to select a fresh apple and peel it slowly and deliberately, "well, I was once a young chit of a girl, and I came to this house to live with your aunt Kate. She was n't any aunt then, not a bit of it, but a sweet, pretty, perky, lady-girl as ever was; and she had" (here Lyddy looked sad, and uttered a low "Dear, dear! how strange it seems!")—"she had two splendid brothers, Mr. George Reed and Mr. Wolcott Reed (your papa, you know). Oh, she was the sweetest young lady you ever set eyes on. Well, they all lived here in this very house,—your grandpa and grandma had gone to the better world a few years before,—and Master G. was sort of head of the family, you see, as the oldest son ought to be."

Donald unconsciously sat more erect on his bench, and thrust his feet farther forward on the carpet.

"Yes, Master G. was the head," Liddy went on, "but you would n't have known it, they were all so united and loving, like. Miss Kate, though kind of quick, was just too sweet and good for anything—'the light of the house,' as the young master called her, and —"

"Oh, I do love so much to hear about Aunt Kate!" exclaimed Dorothy, her color brightening as she drew her bench up still closer to Liddy. Both of the apples were eaten by this time, and the D's had forgotten to ask for more. "*Do we look like her?*"

Here Donald and Dorothy turned and looked full in Lydia's face, waiting for the answer.

"Well, yes—and no, too. You've her shining

dark hair, Master Donald, and her way of step-pin' firm, but there is n't a single feature like her. And it's so with you, Miss Dorry, not a feature just right for the likeness; still you 've a something, somehow—somewhere—and yet I can't place it; it's what I call a vanishin' likeness."

At this the two D's lost their eager look and burst into a hearty laugh.

"Hello, old Vanisher!" said Donald, making a sudden dive at Dorothy.

"Hello, old Stiff-legs!" retorted Dorothy, laughing and pushing him away.

Here old Nero roused himself, and growled a

"That picture of your ma in your room, Master Donald," replied Lydia, "has certainly a good deal of your look, but I can't say from my own knowledge that it ever was a good likeness. It was sent over afterward, you know, and your ma never was here except once, when I was off to camp-meeting with Cousin Crump. Your pa used to go to see the young lady down at her home in New York, and after the wedding they went to Niagara water-falls, and after that to Europe. Seems to me this going out of your own country's bad business for young couples who ought to settle down and begin life." (Here Nero stood up, and



"YOU'VE HER SHINING DARK HAIR, MASTER DONALD," SAID LIDDY.

low, rumbling, distant growl, as if protesting against some unwelcome intruder.

"There, children, that 's sufficient!" said Liddy, with dignity. "Don't get tussling. It is n't gentleman-and-lady-like. Now see how you 've tumbled your sister's hair, Master Donald, and Mr. G. 's so particular. Hear Nero, too! Sakes! it seems sometimes like a voice from the dead to hear him go that way when we 're talking of old times."

"Keep still, old fellow!" cried Donald, playfully. "Don't you see Liddy's talking to us? Well, we look like our mamma, anyway—don't we, Liddy?"

his growl grew more decided.) "Well, as I was saying—Mercy on us! If there is n't that man again!"

The last part of Lydia's sentence, almost drowned by Nero's barking, was addressed to the empty window; at least it seemed empty to the D's when they turned toward it.

"Who? Where?" shouted Dorothy. But Donald sprang up from the bench, and, followed by the noisy old Nero, ran out of the room, across the basement hall, and through the back-door, before Liddy had time to reply.

"Who was it, Liddy?" asked Dorry, still looking toward the empty window, while Nero came

sauntering back as though the matter that had lured him forth had not been worth the trouble of following up.

"Oh, no one, dearie," said Lydia, carelessly; "that is, no one in particular. It's just a man. Well, as I was going to say, your aunt Kate was n't only the light of the house, she was the heart of the house, too, the very heart. It was dreary enough after she went off to England, poor darling."

"Yes, yes," urged Dorry, earnestly, at the same time wondering at her brother's hasty departure. "Go on, Liddy, that's a dear. I can tell it all to Donald, you know."

"There is n't any more, Miss Dorry. That's the end of the first part of the story. You know the second well enough, poor child, and sad enough it is."

"Yes," said Dorry, in a low tone, "but tell me the rest of the beginning."

"Why, what *do* you mean, Miss Dorry? There's nothing else to tell,—that is, nothing that I got ear of. I suppose there were letters and so on; in fact, I *know* there were, for many a time I brought Mr. George's mail in to him. *That* day, I took the letters and papers to Mr. G. in the library,—poor, lonely gentleman he looked!—and then I went down to my kitchen fire (I was in the house-work then), and some minits after, when I'd been putting on coal and poking it up bright, it kind o' struck me that master's bell had been ringing. Up I scampered, but when I reached the library, he was gone out and no one was there but Nero (yes, *you*, old doggie!), lying before the fire, as if he owned the house. And that's the end of the first part, so far as I know."

"Yes," insisted Dorothy; "but I want to hear more about what happened before that. I know about our poor papa dying abroad, and about the wreck, and how our mamma and —"

She could not go on. Often she could speak of all this without crying; but the poor girl had been strained and excited all the afternoon, and now, added to the sorrow that surged through her heart at the sudden thought of the parents whom she could not even remember, came the certainty that again she was to be disappointed. It was evident, from Lydia's resolute, though kindly face, that she did not mean to tell any more of the first half.

The good woman smoothed Dorothy's soft hair gently, and spoke soothingly to her, begging her to be a good girl and not cry, and to remember what a bright, happy little miss she was, and what a beautiful home she had, and how young folk ought always to be laughing and skipping about, and —

"Liddy!" said Donald, suddenly appearing at the door. "Uncle wants you."

Lydia, flushing, set down the pan, and hurriedly smoothing her apron, walked briskly out of the room.

"He called me from the window—that's why I staid," explained Donald, "and he told me to order John to hitch the horses to the big carriage. We're to get ready for a drive. And then he asked me where you were, and when I told him, he said: 'Send Lydia here, at once.'"

"Was Uncle very angry, Donald?" asked Dorry, wiping her eyes.

"Oh, no. At first he seemed sorry, and I think he got up the drive just to give you pleasure, Dorry. He wanted to see me about something, and then he asked more about our visit to Liddy's room, and I told him she was only telling us a true story about him and papa, and — and that's when he sent me for Liddy, before I could get out another word. Don't cry any more, Dot,—please don't. Go put on your things, and we'll have a gay old drive with Uncle. I won't take the pony this time."

"Oh, do!" coaxed Dorry, faintly, for in her heart she meant, "Oh, don't!" It was good in Donald, she knew, to be willing to give up his pony-ride, and take a seat in the stately carriage instead of cantering alongside, and she disliked to rob him of the pleasure. But to-day her heart was lonely; Uncle had been "queer," and life looked so dark to her in consequence, that to have Donald on the same seat with her would be a great comfort.

"No," said Don. "Some day, soon, you and I'll take our ponies, and go off together for a good run; but, to-day, I'd rather go with you in the carriage, Dot,"—and that settled it.

She ran to put on her hat and bright warm woolen wrap, for it was early November, and beginning to be chilly. The carriage rolled to the door; Uncle George, grave but kind, met her, handed her in as though she were a little duchess, and then said:

"Now, Dorothy, who shall go with us, to-day? Cora Danby or Josie? You may call for any one you choose."

"Oh, may I, Uncle? Thank you! Then we'll go for Josie, please."

Her troubles were forgotten; Uncle smiled; Donald beside her, and Josephine Manning going with them; the afternoon bright and glowing. Things were not so bad, after all.

"Drive to Mr. Manning's, John," said Mr. Reed, as Jack, closing the carriage-door, climbed up to the box in a way that reminded one of a sailor starting to mount into a ship's rigging.

"Aye, aye, Cap'n," said Jack, and they were off.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DRIVE.

JOSIE MANNING was not at home, and so the party decided to drive on without company.

It was a beautiful autumnal day, and the modest little lake-side village, which, in deference to its shy ways, we shall call Nestletown, did its best to show its appreciation of the weather. Its windows lighted up brilliantly in the slanting sunlight, and its two spires, Baptist and Methodist, reaching up through the yellow foliage, piously rivaled each other in raising their shining points to the sky. The roads were remarkably fine at that time; yet it seemed that almost the only persons who, on this special afternoon, cared to drive out and enjoy them were our friends in the open carriage.

The fine old equipage rolled along at first without a sound beyond the whirl of its wheels and the regular quadruple beat of the horses' hoofs; and everything appeared to be very placid and quiet. But how many interests were represented, and how different they were!

First, the horses: While vaguely wishing Jack would loosen his hold, and that the hard iron something in their mouths would snap in two and relieve them, they were enjoying their own speed, taking in great draughts of fine air, keeping their eyes open and their ears ready for any startling thing that might leap from the rustling bushes along the drive, or from the shadows of the roadside trees, and longing in an elegant, well-fed way for the plentiful supper that awaited them at home. Next was the group of little belated insects that, tempted by the glittering sunlight, happened to go along, alighting now on the carriage, now on Jack, and now on the horses. Not being horse-flies, they were not even noticed by the span,—yet they had business of their own, whatever it could have been so late in the season, and were briskly attending to it. Next, there was Jack,—poor sailor Jack,—sitting upright, soberly dressed in snug-fitting clothes, and a high black stove-pipe hat, when at heart he longed to have on his tarpaulin and swagger about on his sea-legs again. His only consolation was to feel the carriage roll and pitch over the few uneven places along the road, to pull at his "tiller-ropes," as he called the reins, and "guide the craft as trim" as he could. For Jack, though honest coachman now (for reasons which you shall know before long) was a sailor at heart, and clung to his old ways as far as his present situation would allow. At this very moment he was wondering at his own weakness "in turning himself into a miserable land-lubber, all for love of the cap'n and the two little middies." Meantime, Donald was divided between a score of boy-

thoughts on one side, and his real manly interest in Dorothy, whose lot seemed to him decidedly less pleasant than his own. Dorry was quietly enjoying the change from keen grief to its absence, and a sense of security in being so near Uncle and Donald. And the uncle—what shall I say of him? Shall I describe only the stately form being borne with them through the yellow afternoon light, the iron-gray hair, the kindly face?—or shall I tell you of the lately happy, but now anxious, troubled man, who within a few days had been made to feel it possible that the dearest thing he had on earth might soon be his no longer.

"Oh, Uncle," said Dorry, suddenly, "I forgot to tell you something."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. George, in playful astonishment, a quick smile rising to his lips, and his eyes full of pleasant inquiry. "What did my little maid forget to tell me?"

"Why, about the man on the croquet-ground. I was practicing a roquet-shot, and before I knew it, he was close by me, a great tall, lanky man, calling me 'Sis' and —"

"The rascal!" exclaimed Uncle George, growing red and angry in a moment. "What business had you to —"

"I did n't, Uncle, I did n't. I'm too old to be called 'Sis,' and he acted just as if I ought to know him and be real pleasant. I would n't have a word to say to him, but just turned around and ran to look for Donald. Did n't I, Don?"

"Yes," said Donald, but before he said it he had scowled, and nodded to his uncle, slyly, as he thought, but his sister's eyes were keen.

"I declare it's too bad!" broke forth Dorry, impetuously. "Everybody gets mad at me for nothing, and makes signs and everything!" and with this incoherent speech Dorry began to pout—yes, actually to pout, the brave, good Dorry, who usually was sunny and glad, "the light of the house," as her aunt Kate had been before her! Donald stared at her in astonishment.

At this moment, one of the horses received a cut which he certainly did not deserve, but otherwise all was quiet on the coachman's box. No one looking up at that placid, well-dressed back would have dreamed of the South-Sea tempest raging under the well-padded and doubly buttoned coat.

"Dorothy," said her uncle, with a strange trembling in his voice, "try to control yourself. I do not blame you, my child. John, you may drive toward home."

Poor Dorry stifled her rising sobs as well as she could, and, sitting upright, drew as far from her uncle as the width of the seat would allow. But after a while, sending a sidelong glance in his direction, she edged slowly back again, and timidly

leaned her head upon his shoulder. In a moment his arm was about her, and she looked up saucily, with eyes sparkling through her tears.

"April weather to-day, is n't it, Don?" said Uncle. Don laughed. The uncle laughed, though not so cheerily as Don, and even Jack chuckled softly to himself to think that "all was well again abaft."

"Spoiled child!" said Uncle George, patting her gently. But his heart was full of a wild terror, and he reproached himself for many things, chief among which was that he had made it possible for the idolized little girl beside him to know a moment's sorrow.

"I must be more watchful after this," he said to himself, "and more even. I have acted like a brute to-day; what wonder the little maid is upset. But that rascal! I shall have to warn the children, though it's an ugly business. Donald," said he aloud, and with great dignity, "come into the library after supper, both of you."

"Yes, sir," said Donald, respectfully.

And as the dear home-road came in sight, the horses quickened their already brisk pace, the party leaned back luxuriously and gave themselves up to enjoyment of the clear air, the changing road-

side, and the glories of the western sky, now ablaze with the setting sun.

No one excepting Jack saw a tall, lank figure disappearing among the shrubbery as the carriage rumbled down the avenue that led to the house.

"Look to windward, Cap'n!" whispered Jack, mysteriously, to Mr. George, while Donald was gallantly assisting Dorothy from the carriage; "there's mischief in the air."

"What now, John?" asked Mr. George, rather patronizingly.

"A queer craft's just hove to, sir, in the ever-green bushes as we came in," mumbled Jack, almost under his breath, while pretending to screw the handle of his whip.

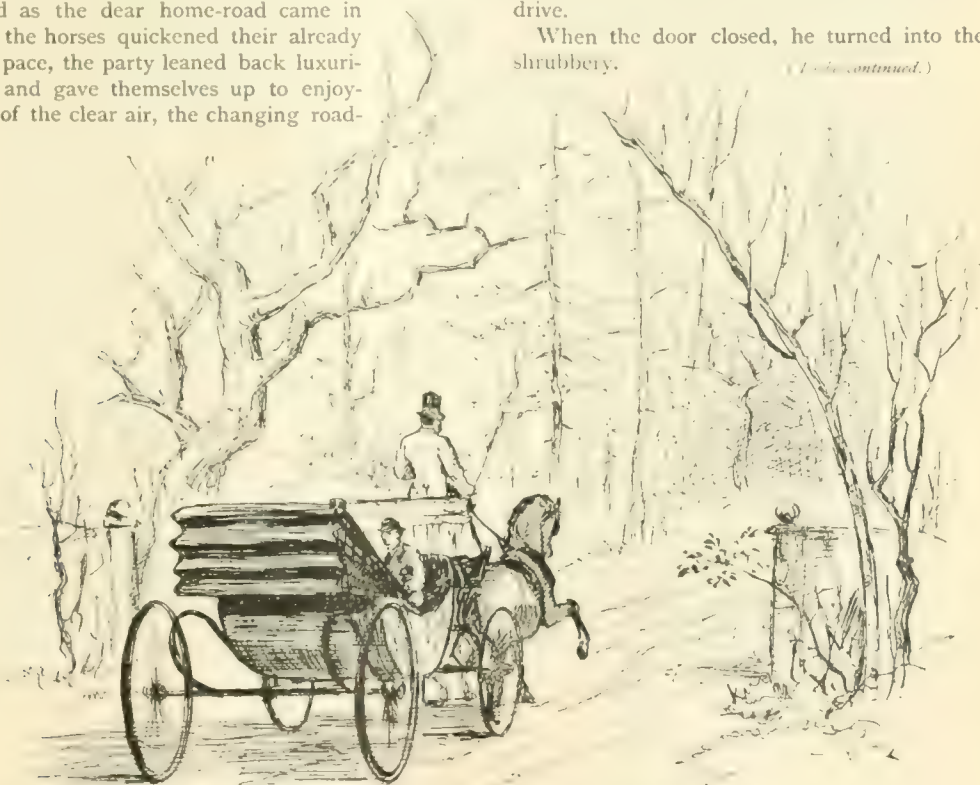
Mr. George scowled. "Is he there now?"

"Can't say, sir."

"Very well; probably it is some one waiting to see me." And Mr. George, with a pleasant but decisive, "run in, youngsters," as Liddy opened the wide hall-door, walked briskly down the carriage-drive.

When the door closed, he turned into the shrubbery.

(To be continued.)



THE BALLAD OF BABETTE.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

BABETTE, the peasant maiden,
The guileless, graceful child,
To gather nuts and berries,
Went to the copsewood wild.

And glancing in the fountain,
Beneath the shadows brown,
She saw her comely features
And russet-linsey gown.

"Fine birds come from fine feathers,"
The little maiden said—
"Had I a crown of rubies
To wear upon my head;

"If this poor gown were silken,
And I among the girls
Had maidens four to serve me,
And a necklace made of pearls;

"And I had silver slippers
Upon these little feet,
A prince would come to woo me,
And call me fair and sweet."

Then suddenly before her
A wounded dove was seen,
With drops of blood down falling
Upon the leaves of green.

It trembled when she touched it,
But had no power to fly;
And in her face looked upward
With scared and piteous eye.

She washed the red drops gently,
That started from the wound,
And the weary bird lay quiet,
As though content it found.

Then when her hand was opened,
It made a plaintive coo,
And rising slowly upward,
Far in the distance flew.

Then on the maiden wandered
Till, by a hazel there,
Escaped from cruel hunters,
She saw a panting hare.

Her words of loving kindness
It did not seem to hear,
Till from her quivering eyelids
Dropped on it many a tear.

When lo! it rose and trembled,
Its eyes grew full of light,
And through the briers and hazels
It bounded out of sight.

And throbbed the maiden's bosom
With pleasing, painful start,
And happy thrills of gladness
Made music in her heart.

When lo! on purple pinions,
A flock of doves there came;
The first one bore a ruby,
And each one had the same.

And still came flying, flying,
The doves on pinions fleet;
And rubies there on rubies
They laid before her feet.

And they made her a crown of rubies,
Of rubies bright and red,
And they made her a crown of rubies,
And placed it on her head.

And next of hares, a hundred
Came from the North and South,
And each in coming carried
A great pearl in his mouth.

And still came running, running,
More hares, with motion fleet,
And pearls, in countless number,
They laid before her feet.

And they made her a lovely necklace
Of pearls without a speck,
And they made her a lovely necklace
And placed it on her neck.

Was it the poor dove's life-blood
That now in rubies burned?
And from Babette's kind weeping
Had tears to pearls been turned?

And then the doves flew over,
And cooed with voices sweet,
And a pair of silvern slippers
She found upon her feet.

And then the hares ran round her,
And her skin grew white as milk,
And her gown of russet-linsey
Was changed to one of silk.



And lo! there came four maidens,
To wait on her, forsooth!
Simplicity, and Pity,
And Innocence, and Truth.

And the dove became a fairy,
And touched her with her wand;
And the hare became Prince Charming,
And he was young and fond.

And a train of lords and ladies,
The little maiden met;
And the Prince, he walked beside her,
The downcast-eyed Babette.

And never in the copsewood
Was the little maiden seen,
For she dwells all time in Elf-land,
As the good King Charming's queen.

of twelve would pick out for an uncle. If any one thinks that is not high praise, I should like to have him try his hand at commendation.

There are, indeed, quite a number of boys and girls to whom Uncle Hal is both a saint and a hero. At that Christmas party, in the home of his sister in the Western city to which he has been hurrying, these boys and girls are to be assembled. All the married brothers and sisters, with their families, will be there. But it is of no use now for him to try to join them. The feast will be ended, and the circle will be broken, before he can reach Cincinnati. So he strolls out of the station and up the street. No, he will not take a hack nor a horse-car; happy people may consent to be carried; those whose minds are troubled would better go afoot. He will walk off his disappointment.

He trudges along the narrow streets; the drays and the express wagons, laden with all sorts of boxes and parcels, are clattering to and fro; porters, large and small, are running with bundles, big and little; the shops are crowded with eager customers. Mr. Haliburton Todd is too good a man to be dismal long in the midst of a scene like this. "What hosts of people," he says to himself, "are thinking and working with all their might to-day to make other people happy to-morrow! And how happy they all are themselves, to-day! We always say that Christmas is the happiest day in the year; but is it? Is n't it the day before Christmas?"

So thinking, he pauses at the window of a small print-shop, when his attention is caught by the voices of two children, standing in the hall at the foot of the stairs leading to the stories above. On the sign beside the door-way he reads, "Jackman & Company, Manufacturers of Ladies' Underwear."

The children are a girl of twelve and a boy of ten, neatly but plainly dressed; a troubled look is on their bright faces.

"How much, Ruby?" asks the boy.

"Only seven dollars," answers the girl, choking back a sob. "There were four dozen of the night-dresses, you know, and the price was two dollars a dozen; but the man said that some of them were not well made, so he kept back a dollar."

"The man lied," says Ben, "and I'll go up and tell him so."

"Oh, no," answers Ruby; "that would n't do any good. He would n't mind you, and he might not give us any more work. But the work *was* well done, if we *did* help; for you run the machine beautifully, and Mamma says that my button-holes are every bit as good as hers. Just think of it! Only seven dollars for two weeks' hard work of all three of us!"

"We can't have the turkey," says Ben, sadly.

"Oh, no. I found a nice young one down at

the corner store that we could get for a dollar and a half, but we must lay by two dollars for the rent, you know; and there'll be coal to buy next week. I'm sure Mamma will think we can't afford it."

"Come on, then," says Ben, bestowing a farewell kick upon the iron sign of Jackman & Company.

Mr. Haliburton Todd has forgotten all about his own disappointment in listening to the more serious trouble of these two children. As they walk up the street, he follows them closely, trying to imagine the story of their lives. They stop now and then for a moment to look into the windows of the toy-stores, and to admire the sweet wonders of the confectioners, but they do not tarry long. Presently, the eyes of Mr. Todd are caught by a large theater-bill, announcing the Oratorio of the Messiah, at Music Hall, Tuesday evening, December 24, by the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Lang is to play the great organ. Theodore Thomas's orchestra is to assist, and the soloists are Miss Thursby and Miss Cary, and Mr. Whitney and Mr. Sims Reeves.

"Correct!" says Mr. Haliburton Todd, aloud. He knows now what he will do with the coming evening. It is long since his passion for music has been promised such a gratification.

While he pauses, he notes that Ruby and Ben are scanning with eager eyes the same bill-board. "Rather remarkable children," he says to himself, "to care for oratorio. If it were a minstrel show, I should n't wonder."

"Would n't I like to go?" says Ruby.

"Would n't I?" echoes Ben, with a low whistle.

"Don't you remember," says the girl, "the night Papa and Mamma took us to hear Nilsson? Miss Cary was there, you know, and she sang this:

"Birds of the night that softly call,
Winds in the night that strangely sigh."

It is a sweet and sympathetic voice that croons the first strain of Sullivan's lullaby.

"I remember it," says Ben. "Mamma used to sing it afterward, pretty near as well as she did. And don't you remember that French chap that played the violin? Blue Tom, they called him, or some such name."

"*Vieux temps*," laughs Ruby, who knows a little French.

"Yes, that's it. But could n't he make the old fiddle dance, though!" And the boy tilts his basket against his shoulder, and executes upon it an imaginary roulade with an imaginary bow. "We used to have good times at home, did n't we—when Papa played the violin and Mamma the piano?" Ben goes on.

"Don't!" pleads Ruby, turning, with a great sob, from the bright promise of the bill-board.

The two children walk on in silence for a few moments,—Mr. Haliburton Todd still close behind them. Ruby has resolutely dried her tears, but her thoughts are still with the great singers, and the voice of the wonderful Swede is ringing through her memory, for presently Mr. Todd hears her singing low :

"Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take me to your care!"

"Well, my child," he says, in a low tone, "I don't think that angels are apt to have gray hairs in their whiskers, nor to wear ulsters; but there's an old fellow about my size who would like to be an angel just now for your sake."

While he is talking thus to himself, the children turn into the hall of a tenement house. Mr. Haliburton Todd glances after them, and sees them enter a room on the first landing. He walks on a few steps slowly, hesitates, then quickly turns back. In a moment he is knocking at the door which had been opened for the children. The knock is answered by the boy.

"I beg your pardon, my little man," says Mr. Todd. "I am a stranger to you; but I should like to see your mother if she is not engaged."

"Come in, sir," says a voice within. It is the voice of a lady. Her face is pale and anxious, but her manner is quiet and self-possessed.

"It is a curious errand that brings me, madam," says Mr. Haliburton Todd; "but I trust you will pardon my boldness and grant my request. These children of yours chanced to be standing with me in front of the same placard, announcing the oratorio to-night; and I heard enough of what they said to know that they have a rare appreciation of good music. I have come in to see if you will let me take them to the Music Hall, this evening."

"Oh, Mamma!" cries Ben.

Ruby's eyes plead, but the mother's face is grave. "Your offer is extremely kind, sir," she says at length, slowly; "and the thing you propose would give my children great pleasure; but——"

"You do not know me," Mr. Todd supplies. "That is true; and of course a wise mother would not commit her children to the care of an entire stranger. Here's my card,—'Todd & Templeton, Mattawamkeag, Maine,'—but that proves nothing. However, I'm not going to give it up so. Let me see; I wonder if I know anybody that you know in this big city. Who is your minister?"

"We attend, at present, St. Matthew's Church, of which Mr. Brown is rector."

"What is his first name?" "John, I think."

"John Robinson Brown?"

"Yes; that is the name."

"Cor-rect!" ejaculates Mr. Todd, triumphantly,

with a distinct hyphen between the two syllables of his favorite interjection; "that fixes it. What luck this is! I know your minister perfectly. He has been up in our woods fishing every summer for five years, and we are the best of friends. Can you tell me his residence?"

"I know," cries Ben. "He lives next door to the church, on Chaucer street."

"All right. Let the boy run up to his house after dinner, and see whether Mr. Brown indorses me. I'll drop in on him this morning. If he says so, you'll let the children go with me to-night?"

"I know no reason," answers the mother, "why they may not go. You are very kind."

"Kind to myself, that's all. But I shall be obliged to ask your name, madam."

"Johnson."

"Thank you, Mrs. Johnson. I will call for the children at half-past seven. Good-morning!"

Mr. Haliburton Todd bows himself out with a beaming face, and leaves sunshine behind him. He pauses a moment on the landing. The door of the room adjoining the Johnsons' stands open, and he observes that the room is vacant. He steps in and finds a glazier setting a pane of glass. It is a pleasant room, with an open fire-place; the rear parlor-chamber of an old-fashioned house, and it has been newly papered and painted. It communicates with the sitting-room where the children and their mother live.

"Is this room rented?" he asks the glazier.

"Guess not."

"Where is the agent?"

"Number seven, Court street."

"Thank you!" Mr. Haliburton Todd glances around the room again, nods decisively, and hurries down the stairs.

What becomes of him for the next hour we will not inquire. A man is entitled to have a little time to himself, and it is not polite, even in stories, to be prying into all the doings of our neighbors.

The next glimpse we get of him, he is sitting in the study of the rector of St. Matthew's, explaining to that gentleman what he wishes to do for these two little parishioners of his.

"Just like you," cries the minister. "But who are the children?"

"Their name is Johnson, and they live in a tenement house on Denison street, number forty-five."

"Ah, yes. Their father was the master of a bark in the African trade, and he was lost on the west coast a year and a half ago. Nothing was ever known of his fate, excepting that a portion of the vessel bearing its name, 'Ruby,' was washed ashore, somewhere in Angola, I think. They had a home of their own, bought in flush times, and mortgaged for half its value, but in the shrinkage

everything was swept away. They have lived in this tenement now for nearly a year, supporting themselves by sewing. I suspect they are poor enough, but they are thoroughly independent; it is hard to get a chance to do anything for them. You seem to have outflanked them."

"Oh, no; I'm not much of a strategist; I moved on their works, and captured them. It's my selfishness; I want to hear Thursby and Cary with those children's ears to-night, that's all. And if you will kindly write a little note, assuring the mother that I will not eat her children, the boy will call for it. And now, good-morning. I shall see you next summer in the woods."

The rector presses his friend to tarry, but he pleads business, and hurries away.

Now he mysteriously disappears again. After a few hours we find him seated before the grate, in his cozy room at the Parker House; the telegram has gone to Cincinnati with the bad news that he is not coming; the oratorio tickets have been purchased; dinner has been eaten; there is time for rest, and he is writing a few letters to those nephews and nieces who know, by this time, to their great grief, that they will not see Uncle Hal to-morrow.

Meantime, the hours have passed cheerily at the little room of the Johnsons, on Denison street; for, though the kindness of their unknown friend could not heal the hurt caused by the hardness of their greedy employer, it has helped them to bear it. Ben has brought from the rector an enthusiastic note about Mr. Todd, and the children have waited in delighted anticipation of the evening. Promptly, at half-past seven, the step of their friend is on the stair, and his knock at the door.

"Come in, sir!" says Ben. It is a very different voice from that of the boy who was talking at Jackman & Company's entrance a few hours ago.

"This has been a day of great expectations here," says Ben's mother. "I do not know what could have been promised the children that would have pleased them more. Of music they have had a passionate love from infancy, and they have n't heard much lately."

"Well, they shall have to-night the best that Boston affords," says Mr. Todd. "Now, you must tell me your name, my boy. We want a good understanding before we start."

"Ben, sir, is what my mother calls me."

"Ben Johnson, eh? A first-class name, and a famous one. Correct!" laughs Mr. Todd. "And now, will the little lady tell me her name?"

"Ruby, sir, is all there is of it," answers the maiden.

"Well, Ruby," says Mr. Todd, "your name is like the boarder's coffee: it is good enough what

there is of it, and there's enough of it, such as it is. Now, you want to know what to call me. My name's Uncle Hal. That's what a lot of boys and girls out West would have been calling me to-morrow if I had n't missed the train; and if you'll just let me play, to-night, that I'm your uncle, I shall have a great deal better time."

So they go off merrily.

Music Hall is packed from floor to topmost gallery. On either side of the great organ rise the ranks of the chorus, eight hundred singers; the orchestra is massed in front; the soloists are just entering, to take their places at the left of the conductor.

"There's Miss Cary!" cries Ruby, eagerly.

Mr. Todd points out to the children the other singers whom they do not know, and, while he is speaking, the click of Mr. Zerrahn's baton is heard, the musicians of the orchestra lift their instruments, and the glorious strains of the overture burst upon the ears of the wondering children.

But no wise historian will try to tell about this evening's music, nor how Ruby and Ben enjoy it. More than once, in the rush of the great choruses, Ben finds himself catching his breath, and there is a rosy spot all the while on Ruby's cheek and a dazzling brightness in her eye. Mr. Todd watches them, momentarily; he listens, as he said, with their ears as well as his own, and finds his own pleasure trebled by their keen enjoyment.

"Oh, Mamma," says Ben, as she tucks him into bed, "it seemed, some of the time, as if I was so full that I could n't hold another bit. When Miss Thursby sang that song—you remember, Ruby. What was it?"

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," answers Ruby.

"Yes; that's the one;—when she sang that, I thought my heart would stop beating."

"But what I liked best," says Ruby, true to her old love, "was one Miss Cary sang about the Saviour, 'He was despised.'"

"It was all very beautiful, I know, my darlings," answers the mother; "but you must forget it now, as soon as you can, for it is late."

The next morning, Ruby is wakened by the stirring of her mother. "Oh, Mamma," she says, softly, putting her arms about her mother's neck, "I had a beautiful dream last night, and I must tell it to you before you get up. I dreamed that Miss Thursby was standing on a high rock on the seashore, singing that song, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'; and when she came to that part, 'In the latter day he shall stand upon the earth,' I thought that dear Papa rose right up out of the sea, and walked on the water to the shore; and that Mr. Todd took him by the hand and led him

up to us; and just as he flew toward us, and caught you in his arms, I woke up."

The desolate mother kisses the daughter with tears, but can not answer. Beside that dream the dark and stern reality is hard to look upon. Yet, somehow, the child's heart clings to the comfort of the dream.

Presently her eyes are caught by an unwonted display of colors on a chair beside the bed. "Oh, what are these?" she cries, leaping to her feet.

"They are yours, my daughter."

"Look here, Ben! Where did they come from, Mamma? M-m-y! Oh, look! look! And here are yours, Ben!"

By this time the drowsy boy is wide awake, and he pounces with a shout upon the treasures heaped on his own chair, and gathers them into his bed. A book and a nice silk handkerchief for each of the children; an elegant morocco work-box stocked with all sorts of useful things for Ruby, and a complete little tool-chest for Ben; the Christmas ST. NICHOLAS for both, with a receipt for a year's subscription, and a nice box of sweetmeats to divide between them,—these are the beautiful and mysterious gifts.

"Who brought them, Mamma?" they cry, with one voice.

"Your friend, Mr. Todd. He had two packages concealed under his coat, when he came for you last night; and when he rose to go I found them on the floor beside his chair, one marked, 'For the Girl,' and the other, 'For the Boy!'"

"What makes him do such things?" asks Ben, solemnly.

"'Good-will,' I think," answers his mother. "He seems to be one of those men of good-will of whom the angels sang."

"Anyhow, I'd like to hug him," says the impetuous Ben. "Did he say he would come and see us again?"

"Perhaps he will, in the course of the day. He said that he should not return to Maine until the evening train."

Suddenly Ruby drops her treasures and flings her arms again about her mother's neck. "You blessed Mamma!" she cries, tenderly, "you've got nothing at all. Why did n't some of the good-willers think of you?"

"Perhaps they will, before night," answers the mother, speaking cheerfully, and smiling faintly. "But whether they do or not, it makes the day a great deal happier to me that my children have found so good a friend."

It is a merry morning with Ruby and Ben. The inspection of their boxes, and the examination of their books, make the time pass quickly.

"Somebody's moving into the next room," says

Ben, coming in from an errand. "I saw a man carrying in a table and some chairs. Queer time to move, I should think."

"They are going to keep Christmas, at any rate," said Ruby; "for I saw them, a little while ago, bringing up a great pile of greens."

"P'raps they've hired the reindeer-team to move their goods," says Ben.

"Then," answers his mother, "they ought to have come down the chimney instead of up the stairs."

So they have their little jokes about their new neighbors; but the children have moved once themselves, and they are too polite to make use of the opportunity afforded by moving-day to take an inventory of a neighbor's goods.

They are to have a late dinner. The turkey, hankered after by Ben, is not for them to-day; but a nice chicken is roasting in the oven, and a few oranges and nuts will give them an unwonted dessert. While they wait for dinner, the children beseech their mother to read to them the Christmas story in ST. NICHOLAS. "It means so much more when you read," says Ben, "than it does when I read."

So they gather by the window; the mother in the arm-chair, on one arm of which Ben roosts, with his cheek against his mother's—Ruby sitting opposite. It is a pretty group, and the face of many a passer-by lights up with pleasure as his eye chances to fall upon it.

It is now a little past one o'clock, and Mr. Haliburton Todd, sauntering forth from his comfortable quarters at Parker's, makes his way along Tremont street, in the direction of Court. He is going nowhere in particular, but he thinks that a little walk will sharpen his appetite for dinner. When he approaches Scollay's Square, his eye lights on a man standing uncertainly upon a corner, and looking wistfully up and down the streets. The face has a familiar look, and as he draws a little nearer, Mr. Todd makes a sudden rush for the puzzled wayfarer.

"Hello, Brad!" he shouts, grasping the man by the shoulders.

"Hello!" the other answers, coolly, drawing back a little; then, rushing forward: "Bless my eyes! Is this Hal Todd?"

"Nobody else, old fellow! But how on earth did I ever know you? Come to look you over, you're not yourself at all. Fifteen years, is n't it, since we met?"

"All of that," says the stranger.

"Let's see: you've been in the sea-faring line, have n't you?" says Mr. Todd.

"Yes, I have, bad luck to me!" answers his friend, with a sigh.

"Oh, well," says the hearty lumberman, "the folks on shore have n't all been fortunate. Where's your home, now?"

"Just what I'm trying to find out."

"What do you mean?"

"My dear fellow," says the stranger, with quivering voice, "my ship was wrecked a year and a half ago on the west coast of Africa; I reached the shore, only to fall sick of a fever, through which my cabin-boy nursed me; for a long time I was too weak to move; finally, by slow stages, we made our way to Benguela; there we waited months for a vessel, and, to make a long story short, I reached Boston this morning. I went to the house that was mine two years ago, and found it

not greatly pained by it. His friend wonders whether Hal Todd has lost some of the old manly tenderness of the academy days.

"Well, Brad Johnson," he cries, drawing a long breath, after the short recital is ended, "this is a strange story. But, as you say, this family of yours can be found, and shall be. Come with me. There is a police-station down this way."

The two men walk on, arm-in-arm, in the direction of Denison street.

"How much is there of this missing family?" asks Mr. Todd.

"There's a wife and two children,—I hope," answers the other. "The best woman in the world, Hal, and two of the brightest children. Sing like larks, both of 'em. Bless their hearts!" says the sailor, brushing away a tear; "I thought I should have 'em in my lap this Christmas day, and it's tough to be hunting for 'em in this blind fashion."

"It *is* tough," says the lumberman, choking a little. He has stopped on the sidewalk, on Denison street, just opposite Number 45. He lays his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Look here, Brad Johnson," he says, "we are going to find that wife and those children pretty soon, I suspect. And you've got to keep cool. D'ye hear?"

"What do you mean?" gasps the sailor.

The eye of Mr. Haliburton Todd is quietly lifted to the window of the second story opposite. His friend's eye follows, and falls on the picture we saw there a little while ago,—the mother intent upon the book, the children intent upon the mother's face.

There is no outcry, but the father lifts his hands, as if to heaven, staggers a little, and then plunges across the street. Mr. Todd is after him, and seizes him by the collar just as he reaches the foot of the stairs.

"Hold on, man!" he says, decisively.

"You must n't rush in on that woman in this way. You'd kill her. She's none too strong. Wait here a few moments, and I'll break it to her."

"You're right," answers the father, pressing his hands against his temples, and steadying himself by the wall. "But you won't keep me waiting long, will you?"

Mr. Haliburton Todd knocks at the door, and is let in by Ben.

"Oh, Mr. Todd, how good you are! Thank you a hundred thousand times!" cry both the children at once.

"Well, I'm glad if you've enjoyed my little gifts," he answers. "But I've been thinking that



THE ANGEL SHOWS THE SAILOR A PRETTY LITTLE

occupied by another family,—sold under mortgage, they said. They could not tell me where I should find my wife and children. I went to the neighbors who knew them; some of them had moved away, others were out of town on their Christmas vacation. Of course, I shall find them after a little; but just where to look at this moment I don't know."

Mr. Todd has listened to this story with a changing expression of countenance. When his friend first mentioned the shipwreck, a sudden light of intelligence sprang into his eye, and his lips opened, but he quickly shut them again. He is greatly interested in what he hears, but he is

your good mother ought to have a little of the cheer of this Christmas as well as you."

"Just what we said," answers Ben.

Mrs. Johnson colors a little, but before she can speak, Mr. Todd goes on. "Pardon me, madam, but what your minister told me yesterday of your

just now, in the street, an old friend of mine—and of yours—who knows a good deal about it. And I want to assure you, before he comes in, that—that the story as it reached you—was—was considerably exaggerated, that is all. Excuse me, and I will send in my friend."



"'FATHER REMARKABLE CHILDREN,' MR. HALIBURTON TODD SAYS TO HIMSELF, 'TO CARE FOR ORATORIO.'"

affairs has led me to take a deep interest in them. How long is it since your husband left home?"

"More than two years," answers the lady.

"You have had no direct intelligence from him since he went away?"

"None at all, save the painful news of the loss of his vessel, with all on board."

"Have you ever learned the full particulars of the shipwreck?"

"No; how could I?" Mrs. Johnson turns suddenly pale.

"Be calm, I beseech you, my dear lady. I did not suppose that you could have heard. But I met

Mr. Todd quickly withdraws. The color comes and goes upon the mother's face. "Merciful Father!" she cries, "what does it all mean?"

She rises from the chair; the door that Mr. Todd has left ajar gently opens, and quickly closes. We will not open it again just now. That place is too sacred for prying eyes. It is a great cry of joy that fills the ears and the eyes of Mr. Haliburton Todd, as he goes softly down the stairs, and walks away to his hotel.

An hour later, when the shock of the joy is over a little, and the explanations have been made, and father and mother and children are sitting for a

few moments silent in a great peace, the nature of the human boy begins to assert itself.

"Is n't it," ventures Ben, timidly, as if the words were a profanation, "is n't it about time for dinner?"

"Indeed it is, my boy," answers his mother; "and I'm afraid our dinner is spoiled. Open the oven door, Ruby."

Ruby obeys, and finds the poor, forgotten chicken done to a cinder. "Never mind," says the mother. "Our dinner will be a little late, but we'll find something with which to keep the feast."

Just then, there is a knock at the door opening into the new neighbor's apartment.

"What can they want?" says Mrs. Johnson. "Perhaps, my dear, you had better answer the knock. They are new-comers to-day."

Mr. Johnson pushes back the bolt and opens the door. The room is hung with a profusion of Christmas greens. A bright fire blazes on the

"Your dinnah, sah. De folks's dinnah 'n dis yer front room. It was ordered fo' dem."

"Where was it ordered?"

"Copeland's, sah."

"Who ordered it?"

"Gen'l'm'n with gray ulcerated coat on, sah; I seen him kim up t' yer room 'bout 'n hour ago. I was to git it all ready 'n' call you jes' half-past two."

"Another of Todd's surprises," exclaims Mr. Johnson. "Well, my dears, the dinner is here; and we should be very ungrateful not to partake of it with thanksgiving."

What a happy feast it is! How the laughter and the tears chase each other around the table! How swiftly the grief and misery and dread of the two desolate years that are gone, fly away into a far-off land!

By and by, when the cloth is removed, and they are seated around the open fire, Ruby says,



"IF YOU PLEASE, MR. DINNAH IS READY, SAH!"

hearth. A table in the middle of the room is loaded with smoking viands. A smiling colored waiter, with napkin on arm, bows politely when the door is opened.

"Ef you please, sah, dinnah is ready, sah!"

"Whose dinner?" demands Mr. Johnson.

musingly: "Papa, did you really and truly know Mr. Todd when you were a boy?"

"Certainly, my darling; why do you ask?"

"I can't quite think," says the girl, "that he is a real man. It seems to me as if he must be an angel."

While she speaks, the angel is knocking at the door. They all fly to him; the father hugs him; the mother kisses his hand; the children clasp his knees.

"Help! help!" shouts the hearty lumberman. "I did n't come here to be garroted."

Then, with much laughing and crying, they tell him Ruby's doubts concerning him.

"Well," he says, merrily, "I may be an angel, but, if so, I'm not aware of it. Angels are not generally addicted to the lumber business. And you need n't make any speeches to me, for I have

n't time to hear 'em. Fact is, this has been the very reddest of all my red-letter days; the merriest of my Christmases; and you people have been the innocent occasion of it all. And I'm not done with you yet. I'll have you all up to my lumber-camp next summer; there's a nice cabin there, for you. Pine woods'll do you lots of good, madam. Great fishing there, Ben! You'll all come, wont you? It's almost train-time. Good-bye!"

And before they have time to protest or to promise, Mr. Haliburton Todd is down the stairs, rushing away to the station of the Eastern Railroad.



THERE was a worthy school-master who wrote to the trustees
A full report, three times a year, in words quite like to these:
"The scholars are so orderly, so studious and kind,
'T is evident I have a gift to train the youthful mind."



STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.*

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL SANZIO, or Santi, was born at Urbino, on Good Friday, 1483. His father was a good painter, and the son showed his talent for art when very young. Raphael's mother died when he was eight years old, and his step-mother, Bernardina, was devoted to him, and loved him tenderly. As his father died three years after his mother, he was left to the care of an uncle and of Bernardina. His father was doubtless his first instructor, for he was occupied in painting a chapel at Cagli before his death, and he took the young Raphael with him to that place. But we usually say that Perugino was his first master, because, when twelve years old, he was placed in the school of that painter at Perugia. Here he remained nearly eight years, and here, just before leaving, he painted one of his very celebrated pictures, which is now in the gallery of the Brera at Milan. It represents the marriage of the Virgin Mary, and is called "Lo Sposalizio."

The legend of the life of the Virgin relates that, when she was fourteen years old, the high-priest told her that it was proper for her to be married, and that he had had a vision concerning her.

Then the high-priest followed the directions which had been given him in the vision, and called together all the widowers among the people, and directed that each one should bring his rod or wand in his hand, as a sign would be given by which they should know whom the Lord had selected to be the husband of Mary.

Now when Joseph came with the rest before the high-priest, a dove flew out from his rod and rested a moment on his head, and then flew off toward heaven. And so it was known that he was to be the husband of Mary. Still another account says that all the suitors left their rods in the temple over night, and in the morning that of Joseph had blossomed.

In the picture painted by Raphael, with this story as its subject, there is a large temple in the background, to which many steps lead up. At the foot of the long flight of steps the high-priest is joining the hands of Joseph and Mary, while groups of men and women stand on each side. Joseph holds his blossoming rod in his hand, while some of the disappointed suitors are breaking their rods in pieces.

This picture of "Lo Sposalizio" is a very interesting and important one, because it shows the

highest point of his earliest manner of painting. In the same year in which he painted this picture, 1504, Raphael made his first visit to Florence, and though he did not remain very long, he saw a new world of art spread out before him. He beheld the works of Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo, and we can well understand that after his return to Perugia he tried to equal what he had seen. He soon returned to Florence, and remained there until 1508. Some of the most famous and lovely pictures of this artist were painted during these three years, before he was twenty-five years old; one is called the "Virgin of the Goldfinch," because the little St. John is presenting a goldfinch to the infant Jesus. Another is called "La Belle Jardinière," on account of the garden in which the Virgin sits with the child standing at her knee. In all, he painted about thirty pictures during his stay at Florence, and he made himself so famous that the Pope, Julius II., who was a great patron of the fine arts, sent for him to come to Rome.

When Raphael presented himself to the Pope, he was assigned several rooms in the palace of the Vatican, which he was to decorate in fresco. These pictures can scarcely be described here, but they were, taken altogether, his greatest work, and they are visited by thousands of people every year. They are frequently called "Le Stanze" [meaning "the rooms" or "apartments"] of Raphael.

At this time he also painted several beautiful easel pictures: his own portrait which is in the Gallery of Painters at Florence, and the lovely "Madonna di Foligno," in the Vatican gallery, which is so called because it was at one time in a convent at Foligno. While the painter was at work upon "Le Stanze," Julius II. died, but Leo X., who followed him, was also a patron of Raphael. The artist was very popular and became very rich; he built himself a house not far from St. Peter's, in the quarter of the city called the Borgo. He had many pupils, and they so loved him that they rendered him personal service, and he was often seen in the streets with numbers of his scholars, just as noblemen were accompanied by their squires and pages. His pupils also assisted in the immense frescoes which he did, not only at the Vatican, but also for the rich banker Chigi, in the palace now called the Villa Farnesina.

One of the great works Raphael did for Pope Leo X. was the making of the Cartoons which are so

often spoken of, and which are now at Hampton Court, in England. These were designed to be executed in tapestry for the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, where Michael Angelo painted the "Last Judgment." The Pope, Leo X., ordered these tapestries to be woven in the looms of Flanders, in rich colors, with wool, silk, and threads of gold. They were completed at Arras and sent to Rome in 1519, and were first exhibited on St. Stephen's Day, December 26th, when all the people of the great city flocked to see them. These works have an interesting history. In 1527, when Rome was sacked by the fierce Constable de Bourbon, the tapestries were removed by the French soldiers; they were restored in 1553, but one piece was missing, and was supposed to have been burned in order to obtain the gold thread that was in it. In the year 1798 the French once more carried off these precious spoils, and sold them to a Jew in Leghorn. It is known that this Jew burned one of the pieces, but he found he gained so little gold from it that he kept the others whole. Pius VII. afterward bought them, and once more placed them in the Vatican. This history adds an interest to the tapestries, but the Cartoons are far more valuable and interesting, because they were the actual work of Raphael. After the weaving was finished at Arras, they were tossed aside as worthless; some were torn; but, a hundred years later, the painter Rubens learned that a part of them were in existence, and he advised King Charles I. of England to buy them. This he did, and then the Cartoons went through almost as many adventures as the tapestries had met. When they reached England they were in strips, having been so cut for the convenience of the workmen. After Charles I. was executed, Cromwell bought the Cartoons for £300. When Charles II. was king he was about to sell them to Louis XIV., for the English king needed money badly, and the French king was anxious to add these treasures to the others which he possessed; but Lord Danby persuaded Charles II. to keep them. They were at Whitehall, and were barely saved from the fire in 1698; and soon after that, by command of William III., they were properly repaired, and they now hang in a room at Hampton Court, which was made expressly for them under the care of the architect Sir Christopher Wren. There were originally eleven; seven only remain.

Raphael's fame had so spread itself to other countries that it is said King Henry VIII. invited him to England. Henry VIII. was told that he could not hope to see the artist, who, however, courteously sent him a picture of St. George, a patron saint of England, and when Francis I., in his turn, tried to induce Raphael to visit France, the artist sent him a

large picture of St. Michael overpowering the Evil One. Francis I. then sent Raphael so great a sum of money that he was unwilling to keep it without some return, and sent to Francis the lovely "Holy Family," now in the gallery of the Louvre, in which the infant springs from his cradle into his mother's arms, while angels scatter flowers. At the same time the artist sent a picture of St. Margaret overcoming the Dragon, to the sister of Francis—Margaret, Queen of Navarre. After these pictures had been received, Francis I. sent Raphael a sum equal to fifteen thousand dollars, and many thanks besides.

About 1520 Raphael painted his famous "Sistine Madonna," so called because it was intended for the convent of St. Sixtus, at Piacenza. The Madonna, with the child in her arms, stands in the upper part of the picture, while St. Sixtus and St. Barbara kneel below. This is very beautiful and very wonderful, because no sketch or drawing of it has ever been found, and it is believed that this great painter put it at once upon the canvas, being almost inspired to the work. In the year 1753, Augustus III., the Elector of Saxony, bought it of the monks of Piacenza, and paid nearly thirty thousand dollars for it. It is now the great attraction of the fine gallery at Dresden. It was originally intended for a procession standard, or *drappellone*, but the monks used it as an altar-piece. A copy of it is shown on page 120.

Another famous picture is called "Lo Spasimo," and represents Christ bearing his cross. In 1518 this was painted for the monks of Monte Oliveto, at Palermo. The ship in which it was sent was wrecked, and the case containing the picture floated into the port of Genoa, and the picture was unpacked and dried before it was injured. There was great joy in Genoa over this treasure, and the news of it spread over all Italy. When the monks of Palermo claimed it, the Genoese refused to give it up, and it was only the command of the Pope that secured its restoration to its owners. During the time of Napoleon I. it was carried to France, but it is now in the museum of Madrid.

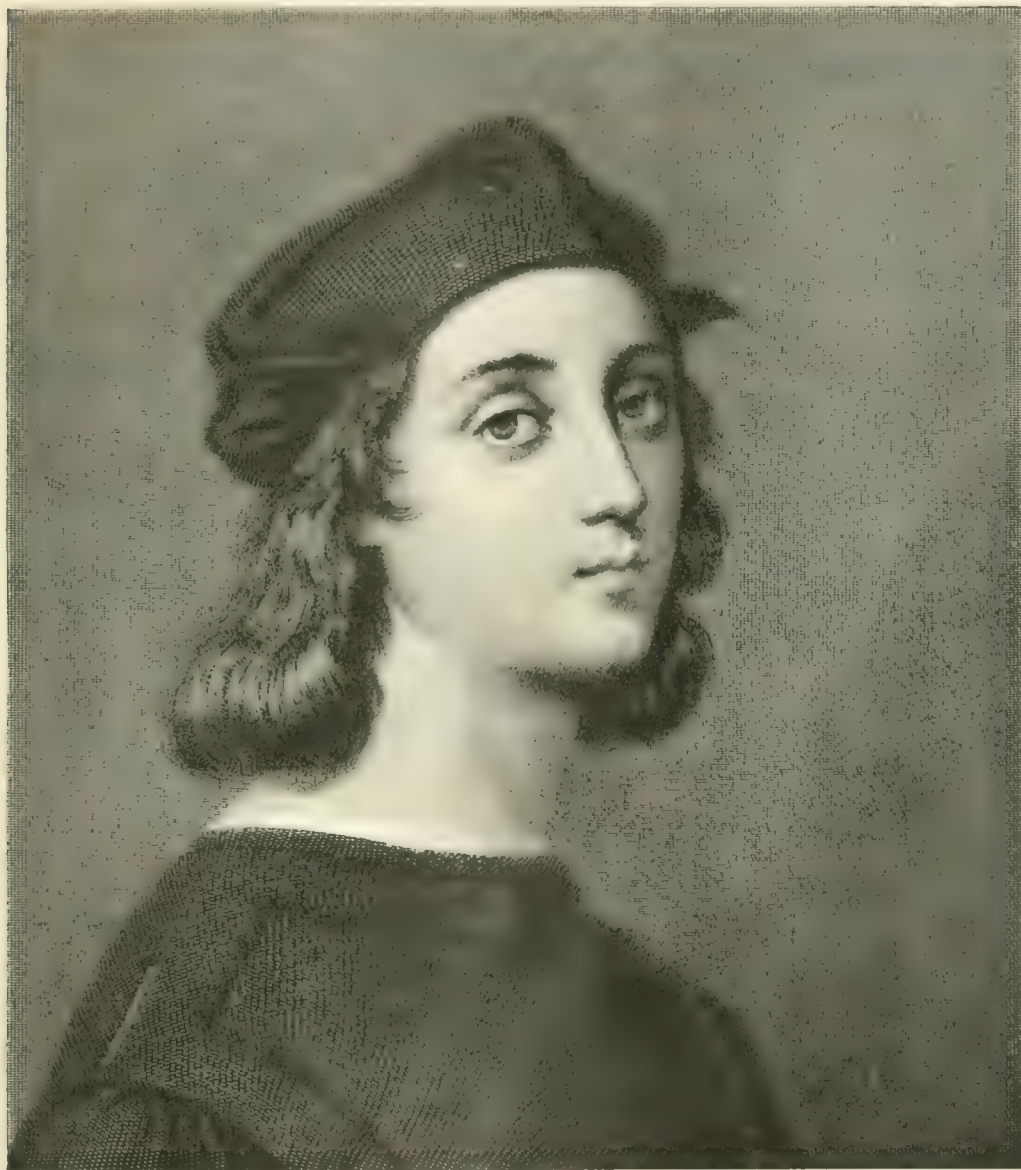
While Raphael was so productive as a painter, he found time to devote to other pursuits. The Pope had named him superintendent of the building of St. Peter's, and he made many architectural drawings for that church; he was also very much interested in digging up the works of art which were buried in the ruins of ancient Rome. There still exists a letter that he wrote to Leo X., in which he explained his plan for examining all the ruins of the city.

He also made some designs and models for works in sculpture, and there is a statue of Jonah

sitting on a whale, in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, in Rome, said to have been modeled by Raphael and executed in marble by Lorenzetto Lotti. An Elijah, seen in the same church, is said

generous in supplying the needs of those who were poorer than himself.

Raphael lived in splendor and loved the gay world, and at one time he expected to marry Maria



RAFAEL'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF. SPECIALLY REPRODUCED FOR ST. NICHOLAS

to have been made by Lotti from a drawing by Raphael. He also interested himself in what was happening in the world; he corresponded with many learned men in different countries; he sent artists to make drawings of such things as he wished to see and had not time to visit, and was

di Bibbiena, a niece of the Cardinal Bibbiena, but she died before the time for the marriage came.

Among the most lovely Madonnas of this artist is that called "Della Sedia" [of the chair], and there is a very pretty legend about it which says that hundreds of years ago there was a hermit named

Father Bernardo, dwelling among the Italian hills; and he was much loved by the peasants, who went to him for advice and instruction. He often said that in his solitude he was not lonely, for he had two daughters: one of them could talk to him,

old oak-tree that grew near his hut and sheltered it from storm, and hung its branches over him so lovingly that the old man grew to feel it was like a dear friend to him. There were many birds in its branches to whom he gave food, and they, in



LA MADONNA DELLA SEDIA (THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR).—PAINTED BY RAPHAEL. SPECIALLY REPRODUCED FOR ST. NICHOLAS.

but the other was dumb. He meant to speak of the daughter of a vine-dresser who was named Mary, and always tried to do all in her power for the comfort of the old man—she was the daughter who spoke. By his dumb daughter he meant a grand

return, gave him sweet songs. Many times the woodmen had wished to cut this strong tree down, but Father Bernardo prayed for its life, and it was spared to him.

At last there came a terrible winter—the storms

were so severe that few trees and huts remained, and the freshets that rushed down the hills swept off all that the tempests had left. At last, after a dreadful storm, Mary and her father went, with fear, to see if the hermit was still alive, for they thought he must have perished. But when they came to him they found that his dumb daughter had saved his life. On the coming of the freshet, he had gone up to the roof of his hut, but he soon saw that he was not safe there; then, as he cast his eyes to heaven, the branches of the oak seemed to bend toward him, and beckon him to come up to them; so he took a few crusts of bread and climbed up into the tree, where he staid three days. Below, everything was swept away, but the oak stood firm; and, at last, when the sun came out and the storm was ended, his other daughter came to take him to her own home and make him warm and give him food, for this dreadful time of hunger and storm had almost worn him out.

Then the good Father Bernardo called on heaven to bless his two good daughters who had saved his life, and prayed that in some way they might be distinguished together. Years passed, and the old hermit died. Mary married, and became the mother of two little boys; the old oak-tree had been cut down and made into wine-casks. One day, as Mary sat in the arbor, and her children were with her,—she held the youngest to her breast, and the older one ran around in merry play,—she called to mind the old hermit, and all the blessings that he had asked for her, and she wondered if his prayers would not be answered in these children. Just then the little boy ran to his mother with a stick to which he had fastened a cross, and at that moment a young man came near. He had large, dreamy eyes, and a restless, weary look. And weary he was, for the thought of a lovely picture was in his mind, but not clear enough in form to enable him to paint it. It was Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino, and when his glance fell upon the lovely, living picture of Mary and her children, he saw, in flesh and blood before him, just the lovely dream that had floated in his thoughts. But he had only a pencil! On what could he draw? Just then his eye fell on the smooth cover of the wine-cask standing near by. He quickly sketched upon this the outlines of Mary and her boys, and when he went away he took the oaken cover with him. And, thereafter, he did not rest until, with his whole soul in his work, he had painted that wonderful picture which we know as "*La Madonna della Sedia*."

Thus, at length, was the prayer of Father Bernardo answered, and his two daughters were made famous together.

At last the time came in Rome when there was much division of opinion as to the merits of the

two great masters, Michael Angelo and Raphael; the followers of the latter were the more numerous, but those of the former were very strong in their feelings. Finally, the Cardinal Giulio dei Medici, who was afterward Pope Clement VII., gave orders to Raphael and to Sebastian del Piombo to paint two large pictures for a cathedral which he was decorating at Narbonne.

It was well known that Michael Angelo would not enter into an open rivalry with Raphael, but he was credited with making the drawing for the "*Raising of Lazarus*," which was the subject to be painted by Sebastian.

Raphael's picture was the "*Transfiguration of Christ*"—but alas! before it was finished, he was attacked with a fever, and died after fourteen days. He died on Good Friday, 1520, his thirty-seventh birthday. All Rome was filled with grief; his body was laid in state upon a catafalque, and the picture of the Transfiguration stood near it. Those who had known him went to gaze on his face, to weep, and to give the last tokens of their love for him.

He was buried in the Pantheon, where he himself had chosen to be laid, near the grave of his betrothed bride, Maria di Bibbiena. An immense concourse, dressed in mourning, followed his body, and the ceremonials of his funeral were magnificent. A Latin inscription was written by Pietro Bembo, and placed above his tomb. The last sentence is: "This is that Raphael by whom Nature feared to be conquered while he lived, and to die when he died." Raphael had also requested Lorenzetto Lotti to make a statue of the Virgin to be placed over his sepulcher.

His property was large; he gave all his works of art to his pupils, Giulio Romano and Francesco Penni; he gave his house to Cardinal Bibbiena; he ordered a house to be purchased with a thousand scudi, the rent of which should pay for twelve masses to be said monthly on the altar of his burial chapel; and this wish was observed until 1705, when the rent of the house was too small to pay for these services. The remainder of his riches was divided among his relatives.

There was for many years a skull in the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, which was called that of Raphael, although there was no good reason for this. At length, in 1833, three hundred and thirteen years after his death, some antiquarians began to dispute about this skull, and received permission from the Pope, Gregory XVI., to make a search for the bones of Raphael in the Pantheon.

After five days spent in carefully removing the pavement in several places, the skeleton of the great master was found, and with it such proofs as made it impossible to doubt that the bones were



THE SISTINE MADONNA.—PAINTED BY RAPHAEL. SPECIALLY REPRODUCED FOR ST. NICHOLAS.

really his. Finally, a grand funeral service was held. Gregory XVI. gave a marble sarcophagus, in which the bones were placed and interred reverently in their old resting-place. More than three thousand people attended the burial ceremony, among whom were the persons of the highest rank in Rome, and many artists of all nations, who moved about the church in a procession, bearing torches, while beautiful music was chanted by a concealed choir.

The number and amount of Raphael's works are marvelous when the shortness of his life is remem-

bered. He left behind him two hundred and eighty-seven pictures and five hundred and seventy-six drawings and studies.

It was not any one trait or talent which made Raphael so great, but it was a rare combination of faculties, and a personal charm which won all hearts, that entitled him to be called the greatest modern painter. His famous picture "St. Cecilia," with its sweet expression and exquisite coloring, its impressive union of earthly beauty with holy enthusiasm, is symbolic of the varied qualities of this wonderful man.

WHAT MAKES THE GRASSES GROW?

BY W. W. FINK.

I CLOSED my book, for Nature's book
Was opening that day,
And, with a weary brain, I took
My hat, and wandered toward the brook
That in the meadow lay,
And there, beside the tiny tide,
I found a child at play.

Prone on the sward, its little toes
Wrought dimples in the sand.
Its cheeks were fairer than the rose.
I heard it murmur, "Mam-ma knows,
But I not unnerstand."
While all unharmed a dainty blade
Of grass was in its hand.

"What wouldst thou know, my little one?"
Said I, with bearing wise;
For I, who thought to weigh the sun,
And trace the course where planets run,
And grasp their mysteries,
Unto a baby's questionings
Could surely make replies.

"What wouldst thou know?" again I said,
And, gently bowing low,
I stroked its half-uplifted head.
With chubby hand it grasped the blade
And answered: "'Oo will know,
For 'oo has whixers on 'oor face.—
What makes the grasses grow?"

"Last fall," I said, "a grass-seed fell
To the earth and went to sleep.
All winter it slept in its cozy cell
Till Spring came tapping upon its shell;

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Then it stirred, and tried to peep,
With its little green eye, right up to the sky,
And then it gave a leap:

"For the sun was warm and the earth was fair,
It felt the breezes blow.
It turned its cheek to the soft, sweet air,
And a current of life, so rich and rare,
Came up from its roots below,
It grew and kept growing, and that, my child,
Is the reason the grasses grow."

"'Oo talks des like as if 'oo s'pose
I's a baby and I don't know
'Bout nuffin'! But babies and ev'vy one knows
That grasses don't think, for they only grows.
My Mam-ma has told me so.
What makes 'em start an' get bigger an' bigger?
What is it that *makes* 'em grow?"

How could I answer in words so plain
That a baby could understand?
Ah, how could I answer my heart! 'T were vain
To talk of the union of sun and rain
In the rich and fruitful land;
For over them all was the mystery
Of will and a guiding hand.

What could I gather from learning more
Than was written so long ago?
I heard the billows of Science roar
On the rocks of truth from the mystic shore,
And, humbly bowing low,
I answered alike the man and child:
"God makes the grasses grow."

Five little Mice

This little mousie
Peeped within ;
This little mousie
Walked right in !

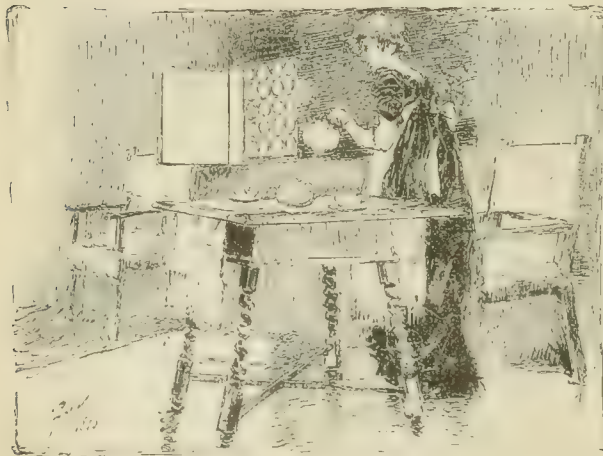


This little mousie

Came to play,

This little

Ran away !



This little mouse-
Cried Oh, dear me !
Dinner is done ,
And time for tea !



THE POOR COUNT'S CHRISTMAS.

(A Fairy Tale.)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

VERY many years ago there lived a noble Count, who was one of the kindest and best-hearted men in the world. Every day in the year, he gave to the poor and helped the friendless, but it was at the merry Christmas-time that his goodness shone brightest. He had even vowed a vow, that, as far as he was able to make them so, every child he knew should be happy on Christmas-day.

Early every Christmas morning, each boy and girl in the neighborhood, who was old enough, and not too old, came to the castle of the Count Cormo, and there the Count and the Countess welcomed them all, rich or poor, and through the whole day there were games, and festive merry-making, and good things to eat, and fun of every kind, and besides all this, there was a grand Christmas-tree,

with a present on it for each of the eager, happy youngsters who stood around it.

But although the good Count had a castle and rich lands, he gave away so much money that he became poorer and poorer, so that at last he and his wife often found it hard to get the clothes and food they absolutely needed.

But this made no difference with the Christmas festivities. The Count was not now able to be very generous during the year, although he was always willing to divide a meal with a hungry person; but he managed so that the children could have their festival and their presents at Christmas. Year by year he had sold for this purpose some of the beautiful things which the castle contained, so that now there was scarcely enough furniture left for the actual use of himself and the Countess.

One night, about a week before Christmas, the Count and his wife sat in the great hall before a fire smaller and poorer than those which burned on the hearth of most of the cottagers in the surrounding country, for the cottagers could go into the woods and pick up sticks and twigs, whereas the Count had sold all his forests, so that he could not cut wood, and he had only one old man for outdoor work, and he had already picked up all the fallen branches within a wide circuit of the castle.

"Well, one thing is certain," said the Countess Cormo, as she drew her chair nearer to the little pile of burning sticks, "and that is, that we can not have the children here at Christmas this year."

"Why not?" asked the Count.

"Because we have nothing to give them," replied his wife. "We have nothing for them to eat; nothing to put on the tree, and no money to buy anything. What would be the good of their coming when we have nothing at all for them?"

"But we must have something," said the Count. "Think of all the years that we have had these Christmas gatherings, and then think how hard it would be, both for us and the little ones, to give them up now we are growing old; and we may not be with the children another year. There are yet several days before Christmas; I can sell something to-morrow, and we can have the tree and everything prepared in time. There will not be so much to eat as usual, and the presents will be smaller, but it will be our good old Christmas in spite of that."

"I should like very much to know what you are going to sell," asked the Countess. "I thought we had already parted with everything that we could possibly spare."

"Not quite," said the Count. "There is our old family bedstead. It is very large; it is made of the most valuable woods, and it is inlaid with gold and silver. It will surely bring a good price."

"Sell the family bedstead!" cried the Countess.

"The bedstead on which your ancestors, for generations, have slept and died! How could you even think of such a thing! And what are we going to sleep on, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, we can get along very well," said the Count. "There is a small bedstead which you can have, and I will sleep upon the floor. I would much rather do that than have the children disappointed at Christmas-time."

"On the floor! at your age!" exclaimed the Countess. "It will be the death of you! But if you have made up your mind, I suppose there is no use in my saying anything more about it."



"Not the least in the world," replied her husband, with a smile; and so she said no more.

It was on the morning of the next day that there came through the forest, not very far from

the Count Cormo's castle, a tall young giant. As he strode along, he appeared to be talking to the forefinger of his right hand, which he held up

The fairy saw that her companion had not exactly understood her remark, but she said no more about it. She merely added, "It seems strange to hear you say that you once were little."

"Oh, yes, I was," said the giant. "At one time, I was no taller than a horse."

"Astonishing!" said the fairy, making believe to be very much surprised. "Now, when I was a baby, I was about the size of a pea."

This made the giant laugh, but he said he supposed it must have been so, considering the present size, and then he said: "Talking of peas reminds me that I am hungry. We must stop somewhere, and ask for something to eat."

"That will suit me very well, but don't let us go to the same place," said the fairy. "I expect you are dreadfully hungry."

"All right," replied the other. "There is a great house over in the valley, not more than fifteen miles away. I'll just step over there, and you can go to Count Cormo's castle. I'll take you to the edge of the woods. When

you've had your dinner, come back to this big oak, and I will meet you; I've heard the Count is getting very poor, but he'll have enough for you."

So the giant put the fairy down on the ground, and she skipped along to the castle, while he stepped over to the house in the valley.

In an hour or two they met again at the great oak, and the giant taking up his little friend on his forefinger, they continued their journey.

"You told me that Count Cormo was poor," she said, "but I don't believe you know how poor he really is. When I went there, he and his wife had just finished their dinner, and were sitting before the fire-place. I did n't notice any fire in it. They were busy talking, and so I did not disturb them, but just climbed up on the table to see what I could find to eat. You have n't any idea what a miserable meal they must have had. Of course there was enough left for me, for I need only a few crumbs, but everything was so hard and stale that I could scarcely eat it. I don't see how they can live in that way. But after the meal,

before him. He was not, however, talking to his forefinger, but to a little fairy who was sitting on it, chatting away in a very lively manner.

"And so," said this little creature, "you are two hundred miles from your own home! What in the world made you take so long a journey?"

"I don't call it very long," replied the giant; "and I had to take it. There was nothing else to do. You see I have nothing to eat, or almost nothing, in my castle, and a person can't get along that way. He must go and see about things."

"And what are you going to see about?" asked the fairy.

"I am going to see if my grandfather's uncle is dead. He is very rich and I am one of his heirs. When I get my share of his money, I shall be quite comfortable."

"It seems to me," said the fairy, "that it is a very poor way of living, to be waiting for other people's money."

"It is so," replied the giant. "I'm tired of it. I've been waiting ever since I was a little boy."



FIELDAR INTERVIEWS THE SICK GIANT

when I heard them talking, I found out how poor they really were."

"It was n't exactly the proper thing to sit there and listen to them, was it?" asked the giant.

"Perhaps not," said the fairy, "but I did want to hear what they were saying. So I sat quite still. They were talking about the Christmas-tree, and all the other good things they give the children every year; and although they are so poor, they are going to do just the same this year."

"I don't see how they can," said the giant.

"The Count is going to sell his family bedstead," replied his companion.

The young giant stopped short in the path.

"You don't mean to say," he exclaimed, "that the celebrated family bedstead of the Cormo family is to be sold to give the children a Christmas-tree!"

"That is exactly what I mean," replied the fairy.

"Well, well, well!" said the giant, resuming his walk. "I never heard of such a thing in all my born days. It's dreadful, it's pitiful!"

"Indeed it is," said the fairy.

"It ought to be stopped," added the giant.

"He should n't be allowed to do such a thing."

"Indeed he should n't," the fairy said.

And thus they went on lamenting and regretting the poor Count's purpose, for about eleven miles. Then they came to a cross-road through the forest.

"I'll go down here," said the giant, "and leave you among your friends at Fairy Elms, where you want to go."

"I'm not sure that I do want to go there just now," said the fairy. "I think I should like to go with you to your grandfather's uncle's castle, and see what your prospects are. If you find he is still alive, shall you wait?"

"I guess not," said the giant, laughing. "But you can come along with me, and we'll see how things stand."

Before very long, they came to a great castle, and a warder stood before the gate.

"Ho, warder!" cried the giant when he came up. "How goes it with my grandfather's uncle, the old giant Omscrag?"

"He has been dead a month," said the warder, "and his property is all divided among his heirs."

"That is not so," roared the giant. "I am one of his heirs, and I have n't got anything."

"I don't know anything about it," said the warder. "I was told to give that message to every one who came, and I've given it to you."

"Who told you to give it?" cried the giant.

"My master, Katofan, who is the old giant's principal heir, and who now owns the castle."

"Katofan!" exclaimed the giant. "What im-

pudence! He's a ninth cousin by marriage. Where is he? I want to see him."

"I don't think he is well enough to see anybody to-day," said the warder.

"Open that gate!" the giant roared, "or I shall plunge your family into woe!"

The warder turned pale, and opened the gate as wide as it would go, while the giant, with the fairy on his finger, walked boldly in.

In a large inner hall, sitting before a great fire, they saw a giant so tall and thin that he looked as if he had been made of great fishing-poles. He turned uneasily in his chair when he saw his visitor, and was going to say something about being too unwell to receive company, when our young giant, whose name was Feldar, interrupted him by calling out, in a tremendous voice:

"Well, now, Katofan, I should like to know what all this means! How did you come to be heir to this castle?"



THE YOUNG GIANT WAS GETTING THE KEY

"Because it descended to me from my good old relative and friend," said the other.

"I expect there are a hundred heirs, who have a

better right to it than you," said our giant. "The truth is, no doubt, that you were here when my grandfather's uncle died, and that you took possession, and have since kept everybody out."

"Oh, no," said the thin giant, "the other heirs have had a share of the fortune."

"How many of them?" said Feldar, "and how much did they get?"

"As many as two or three of them," said the other, "and they got some very nice things in the way of ornaments and curiosities."

"Well," said Feldar, stretching himself up high, "I am one of the heirs to this property, and I want my share of it. Who attends to the dividing business? Do you do it yourself?"

"Oh, no!" said the thin giant. "I am not well enough for that. I can not go about much. But I will send for my dividing-agent. I had to employ one, there was so much to do. He will see that you get your share."

He then rang a bell, and a small man appeared. When the fairy saw him, she could not help laughing, but her laugh was such a little one that no one noticed it. He had a bushy head of hair, which was black as ink on one side, and as white as milk on the other. Looking at him from one side, he seemed quite young, and from the other side, quite old.

"Flipkrak," said the thin giant, "this is another heir to this property; we overlooked him when we made our division. I wish you would take him, as you did the others, and let him choose something that he would like to have."

"Certainly," said Flipkrak. "This way, good sir," and he went out of a side-door, followed closely by Feldar.

"How would you like a hinge?" cried the thin giant, as they reached the door. "There are some very handsome and odd hinges, nearly new. If you take one, you might some day get another to match it, and then you would have a nice pair all ready, when you put up a new door."

Feldar stopped a moment in the door-way.

"I'll look at them," he answered, and then went on.

"Here, good sir," said Flipkrak, showing the young giant into a large room, "is a collection of most beautiful articles. You can choose any one of them, or even two if you like. They will be admirable mementos of your deceased relative."

Feldar looked around. There were all sorts of brass and iron ornaments, old pieces of furniture, and various odds and ends, of little value.

"A nice lot of rubbish," said the young giant. "If I ever have any holes to fill up, on my ground, I may send for a few wagon-loads of it. Suppose we look through the rest of the castle?"

"Oh, good sir," said the dividing-agent, "the things in the rest of the castle belong to my good master!"

"You can come, if you choose," said Feldar, striding away, "or you can stay behind," and the poor man, frightened, ran after him as fast as he could.

The young giant walked through several of the vast rooms of the castle. "I see you have a great deal of very fine furniture here," he said to Flipkrak, "and I need furniture. I will mark some of it with this piece of chalk, and you can send it to me."

"Oh, yes, good sir," cried the dividing-agent, quite pleased at this. "We can send it to you after you go away."

Feldar took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and marked enough furniture to furnish an ordinary castle.

"This kind of chalk will not rub off," he said, "and I've marked the things where it wont show. But don't overlook any of them. Now, where are your money-vaults?"

"Oh, good sir!" cried the dividing-agent, "you can't go there, we don't divide any of—I mean we have n't any money-vaults!"

"Give me the key," said Feldar.

"Oh, good sir!" cried Flipkrak, shaking with terror, "I must not let that go out of my keeping—I mean I have n't got it."

The giant made no answer, but taking the dividing-agent by the heels, he held him upside down in the air, and shook him. A big key dropped from his pockets.

"That's the key, no doubt," said the giant, putting the man down, and picking up the key. "I can find the vault by myself. I wont trouble you any more."

But as he went down to the lower parts of the castle, the dividing-agent ran after him, wailing and tearing his two-colored hair.

When he reached the money-vault, Feldar easily opened the door and walked in. Great bags of gold and silver, each holding about a bushel, were piled up around the walls. Feldar took out his piece of chalk, and marked about a dozen of those bags which held the gold coin.

"Oh, that's right, good sir," cried Flipkrak, feeling a little better. "We can send them to you after you go away."

"What is in those small bags, on that shelf?" asked Feldar.

"Those are diamonds, good sir," said the agent; "you can mark some of them if you like."

"I will mark one," said the giant to the fairy, who was securely nestled in the ruffles of his shirt-bosom, "and that I will give to you."

"To me!" exclaimed Flipkrak, who did not see the fairy: "what does he mean by that?"

"Thank you," said the little creature, in delight. "Diamonds are so lovely! How glad I am that your grandfather's uncle died!"

"You should n't say that," said the giant. "It is n't proper."

"But you feel glad, don't you?" she asked.

"I don't talk about it, if I do," said Feldar. Then turning to the dividing-agent, he told him that he thought he had marked all the bags he wanted.

"All right, good sir," said Flipkrak, "we will send them to you, very soon—very soon."

"Oh, you need n't trouble yourself about that," said Feldar; "I will take them along with me." And so saying, he put the bag of diamonds in one of his coat-pockets, and began to pile the bags of money on his shoulders.

The dividing-agent yelled and howled with dismay, but it was of no use. Feldar loaded himself with his bags, and walked off, without even looking at Flipkrak, who was almost crazy at seeing so much of his master's treasure boldly taken away from him.

Feldar stopped for a moment in the great hall,

where the thin giant was still sitting before the fire. "I've taken my share of the money," he said, "and I've marked a lot of furniture and things which I want you to send me, inside of a week. Do you understand?"

The thin giant gave one look at the piles of bags on Feldar's shoulders, and fainted away. He had more money left than he could possibly use, but he could not bear to lose the least bit of the wealth he had seized upon.

"What in the world are you going to do with all that money?" the fairy asked.

"I am going to give one bag of it to Count Cormo, so that he can offer the children a decent Christmas-tree, and the rest I shall carry to my castle on Shattered Crag."

"I don't believe the Count will take it," said the fairy. "He's awfully proud, and he would say that you were giving the Christmas feasts and not he. I wish you would let me manage this affair for you."

"Well, I will," said the giant.


"All right," cried the fairy, clapping her hands. "I'll do the thinking, and you can do the working. It's easy for me to think."

"And it's just as easy for me to work," said Feldar, with hearty good-will.

(To be continued next month.)




PART OF THE FAIRY'S PLAN



Little Polly's Voyage.

By
E. M. DODGE.



She had strained the milk, she had scalded the cans,

She had washed the dishes, the pails and the pans,

She had scrubbed the floor

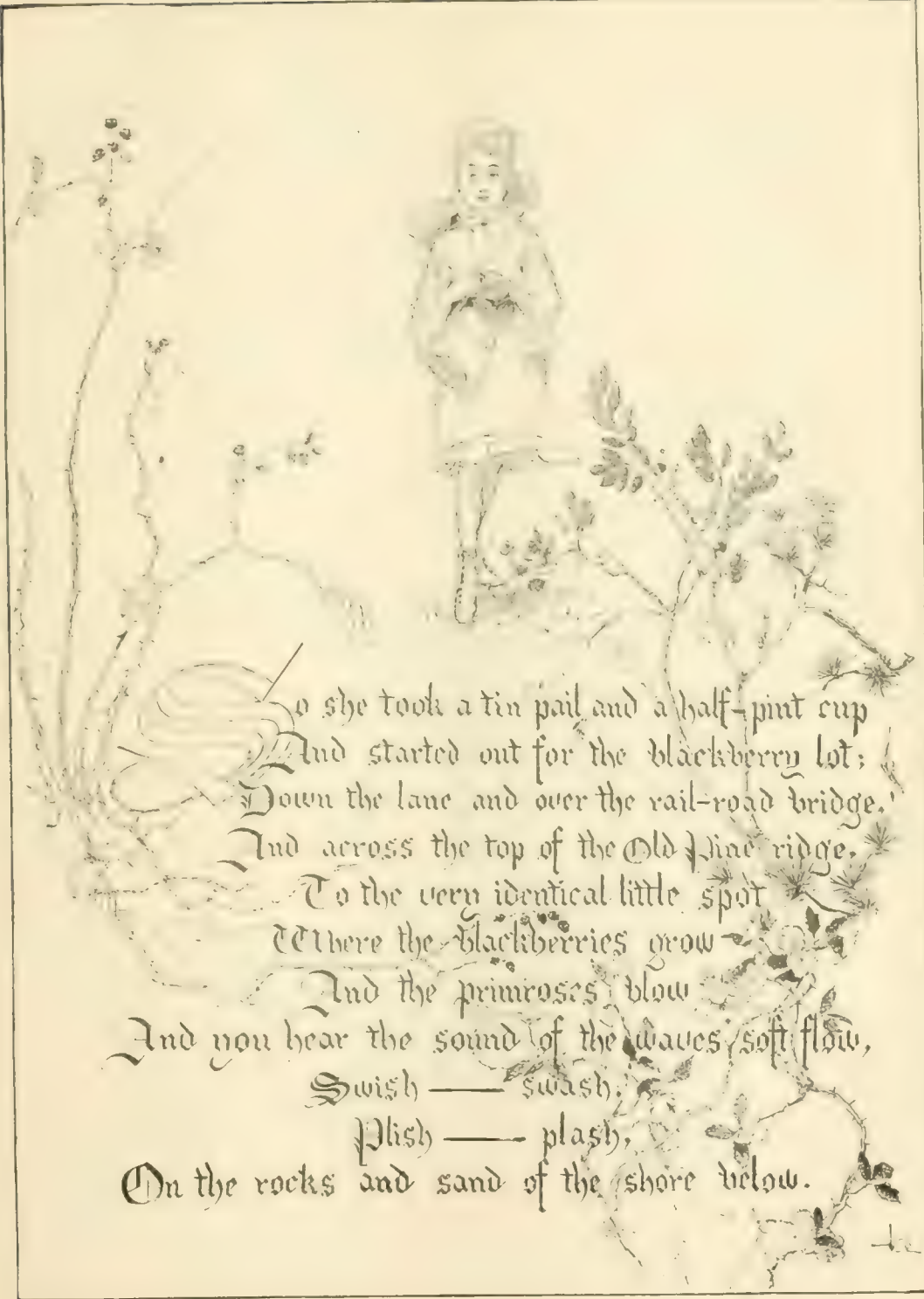
By the kitchen door,

She had blacked the stove quite neatly,

She had baked a pudding, two pies and a cake

And she was tired out, completely!





So she took a tin pail and a half-pint cup
And started out for the blackberry lot;
Down the lane and over the rail-road bridge,
And across the top of the Old Pine ridge,
To the very identical little spot
Where the blackberries grow
And the primroses blow
And you hear the sound of the waves soft flow,
Swish — swash,
Plish — plash,
On the rocks and sand of the shore below.

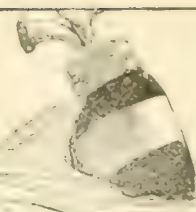


Now there was a buoy,
A whistling buoy,
That rose and fell
On the surges that swell
Around the coast of Jersey, O!

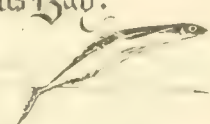


And there was a whale,
A Greenland whale,
Who swam one night,
With a whale-oil light,
Far up the coast of Jersey, O!

For dashing away
Through the salt sea spray,
He had heard the buoy down in Delaware bay,
And he laughed and cried:
"Ha, ha! my bride
'Shall have music now' till she's satisfied!"

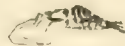


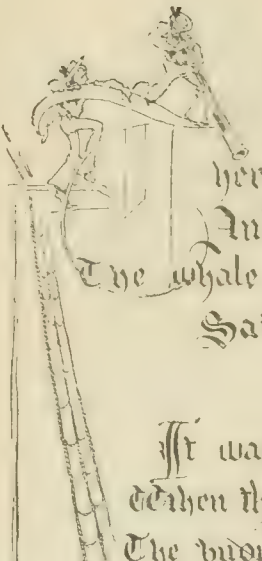
So he looked till he found the whistling
 And as pleased as a child with a brand-new
 He took it away — < buoy
 And night and day < toy
 Swam on to his home in Baffin's Bay.



Little Polly had wandered as far as the beach
 And sat down for a moment to rest
 "So tired! so tired!" she didn't know
 Whether it was it — "really" — best
 After all — "to go" And then and there
 On the soft, warm sand by the side of the deep
 The poor little thing fell fast asleep.

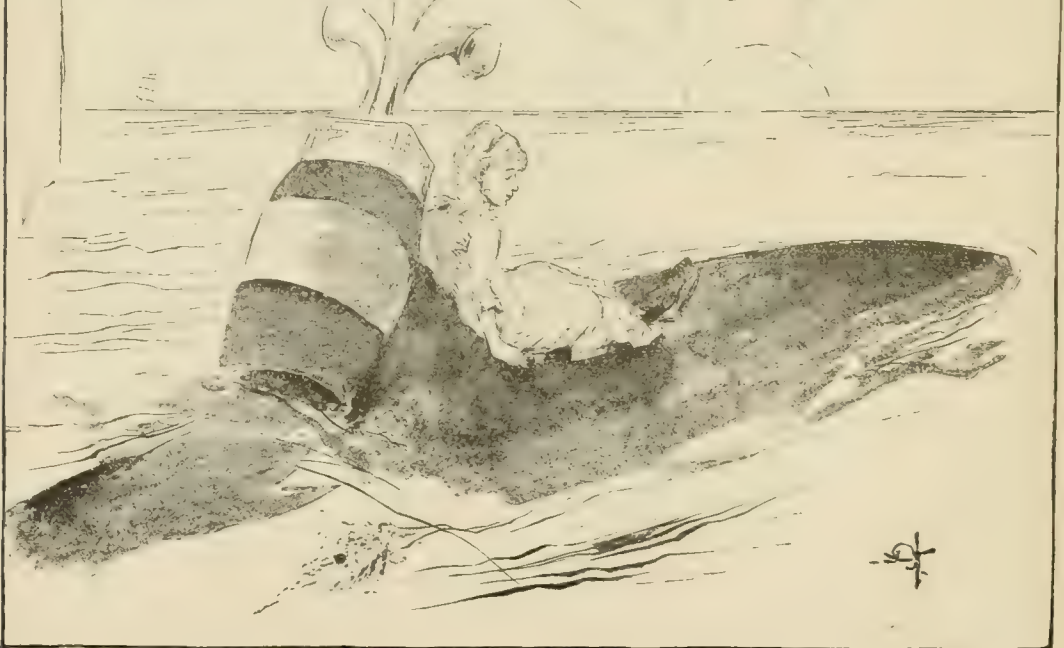
Fast asleep on the edge of the water!
 A great, green wave leaped up and caught her
 And lazily, laughingly, to and fro,
 Rocked her, and swung her, now high, now low,
 Till another wave came, far bigger than he
 And seized her, and carried her out to sea.

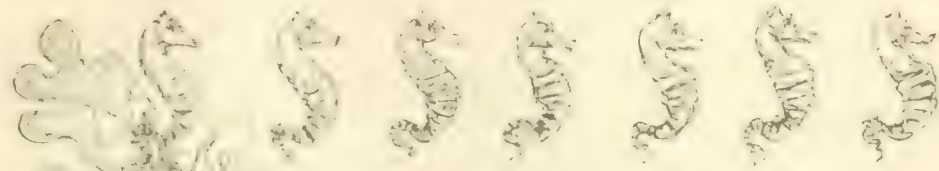




Here the whale met her and took her in tow
And then through the beautiful August weather
The whale, the child and the whistling buoy
Sailed over the cool green sea together.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon
When the child woke up and looked about,
The buoy was whistling as hard as he could
And the whale had commenced to spout
And Polly was sure she heard him say:
"Now small fry, get out of the way!"





It was seven o'clock when they passed a shore
Where the mermaids sat in a row:
They had all of them been invited to tea
By the shark who lives in the Baltic sea
And none of them wanted to go;
But they stood on their tails and laughed for joy
When they heard the voice of the whistling buoy.



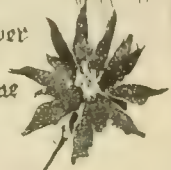
It was ten o'clock on the sea
 When the sky began to blossom
 And great deep petals, of fiery red,
 Over the face of the stars were spread
 And over its own blue bosom.

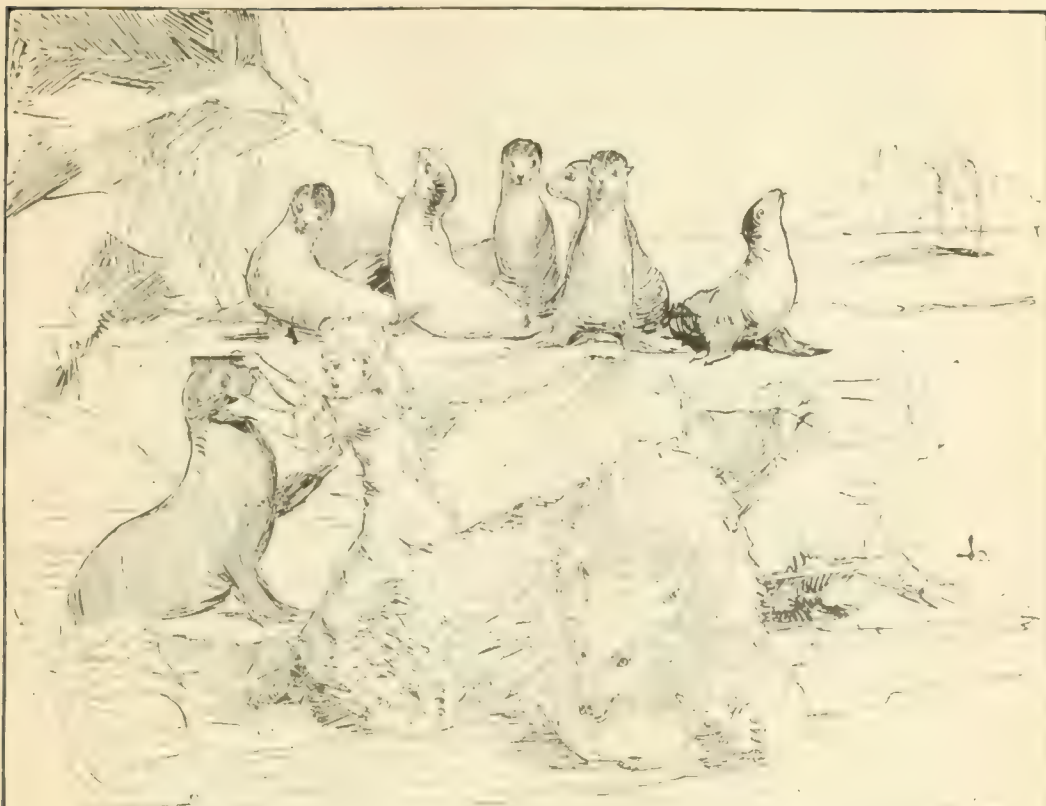
Then faded the Rose and a Passion-flower
 Bloomed on the bending heaven;
 A crown of light was its heart and a flame
 A tremulous, glancing, golden flame,
 For each leaf of the flower was given.

The Passion-flower died, as she looked, and instead
 There bloomed in the sky, right over her head,
 A wonderful, beautiful Crocus bed:
 Green and purple and white and red,
 With flowers that flashed and faded and glanced
 And rose and sank and wavered and danced,
 Till Polly just shut her eyes and cried:
 "O dear! it's a dream! and I've tried and tried
 Not to wake up, but I know I will!
 I wish I could keep on dreaming still!"

It was midnight before they came to the sea
 Where the great blue icebergs grow,
 Where the whale had his home next down to the seals
 In the midst of the ice and the snow;
 But just as they reached it, down under the cliff,
 The voice of the buoy was frozen stiff!

Oh well for the friends of the whistling buoy,
 And alas! for the friends of Polly!
 He was sent home the very next day
 (It is said that his voice thawed out, by the way.)
 While she, little dear! was requested to stay
 And not to be melancholy.





In a snug little hole 'neath an ice-cliff blue,
 Where live beside a Grizzly or two.
 Little Polly her time is spending,
 She washes the seals and she parts their hair
 And she sings little songs to the Grizzly Bear
 And she does the family mending.
 And she's promised she never will leave them until
 The Pole-star sets and the waves are still
 And she hears the voice of the Whip-poor-Will
 With the voice of the ice-bergs blending.



SPRING.



SUMMER



AUTUMN.



WINTER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER IV.

A GRAND REVIEW.

ON a certain day near the beginning of April, 1863, we were ordered to prepare for a grand review of our Corps. President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Master Tad Lincoln (who used to play among

itself to the eyes of the beholders when, on the morning of the ninth day of April, 1863, our gallant First Army Corps, leaving its camps among the hills, assembled on a wide, extended plain for the inspection of our illustrious visitors.

As regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade, came marching out from the surrounding



WAITING TO BE REVIEWED BY THE PRESIDENT.

our tents at "Soldiers' Home"), and some of the Cabinet officers, were coming down to look us over and see what promise we gave for the campaign soon to open.

Those who have never seen a grand review of well-drilled troops in the field have never seen one of the finest and most inspiring sights the eyes of man can behold. I wish I could impart to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS some faint idea of the thrilling scene which must have presented

hills and ravines, with flags gayly flying, bands and drum corps making such music as was enough to stir the blood in the heart of the most indifferent to a quicker pulse, and well-drilled troops that marched in the morning sunlight with a step as steady as the stroke of machinery—ah, it was a sight to be seen but once in a century! And when those twenty thousand men were all at last in line, with the artillery in position off to one side on the hill, and ready to fire their salute, it

seemed well worth the President's while to come all the way from Washington to look at them.

But the President was a long, long time in coming. The sun, mounting fast toward noon, began to be insufferably hot. One hour, two hours, three hours were passing away, when, at last, far off through a defile between the hills, we caught sight of a great cloud of dust.

"Fall in, men!" for now here they come, sure enough. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln in a carriage, escorted by a body of cavalry and groups of officers, and at the head of the cavalcade Master Tad, sure as the world, mounted on a pony, and having for his especial escort a boy orderly, dressed in a cavalryman's uniform and mounted on another pony! And the two little fellows, scarce restraining their boyish delight, outrode the company and came on the field in a cloud of dust and at a full gallop—little Tad shouting to the men, at the top of his voice: "Make way, men! Make way, men! Father's a-coming! Father's a-coming!"

Then the artillery breaks forth into a thundering salute, that wakes the echoes among the hills and sets the air to shivering and quaking about your ears, as the cavalcade gallops down the long line, and regimental standards droop in greeting, and bands and drum corps, one after another, strike up "Hail to the Chief," till they are all playing at once in a grand chorus, that makes the hills ring as they never rang before.

But all this is only a flourish by way of prelude. The real beauty of the review is yet to come, and can be seen only when the cavalcade, having galloped down the line in front and up again on the rear, has taken its stand out yonder immediately in front of the middle of the line, and the order is given to "pass in review."

Notice now, how, by one swift and dexterous movement, as the officers step out and give the command, that long line is broken into platoons of exactly equal length; how, straight as an arrow, each platoon is dressed; how the feet of the men all move together, and their guns, flashing in the sun, have the same inclination. Observe particularly how, when they come to wheel off, there is no *bend* in the line, but they wheel as if the whole platoon were a ramrod made to revolve about its one end through a quarter-circle; and now that they are marching thus down the field and past the President, what a grandeur there is in the steady step and onward sweep of that column of twenty thousand boys in blue!

But, once we have passed the President and gained the other end of the field, it is not nearly so nice. For we must needs finish the review in a double-quick, just by way of showing, I suppose, what we could do if we were wanted in a hurry—

as, indeed, we will be, not more than sixty days hence! Away we go, then, on a dead run off the field, in a cloud of dust and amid a clatter of bayonet-scabbards, till, hid behind the hills, we come to a more sober pace, and march into camp just as tired as tired can be.

CHAPTER V.

ON PICKET ALONG THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

"HARRY, would n't you like to go out on picket with us to-morrow? The weather is pleasant, and I'd like to have you for company, for time hangs rather heavy on a fellow's hands out there; and, besides, I want you to help me with my Latin."

Andy was a studious fellow, and carried on his studies with greater or less regularity during our whole time of service. Of course we had no books, except a pocket copy of "Cæsar," but to make up for the deficiency, particularly of a grammar, I had written out the declensions of the nouns and the conjugations of the verbs on odd scraps of paper, which Andy had gathered up and carried in a roll in his breast-pocket, and many were the lessons we had together under the canvas or beneath the sighing branches of the pines.

"Well, old boy, I'd like to go along first-rate, but we must get permission of the adjutant first."

Having secured the adjutant's consent, and provided myself with a gun and accouterments, the next morning at four o'clock I set out, in company with a body of some several hundred men of the regiment. We were to be absent from camp for two days, at the expiration of which time we were to be relieved by the next detail.

It was pleasant April weather, for the season was well advanced. Our route lay straight over the hills and through the ravines, for there were no roads, fences, nor fields. But few houses were to be seen, and from these the inhabitants had, of course, long since disappeared. At one of these few remaining houses, situated some three hundred yards from the river's edge, our advance picket-reserve was established, the captain in command making his head-quarters in the once beautiful grounds of the mansion, long since left empty and deserted by its former occupants. The place had a very distressing air of neglect. The beautiful lawn in front, where merry children had no doubt played and romped in years gone by, was overgrown with weeds. The large and commodious porch in front, where in other days the family gathered in the evening-time and talked and sang, while the river flowed peacefully by, was now abandoned to the spiders and their webs. The whole house was pitifully forlorn-looking, as if

wondering why the family did not come back to fill its spacious halls with life and mirth. Even the colored people had left their quarters. There was not a soul anywhere about.

We were not permitted either to enter the house or to do any damage to the property. Pitching our shelter-tents under the outspreading branches of the great elms on the lawn in front of the house, and building our fires back of a hill in the rear, to cook our breakfast, we awaited our turn to stand guard on the picket-line, which ran close along the river's edge.

It may be interesting to the boys of ST. NICHOLAS to know more particularly how this matter of standing picket is arranged and conducted. When a body of men numbering, let us say, for the sake of example, two hundred in all, go out on picket, the detail is usually divided into two equal parts, consisting in the supposed case of one hundred each. One of these companies of a hundred goes into a sort of camp about a half-mile from the picket-line,—usually in a woods or near by a spring, if one can be found, or in some pleasant ravine among the hills,—and the men have nothing to do but make themselves comfortable for the first twenty-four hours. They may sleep as much as they like, or play at such games as they please, only they must not go away any considerable distance from the post, because they may be very suddenly wanted, in case of an attack on the advance picket-line.

The other band of one hundred takes position only a short distance to the rear of the line where the pickets pace to and fro on their beats, and is known as the advance picket-post. It is under the charge of a captain or lieutenant, and is divided into three parts, each of which is called a "relief," the three being known as the first, the second, and the third relief, respectively. Each of these is under the charge of a non-commissioned officer,—a sergeant or corporal,—and must stand guard in succession, two hours on and four off, day and night, for the first twenty-four hours, at the end of which time the reserve one hundred in the rear march up and relieve the whole advance picket-post, which then goes to the rear, throws off its accouterments, stacks its arms, and sleeps till it can sleep no more. I need hardly add that each picket is furnished with the countersign, which is regularly changed every day. While on the advance picket-post no one is permitted to sleep, whether on duty on the line or not, and to sleep on the picket-line is death! At or near midnight a body of officers, known as "The Grand Rounds," goes all along the line examining every picket to see that "all is well."

Andy and I had by request been put together on

the second relief, and stood guard from eight to ten in the morning, two to four in the afternoon, and eight to ten and two to four at night.

It was growing dark as we sat with our backs against the old elms on the lawn, telling stories, singing catches of songs, or discussing the probabilities of the summer campaign, when the call rang out: "Fall in, second relief!"

"Come on, Harry—get on your horse-hide and shooting-iron. We've got a nice moonlight night for it, any way."

Our line, as I have said, ran directly along the river's edge, up and down, which Andy and I paced on our adjoining beats, each of us having to walk about a hundred yards, when we turned and walked back, with gun loaded and capped and at a right-shoulder-shift.

The night was beautiful. A full round moon shone out from among the fleecy clouds overhead. At my feet was the pleasant plashing of the river, ever gliding on, with the moonbeams dancing as if in sport on its rippling surface, while the opposite bank was hid in the deep, solemn shadows made by the overhanging trees. Yet the shadows were not so deep there but that occasionally I could catch glimpses of a picket silently pacing his beat on the south side of the river, as I was pacing mine on the north, with bayonet flashing in the patches of moonlight as he passed up and down. I fell to wondering, as I watched him, what sort of man he was? Young or old? Had he children at home, may be, in the far-off South? Or a father and mother? Did he wish this cruel war was over? In the next fight may be he'd be killed! Then I fell to wondering who had lived in that house up yonder—what kind of people were they? Were the sons in the war, and the daughters, where were they?—and would they ever come back again and set up their household gods in the good old place once more? My imagination was busy trying to picture the scenes that had enlivened the old plantation, the darkies at work in the fields and the—

"Hello, Yank! We can lick you!"

"Beautiful night, Johnny, is n't it?"

"Y-e-s, lovely!"

But our orders are to hold as little conversation with the pickets on the other side of the river as necessary, and so, declining any further civilities, I resume my beat.

"Harry, I'm going to lie down here at the upper end of your beat," says the sergeant who has charge of our relief. "I aint agoing to sleep, but I'm tired. Every time you come up to this end of your beat speak to me, will you?—for I *might* fall asleep."

"Certainly, Sergeant."

The first time I speak to him, the second, and

the third, he answers readily enough, "All right, Harry," but at the fourth summons he is sound asleep. Sleep on, Sergeant, sleep on! Your slumbers shall not be broken by me—unless the "Grand Rounds" come along, for whom I must keep a sharp lookout, lest they catch you napping and give you a pretty court-martial! But Grand Rounds or no, you shall have a little

ing the second relief goes out again—down through the patch of meadow, wet with the heavy dew, and along down the river to our posts. It is nearly three o'clock, and Andy and I are standing talking in low tones, he at the upper end of his beat and I at the lower end of mine, when—

Bang! And the whistle of a ball is heard overhead among the branches. Springing forward at once by a common impulse, we get behind the shelter of a tree, run out our rifles, and make ready to fire.

"You watch up-river, Harry," whispers Andy, "and I'll watch down, and if you see him trying to handle his ramrod, let him have it, and don't miss him."

But apparently Johnny is in no hurry to load up again, and likes the deep shadow of his tree too well to walk his beat any more, for we wait impatiently for a long while and see nothing of him. By and by we hear him calling over: "I say, Yank!"

"Well, Johnny?"

"If you wont shoot, I wont."

"Rather late in the morning to make such an offer, is n't it? Did n't you shoot, just now?"

"You see, my old gun went off by accident."

"That 's a likely yarn o' yours, Johnny!"

"But it 's an honest fact, any way."

"Well, Johnny, next time your gun 's going to go off in that uncomfortable way, you will oblige us chaps over here by holding the muzzle down toward Dixie, or somebody 'll turn up his toes to the daisies before morning yet."

"All right. Yank," said Johnny, stepping out from behind his tree into the bright moonlight like a man, "but we can lick you, any way!"

"Andy, do you think that fellow's gun went off by accident, or was the rascal trying to hurt somebody?"

"I think he 's honest in what he says, Harry. His gun might have gone off by accident. There 's no telling, though. He 'll need a little watching, I guess."

But Johnny paces his beat harmlessly enough for the remainder of the hour, singing catches of song, and whistling the airs of Dixie, while we pace ours as leisurely as he, but, with a wholesome regard for guns that go off so easily of themselves, we have a decided preference for the dark shadows, and are cautious lest we linger too long on those



IN A DANGEROUS PART OF HIS BEAT.

sleep. One of these days, you, and many more of us besides, will sleep the last long sleep that knows no waking. But hark!—I hear the challenge up the line! I must rouse you, after all.

"Sergeant! Sergeant! Get up—Grand Rounds!"

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"The Grand Rounds."

"Advance, officer of the Grand Rounds, and give the countersign."

An officer steps out from the group that is half-hidden in the shadow, and whispers in my ear, "Lafayette," when the whole body silently and stealthily passes down the line.

Relieved at ten o'clock, we go back to our post at the house, and find it rather hard work to keep our eyes open from ten to two o'clock, but sleep is out of the question. At two o'clock in the morn-

parts of our several beats where the bright moon-beams lie.

It must not be supposed that the sentries of the two armies were forever picking one another off whenever opportunity offered; for what good did it do to murder each other in cold blood? It only wasted powder, and did not forward the issue of the great conflict at all. Except at times immediately before or after a battle, or when there was some specially exciting reason for mutual defiance, the pickets were generally on friendly terms, conversed freely about the news of the day, exchanged newspapers, coffee, and tobacco, swapped knives, and occasionally had a friendly game of cards together. Sometimes, however, picket duty was but another name for sharp-shooting and bushwhacking of the most dangerous and deadly sort.

When we had been relieved, and got back to our little bivouac under the elms on the lawn, and sat down there to discuss the episode of the night, I asked Andy:

"What was that piece of poetry you read to me the other day, about a picket being shot? It was something about 'all quiet along the Potomac to-night.' Do you remember the words well enough to repeat it?"

"Yes, I committed it to memory, Harry, and if you wish, I'll recite it for your benefit. We'll just imagine ourselves back in the dear old Academy again, and that it is 'declamation-day,' and my name is called and I step up and declaim:

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT.

"All quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'T is nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn morn,
O'er the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping,
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

"There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two, in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

"He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
His footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing!

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river:
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!"

CHAPTER VI.

HOW WE GOT A SHELLING.

"PACK UP!" "Fall in!" All is stir and excitement in the camp. The bugles are blowing "boots and saddles" for the cavalry camped above us on the hill; we drummer-boys are beating the "long roll" and "assembly" for the regiment; mounted orderlies are galloping along the hill-side with great yellow envelopes stuck in their belts; and the men fall out of their miserable winter-quarters, with shouts and cheers that make the hills about Falmouth ring again. For the winter is past; the sweet breath of spring comes balmily up from the south, and the whole army is on the move—whither?

"Say, Captain, tell us where are we going?" But the captain does n't know, nor even the colonel—nobody knows. We are raw troops yet, and have not learned that soldiers never ask questions about orders.

So, fall in there, all together, and forward! And we ten little drummer-boys beat gayly enough "The Girl I Left Behind Me," as the line sweeps over the hills, through the woods, and on down to the river's edge.

And soon here we are, on the Rappahannock, three miles below Fredericksburg. We can see, as we emerge from the woods, away over the river, the long line of earth-works thrown up by the enemy, and small dark specks moving about along the field, in the far, dim distance, which we know to be officers, or perhaps cavalry-pickets. We can see, too, our own first division laying down the pontoon-bridge, on which, according to a rumor that is spreading among us, we are to cross the river and charge the enemy's works.

Here is an old army-letter lying before me, written on my drum-head in lead-pencil, in that stretch of meadow by the river, where I heard my first shell scream and shriek:

"NEAR RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER, Apr. 28th.

"DEAR FATHER: We have moved to the river, and are just going into battle. I am well and so are the boys.—Your affect. son, HARRY."

But we do not go into battle that day, nor next day, nor at all at that point; for we are making only a "feint," though we do not know it now, to attract the attention of the enemy from the main

movement of the army at Chancellorsville, some twenty-five or thirty miles farther up the river. The men are in good spirits and all ready for the fray, but as the day wears on without further developments, arms are stacked, and we begin to roam about the hills; some are writing letters home, some sleeping, some even fishing in a little rivulet that runs by us, when toward three o'clock in the afternoon, and all of a sudden, the enemy opens fire on us with a salute of three shells fired in rapid succession, not quite into our ranks, but a little to the left of us; and see! over there where the Forty-third lies, to our left, come three *stretchers*, and you can see deep crimson stains on the canvas as they go by us on a lively trot to the rear; for "the ball is opening, boys," and we are under fire for the first time.

I wish I could convey to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS some faint idea of the noise made by a shell as it flies shrieking and screaming through the air, and of that peculiar *whirring* sound made by the pieces after the shell has burst overhead or by your side. So loud, high-pitched, shrill, and terrible is the sound, that one unaccustomed to it would think at first that the very heavens were being torn down about his ears!

How often I have laughed and laughed at myself when thinking of that first shelling we got there by the river! For, up to that time, I had had a very poor, old-fashioned idea of what a shell was like, having derived it probably from accounts of sieges in the Mexican war.

I had thought a shell was a hollow ball of iron, filled with powder and furnished with a fuse, and that they threw it over into your ranks, and there it lay, hissing and spitting, till the fire reached the powder, and the shell burst and killed a dozen men or so—that is, if some venturesome fellow did n't run up and stamp the fire off the fuse before the miserable thing went off! Of a *conical* shell, shaped like a minie-ball, with ridges on the outside to fit the grooves of a rifled cannon, and exploding by a percussion-cap at the pointed end, I had no idea in the world. But that was the sort of thing they were firing at us now—Hur-r-r—bang! Hur-r-r—bang!

Throwing myself flat on my face while that terrible shriek is in the air, I cling closer to the ground while I hear that low, whirring sound near by, which I foolishly imagine to be the sound of a burning fuse, but which, on raising my head and looking up and around, I find is the sound of pieces of exploded shells flying through the air about our heads! The enemy has excellent range of us, and gives it to us hot and fast, and we fall in line and take it as best we may, and without the pleasure of replying, for the enemy's batteries are a full

mile and a half away, and no Enfield rifle can reach half so far.

"Colonel, move your regiment a little to the right, so as to get under cover of yonder bank." It is soon done; and there, seated on a bank about twenty feet high, with our backs to the enemy, we let them blaze away, for it is not likely they can tumble a shell down at an angle of forty-five degrees.

And now, see! Just to the rear of us, and therefore in full view as we are sitting, is a battery of our own, coming up into position at full gallop—a grand sight indeed! The officers with swords flashing in the evening sunlight, the bugles clanging out the orders, the carriages unlimbered, and the guns run up into position; and now, that ever beautiful drill of the artillery in action, steady and regular as the stroke of machinery! How swiftly the man that handles the swab has prepared his piece, while the runners have meanwhile brought up the little red bag of powder and the long, conical shell from the caisson in the rear! How swiftly they are rammed home! The lieutenant sights his piece, the man with the lanyard with a sudden jerk fires the cap, the gun leaps five feet to the rear with the recoil, and out of the cannon's throat, in a cloud of smoke, rushes the shell, shrieking out its message of death into the lines a mile and a half away, while our boys rend the air with wild hurrahs, for the enemy's fire is answered!

Now ensues an artillery duel that keeps the air all quivering and quaking about our ears for an hour and a half, and it is all the more exciting that we can see the beautiful drill of the batteries beside us, with that steady swabbing and ramming, running and sighting and bang! bang! bang! The mystery is how in the world they can load and fire so fast.

"Boys, what are you trying to do?" It is the general commanding the division, who reins in his horse and asks the question, and he is one of the finest artillerists in the service, they say.

"Why, General, we are trying to put a shell through that stone barn over there; it's full of sharp-shooters."

"Hold a moment!"—and the general dismounts and sights the gun. "Try that elevation once, Sergeant," he says; and the shell goes crashing through the barn a mile and a half away, and the sharp-shooters come pouring out of it like bees out of a hive. "Let them have it so, boys." And the general has mounted, and rides, laughing, away along the line.

Meanwhile, something is transpiring immediately before our eyes that amuses us immensely. Not more than twenty yards away from us is another high bank, corresponding exactly with the one we

are occupying, and running parallel with it, the two hills inclosing a little ravine some twenty or thirty yards in width.

This second high bank,—the nearer one,—you must remember, faces the enemy's fire. The water has worn out of the soft sand-rock a sort of cave, in which Darky Bill, our company cook, took refuge at the crack of the first shell. And there, crouching in the narrow recess of the rock, we can see him shivering with affright. Every now and then, when there is a lull in the firing, he comes to the wide-open door of his house, intent upon flight, and, rolling up the great whites of his eyes, is about to step out and run, when Hur-r-r—bang—crack! goes the shell, and poor scared Darky Bill dives into his cave again head-first, like a frog into a pond.

After repeated attempts to run and repeated frog-leaps backward, the poor fellow takes heart and cuts for the woods, pursued by the laughter and shouts of the regiment—for which he cares far less, however, than for that terrible shriek in the air, which, he afterward told us, “was a-sayin’ all de time, ‘Where’s dat nigger! Where’s dat nigger! Where’s dat nigger!’”

As night-fall comes on, the firing ceases. Word

is passed around that under cover of night we are to cross the pontoons and charge the enemy's works; but we sleep soundly all night on our arms, and are awaked only by the first streaks of light in the morning sky.

We have orders to move. A staff-officer is delivering orders to our colonel, who is surrounded by his staff. They press in toward the messenger, standing immediately below me as I sit on the bank, when the enemy gives us a morning salute, and the shell comes ricocheting over the hill and tumbles into a mud-puddle about which the group is gathered; the mounted officers crouch in their saddles and spur hastily away, the foot officers throw themselves flat on their faces into the mud; the drummer-boy is bespattered with mud and dirt; but fortunately the shell does not explode, or the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would never have heard how we got our first shelling.

And now, “Fall in, men!” and we are off on a double-quick in a cloud of dust, amid the rattle of canteens and tin cups, and the regular *flop, flop* of cartridge-boxes and bayonet-scabbards, pursued for two miles by the hot fire of the enemy's batteries, for a long, hot, weary day's march to the extreme right of the army at Chancellorsville.

(To be continued.)



“THE GENERAL DISMOUNTS AND SIGHTS THE GUN”

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"WAS THERE, NOT THERE, MY CHILD?" [SEE PAGE 141.]

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

WHILE the larger boys in the village school of Greenbank were having a game of "three old cat" before school-time, there appeared on the playground a strange boy, carrying two books, a slate, and an atlas under his arm.

He was evidently from the country, for he wore a suit of brown jeans, or woolen homespun, made up in the natural color of the "black" sheep, as we call it. He shyly sidled up to the school-house door, and looked doubtfully at the boys who were playing; watching the familiar game as though he had never seen it before.

The boys who had the "paddles" were standing on three bases, while three others stood each behind a base and tossed the ball round the triangle from one hole or base to another. The new-comer soon perceived that, if one with a paddle, or bat, struck at the ball and missed it, and the ball was caught directly, or "at the first

bounce," he gave up his bat to the one who had "caught him out." When the ball was struck, it was called a "tick," and when there was a tick, all the batters were obliged to run one base to the left, and then the ball thrown between a batter and the base to which he was running "crossed him out," and obliged him to give up his "paddle" to the one who threw the ball.

"Four old cat," "two old cat," and "five old cat" are, as everybody knows, played in the same way, the number of bases or holes increasing with the addition of each pair of players.

It is probable that the game was once—some hundreds of years ago, may be—called "three hole catch," and that the name was gradually corrupted into "three hole cat," as it is still called in the interior States, and then became changed by mistake to "three old cat." It is, no doubt, an early form of our present game of base-ball.

It was this game which the new boy watched, trying to get an inkling of how it was played. He stood by the school-house door, and the girls who came in were obliged to pass near him. Each

of them stopped to scrape her shoes, or rather the girls remembered the foot-scraper because they were curious to see the new-comer. They cast furtive glances at him, noting his new suit of brown clothes, his geography and atlas, his arithmetic, and last of all, his face.

"There 's a new scholar," said Peter Rose, or, as he was always called, "Pewee" Rose, a stout and stocky boy of fourteen, who had just been caught out by another.

"I say, Greeny, how did you get so brown?" called out Will Riley, a rather large, loose-jointed fellow.

Of course, all the boys laughed at this. Boys will sometimes laugh at any one suffering torture, whether the victim be a persecuted cat or a persecuted boy. The new boy made no answer, but Joanna Merwin, who, just at that moment, happened to be scraping her shoes, saw that he grew red in the face with a quick flush of anger.

"Don't stand there, Greeny, or the cows 'll eat you up!" called Riley, as he came around again to the base nearest to the school-house.

Why the boys should have been amused at this speech, the new scholar could not tell—the joke was neither new nor witty—only impudent and coarse. But the little boys about the door giggled.

"It 's a pity something would n't eat you, Will Riley—you are good for nothing but to be mean." This sharp speech came from a rather tall and graceful girl of sixteen, who came up at the time, and who saw the annoyance of the new boy at Riley's insulting words. Of course the boys laughed again. It was rare sport to hear pretty Susan Latham "take down" the impudent Riley.

"The bees will never eat you for honey, Susan," said Will.

Susan met the titter of the playground with a quick flush of temper and a fine look of scorn.

"Nothing would eat you, Will, unless, may be, a turkey buzzard, and a very hungry one at that."

This sharp retort was uttered with a merry laugh of ridicule, and a graceful toss of the head, as the mischievous girl passed into the school-house.

"That settles you, Will," said Pewee Rose. And Bob Holliday began singing, to a doleful tune:

"Poor old Pidy,
She died last Friday."

Just then, the stern face of Mr. Ball, the master, appeared at the door; he rapped sharply with his ferule, and called: "Books, books, books!" The bats were dropped, and the boys and girls began streaming into the school, but some of the boys managed to nudge Riley, saying: "You'd better hold your tongue when Susan's around," and such like soft and sweet speeches. Riley was vexed and

angry, but nobody was afraid of him, for a boy may be both big and mean and yet lack courage.

The new boy did not go in at once, but stood silently and faced the inquiring looks of the procession of boys as they filed into the school-room with their faces flushed from the exercise and excitement of the games.

"I can thrash him easy," thought Pewee Rose.

"He is n't a fellow to back down easily," said Harvey Collins to his next neighbor.

Only good-natured, rough Bob Holliday stopped and spoke to the new-comer a friendly word. All that he said was "Hello!" But how much a boy can put into that word "Hello!" Bob put his whole heart into it, and there was no boy in the school that had a bigger heart, a bigger hand, or nearly so big a foot as Bob Holliday.

The village school-house was a long one built of red brick. It had taken the place of the old log institution in which one generation of Greenbank children had learned reading, writing, and Webster's spelling-book. There were long, continuous writing-tables down the sides of the room, with backless benches, so arranged that when the pupil was writing his face was turned toward the wall—there was a door at each end, and a box stove stood in the middle of the room, surrounded by a rectangle of four backless benches. These benches were for the little fellows who did not write, and for others when the cold should drive them nearer the stove.

The very worshipful master sat at the east end of the room, at one side of the door; there was a blackboard—a "new-fangled notion" in 1850—at the other side of the door. Some of the older scholars, who could afford private desks with lids to them, suitable for concealing smuggled apples and maple-sugar, had places at the other end of the room from the master. This arrangement was convenient for quiet study, for talking on the fingers by signs, for munching apples or gingerbread, and for passing little notes between the boys and girls.

When the school had settled a little, the master struck a sharp blow on his desk for silence, and looked fiercely around the room, eager to find a culprit on whom to wreak his ill-humor. Mr. Ball was one of those old-fashioned teachers who gave the impression that he would rather beat a boy than not, and would even like to eat one, if he could find a good excuse. His eye lit upon the new scholar.

"Come here," he said, severely, and then he took his seat.

The new boy walked timidly up to a place in front of the master's desk. He was not handsome, his face was thin, his eyebrows were prominent, his mouth was rather large and good-humored, and there was that shy twinkle about the corners of his

eyes which always marks a fun-loving spirit. But his was a serious, fine-grained face, with marks of suffering in it, and he had the air of having been once a strong fellow; of late, evidently, shaken to pieces by the ague.

"Where do you live?" demanded Mr. Ball.

"On Ferry street."

"What do they call you?" This was said with a contemptuous, rasping inflection that irritated the new scholar. His eyes twinkled, partly with annoyance and partly with mischief.

"They call me Jack, for the most part,"—then catching the titter that came from the girls' side of the room, and frightened by the rising hurricane on the master's face, he added quickly:

"My name is John Dudley, sir."

"Don't you try to show your smartness on me, young man. You are a new-comer, and I let you off this time. Answer me that way again, and you will remember it as long as you live." And the master glared at him like a savage bull about to toss somebody over a fence.

The new boy turned pale, and dropped his head.

"How old are you?" "Thirteen."

"Have you ever been to school?" "Three months."

"Three months. Do you know how to read?"

"Yes, sir," with a smile.

"Can you cipher?" "Yes, sir."

"In multiplication?" "Yes, sir."

"Long division?"

"Yes, sir; I've been half through fractions."

"You said you'd been to school but three months!" "My father taught me."

There was just a touch of pride in his voice as he said this—a sense of something superior about his father. This bit of pride angered the master, who liked to be thought to have a monopoly of all the knowledge in the town.

"Where have you been living?"

"In the Indian Reserve, of late; I was born in Cincinnati."

"I did n't ask you where you were born. When I ask you a question, answer that and no more."

"Yes, sir." There was a touch of something in the tone of this reply that amused the school, and that made the master look up quickly and suspiciously at Jack Dudley, but the expression on Jack's face was as innocent as that of a cat who has just lapped the cream off the milk.

CHAPTER II.

KING MILKMAID.

PEWEE ROSE, whose proper name was Peter Rose, had also the nickname of King Pewee. He

was about fourteen years old, square built and active, of great strength for his size, and very proud of the fact that no boy in town cared to attack him. He was not bad-tempered, but he loved to be master, and there were a set of flatterers who followed him, like jackals about a lion.

As often happens, Nature had built for King Pewee a very fine body, but had forgotten to give him any mind to speak of. In any kind of chaff or banter, at any sort of talk or play where a good head was worth more than a strong arm and a broad back, King Pewee was sure to have the worst of it. A very convenient partnership had therefore grown up between him and Will Riley. Riley had muscle enough, but Nature had made him mean-spirited. He had—not exactly wit—but a facility for using his tongue, which he found some difficulty in displaying, through fear of other boys' fists. By forming a friendship with Pewee Rose, the two managed to keep in fear the greater part of the school. Will's rough tongue, together with Pewee's rude fists, were enough to bully almost any boy. They let Harvey Collins alone, because he was older, and, keeping to himself, awed them by his dignity; good-natured Bob Holliday also, was big enough to take care of himself. But the rest were all as much afraid of Pewee as they were of the master, and as Riley managed Pewee, it behooved them to be afraid of the prime minister, Riley, as well as of King Pewee.

From the first day that Jack Dudley entered the school, dressed in brown jeans, Will Riley marked him for a victim. The air of refinement about his face showed him to be a suitable person for teasing.

Riley called him "milk-sop," and "sap-head"; words which seemed to the dull intellect of King Pewee exceedingly witty. And as Pewee was Riley's defender, he felt as proud of these rude nicknames as he would had he invented them and taken out a patent.

But Riley's greatest stroke of wit came one morning when he caught Jack Dudley milking the cow. In the village of Greenbank, milking a cow was regarded as a woman's work; and foolish men and boys are like savages,—very much ashamed to be found doing a woman's work. Fools always think something else more disgraceful than idleness. So, having seen Jack milking, Riley came to school happy. He had an arrow to shoot that would give great delight to the small boys.

"Good-morning, milkmaid!" he said to Jack Dudley, as he entered the school-house before school. "You milk the cow at your house, do you? Where's your apron?"

"Oh-h! Milkmaid! milkmaid! That's a good one," chimed in Pewee Rose and all his set. Jack changed color.

"Well, what if I do milk my mother's cow? I don't milk anybody's cow but ours, do I? Do you think I'm ashamed of it? I'd be ashamed not to. I can"—but he stopped a minute and blushed—"I can wash dishes, and make good pancakes, too. Now if you want to make fun, why, make fun. I don't care." But he did care, else why should his voice choke in that way?

"Oh, girl-boy; a pretty girl-boy you are——" but here Will Riley stopped and stammered. There right in front of him was the smiling face of Susan Lanham, with a look in it which made him suddenly remember something. Susan had heard all the conversation, and now she came around in front of Will, while all the other girls clustered about her from a vague expectation of sport.

"Come, Pewee, let's play ball," said Will.

"Ah, you're running away, now; you're afraid of a girl," said Susan, with a cutting little laugh, and a toss of her black curls over her shoulder.

Will had already started for the ball-ground, but at this taunt he turned back, thrust his hands into his pockets, put on a swagger, and stammered: "No, I'm not afraid of a girl, either."

"That's about all that he is n't afraid of," said Bob Holliday.

"Oh! you're not afraid of a girl?" said Susan. "What did you run away for, when you saw me? You know that Pewee won't fight a girl. You're afraid of anybody that Pewee can't whip."

"You've an awful tongue, Susan. We'll call you Sassy Susan," said Will, laughing at his own joke.

"Oh, it is n't my tongue you're afraid of now. You know I can tell on you. I saw you drive your cow into the stable last week. You were ashamed to milk outside, but you looked all around——"

"I did n't do it. How could you see? It was dark," and Will giggled foolishly, seeing all at once that he had betrayed himself.

"It was nearly dark, but I happened to be where I could see. And as I was coming back, a few minutes after, I saw you come out with a pail of milk, and looking around you like a sneak-thief. You saw me and hurried away. You are such a coward that you are ashamed to do a little honest work. Milkmaid! Girl-boy! Coward! And Pewee Rose lets you lead him around by the nose!"

"You'd better be careful what you say, Susan," said Pewee, threateningly.

"You won't touch me. You go about bullying little boys, and calling yourself King Pewee, but you can't do a sum in long division, nor in short subtraction, for that matter, and you let fellows like Riley make a fool of you. Your father's poor, and your mother can't keep a girl, and you ought to be ashamed to let her milk the cow. Who milked your cow this morning, Pewee?"

"I don't know," said the king, looking like the king's fool.

"You did it," said Susan. "Don't deny it. Then you come here and call a strange boy a milkmaid!"

"Well, I did n't milk in the street, anyway, and he did." At this, all laughed aloud, and Susan's victory was complete. She only said, with a pretty toss of her head, as she turned away: "King Milkmaid!"

Pewee found the nickname likely to stick. He was obliged to declare on the playground the next day, that he would "thrash" any boy that said anything about milkmaids. After that, he heard no more of it. But one morning he found "King Milkmaid" written on the door of his father's cow-stable. Some boy who dared not attack Pewee, had vented his irritation by writing the hateful words on the stable, and on the fence-corners near the school-house, and even on the blackboard.

Pewee could not fight with Susan Lanham, but he made up his mind to punish the new scholar when he should have a chance. He must give somebody a beating.

CHAPTER III.

ANSWERING BACK.

It is hard for one boy to make a fight. Even your bully does not like to "pitch on" an inoffensive school-mate. You remember Æsop's fable of the wolf and the lamb, and what pains the wolf took to pick a quarrel with the lamb. It was a little hard for Pewee to fight with a boy who walked quietly to and from the school, without giving anybody cause for offense.

But the chief reason why Pewee did not attack him with his fists was that both he and Riley had found out that Jack Dudley could help them over a hard place in their lessons better than anybody else. And notwithstanding their continual persecution of Jack, they were mean enough to ask his assistance, and he, hoping to bring about peace by good-nature, helped them to get out their geography and arithmetic almost every day. Unable to appreciate this, they were both convinced that Jack only did it because he was afraid of them, and as they found it rare sport to abuse him, they kept it up. By their influence, Jack was shut out of the plays. A greenhorn would spoil the game, they said. What did a boy that had lived on Wildcat Creek, in the Indian Reserve, know about playing buffalo, or prisoner's base, or shinny? If he was brought in, they would go out.

But the girls, and the small boys, and good-hearted Bob Holliday liked Jack's company very much. Yet, Jack was a boy, and he often longed to play games with the others. He felt very sure that he could dodge and run in "buffalo" as well as

any of them. He was very tired of Riley's continual ridicule, which grew worse as Riley saw in him a rival in influence with the smaller boys.

"Catch Will alone sometime," said Bob Holliday, "when Pewee is n't with him, and then thrash him. He'll back right down if you bristle up to him. If Pewee makes a fuss about it, I'll look after Pewee. I'm bigger than he is, and he won't fight with me. What do you say?"

"I sha' n't fight unless I have to."

"Afraid?" asked Bob, laughing.

"It is n't that. I don't think I'm much afraid, although I don't like to be pounded or to pound anybody. I think I'd rather be whipped than to be made fun of, though. But my father used to say that people who fight generally do so because they are afraid of somebody else, more than they are of the one they fight with."

"I believe that's a fact," said Bob. "But Riley aches for a good thrashing."

"I know that, and I feel like giving him one, or taking one myself, and I think I shall fight him before I've done. But Father used to say that fists could never settle between right and wrong. They only show which is the stronger, and it is generally the mean one that gets the best of it."

"That's as sure as shootin'," said Bob. "Pewee could use you up. Pewee thinks he's the king, but laws! he's only Riley's bull-dog. Riley is afraid of him, but he manages to keep the dog on his side all the time."

"My father used to say," said Jack, "that brutes could fight with force, but men ought to use their wits."

"You seem to think a good deal of what your father says,—like it was your Bible, you know."

"My father's dead," replied Jack.

"Oh, that's why. Boys don't always pay attention to what their father says when he's alive."

"Oh, but then my father was——" Here Jack checked himself, for fear of seeming to boast. "You see," he went on, "my father knew a great deal. He was so busy with his books that he lost 'most all his money, and then we moved to the Indian Reserve, and there he took the fever and died; and then we came down here, where we owned a house, so that I could go to school."

"Why don't you give Will Riley as good as he sends?" said Bob, wishing to get away from melancholy subjects. "You have as good a tongue as his."

"I have n't his stock of bad words, though."

"You've got a power of fun in you, though,—you keep everybody laughing when you want to, and if you'd only turn the pumps on him once, he'd howl like a yellow dog that's had a quart o' hot suds poured over him out of a neighbor's win-

dow. Use your wits, like your father said. You've lived in the woods till you're as shy as a flying-squirrel. All you've got to do is to talk up and take it rough and tumble, like the rest of the world. Riley can't bear to be laughed at, and you can make him ridiculous as easy as not."

The next day, at the noon recess, about the time that Jack had finished helping Bob Holliday to find some places on the map, there came up a little shower, and the boys took refuge in the school-house. They must have some amusement, so Riley began his old abuse.

"Well, greenhorn from the Wildcat, where's the black sheep you stole that suit of clothes from?"

"I hear him bleat now," said Jack,— "about the blackest sheep I have ever seen."

"You've heard the truth for once, Riley," said Bob Holliday.

Riley, who was as vain as a peacock, was very much mortified by the shout of applause with which this little joke of Jack's was greeted. It was not a case in which he could call in King Pewee. The king, for his part, shut up his fists and looked silly, while faint-hearted Jack took courage to keep up the battle. But Riley tried again.

"I say, Wildcat, you think you're smart, but you're a double-distilled idiot, and have n't got brains enough to be sensible of your misery."

This kind of outburst on Riley's part always brought a laugh from the school. But before the laugh had died down, Jack Dudley took the word, saying, in a dry and quizzical way:

"Don't you try to claim kin with me that way, Riley. No use; I won't stand it. I don't belong to your family. I'm neither a fool nor a coward."

"Hurrah!" shouted Bob Holliday, bringing down first one and then the other of his big feet on the floor. "It's your put-in now, Riley."

"Don't be backward in coming forward, Will, as the Irish priest said to his people," came from grave Harvey Collins, who here looked up from his book, thoroughly enjoying the bully's discomfiture.

"That's awfully good," said Joanna Merwin, clasping her hands and giggling with delight.

King Pewee doubled up his fists and looked at Riley to see if he ought to try his sort of wit on Jack. If a frog, being pelted to death by cruel boys, should turn and pelt them again, they could not be more surprised than were Riley and King Pewee at Jack's repartees.

"You'd better be careful what you say to Will Riley," said Pewee. "I stand by him."

But Jack's blood was up now, and he was not to be frightened. "All the more shame to him," said Jack. "Look at me, shaken all to pieces with the fever and ague on the Wildcat, and look at that great big, bony coward of a Riley. I've done

him no harm, but he wants to abuse me, and he's afraid of me. He dare n't touch me. He has to coax you to stand by him, to protect him from poor little me. He's a great big——"

"Calf," broke in Bob Holliday, with a laugh.

"You'd better be careful," said Pewee to Jack, rising to his feet. "I stand by Riley."

"Will you defend him if I hit him?" "Yes."

"Well, then, I won't hit him. But you don't mean that he is to abuse me, while I am not allowed to answer back a word?"

"Well——" said Pewee, hesitatingly.

"Well," said Bob Holliday, hotly, "I say that Jack has just as good a right to talk with his tongue as Riley. Stand by Riley if he's hit, Pewee: he needs it. But don't you try to shut up Jack." And Bob got up and put his broad hand on Jack's shoulder. Nobody had ever seen the big fellow angry before, and the excitement was very great. The girls clapped their hands.

"Good for you, Bob, I say," came from Susan Lanham, and poor ungainly Bob blushed to his hair to find himself the hero of the girls.

"I don't mean to shut up Jack," said Pewee, looking at Bob's size, "but I stand by Riley."

"Well, do your standing sitting down, then," said Susan. "I'll get a milking-stool for you, if that'll keep you quiet."

It was well that the master came in just then, or Pewee would have had to fight somebody or burst.

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

JACK'S life in school was much more endurable now that he had a friend in Bob Holliday. Bob had spent his time in hard work and in rough surroundings, but he had a gentleman's soul, although his manners and speech were rude. More and more Jack found himself drawn to him. Harvey Collins asked Jack to walk down to the river-bank with him at recess. Both Harvey and Bob soon liked Jack, who found himself no longer lonely. The girls also sought his advice about their lessons, and the younger boys were inclined to come over to his side.

As winter came on, country boys, anxious to learn something about "reading, writing, and ciphering," came into the school. Each of these new-comers had to go through a certain amount of teasing from Riley and of bullying from Pewee.

One frosty morning in December, there appeared among the new scholars a strange little fellow with a large head, long straight hair, an emaciated body, and legs that looked like reeds, they were so slender. His clothes were worn and patched, and he had a look of being frost-bitten.

He could not have been more than ten years old, to judge by his size, but there was a look of premature oldness in his face.

"Come here!" said the master, when he caught sight of him. "What is your name?" And Mr. Ball took out his book to register the new-comer, with much the same relish that the Giant Despair in *Pilgrim's Progress* showed when he had bagged a fresh pilgrim.

"Columbus Risdale." The new-comer spoke in a shrill, piping voice, as strange as his weird face and withered body.

"Is that your full name?" asked the master.

"No, sir," piped the strange little creature.

"Give your full name," said Mr. Ball, sternly.

"My name is Christopher Columbus George Washington Marquis de Lafayette Risdale." The poor lad was the victim of that mania which some people have for "naming after" great men. His little shrunken body and high, piping voice made his name seem so incongruous that all the school tittered, and many laughed outright. But the dignified and eccentric little fellow did not observe it.

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir," said the lad, more shrilly than ever.

"Umph," said the master, with a look of doubt on his face. "In the first reader?"

"No, sir; in the fourth reader."

Even the master could not conceal his look of astonishment at this claim. At that day, the fourth-reader class was the highest in the school, and contained only the largest scholars. The school laughed at the bare notion of little Christopher Columbus reading in the fourth reader, and the little fellow looked around the room, puzzled to guess the cause of the merriment.

"We'll try you," said the master, with suspicion. When the fourth-reader class was called, and Harvey Collins and Susan Lanham and some others of the nearly grown-up pupils came forward, with Jack Dudley as quite the youngest of the class, the great-eyed, emaciated little Columbus Risdale picked himself up on his pipe-stems and took his place at the end of this row.

It was too funny for anything!

Will Riley and Pewee and other large scholars, who were yet reading in that old McGuffey's Third Reader, which had a solitary picture of Bonaparte crossing the Alps, looked with no kindly eyes on this preposterous infant in the class ahead of them.

The piece to be read was the poem of Mrs. Hemans's called "The Better Land." Poems like this one are rather out of fashion nowadays, and people are inclined to laugh a little at Mrs. Hemans. But thirty years ago her religious and sentimental poetry was greatly esteemed. This one presented no difficulty to the readers. In that

day, little or no attention was paid to inflection—the main endeavor being to pronounce the words without hesitation or slip, and to “mind the stops.” Each one of the class read a stanza ending with a line:

“Not there, not there, my child!”

The poem was exhausted before all had read, so that it was necessary to begin over again in order to give each one his turn. All waited to hear the little Columbus read. When it came his turn, the school was as still as death. The master, wishing to test him, told him, with something like a sneer, that he could read three stanzas, or “verses,” as Mr. Ball called them.

The little chap squared his toes, threw his head back, and more fluently even than the rest, he read, in his shrill, eager voice, the remaining lines, winding up each stanza in a condescending tone, as he read:

“Not there, not there, my child!”

The effect of this from the hundred-year-old baby was so striking and so ludicrous that everybody was amused, while all were surprised at the excellence of his reading. The master proceeded, however, to whip one or two of the boys for laughing.

When recess-time arrived, Susan Lanham came to Jack with a request.

“I wish you ’d look after little Lummy Risdale. He’s a sort of cousin of my mother’s. He is as innocent and helpless as the babes in the wood.”

“I’ll take care of him,” said Jack.

So he took the little fellow walking away from the school-house; Will Riley and some of the others calling after them: “Not there, not there, my child!”

But Columbus did not lay their taunts to heart. He was soon busy talking to Jack about things in the country, and things in town. On their return, Riley, crying out: “Not there, my child!” threw a snow-ball from a distance of ten feet and struck the poor little Christopher Columbus George Washington Lafayette so severe a blow as to throw him off his feet. Quick as a flash, Jack charged on Riley, and sent a snow-ball into his face. An instant later, he tripped him with his foot and rolled the big, scared fellow into the snow and washed his face well, leaving half a snow-bank down his back.

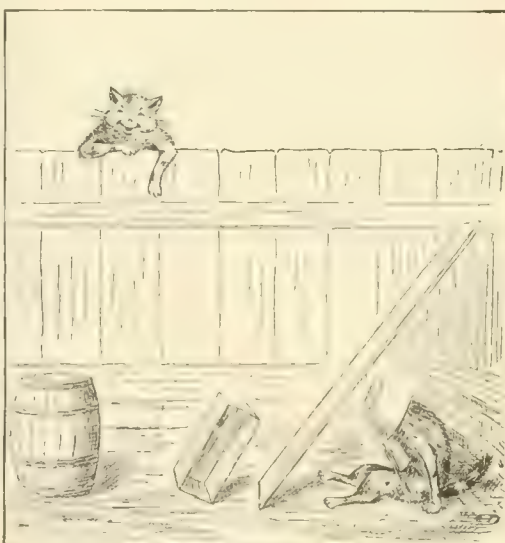
“What makes you so savage?” whined Riley. “I did n’t snow-ball you.” And Riley looked around for Pewee, who was on the other side of the school-house, and out of sight of the scuffle.

“No, you dare n’t snow-ball me,” said Jack, squeezing another ball and throwing it into Riley’s shirt-front with a certainty of aim that showed that he knew how to play ball. “Take that one, too, and if you bother Lum Risdale again, I’ll make you pay for it. Take a boy of your size.” And with that he molded yet another ball, but Riley retreated to the other side of the school-house.

(To be continued.)



SCENE I.



SCENE II.



ONE Christ-
mas day at Grand-
mamma's, we all dressed
up, for fun ; and sat in a line and
called them in to look when we were
done. We never laughed a single time,
but sat in a solemn row. Tommy was Queen Eliza-
beth, and Jane had an Alsace bow. Freddy was
bound to be a nun (though he did n't look it, a
bit !) and Katy made a Welsh-woman's hat and
sat down under it. Sister was Madame de Main-
tenon, or some such Frenchy dame ; and Jack had
a Roman toga on, and took a classic name. As for

poor me, I really think I came out best of all,
though I had n't a thing for dressing up, 'cept
Dinah's bonnet and shawl. Well, Grandma
laughed, and Grandpa laughed, and all admired
the show,—I wish I 'd seen us sitting there, so
solemn, in a row !

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY W. H. VENABLE.

THE area of the original thirteen States, a century ago, was less than one-eleventh as great as that of our entire country now, and their population did not reach one-fifteenth the number at present within the nation's borders. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois each had as many inhabitants in 1870 as the united colonies had in the year 1770.

A hundred years ago, the region west of the Alleghanies was styled The Wilderness, and only a few bold spirits, like Daniel Boone, had dared to penetrate its solitude. The Rocky, then called Stony, Mountains were known to exist, but no white man had explored them. Even within this century, the belief was held that the Missouri River had some connection with the Pacific Ocean.

The journey from Baltimore to Pittsburgh took

twelve days, and was not only toilsome, but dangerous, for hostile Indians lurked in the woods. Wagons often stuck fast in the mire, or broke down on "corduroy" roads made of logs laid side by side in the mud. The heavy stage-coach of early times, although it made great show of speed when dashing through a village, was as long in lumbering from New York to Boston as a modern express train is in crossing the continent. In great contrast with the present mode of traveling was the journey made by Thomas Jefferson, in the year 1775, when he went in a carriage from Williamsburg, Virginia, to Philadelphia. He was ten days on the road, and twice was obliged to hire a guide, to show the way to the largest city in the country. In 1777, Elkanah Watson rode

from Newbern to Wilmington, North Carolina, on horseback, and not only lost his way, but was embarrassed further by meeting a large bear.

The life and habits of the common people were extremely simple. The furniture of an ordinary house, in 1776, was scanty, plain, and cheap.



A person traveling in New England, about a century ago, would have found there a frugal and industrious people, dwelling generally in or near villages, and employed mainly in trade and tillage. He might have seen, in the older towns, factories

In many houses, the floor had no carpet, and the walls of that day had no paper nor paint. Neither pumps nor cooking-stoves were in use. The sofa was a high-backed bench of unpainted wood. The rude, low bedstead was honored almost always with a coat of green paint. The sewing-machine was



"THE ACT OF OFFERING AND RECEIVING A PINCH OF SNUFF WAS PERFORMED WITH PROFOUND CEREMONY."

for the making of cloth, hats, shoes, axes, ropes, paper, and guns; and with a sail-boat he might have visited flourishing fisheries off the coast.

not dreamed of; but the spinning-wheel, flax-dstaff, and yarn-reel found a place in all houses, and the weaver's loom could be seen in many.

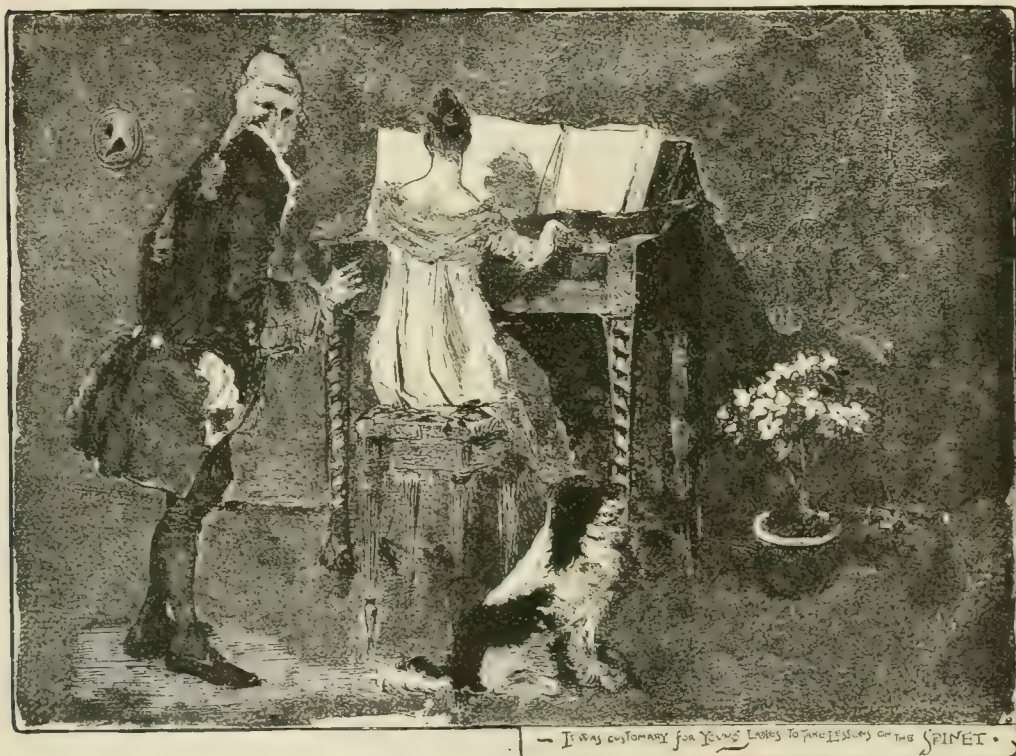
Queen's-ware, or glazed earthenware, was unknown, yet well-to-do families often had sets of small china cups and saucers. The rich took pride in displaying urns and salvers of pure silver. There was no plated ware. The table was set with dishes of wood and of pewter.

Our forefathers depended upon the tallow-candle and the lard-oil lamp for artificial light. They knew nothing of kerosene, gas, and sulphur matches. The embers in the fire-place were seldom suffered to burn out, but when the last coal chanced to expire, the fire was rekindled by strik-

powdered wigs, three-cornered hats, and swords. Women's dresses were made of heavy silks and satins, called brocades, on which raised figures of leaves and flowers were woven, or worked, in colored silk or thread of silver and gold.

Both sexes took pains in dressing the hair. A stylish gentleman had his locks curled and frizzed, or suspended in a queue, as you have often seen in old pictures. A New England belle spent many hours in plastering her hair up into a sort of tower, decorated with powder and ribbons.

There were few, if any, millionaires in the early



— IT WAS CUSTOMARY FOR YOUNG LADIES TO TAKE LESSONS ON THE SPINET. —

ing a spark from a flint into a piece of tinder. Sometimes a burning brand was borrowed from the hearth of a neighbor.

The dress of the common folk in town and country was more for use than beauty. A pair of buckskin breeches and a corduroy coat formed the essentials of a man's suit, and they never wore out. After the breeches had been rained upon a few times they hardened into a garment more durable than comfortable.

The wearing-apparel of fashionable people of the city, however, was very gay and picturesque. Men wore knee-breeches and hose, broad-skirted coats lined with buckram, long waistcoats, sometimes of gold-cloth, wide cuffs lined with lace,

days of the Republic, and the power of money was not felt as it is now. However, the aristocracy was less approachable by the common people than are the higher circles of to-day, or, probably, of the future. This was owing to the fact that, at that time, American society was mainly copied after the English system, in which rank and title play an important part; and also to the influence of slavery, which existed in all the States.

Magistrates and clergymen were regarded, in New England, with extreme respect and reverence. Had our traveler dropped into a Puritan meeting-house, and sat through the service, he would have seen the minister and his family walk

solemnly down the aisle and through the door-way before the congregation presumed to leave the pews.

The New England country people combined



A FEW OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

amusement with work, at their house-raising, quilting parties, and like gatherings. The poet Bryant speaks of the process of cider-making as one that "came in among the more laborious rural occupations in a way which diversified them pleasantly, and which made it seem a pastime.

A hundred barrels to a single farm was no uncommon proportion."

"But," says Doctor Greene, in his charming *Short History of Rhode Island*, "the great pastime for young and old, for matron and maid, and for youth just blushing into manhood, was the autumn husking, where neighbors met at each other's corn-yards to husk each other's corn—sometimes husking a thousand bushels in a single meeting. Husking had its laws, and never were laws better obeyed. For every red ear, the lucky swain who had found it could claim a kiss from every maid; with every smutted ear he smutched the faces of his mates, amid laughter and joyous shoutings; but when the prize fell to a girl, she would walk the round demurely, look each eager aspirant in the face, and hide or reveal the secret of her heart by a kiss. Then came the dance and supper, running deep into the night, and often encroaching upon the early dawn."

Our traveler would be interested in Salem, next to the largest town in New England, and a flourishing sea-port; and he certainly would have gone to Boston, then, as now, a center of education and culture. Many of the streets of Boston were narrow and crooked. Shops and inns were distinguished in Boston, as in other cities and towns, by pictorial signs for the benefit of those who could not read. One did not look for a lettered board, nor a number over the street door, but for the sign of the "Bunch of Feathers," the "Golden Key," the "Dog and Pot," or the "Three Doves."



Sometimes a burning brand was borrowed from the hearth of a neighbor.

The time that was given to making cider, and the number of barrels made and stored in the cellars of the farm-houses, would now seem incredible.

Had our traveler passed from New England to the State of New York, say at Albany, he would have had evidence that the frontier was not far off.

Goods sent from Albany to supply the Indian trade, and the furs and settlements out West, were hauled in wagons to Schenectady, then loaded in light boats, and poled up the Mohawk to Fort Schuyler, then carried across to Wood Creek, and again transported in boats down Oneida Lake and Osage River to the great lakes. The town of Albany was, at that time, a quiet, shady, delightful place, with cow-bells tinkling in the streets. Lazy Indians went lounging about the principal thoroughfares with bead-work and baskets to sell.

New York State continued to show evidence of

were scared into occasional fits of work by the threat that they should be sent to the West Indies, and traded off for rum and molasses.

New York City was an important commercial center, larger than Boston, but not so large as Philadelphia. It occupied but a small part of the southern end of Manhattan Island, the whole of which it now covers. Most of its streets were narrow and crooked. Tradition says that the Dutch settlers built their houses along the winding courses of cow-paths. Broadway, however, was a fine street, even in the days of the Revolution, and gave promise then of the splendor it afterward attained. New York City, in 1776, was lighted dimly with oil-lamps. Burning gas did not come into use till forty years later. Not unusually the New York houses were built with a flat space on the roof, surrounded by a railing, and where the people came out on the house-tops on summer evenings to enjoy the pleasant breeze from the bay.

Our traveler would have visited Philadelphia, the largest city in America, and the capital of the Republic. There he might have seen many evidences of wealth and social refinement. There were to be found noted public men from different parts of the country. The wise and benevolent Franklin lived there. There Congress met, and there Washington dwelt during the greater part of his administrations.

Philadelphia society claimed to lead the fashion in dress and amusements, though New York, Williamsburg, Charleston, and other places disputed this pre-



"IT MADE GREAT SHOW OF SPEED IN DASHING THROUGH A VILLAGE."

Dutch customs, as could be seen by going down the Hudson from Albany to Manhattan Island. The trip was taken in regular passenger sloops. The scenery along the Hudson was grander than now, for the wild forest had not disappeared from the hills. The passenger saw no large towns nor villages, but farm-houses nestled in the rich hollows, and the Dutch "bouwerries" or farms spread to view broad acres of corn and tobacco, and thrifty orchards of apple and pear trees. Just below Albany the family mansion and great barns of General Schuyler used to stand. The good general had many negro slaves,—indolent fellows, who

eminence. Fashionable people frequently gave formal dinner-parties. The lady guests, robed in their stiff brocades, were handed from their coaches and sedans, and daintily stepped to the door of the reception-room. A sedan was a covered chair for carrying a single person, borne on poles in the hands of two men, usually negroes. The dinner consisted of four courses, with abundance of wine. The health of every guest at table had to be drunk separately, at least once during the sitting, as to neglect this compliment was considered a breach of politeness.

After dinner, a game of whist was in order. Smoking was not fashionable, but every gentleman

carried a snuff-box, and the act of offering and receiving a pinch of snuff was performed with profound ceremony.

Dancing was a favorite amusement in all parts of the country. General Greene tells us that, on a certain occasion, George Washington danced for three hours without once sitting down. No doubt the stately Virginian chose to tread the dignified measure of the contra-dance rather than to trip through the lighter movements of the minuet. The quadrilles and round dances of our day were unknown in 1776.

The violin was held in high esteem, especially in the Middle and Southern States. Thomas Jefferson said of Patrick Henry, that "his passion was for fiddling, dancing, and pleasantries." Jefferson was himself famous for attending balls. Once, when he was away from home, his father's house burned down. A slave was sent to tell this bad news to his young master Thomas.

"Did n't you save any of my books?" asked the future author of the Declaration of Independence.

"No, massa," answered the ebony messenger; "but we saved the fiddle!"

It was customary for young ladies to take lessons on the harpsichord or the spinet, as they do nowadays on the piano-forte.

Our traveler, extending his journey to the Southern States, would have found few towns of considerable size, excepting Williamsburg and Richmond, in Virginia, and Charleston, South Carolina. Wealthy planters of cotton and rice owned most of the fertile land. The Fairfax estate, on the Potomac, had five million acres. It was quite an expedition to go from one planter's house to another, for the distance, in some cases, was as much as ten or twelve miles, and the roads were bad. When a visit was under-

taken, the great family coach, drawn by four or six horses, driven by a pompous black coachman, conveyed the ladies, while the gentlemen of the party went on horseback. Not unfrequently ladies rode behind gentlemen, mounted on cushions, called pillions; but the more independent of the "fair sex" preferred to manage their own palfrey, and to grace the saddle alone. Colored servants, riding upon mules, jogged after their masters and mistresses, to carry bandboxes and parcels, and to open gates.

Southern estates were distinguished by descriptive names, such as "Mount Vernon," "Monticello," "Ingleside," "The Oaks." Particular mansions were known, also, by romantic titles,—such as "Belvoir," "Liberty Hall," "Greenway Court,"—reminding us of old English manor-houses. Such Southern mansions were large and strongly built, and some of them were costly and elegant. "Drayton Hall," on Ashley River, cost ninety thousand dollars—a vast sum to spend on a house



AN OLD-TIME DANCE.



"THE LADY GUESTS WERE HANDED FROM THEIR COACHES."

at the period of which I write. "Drayton Hall" is yet standing, a fair specimen of old-fashioned

architecture. The wainscot and mantels are of solid mahogany. The walls were once hung with tapestry.

The planters, like the English rural gentry, laid off their grounds with terraces, hedges, and ponds; and adorned them with shrubbery, summer-houses, and statuary. Many lived at ease in the midst of plenty. They had much pride, and looked down upon the laboring and trading classes of the North. All their work was done by slaves. The planters' sons were sent to the mother country to be educated. The daughters were instructed by private tutors.

Most fine gentlemen were fond of fine horses and dogs. There is a flavor of romance in the page of history that tells of Washington and his friends dashing through the forests of the Old Dominion, to the music of hound and horn.

The times of which this article treats are often spoken of as the "good old days" of our ancestors; we should be strangely at loss if we had to live in the good old ways of the last century. We

should consider it inconvenient enough to do without steam-boat, railroad, telegraph, and daily newspaper, not to mention horse-cars, express companies, letter-carriers, and the telephone.

The farmer of 1776 had no grain-drill, harvester, or threshing-machine; and even his plow, ax, and hay-fork were so rude and clumsy that a modern laborer would laugh at them.

How great, to-day, should we regard the general loss, were the shipper deprived of his grain-elevator; the merchant of his fire-proof safe; the publisher of his

revolving press; the surgeon of the use of ether; the physician of vaccination; the cripple of artificial limbs; the writer of envelopes and metallic pens; the ladies of pins, and hooks and eyes; the soldier of his breech-loading gun! All the articles and arts above enumerated, and many more now considered essential to comfort and convenience, are of modern invention. A hundred years ago they did not exist.



SAVING GOOD-BYE TO THE LADY IN THE SEDAN.



THE POET WHO COULD N'T WRITE POETRY.

BY JOEL STACY.

Mr. Tennyson Tinkleton Tupper von Burns
Was no poet, as every one knew;
But the fact that he had his poetical turns
Was well understood by a few.

"I long, I aspire, and I suffer and sigh,
When the fever is on," he confessed;
"Yet never a line have I writ,—and for why?
My fancies can *not* be expressed!"

"Ah, what avail language, ink, paper, and quill,
When the soul of a gifted one yearns;
Could I write what I think, all creation would thrill,"

Said Tennyson Tupper von Burns.

STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

THE FORE WORD.

WHEN the world was in its childhood, men looked upon the works of Nature with a strange kind of awe. They fancied that everything upon the earth, in the air, or in the water had a life like their own, and that every sight which they saw, and every sound which they heard, was caused by some intelligent being. All men were poets, so far as their ideas and their modes of expression were concerned, although it is not likely that any of them wrote poetry. This was true in regard to the Saxon in his chilly northern home, as well as to the Greek in the sunny southland. But, while the balmy air and clear sky of the south tended to refine men's thoughts and language, the bleak storms of the north made them rugged, bold, and energetic.

Thus, in the south, when reference was made to winter and to things connected with it, men did not take pains to explain the changes of the seasons, as our teachers do at school; but they probably told how Hermes had stolen Persephone (the summer) from her mother Demetre (the earth), and had carried her in a chariot, drawn by four coal-black steeds, to the gloomy land of Hades; and how, in sorrow for her absence, the earth was clothed in mourning, and no leaves grew upon the trees nor flowers in the garden. And they added that, after five or six months, Persephone would return for a time to her sorrowing mother, and then the flowers would bloom, and the trees would bear fruit, and the harvest-fields would be full of golden grain.

In the north, a different story was told, but the meaning was the same. They said that Loki (heat) had betrayed Balder (the sunlight), and induced blind Hoder (the winter months) to slay him; and that all things, living and inanimate, wept for the bright god until Death allowed him to revisit the earth for a time.

Sometimes men told how Odin (the All-Father) had become angry with Brunhild (the maid of spring), and had wounded her with the thorn of sleep, and how all the world was wrapped in silence until Sigurd or Siegfried (the sunbeam) awakened her with a kiss. So, also, when the sun arose, and scattered the darkness, men spoke of how a noble young hero had slain a dreadful dragon, or how he had taken possession of the golden treasures of Mist Land. When threatening clouds darkened

the sky, and thunder rolled overhead, they said that Thor was battling with the storm-giants.

It was thus that men, in the earlier ages of the world, spoke of all the workings of Nature, and in this manner many myths, or poetical fables, were formed, which embody some of the most beautiful ideas ever expressed in any language. By and by, the first meaning of the story was forgotten, and men began to regard it no longer as a poetical fancy, but as a historical fact. Perhaps some real hero had performed noble deeds, and had made the world around him happier and better. It was easy to compare him with Sigurd, or some mythical slayer of dragons, and soon the deeds of both were ascribed to but one. Thus you see that many myth-stories probably contain some historical facts, as well as poetical fancies; but it is often impossible to distinguish what is history from what is fable.

All nations have had their myth-stories, but, to my mind, the purest and grandest are those which we have received from our ancestors who once lived in Northern Europe. These stories are ours now, because they are our inheritance; and when we are able to make them still more our own, by removing the blemishes which rude and barbarous ages have added to some of them, we shall doubtless find in them many things that are beautiful and true, and well calculated to make us wiser and better.

One of the oldest, as well as one of the finest, of these Northern myths, is the story of Sigurd, the son of Sigmund. But, while this story contains much that is grand and beautiful, it is somewhat tarnished with the prevailing coarseness of a rude and war-loving people. There are many later versions of the same myth, differing from one another, according to the time in which they were written, and the character of the people among whom they were received. One of the most recent of these versions is the *Nibelungen Lied*, a grand old German poem, which may well be compared with the *Iliad* of the Greeks. In it, Sigurd is called Siegfried; and, while it retains very much of the original myth-story, it introduces many notions peculiar to the Middle Ages, and unknown to our Norse ancestors.

Our purpose here is to tell you a few stories founded on some of the earlier portions of this poem, and if, now and then, we allow our fancy and judgment to color the narrative, it is quite in keeping with the way in which writers and story-

tellers of various nations and times have dealt with these Myths of the Northland.

STORY THE FIRST.

It was in the old Norwegian days, in a strong-built castle by the sea, that were told the stories which I shall relate. The summer-time and the short-lived autumn had passed away. Warm breezes had ceased to blow. The Frost-giants, in their chill northern home, had rallied all their strength, and had forced the Sun to withdraw toward the south. Then the Winter came and stole the flowers, and stripped the trees, and sealed up the rivers, and built great ice-mountains, and wrapped the world in silence. And the Northwinds, with flapping wings, swept furiously over land and sea, and covered the earth with snow, and filled the air with flying frost.

But within the low-raftered halls of the Norse castle, the fire blazed bright and warm, and there were comfort and good cheer. Safely housed from the storms, the good jarl (or earl) Ronvald and his handsome wife Gudrun entertained their guests and their fair-haired children with games, and music and song, and with wondrous stories of the olden time.

Well-built and tall was jarl Ronvald; somewhat rude in manners, but kind at heart; and his face, though roughened by wind and weather, was lighted always with a pleasant smile. A right jovial host was he. And among the chiefs who did homage to King Harold Harfager, Ronvald was accounted the most noble. The fair Gudrun was in every way worthy to be the wife of such a man, for she was loving and wise, and lacked no grace of mind or body. To her husband, she was a true helpmate; to her children, a loving mother, and a kind teacher and friend.

Three sons and a daughter brought sunshine and laughter into this household; Rollo, the eldest, tall, slim, and straight as the mountain pine, having his mother's clear gray eyes; and his father's heavy brow; Leif, the second son, of small stature, quiet and timid as a girl, with high forehead, betokening deep thoughts; then Ingeborg, the daughter, fairer than dream can paint, with golden locks, and eyes bluer than the clearest sky of summer; lastly, Harold, a tottering baby-boy, the mother's darling, the father's pet, with all of life's promises and uncertainties still before him.

Few guests came that year to jarl Ronvald's castle; only two young men,—kinsmen to dame Gudrun,—and a strolling harper, old and gray. The winter days passed swiftly away, and brought many joys in their train. For, while such good cheer was found within the castle walls, no one recked that outside the cold winds whistled and shrieked, and the half-starved wolves howled and

snarled even in sight of the gates, and at the doors of the poor. Thus, the season of the Yule-feasts came; the great hall was decked with cedar and spruce, and sprigs of the mistletoe; and a plentiful feast was served; and the Yule-log was rolled into the wide-mouthed chimney-place, where the cheerful fire blazed high, throwing warmth and a ruddy glow of light into every nook and corner of the room. When the feast was over, and the company had tired of the festal games, the jarl and his family and guests sat around the hearth, and whiled the evening hours away with pleasant talk. And each of them sang a song, or told a story, or in some way added to the merriment of the hour.

First, the old harper tuned his harp, and played most bewitching music. And as he played, he sang. He sang of the Asa-folk, who dwell in Gladsheim on the heaven-towering Asgard mountain; of Odin, the All-Father, and of his ravens, Thought and Memory; of the magic ring, Draupner, which gives richness to the earth; and of the wondrous horse, the winged Sleipnir, upon whom the worthiest thoughts of men are carried heavenward. Then he sang of Thor, the mighty Asa, who rides in the whirlwind and the storm, and wages fiercest war with the giants of the mist and frost; and of Frey, the gentle peace-maker, who scatters smiles and plenty over the land; and of the shining Balder, beloved by gods and men; and of the listening Heimdall,* who guards the shimmering rainbow-bridge, and waits to herald, with his golden horn, the coming of the last twilight.

When the harper had ended, all sat in silence for a time, watching the glowing embers and the flames that encircled the half-burnt Yule-log. For never had they heard more charming music, or listened to words more touching. Then Rollo, the ever restless, broke the silence.

"Father," said he, "it is now four months since you came back from Rhineland and the south. You have told us about the strange people you saw there, and of the sunny skies and the purple grapes. But I should like to know more; I should never tire of hearing about those lands. Tell us, please, some story that you heard while there,—some story that the Rhine people love."

"Yes, Father," said Ingeborg, laying her slender hand in the broad, rough palm of the jarl; "tell us a story of those people. Do they think and act as we do? Do they know aught of Odin, and Thor, and Balder? And do they love to think and speak of noble deeds, and brave men, and fair women?"

"They think and act very much like our Norse people," answered the jarl; "for they are kinsfolk of ours. Indeed, their forefathers were our fathers long ago, in a distant and now forgotten land. I will tell you a story which is often sung among

* See Volume VI., page 277.



SIEGFRIED TEMPERING THE SWORD BALMUNG. [SEE PAGE 163.]

them. But it is not all a story of the Rhine people. Tales much like it you already know, which were told in Norway hundreds of years ago."

THE SWORD BALMUNG.

AT Santen, in the Lowlands, there once lived a noble young prince named Siegfried. His father,

Siegmund, was king of the rich country through which the lazy Rhine winds its way just before reaching the great North Sea; and he was known, both far and near, for his good deeds and prudent thrift. And Siegfried's mother, the gentle Sigelind, was loved by all for her goodness of heart and her kindly charity to the poor. Neither king nor

queen left aught undone that might make the young prince happy or fit him for life's usefulness. Wise men were brought from far-off lands to be his teachers, and every day something was added to his store of knowledge or his stock of happiness. Very skillful did he become in warlike games and in manly feats of strength. No other youth could throw the spear with so much force, nor shoot the arrow with truer aim. No other youth could run more swiftly, nor ride with more becoming ease. His gentle mother took delight in adding to the beauty of his matchless form by clothing him with costly garments, decked with the rarest jewels. The old, the young, the rich, the poor, the high, the low,—all praised the fearless Siegfried, and all vied in friendly strife to win his favor. One would have thought that the life of the young prince could never be aught but a holiday, and that the birds would sing, and the flowers would bloom, and the sun would shine forever for his sake.

But the business of man's life is not mere pastime, and none knew this truth better than the wise old king, Siegmund.

"All work is noble," said he to Siegfried, "and he who yearns to win fame must not shun toil. Even princes should know how to earn an honest livelihood by the labor of their hands."

And so, when Siegfried had grown to be a tall and comely youth, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith named Mimer, and sent to live at the smithy near the borders of the great Rhine forest. For, from the earliest times, the work of the blacksmith has been looked upon as the most noble of all trades—a trade which the gods themselves are not ashamed to follow. And this smith, Mimer, was the keeper of a wonderful well, or flowing spring, the waters of which imparted wisdom and far-seeing knowledge to all who drank of them. To Mimer's school, then, where he would be taught to work skillfully and to think wisely, Siegfried was sent, to be, in all respects, like the other pupils there. A coarse blue blouse, heavy leggings, and a leathern apron took the place of the costly clothing which he had worn in his father's castle. His feet were incased in awkward wooden shoes, and his head was covered with a wolf-skin cap. The dainty bed, with its downy pillows, wherein every night his mother had been wont, with gentle care, to see him safely covered, was given up for a rude heap of straw in a corner of the smithy. And the rich food to which he had been used gave place to the coarsest and humblest fare. But the lad did not complain, and for a time he was mirthful and happy. The sound of his hammer rang cheerfully, and the sparks from his forge flew briskly, from morning till night.

And a wonderful smith he became. No one could do more work than he, and none wrought with greater skill. The heaviest chains and the strongest bolts, for prison or for treasure-house, were but as toys in his stout hands, so easily and quickly did he beat them into shape. And he was alike skillful in work of the most delicate and brittle kind.

One morning, his master, Mimer, came to the smithy with a sullen frown and a troubled look. It was clear that something had gone amiss, and what it was the apprentices soon learned from the smith himself. Never, until lately, had any one questioned Mimer's right to be called the foremost smith in all the world; but a rival had come forward. An unknown upstart, one Amilias, in Burgundy-land, had made a suit of armor which, he boasted, no stroke of sword could dint, and no blow of spear could scratch; and he had sent a challenge to all the other smiths in Rhineland to equal that piece of workmanship, or else acknowledge themselves his underlings and vassals. For days had Mimer himself toiled, alone and vainly, trying to forge a sword whose edge the boasted armor of Amilias would not foil; and now, in despair, he came to ask the help of his apprentices.

"Who among you will undertake the forging of such a sword?" he asked.

One after another, the twelve apprentices shook their heads. And the foreman, whose name was Veliant, said: "I have heard much about that wonderful armor, and I doubt if any skill can make a sword with edge that can injure it. The best we can do is to make a coat of mail whose temper shall match that of Amilias's armor."

Then the lad Siegfried quickly said: "I will make such a sword as you want,—a blade that no coat of mail can foil. Give me but leave to try!"

The apprentices laughed in scorn, but Mimer checked them: "You hear how this stripling can talk; let us see what he can do. He is the king's son, and we know that he has uncommon talent. He shall make the sword; but if, upon trial, it fail, I will make him rue the day."

Then Siegfried went to his task. And for seven days and seven nights the sparks never stopped flying from his flaming forge; and the ringing of his anvil, and the hissing of the hot metal, as he tempered it, were heard continuously. On the eighth day the sword was fashioned, and Siegfried brought it to Mimer.

The smith felt the razor edge of the bright weapon, and said: "This seems, indeed, a fair fire-edge. Let us make a trial of its keenness."

Then a thread of wool as light as thistle-down was thrown upon water, and, as it floated there, Mimer struck it with the sword. The glittering

blade cleft the slender thread in twain, and the pieces floated undisturbed upon the surface.

"Well done!" cried the delighted smith. "Never have I seen a keener edge or truer temper. With this, methinks, I can well cope with Amilias for the championship of the world."

But Siegfried was not so easily satisfied, and he said to Mimer: "I pray you give me leave to temper the weapon yet a little more."

And he took the sword and broke it into many pieces; and then for three days he welded it in a red-hot fire, and tempered it with milk and oatmeal. Then, in sight of Mimer and the scoffing apprentices, he cast a light ball of wool upon the water, and, as it floated, he struck it with the bright blue blade. And it was parted at a stroke, as had been the single thread before, and not the smallest fiber was moved out of its place.

Then back to the smithy Siegfried went again, and his forge glowed with a brighter fire, and his hammer rang with a cheerier sound. But he suffered none to come near, and no one ever knew what witchery he used. For seven weeks he wrought, and then, pale and haggard, he came and put the sword into Mimer's hands. "It is finished," he said. "The sword Balmung is yours. Try its edge and prove its temper in any way you list."

Forthwith, a great pack of wool, the fleeces of ten sheep, was brought and laid upon the water. And the sword Balmung divided it as smoothly and as easily as it had cleft the woolen ball or the slender woolen thread.

"Now, indeed," cried the delighted Mimer, "I no longer fear to make trial with that upstart Amilias. If his coat of mail shall withstand the stroke of such a sword as Balmung, then will I cheerfully be his underling. But, if this good blade deceive me not, it will serve me well, and I, Mimer, shall still be called the wisest and greatest of all the smiths in the world."

And he at once sent a challenge to Amilias in Burgundy; and a time and place were set for the two mighty smiths to meet and settle, by trial, the question of the championship.

When the time which had been appointed drew near, Mimer, with the sword Balmung by his side, and followed by all his apprentices, set out on his way to the place of meeting. Through the forest they went, by the nearest road, to the sluggish Rhine, and then they followed the river's winding course for many a league, until they came to the height of land which marked the boundary between Burgundy and the Lowlands. It was here, midway between the shops of the rival smiths, that the trial was to be made. And here were already gathered great numbers of people from the Low-

lands and from Burgundy, anxiously waiting for the coming of their champions. On the one side were the wise Siegmund and his gentle queen, and their train of attendant knights and courtiers and fair ladies. On the other side were the three Burgundian kings, Gunther, Gernot, and the child Giselher, and a mighty retinue of warriors led by grim old Hagen, the uncle of the kings, and the wariest chief in all Rhineland.

When everything was in readiness for the contest, Amilias, clad in his boasted armor, went up to the top of the hill, and sat upon a great rock, and waited for the appearance of Mimer. As he sat there, he looked, to the people below, like some great castle-tower; for he was a giant of huge dimensions, and his glittering coat of mail was not only skillfully wrought, but so great in size that fifty men of common mold might find shelter or be hidden within it. As the smith Mimer, himself a man of no mean stature, toiled up the steep hill-side, a grim and ghastly smile overspread the giant's face; for he felt no fear of the slender, glittering blade which was to try the metal of his armor. And, already, a shout of triumph was sent up by the Burgundian hosts, so sure were they of their champion's success.

But Mimer's friends waited in breathless silence. Only King Siegmund whispered to his queen, and said: "Knowledge is stronger than brute force. The smallest dwarf who has drunk from Mimer's well, and carries the sword of the knowing one, may safely engage in contest with the stoutest giant."

When Mimer reached the top of the hill, Amilias folded his huge arms and smiled again—this time in scorn. But the smith knew no fear.

"Are you ready?" asked the smith.

"Ready!" answered the giant. "Strike!"

Mimer drew back the glittering sword, and the muscles on his brawny arms stood out like great ropes. Then Balmung, swift as lightning, cleft the air from right to left. The waiting lookers-on, in the valley below, thought to hear the noise of clashing steel; but they listened in vain, for no sound came to their ears, save a sharp hiss, like that which red-hot iron gives when plunged into a tank of cold water. The giant sat, unmoved, with his arms still folded upon his breast; but the smile had vanished from his face.

"How do you feel now?" asked Mimer, in a half-mocking tone.

"Rather strangely, as if cold iron had touched me," faintly answered the giant.

"Shake thyself!" cried Mimer.

The giant did so, and lo! he fell in two halves, for the sword had cleft sheer through the vaunted coat of mail, and cut in twain the huge body incased within. Down tumbled the giant's head

and shoulders, and his still folded arms; and they rolled with thundering noise to the foot of the hill, and fell with a fearful splash into the deep Rhine waters. And there, fathoms down, they may now be seen, when the water is clear, lying like great gray rocks at the bottom of the river. The rest of the huge body, with its incasing armor, still sat upright in its place. And to this day, travelers sailing down the Rhine are shown, on moonlight evenings, the giant's armor on the high hill-top. In the dim, uncertain light, one easily fancies it to be the ivy-covered ruins of some old castle of former times.

The smith Mimer sheathed his sword, and walked slowly down the hill-side to the plain, where his friends welcomed him with glad cheers and shouts of joy. But the Burgundians, baffled and feeling vexed, turned silently homeward, nor cast a look back to the scene of their disappointment and their ill-fated champion's defeat.

And Siegfried returned, with Mimer and his fellows, to the smoky smithy, to his roaring bellows and ringing anvil, and to his coarse fare and rude, hard bed, and to a life of labor. And while all the world praised Mimer and his skill, and the fiery edge of the sunbeam blade, none knew that it was the boy Siegfried who had wrought the wonderful piece of workmanship.

But, after a while, it was whispered around that not Mimer, but one of his apprentices, had forged the sword. And when the smith was asked what truth there was in this story, he shook his head and made no answer. The apprentices, too, were silent, save Veliant, the foreman, who said: "It was I who forged the fire-edge of the blade Balmung; but to my master, Mimer, belongs all the praise, for my work was done in accordance with his orders." And none denied the truth of what he said; even Siegfried himself was speechless. Hence it is that, in songs and stories, it is said by some that Mimer, and by others that Veliant, made the doughty sword Balmung.

But blind hate and jealousy were uppermost in the coarse and selfish mind of the foreman, and he sought how he might injure the prince, and, mayhap, drive him away from the smithy in disgrace. "This boy has done what none of us could do," said he. "He may yet do greater

deeds, and set himself up as the champion smith of the world. In that case, we shall all have to humble ourselves before him."

And he nursed this thought, and brooded over the hatred which he felt toward the blameless prince. Yet he did not dare to harm him, for fear of their master, Mimer. And, although Siegfried suffered much from the cruel taunts of the foreman and the unkind words of his fellow apprentices, yet the sparks flew from his forge as merrily and as bright as ever, and his busy bellows roared from early morning until late at night. And Mimer's heart grew warm toward the prince, and he praised his diligence and skill, and by pleasant talk urged him to greater efforts.

"Hold on in your course, my brave lad," said he, "and your workmanship will, one day, rival the handicraft of the dwarfs themselves."

Here the jarl paused, and all his hearers waited silently for several minutes, expecting him to go on with his story. But he only smiled, and stroked gently the silken tresses of little Ingeborg, and gazed thoughtfully into the glowing fire. Then Rollo, when he saw that his father had ended, said, impatiently: "Is that all?"

"That is all of Siegfried's smithing. For, the next day, the envious Veliant sent him on an errand into the forest, and he never came back to the smithy again."

"Why?" asked Ingeborg. "Was he lost, or did he go back to his parents at Santen?"

"Neither," answered the jarl. "The world lay before him, and much noble work was waiting to be done. With brave heart and willing hands, he went out to help the innocent and weak, and to punish wrong-doers wherever he might find them."

"What did he do?" asked Rollo.

"About the first thing that he did was to slay the dragon of the Glittering Heath."

"Tell us about it!" cried all the young people in a breath.

"Not now," said the jarl, smiling. "It is not a very pleasant story to tell before the Yule-fire. But our good harper will sing for you again; and then, mayhap, he will tell you something about the dragon that Siegfried slew."

(To be continued.)

THE NERVOUS LITTLE MAN

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS

IN A LITTLE HOUSE THAT STOOD
IN THE MIDDLE OF A WOOD.
DWELT A LITTLE MAN AS NERVOUS AS COULD BE
"WITHOUT ANY NEIGHBOR NEAR
"I AM QUITE UNDONE WITH FEAR.
SO I'D BETTER BUY A GUN," ONE DAY SAID HE.

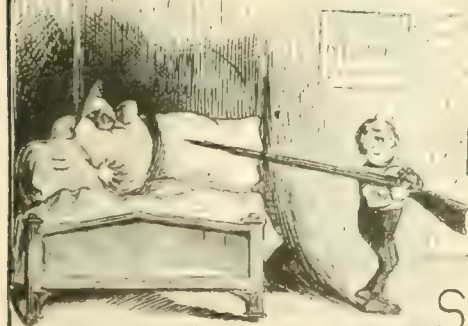


BUT A GUN PLACED AT THE HEAD
OF HIS LARGE OLD-FASHIONED BED
CAUSED THE LITTLE MAN SOME ANXIETY
"IT MIGHT GO OFF SOME NIGHT
AND THEN I'D DIE OF FRIGHT,"
"I'LL GET A BOY TO WATCH THE GUN,"
SAID HE.

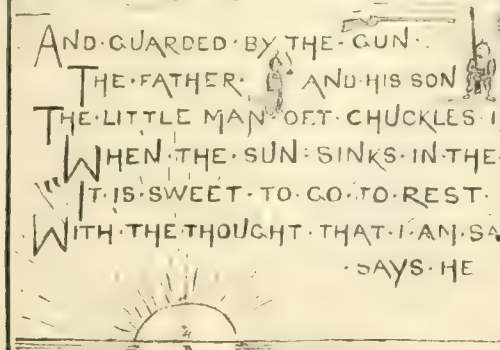


HE ENGAGED A BOY TO STAND
WITH THE WEAPON IN HIS HAND
BUT THE YOUNGSTER WITH THE TRIGGER
WAS TOO FREE.

"IF THE BOY DOES NOT LOOK OUT
HE WILL KILL US BOTH NO DOUBT,"
SO I'LL HAVE THE FATHER WATCH HIS SON,"
SAID HE.



AND GUARDED BY THE GUN
THE FATHER AND HIS SON
THE LITTLE MAN GOT CHUCKLES IN HIS CLEE.
WHEN THE SUN SINKS IN THE WEST
"IT IS SWEET TO GO TO REST
WITH THE THOUGHT THAT I AM SAFE FROM HARM"
SAYS HE.



A REMARKABLE FIGHT.

EVERY reading boy or girl knows something about the poisonous serpent of India, called the Cobra de Capello. This name, which means "hooded snake," was given it on account of its habit of dilating or stretching its neck into a sort of hood, partly covering the head. The snake is from three to



four feet long, of a brownish-yellow color, and its poison is exceedingly dangerous, and generally fatal.

But there is also in India a little animal called the mongoose, which is said to fight and overcome the cobra, and even to receive its bite without injury. The mongoose, which resembles the weasel in size and general habits, is covered with gray and dark-freckled hairs,—a sharp-nosed, wonderfully agile little creature, as you will see from the picture. Some naturalists believe that the mongoose knows of a plant or root which, when eaten, counteracts the snake-poison; but others deny this, and maintain that the venom has no effect on the animal, which therefore destroys the cobra without danger, just as hogs kill rattlesnakes in our own country. It is a singular fact that poisons do produce different effects upon different animals, and the following account seems to show that the mongoose is really a natural enemy of the cobra, and is thoroughly proof against the serpent-poison. The fight described was witnessed by several officers of the British army in India, who signed a report of it, which reads, mainly, as follows:

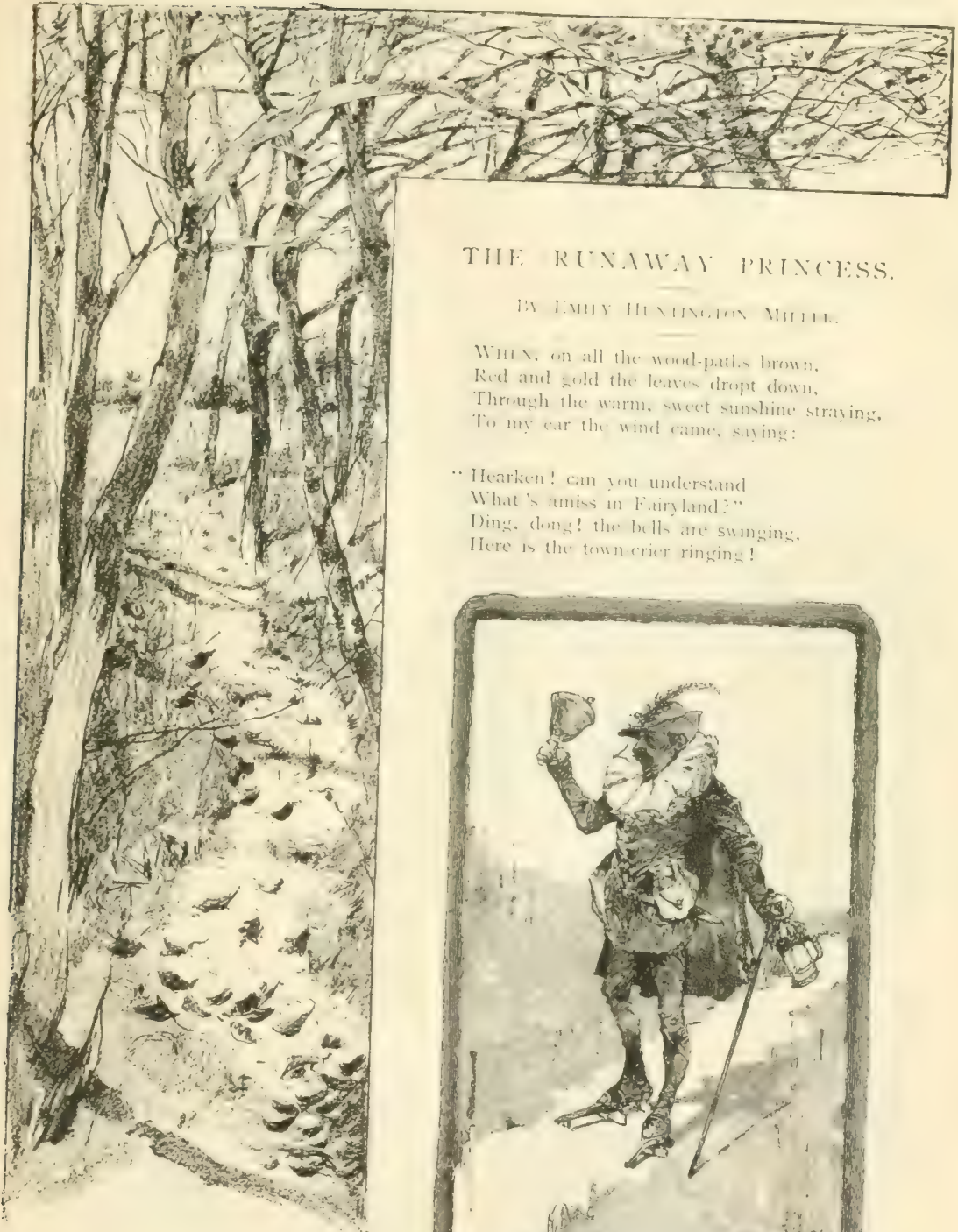
"The mongoose approached the cobra with caution, but without fear. The cobra, with head erect

and body vibrating, watched its opponent anxiously, knowing well how deadly an enemy he had to contend with. The mongoose was soon within easy striking distance of the snake, which, suddenly throwing back his head, struck at the mongoose with tremendous force. But the little creature, quick as thought, sprang back out of reach, uttering savage growls. Again the hooded reptile rose, and the mongoose, nothing daunted by the distended jaws and glaring eyes of its antagonist, approached so near to the snake as to force it to draw its head back considerably; this lessened its distance from the ground. The mongoose, at once seizing the opportunity, sprang at the cobra's head, and appeared to inflict as well as to receive a wound. Again the combatants renewed the encounter; again the snake struck at its wily opponent, and again the latter's agility saved him.

"The fight went on in this way three-quarters of an hour, and both creatures seemed now to nerve themselves for the final encounter. The cobra, changing its position of defense for that of attack, advanced, and seemed determined now 'to do or die.' The cobra soon approached so close that the mongoose (which, owing to want of space behind, was unable to spring out of reach by jumping backward, as it had done in the previous encounters) nimbly bounded straight up in the air. The cobra missed its object, and struck the ground under him. Immediately on the mongoose alighting, the cobra struck again, and, to all appearance, fixed its fangs in the head of the mongoose. The mongoose, as the cobra was withdrawing its head after it had inflicted the bite, instantly retaliated by fixing its teeth in the head of the snake, which quickly unfolded its coils and ignominiously slunk away. Instantly the mongoose was on its retreating foe, and burying its teeth in the cobra's head, at once ended the contest.

"The mongoose now set to work to devour its victim, and in a few minutes had eaten the head and two or three inches of the body, including the venom so dreaded by all. We should have mentioned before that, previous to this encounter, the cobra had struck a fowl, which died within half an hour after receiving the bite, showing, beyond doubt, the snake's power of inflicting a deadly wound.

"After the mongoose had satisfied its appetite, we proceeded to examine with a pocket lens the wounds he had received from the cobra; and on cleansing one of these places, the lens disclosed *the broken fang of the cobra deeply imbedded in the head of the mongoose*. . . . We have had the mongoose confined ever since (now four days' time), and it is as healthy and lively as ever."



THE RUNAWAY PRINCESS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

WHEN, on all the wood-paths brown,
Red and gold the leaves dropt down,
Through the warm, sweet sunshine straying,
To my ear the wind came, saying:

"Hearken! can you understand
What's amiss in Fairyland?"
Ding, dong! the bells are swinging,
Here is the town-crier ringing!



"Lost! lost!" you hear him say—
 "Stolen or strayed away!
 Strayed away from Buttercup town,
 The fair little Princess Thistledown!"

All the court had gone to dine,
 Knights and lords and ladies fine.
 Through the open gate-way straying,
 Came a troop of minstrels playing:

One was a fiddler, shriveled and black;
 One had a banjo over his back;
 One was a piper, and one did naught
 But dance to the tune, as a dancer ought.

First, the fiddler drew his bow,
 Struck a chord, so sweet and low,
 Lords and ladies held their breath
 In a silence deep as death.

Ting-a-ting, the banjo rang,
 Up the lords and ladies sprang;



Round about the piper pressed—
 "Ho, good piper, pipe your best!"

And they danced to the sound
 In a merry-go-round,
 For never before had a minstrel band
 Chanced to stray into Fairyland.

They filled their pockets with silver money,
 They fed them on barley-cakes and honey;
 But when they were fairly out of the town,
 They missed little Princess Thistledown.

"Call the crier! ring the bells!
 Search through all the forest dells;
 Here is silver, here is gold,
 Here are precious gems untold;

He who finds the child may take
Half the kingdom for her sake!"

Bim! boom! comes a blustering fellow,
Dressed in black velvet, slashed with yellow.
He's the king's trumpeter, out on the track
Of the wandering minstrels, to bring them back.

But the fiddler is telling his beads by the fire,
In a cap and a gown, like a grizzly old friar.
The man with the banjo is deaf as a post,
The jolly old piper as thin as a ghost,
And the dancer is changed, by some magical
touch,

To a one-legged beggar that limps on his crutch.

Then Mistress Gentian bent to look
At her own sweet image in the brook,
And whispered, "Nobody knows it, dear,
But I have the darling safely here."



And, dropping her fringes low, she said:
"I was tucking my babies into bed,
When the poor little Princess chanced to pass,
Sobbing among the tangled grass;
Her silver mantle was rumpled and torn,
Her golden slippers were dusty and worn;
The bats had frightened her half to death,
The spiders chased her quite out of breath.
I fed her with honey, I washed her with dew,
I rocked her to sleep in my cradle of blue;
And I could tell, if I chose to say,
Who it was coaxed her to run away."

The mischievous Wind the cradle swung.
"Sleep, little lady, sleep!" he sung;
"What would they say if they only knew
It was I who ran away with you?"



THE MAGIC PEN.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

(Continued from the November Number.)

After a moment of deep thought, the MASTER continues:

Where all speak well, 't is hard to tell
 Just which advice to take.
 Come, Fancy Bright! Come, High Desire!
 What choice now shall we make?
 Come, Fact! come, Fable! Counsel now!
 From all these stories gleaming,
 Can you not say which way—which way
 Your special choice is leaning?
 What? Not a word? Why, that's absurd!
 I'm ready to receive it—

Pause.

Now, by the Pen, I have it, then—
 We'll to the children leave it!

ALL, eagerly:

Yes—to the children leave it.

MASTER:

What ho! my Puck, my sprightly Puck,
 Come hither to thy master.
 Now hasten, hasten, merry Puck,
 Come—faster, faster, faster!

PUCK, as a messenger-boy, running in breathless:

Hail, Master of the Magic Pen!
 What would you now with Puck again?

MASTER:

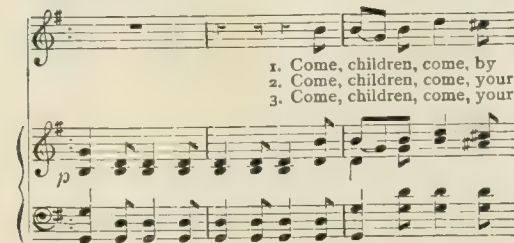
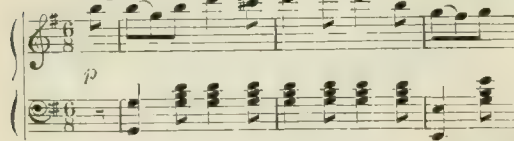
Haste thee, Puck, to earth now go,
 To some happy home below,
 With children in it.
 Bring me three—all joy and mirth,—

PUCK:

I'll put a girdle round the earth,
 In half a minute.

Exit, running.

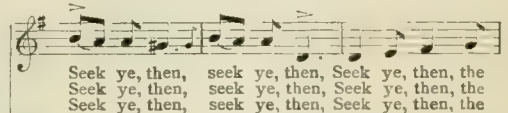
FROLICS, chorus; sing only the first two stanzas:

Allegretto.

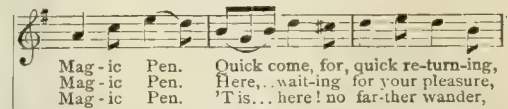
1. Come, children, come, by
2. Come, children, come, your
3. Come, children, come, your



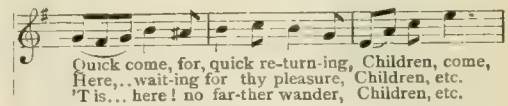
hill and vale, The Sun - lamp still is burn-ing;
 rud-dy health Than gold... is ... rich-er treasure;
 eyes so bright Can read... where sag-es pon-der;



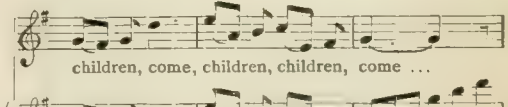
Seek ye, then, seek ye, then, Seek ye, then, the
 Seek ye, then, seek ye, then, Seek ye, then, the
 Seek ye, then, seek ye, then, Seek ye, then, the



Mag-ic Pen. Quick come, for, quick re-turn-ing,
 Mag-ic Pen. Here... wait-ing for your pleasure,
 Mag-ic Pen. 'Tis... here! no far-ther wander,

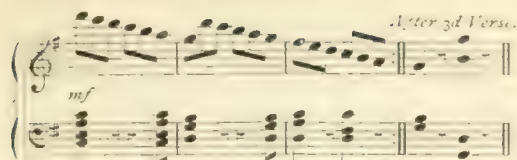


Quick come, for, quick re-turn-ing, Children, come,
 Here... wait-ing for thy pleasure, Children, etc.
 'Tis... here! no far-ther wander, Children, etc.



children, come, children, children, come ...





PUCK, reëntering in haste:

I came back by the moon,
Not a moment too soon;
The children are coming
By special balloon.

CHORUS OF FROLICS, third stanza:

During this chorus the CHILDREN enter, on the Elephant-car, with a toy balloon tied to the waist of each. DRIVER salams. The CHILDREN stand amazed, and jump down from car. DRIVER leads off elephant.

CHILDREN, to Master:

We are Dolly, Dot, and Dick!
What you want us for?
Please to tell us pretty quick,
What you want us for!

They look around in wonder.

Oh! what lots of pretty things!
Little girls with birdies' wings,
Lots of folks—and boys—and kings!—
What you want us for?

MASTER:

Children dear,
Welcome here,
To our council-hall!
Whence—you know—
Stories flow
For the children all.
Tell me, then—
For the Pen
Some new tale would write—
What shall be
Told by me
Through the Pen to-night?

Stories nice,
In a trice,
Here may be expressed.
Can you find,
In your mind,
Which you like the best?

CHILDREN:

We like 'em big—we like 'em small,
But *most* we like—the *best* of all—
The kind our mamma tells.

MASTER:

And what are they?

CHILDREN:

Why, what we *say*!
The kind our mamma tells.

MASTER:

But what *does* she tell, children dear?

CHILDREN, checking them off on their fingers:

Why—fairy, Bible, true, and queer;
That's what our mamma tells.

FACT, quickly:

Then they 're fact!

FABLE:

Well, and fable!

MASTER:

Yes, they 're both!
I 'm unable
To decide what the Pen shall write yet;
For the children, I find,
To *no* merits are blind—
As they like any kind they can get.

Reënter PUCK, who says:

O Master, a herald from Gnome Man's Land
Craves leave to present you his sovereigns' command.

MASTER:

Let the herald appear.

PUCK, ushering in the herald:

Master mine—he is here.

HERALD:

There are forty kings in the Gnome Man's Land—
Forty kings with their crowns of gold;
And not a king of the kindly band
Is over twelve years old.

There are forty queens in the Gnome Man's Land—
Forty queens in their jewels fine;
And not a queen of the queenly Land
Has passed the age of nine.

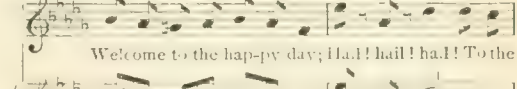
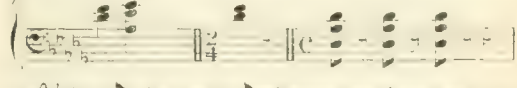
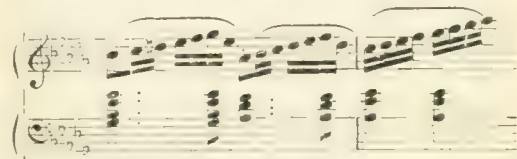
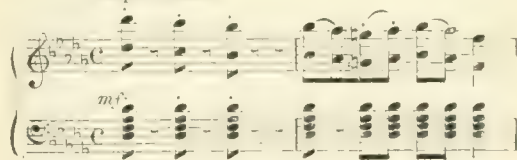
And the forty kings, and the forty queens,
In Gnome Man's Land hear all day long
The stories told by the Gnome Man old,
As he sits in that royal throng.

And the forty kings, and the forty queens,
Know your trouble, O Master great,
And they bid me say that the Gnome Man gray
Can set the matter straight.

So the forty kings, and the forty queens,
Send him here to your council-hall;
Bid the Gnome Man tell what he knows so well,—
The needs of the children small.

General Chorus of Welcome:

Tempo Marziale.



Welcome to the hap-py day; Ha! hail! ha! To the

gnome man gray. Hail! hail! hail!

Welcome to the happy day; Hail! hail! hail! To the

gnome man gray. From the kings and the queens over

field and glen, He is com-ing to coun-sel the

Mag-ic Pen.

MASTER, rising joyfully:

Gay are the joys of Christmas;
Thanksgiving's feasts are gay;
But the ringing chime of the Gnome Man's rhyme
Marks the children's fairest day.

Curtain parts at rear and discloses the GNOME MAN on elevated
dais. All form in open half-circle before him. GNOME MAN:

In storm and shine,
In cloud and sun,
O Master mine,
Life's course is run.

And shine and cloud,
And sun and storm,
Are all allowed
Life's course to form.

All colors blend
For rainbow hues,
All forces send
The morning dew.

So, Master great,
The childish mind,
In *all* you state,
May pleasure find.

Not Fact alone
Can counsel give,
Dry as a bone;
May Fable live.

Fable and Fact
Should mingled be;
Both counteract,
Yet both agree.

Let both be dressed
In colors gay;
Tints mix the best
That varying lay.

All things have worth,
All joys are bright,
Give children mirth—
Good-night—good-night!

MASTER, to GNOME MAN:

Thanks, Gnome Man gray,
Thy counsel sage
Shall be my gauge,
For tale or lay.

GNOME MAN disappears.

MASTER continues, to all the others:

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

Mingling Chorus. FROLICS, STORIES, and all the characters join in
this chorus, marching and countermarching in effective figures,
the design being to represent the mixing of fact and fable in the
children's stories.

Moderato.

Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, Mix! mix! mix!

Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, Thus we fix,

May we thus be a - ble good to see.

Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, Mix ! mix ! mix !

Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, Only then,

Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, Thus we fix:

Brightest joys may jin - gle, 'Round the Pen, 'Round the

All the blinding glo - ries, gold and gray,

Pen, Mingle, mingle, on - ly then, Mingle, mingle,

Of the children's sto-ries grave and gay,

on - ly then, Brightest joy may jingle, 'Round the

Mingling fact and fa - ble fast and free,

Pen, 'Round a-bout the Pen, 'Round a-bout the

Pen; Brightest joys may jingle, jingle, 'Round about the

Then ho! fill the little folks' magazines,
Load the presses with stories again,
And salute the world with our flag unfurled —
The flag of the Magic Pen!

Grand salute: all characters marching abreast, or in two files, to front of stage — standard in center. Colors are dipped to audience; then countermarch to throne. Salute the MASTER. Elephant-car enters, and all the characters (excepting the children) march off in procession, singing the Chorus.

Pen, 'Round about the Pen, 'Round about the

Moderato. semplice.

pp Fall and flow,.... Fall and flow, With the

Pen; Brightest joys may jingle, jingle, 'Round about the

Mag - ic Pen we go, Bear - ing joy to high and

Pen, 'Round about the Pen, 'Round about the Pen.

low, Bear - ing stories, Bright with glories, Bright with

MASTER, rising:

The spirit moves!
From gaze of men
Bear off the Pen;
The spirit moves!

PAGE OF PEN presents cushion, kneeling at throne. The MASTER deposits the Pen on the cushion, and the PAGE bears it off.

MASTER:

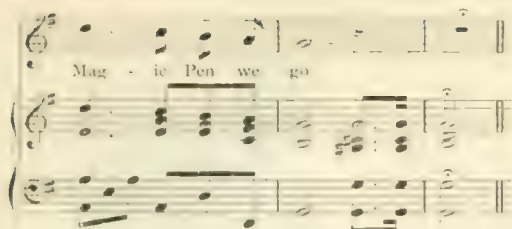
I'm the lord of the wonderful Magic Pen,
I'm the master of every tongue,
And my stories old for the children I've told,
Since the days when the earth was young.

So, while Fact and Fable both agree
To color my stories all,
And my Magic Pen writes the thoughts of men
For the children large and small,

I will rule with my scepter the teeming brain,
No monarch more mighty than I;
And the warm hearts glow as the ages go,
With the thoughts that can never die.

pleasure's inventories, Bright with pleasure's in-ven-

to - ries; Fall and flow,.... Fall and flow, With the



Meantime, the children stand amazed until the procession passes off. Then, with a sigh, slowly re-forming, they look at each other and say:

DOLLY:

My, my, my!

DOR:

Did you ever!

DICK:

No, I never!

ALL:

Why, why, why!

Then, suddenly remembering, they start after the retreating procession, saying:

ALL:

Oh! here! say! you forgot us!

Re-enter PUCK.

PUCK:

Come with me:

I'll agree

Safe at home

You soon shall be.

CHILDREN, to PUCK:

All right!

To audience:

Good-night!

To one another:

Now we'll wait for the stories bright.

All lock arms and run off with PUCK.

END.



A CHRISTMAS-GIFT IN THE OLDEN TIME.



WHICH of these little girls lives in your house?



WHICH of these little boys lives in your house?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AGAIN the beautiful wonder-day, called Christmas, is drawing near, sending long gleams of light before it like a star.

May it bring you abundant joy, my youngsters; so much joy that your little hearts will overflow, and fill the land with brightness.

Now for a word or two about my friends,

THE BIRDS.

WHAT keen eyes they have! And it is a happy thing for those brave little things who stay North through the winter that they have far sight as well as sharp sight, or else they might miss many a meal that they could ill spare in that hungry season. Just try them, my hearers. Throw a fresh bone or a piece of meat on the snow, and watch the crows come. It is a cheering thing to scatter bread-crumbs or a little corn on some bare place in snow-time, and to see the eagerness of the poorly fed wild birds as they enjoy the unexpected feast.

"One midwinter," writes a real bird-lover, "I cleared away the snow under an apple-tree near the house, and scattered some corn there. I had not seen a blue-jay for weeks, yet that very day they found my corn, and after that the jays came daily and partook of it, holding the kernels under their feet upon the limbs of trees and pecking them vigorously."

Your Jack thinks, too, that it may prove to be a pleasant thing to invite the birds in this way to a share in the Christmas festivities, especially if all the other dear "chicks"—the poor and ill-provided human ones—have also been well remembered, for then the Christmas carolings will be complete. Not one will be overlooked if, as the Little School-ma'am says, "Loving eyes have the sharpest sight of all."

WHAT ABOUT THIS?

DEAR JACK! You are interested, I know, in every new and strange invention, and like to have something odd to chat about with your hearers. So I'll just tell you of a wonderful instrument that Monsieur Armengaud, a scientific Frenchman, positively promises to bring out.

It is called the "teletroscope," and, if successful, it will enable a man in his own office at, say, New York, not only to hear the voice of his friend in Nankin, China, but also to see an image of his friend exactly as he may happen to be at the moment of communication!

Yours very truly,

J. A. K.

A VESPER-BELL OF NATURE.

NOT so very long ago, we talked about the Campanero, or Bell-bird, of South America, and now here is news concerning a useful little cousin of his in Australia. He is not much larger than a snow-bunting, but he has a pleasant note, not unlike the sound of a distant sheep-bell. About sunset the bell-birds begin their tinkling, and for a while the whole forest echoes with the silvery tones,—a sort of Angelus, or Vesper-bell of Nature in the wild bush, hushing the woods for evening prayer.

Besides their musical sweetness, these notes are a sure sign that water is near, and the weary traveler in that thirsty land is glad enough to hear the bell-bird calling to rest and refreshment after a hot day's tramp.

A MUSIC-LOVING SQUIRREL.

DEAR JACK: You told us once that hunters of seals sometimes manage to draw close to their game by whistling tunes to engage their attention. And now I have just read about a sportsman who, one day, in the woods, sat very still, and began to whistle an air to a red squirrel on a near tree.

"In a twinkling," says he, "the little fellow sat up, leaned his head to one side, and listened. A moment after, he had scrambled down the trunk, and when within a few yards he sat up and listened again. Pretty soon he jumped upon the pile of rails on which I was, came within four feet of me, sat up, made an umbrella of his bushy tail, and looked straight at me, his little eyes beaming with pleasure. Then I changed the tune, and chut! away he skipped. But before long he came back to his seat on the rails, and, as I watched him, it actually seemed as if he were trying to pucker up his mouth to whistle. I changed the tune again, but this time he looked so funny as he scampered off that I burst out laughing, and he came back no more."

Now, Jack dear, that man had much more enjoyment out of his music-loving squirrel than if he had shot him; and perhaps after this you will hear the boys of your neighborhood piling up rails to sit on, and whistling to the squirrels who come to talk with you. And if they don't whistle well enough, send for me, for I can whistle nicely, if I am a girl.—Yours and the squirrels' friend,

Amy T—D, twelve years.

SNOW EMBROIDERY.

I DON'T mean the frozen lace-work on branch and spray, nor the pretty heaps and furrows sculptured in the snow by the wind, nor the star-marks of the partridge on his hungry rounds, nor the dents of the hare's soft pads among the trees, nor the scratchy tracks of the busy squirrel. But I mean the stitching left by the Deer-mouse on his swift journeys over Mother Earth's snowy coverlid. The lines cross one another like a little girl's first attempts at quilting by hand. He does n't really need to risk showing his little brown body on the white surface, for below the snow his dwelling is joined to the homes of his friends by a maze of little tunnels and winding arch-ways, and along these he can stroll quietly and safely to pay neighborly visits and exchange the compliments of the season. And, if I'm not mistaken, you will find a

portrait of him and his mate in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1877. I may as well tell you, too, that he is commonly called the "white-footed Western mouse."

QUITE A DIFFERENT "REASON."

DEAR JACK, I suppose you more learned young folks know all about why winter days are short and summer days are long. I wish I did, but I really cannot tell you the reason, even in the astronomical sense. I get a model up with the "rotation of the earth's axis," "the eccentricity of the earth's orbit," and "the procession of the equinoxes"—but I am not quite sure the last thing has anything to do with it. Anyhow, I wish to tell you a different reason, which I heard in a song. It is something like this: In summer the weather is warm, and to walk fast would make everybody uncomfortable; so people just stroll along, and the globe is pushed around but slowly, like the barrels that acrobats walk on. But in winter the weather is so cold that everybody is glad to walk briskly, and even to run, in order to keep warm; and the consequence is that the globe gets kicked around quickly, and night comes sooner than in summer. This is convenient, because it tires one so to walk fast all day.

After making this explanation, the song says: "Oh, it's wonderful how they do it, but they do it," and that is just what I say about the causes given in the astronomy book. Perhaps, when I am older, I shall grasp the proper idea. I am sure I hope I shall—Yours truly,

WILLIE HANSON, ten years.

P. S.—I told my papa what to say and he wrote it, because my handwriting is too joggly. W. H.

Yes, Master Willie, and it strikes your Jack that the earth's motion would be joggly, too, if it moved according to the theory of that merry song. Ever since I've been a Jack-in-the-Pulpit I've noticed that folks don't *all* move in the same direction.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED CARRIAGES!

Now and then a fine carriage rolls along the corduroy road by my meadow, drawn by spirited horses that evidently do not relish exploring expeditions. They would much prefer the fine turn-pike, and for my part I am quite willing that they should keep to it. No literary Jack-in-the-Pulpit with sensitive nerves craves the company of clattering horses and rumbling carriages; but just think what my

noble ancestors on the Prussian side of the family must have endured in the days when the first King Frederick came into power. Why, I've just had an interesting letter from a little school-ma'am that has made me almost deaf with its racket. Only listen:

"It was on the 18th of April, dear Jack, of the coronation of Frederick, the first king of Prussia, the grandfather of the famous Frederick the Great. The cavalcade moved from Berlin to Königsberg, five hundred miles, through a wild, uncultivated country. It required eighteen hundred carriages and thirty thousand post-horses to convey the court to the scene of coronation. The carriages moved like an army, in three divisions of six hundred each.

"The streets of the coronation city were tapestried with the richest and most gorgeous colored cloth, and many of them were carpeted. The king's diamond coat-buttons each cost a sum equal to seven and a half thousand dollars.

"Frederick's own hands placed the crown upon his brow. It was in 1700 that thus began the now powerful kingdom of Prussia."

STAND BY THE DEACON.

I'M told my good friend Deacon Green is coming out with a grand offer of a hundred brand-new dollar-bills, as prizes for my boys and girls. Stand by the deacon, my chicks, and get his money if you can!

A CHRISTMAS SERENADE FOR ME.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Do you ever lie—no, I mean stand awake nights? If you do, listen sharply, as Christmas draws near; for Percy, Charley, and I are going to surprise you with a serenade! We are practicing for it already. Uncle Ben says we need not stand out-of-doors to serenade, as the big serenaders do, for if we sing and play in the house with all our might, you will like it just as well, if not better. That seems queer to me, but I suppose it must be so. I'll send you in this letter the picture Uncle drew of us three practicing. He made it out of ink, and he put Pompey and Kitty into the picture, because they are so much interested. We have hard work teaching Pompey not to bark as soon as Percy begins to scrape. Though we live about a quarter of a mile from the dear Little School-ma'am's red school-house, we do not go to school there. We have a nice goodness.

Percy and Charley send their love to you, and so do I.—From your faithful little friend,
LILA KISSAM.



DEACON GREEN'S OFFER.

ONE HUNDRED NEW ONE-DOLLAR BILLS!

SOMETIMES, in the best-ordered printing-offices, it so happens that a *form* (which is one or more pages of reading-matter, set up in type, and fastened in an iron frame ready for the printing-press) meets with an accident. The man who is carrying it trips and drops it, or he bangs it down in such a way that it is loosened, and out tumble the type, helter-skelter. It is then "in pi," as the printers call it, and some one must pick up the scattered type, and, examining each little bit of metal, restore it to its proper position. The printer who sits in the corner busied with this pi is not in the least like Jack Horner, but is generally for the moment a sad and sorely tried fellow.

Now see what has happened to us! Deacon Green, assisted by his friend Mr. Timothy Plunkett, had prepared some instructive paragraphs concerning certain noted men of history, and no sooner were they put in type than a young compositor tumbled them into pi. He at once, in the excitement of the moment, did his best to restore the paragraphs, but ah! what a mess he made of the work!

When the Deacon heard of it, he wrote, in his hearty way:

"Never mind! The boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS shall make all straight. Print it just as it is, call it *Historical Pi*, and tell the young folks that I, Deacon Green, happen to have by me exactly one hundred new one-dollar bills, all of which shall be given as prizes for restoring the pi, viz.: one bill for each of the one hundred best solutions received. The conditions are that the paragraphs are to be restored with perfect accuracy as to historical fact and the punctuation of every sentence; that the solution must be written on one side of the paper only, and addressed to Deacon Green, care of THE CENTURY CO., Union Square (north), N. Y.—and that not only accuracy, but neatness and penmanship, are to be considered in deciding upon the best solutions. Every word, every letter, every punctuation point that was in the original paragraphs is also in the pi, and all that is necessary is to make sure that, in the re-arrangement, they all get into the right places. The prizes will be awarded by a committee of seven, including the editor of ST. NICHOLAS, 'The Little School-ma'am,' Mr. Timothy Plunkett, and

"The children's to command,

SILAS GREEN."

Now, you shall have the Pi, just as the Deacon returned it. Fortunately, no one word is injured in the least; and the opening

sentence is unharmed. But look at the rest of the paragraphs! Even the names are divided and mixed up!

HISTORICAL PI.

We propose to mention here a few of the world's great generals, inventors, discoverers, poets, and men of noted deeds.

George Stephenson was born at Carthage, which city was so hated by Goethe that he rarely made a speech without saying: and "Carthage must be destroyed!" Of other noted generals, Eli Whitney was a Roman; Shakespeare was a Prussian; James Watt was a Corsican; and Hannibal is an American.

It is believed that Charles Darwin invented Man; Newton, the horse; Julius Cæsar, the monitor; Napoleon, the blood; Frederick, the sewing-machine; Cato, the circulation of the earth; that Ericsson invented the satellites of Jupiter; that Bucephalus frequently discovered the law of gravitation and Dante the revolution of the steam-boat; Galileo the Great, the telegraph; William Harvey Bonaparte, the steam-engine; Elias Howe and Blondin, the cotton-gin of the telescope and Dr. Tanner, the fastest, if not the most fiery, naturalist of ancient times, discovered the theory of The Descent.

Among poets, the greatest in all history is Samuel Morse; while Robert Fulton ranks highest in the poetry of Germany, and Ulysses S. Grant in that of Italy. John and Isaac are famous English poets of our day.

Many men have performed special feats. Alexander conquered and rode the locomotive; Tennyson crossed the Niagara River on the tight-rope; and Browning claims to have lived forty days without eating.

Now, young folk, one and all, who of you will belong to the fortunate one hundred who are to receive the Deacon's dollar-bills?

Remember, the hundred prizes are for the *best* hundred solutions received before January 10th, 1882, and they shall be awarded even if not a single solution should prove to be absolutely correct. A "Solution" is the entire pi properly straightened and written out according to the above directions.

Send your full post-office address, and state whether you are under or over fifteen years of age.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE news of the sudden death of Dr. J. G. Holland comes to us just as this number is going to press, and therefore we can add only a few words to the sad announcement. Dr. Holland's life and work, as author, lecturer, and editor, are familiar to some of our readers, and to many thousands of parents all over the land. Our next number will contain a paper concerning the helpful influences which he exerted upon young people. Meanwhile, it should interest all our boys and girls to know that, while a member of the company which publishes ST. NICHOLAS, his generous spirit showed itself constantly in his hearty enthusiasm for the magazine, and for any new or special delight which we were able to bring to our readers. His kindness and high courtesy were always among the most cherished associations of the editorial offices.

OUR thanks are due to Messrs. Jouvett & Co., of Paris, for their kind permission to reproduce in this number their beautiful engraving

ings of Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto" and "La Madonna della Sedia"; and we are indebted to Messrs. Goupil & Co., of Paris, for their courteously allowing us to copy, for our frontispiece this month, the fine picture of "The King's Favorite," by the famous Spanish painter, Zamacois.

Acknowledgment is also made to Messrs. Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, owners of the copyright of the poem "All Quiet along the Potomac to-night"—which, through their courtesy, is given to our readers in the present chapters of "Recollections of a Drummer-boy."

THE Very Little Folk will find for themselves charming stories in the pretty silhouettes given on pages 176 and 177, and which we have copied from a book printed in far-away Russia.

It is an excellent plan, as many wise mothers and teachers well know, to encourage young folk to read aloud from pictures as well as from printed words. These bright glimpses of "little boys" and "little girls" will set many a toddler talking, or we are much mistaken.

We had hoped to see in this month's "Letter-box" the many capital letters that have been received in response to our request for "New Games," and to the September "Invitation to our Readers." But the pressure upon our page in this number has been so great, that we are obliged to defer our special acknowledgment of these hearty communications until next month—meanwhile, thanking the generous young writers, each and all, for the promptness and earnest spirit of their replies. We shall be glad if others of our readers, who may have failed to send answers, in fear of being too late, will regard the invitations as still open to them and forward their letters.

A CHARMING little book just published by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., with colored illustrations in the Kate Greenaway style, is entitled "The Glad Year Round." The author, A. G. Plympton, is well known to many of our readers through the capital "Mary Jane" stories contributed to ST. NICHOLAS. "The Glad Year Round" is full of good things both in text and pictures. It will certainly delight the young folk of every household into which it enters, and will make a beautiful holiday gift.

Another pretty volume is "The May Blossom" or "The Princess and Her People," illustrated by H. H. Emerson, and published in New York by A. C. Armstrong & Son, and in London by F. Warne & Co. The illustrations are in color throughout, all interesting, and some of them unusually fine. Although not announced in the book, it is evident from the pictures that the "Little Princess" is the good Queen Victoria, and the illustrations in which the Princess appears probably represent actual scenes in the child-life of that gracious lady. The book comes in happily at this holiday season for those who are seeking pretty Christmas presents for young folk.

THE editor hopes that not a single reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether interested in history and art or not, will "skip" the admirable articles by Mrs. Clement, which have now reached the era of the great masters of painting. For these papers are anything but dry descriptions and biographies, and, as shown in the article on Raphael,

in this number, contain many charming stories and legends, full of interest to young readers.

The list of Raphael's works was crowded out of the pages containing the article, and therefore is given here. It must be remembered, however, that, as Mrs. Clement tells you in the article, the great artist left nearly three hundred pictures and more than five hundred studies and sketches, so that the following list mentions, of course, only the most important existing works of Raphael, and where they now are:

The Madonna di Foligno, Vatican, Rome.
The Transfiguration, Vatican, Rome.
The Violin-player, Sciarra Palace, Rome.
St. Cecilia, Pinakothek, Bologna.
Several fine portraits, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
La Madonna della Sedia, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
Holy Family, called "Dell' Impannata," Pitti Gallery, Florence.
The Madonna del Baldacchino, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
The Madonna "del Gran Duca," Pitti Gallery, Florence.
The Madonna of the Goldfinch, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
St. John in the Desert, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Portrait of Pope Julius II., Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Lo Spozalizio, The Brera, Milan.
Adoration of the Shepherds, Museum, Berlin.
Madonna and Child and John Baptist, Museum, Berlin.
Madonna di San Sisto, Gallery at Dresden.
Seven pictures in the Pinakothek, Munich.
Seven pictures in the Museum, Madrid.
Ten pictures in the Louvre, Paris.
The Vision of a Knight, National Gallery, London.
St. Catherine of Alexandria, National Gallery, London.
The "Garvagh" Madonna, National Gallery, London.
Two fine Madonnas, The Hermitage, St. Petersburg.
St. George and the Dragon, The Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

In the "Double Acrostic," on page 88 of the November number, the description of the fifth cross-word should have read as follows: An island named by a sailor, credited with wonderful adventures, in describing his sixth voyage.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—NINTH REPORT.

AWARD OF PRIZE.

THE competition for the prize offered for the best six specimens of pressed flowers was not very extended, owing, doubtless, to the fact that the time during which the collections had to be made was limited and came during the extremely hot months of July and August. All that were sent, however, were deserving of much credit. The prize of an *American Plant Book* is awarded to Miss S. E. Arnold, of the Hartford, N. Y., Chapter. The contest for the saw of the saw-fish has been much more exciting; almost every mail has brought one or more essays on the curious *Pristis*, detailing the strange habits of the fish and the deeds of its wonderful saw.

After careful comparison, the saw is awarded to Master T. Mills Clarke, of Southampton. There were others who sent reports more elegantly written, and longer; but his smacked least strongly of the cyclopedia, and is on the whole most satisfactory. His drawing of the fish is reproduced upon the next page, and his report is as follows:

THE SAW-FISH.

The saw-fish (*Pristis*) is a genus of cartilaginous fishes constituting the family *Pristidae*, which is ranked with the rays, but the elongated form of its body agrees rather with that of the sharks. Still, it differs from the sharks, and agrees with the rays, in several anatomical characters, most conspicuously in that it has the gill openings on the under surface, as in rays, and not on the side, as in sharks. Several of the rays seem to have weapons of offense or defense—indeed, you might say all of them, the sea-eagle being the only kind, as far as I can find, which is not armed in some way, several of them being armed with terrible spines. The torpedo is armed with electricity, and the saw-fish itself is armed by having its snout elongated into a flat, bony sword, sometimes five or six feet

long, with from twenty to thirty bony spines or teeth on each side. This terrible instrument seems to be used in killing its prey; and it dashes about among the shoals of fish, slaying them right and left. This saw is indeed a terrible weapon. It is said that even whales are often slain by it, and the hulls of vessels pierced by its fearful power. An East Indian species lives partly in fresh water. The saw-fish is grayish-black above, and lighter beneath. It is a very rapid swimmer, and is often found far out at sea.

There are six or seven known species of the saw-fish, which are found all over the world, from the pole to the tropics. The common saw-fish (*Pristis antiquorum*) is found in the Mediterranean, and was known to the ancients, but no species is included in the list of British fishes.

It is found off the coast of Florida, and is occasionally found all along the eastern coast of the United States and Canada.

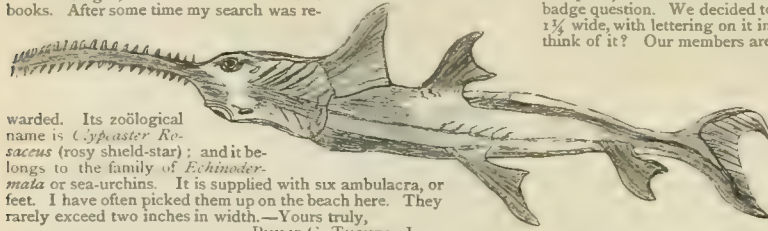
The fish are often (including the saw, which is generally about one-third of the entire length) eighteen feet long.

Those of you who have become interested in this fish will be glad to read Hugh Miller's book, "Foot-prints of the Creator." In it he tells how he once discovered part of an ancient skeleton embedded in a rock in Orkney. It proved to be a bone of the *Asterolepis*—so far as is yet known, the most gigantic ganoid of the Old Red Sand-stone, and, judging from the place of this fragment, apparently one of the first. Now the placoid family of fishes, to which our saw-fish belongs, is still older than the ganoid family, and many things of great interest are told about these old monsters in Mr. Miller's book. The meaning of the words *Pristis antiquorum* is the saw-fish of the ancients.

Of course most of our information regarding such creatures must come from books; but when we come to "sand-dollars," and such small specimens as can be obtained along any of our coasts, we are sure to get some information from some member who relies for knowledge mainly on his eyes; as the following letter shows:

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Sept. 9, 1881.

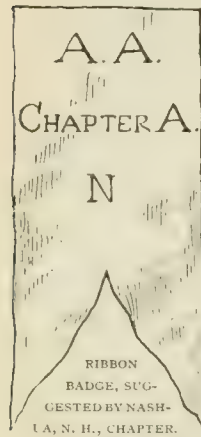
DEAR SIR: I noticed your request to some dweller by the ocean, to write a description of the sand-dollar and its habits. I caught one while I was in bathing in the Gulf of Mexico. It was the first one that I had ever seen alive. It was covered with short spines, and was of a handsome violet red. Here it is called the Texas star-fish. After finding it, I searched for it in several books. After some time my search was re-



warded. Its zoological name is *Lycaster Rosaceus* (rosy shield-star); and it belongs to the family of *Echinodermata* or sea-urchins. It is supplied with six ambulacra, or feet. I have often picked them up on the beach here. They rarely exceed two inches in width.—Yours truly,

PHILIP C. TUCKER, JR.

Not long ago I received from a lady of Galveston a specimen of this "Texas star"—which I imagine may, oddly enough, be the identical one that the writer of the above letter found. This letter seems to indicate as much:



GALVESTON, TEXAS.
DEAR SIR: In St. Nicholas for September mention is made of what you call sand-dollar. We call it "Texas star." You ask who has seen one alive. I send you one taken from the Gulf of Mexico, last month (August), by a boy, who, while bathing, dived and brought it up. Though dry, you can yet see the hairy coat it is covered with. When first taken from the water you could see this hairy coat move, which proved it was alive. I was always under the impression that it was peculiar to our coast.—Respectfully,

MRS. M. E. STEELE.

Our Texas friends will have to relinquish their "patent" on this little urchin, for he is found abundantly along the coast of Massachusetts, and probably anywhere along the Atlantic coast between there and the Gulf.

REPORTS OF CHAPTERS

The following new Chapters have been admitted to the "A. A.":

No.	Name.	No of Members.	Secretary's Address
96.	Lansing, Mich. (A)	10	Mrs. N. B. Jones
97.	St. Croix, Wis. (A)	8	Ray L. Baker.
98.	Chicago (C)	5	Nelson Bennett, 65 Cicero st.
99.	Leonidas, Mich. (A)	—	Adelbert S. Covey.
100.	Hartford, Ct. (B)	12	F. Parsons, 55 Prospect st.
101.	Middletown, Ct. (A)	12	Philip P. Wells.
102.	Oakland, Cal. (B)	5	Geo. S. Meredith.
103.	La Porte, Ind. (A)	7	Frank Eliel.
104.	Osage City, Kan. (B)	—	John T. Nixon (Pres).
105.	Limerick, Ill. (A)	13	John W. Jordan.
106.	Lebanon Springs, N. Y. (A)	15	Robert M. Royce.
107.	Newburyport, Mass. (A)	16	Nannie G. Poore.
108.	Chicago, (D)	—	—
109.	Washington, D. C. (C)	6	Emily K. Newcomb, 1336 11th st., N. W.
110.	Frankford, Pa. (A)	18	R. T. Taylor, 131 Adams st.

Will the secretaries of Chapters 99 and 104 kindly forward names of all members for our register?

In July St. NICHOLAS, an error of the printer made Chapter 96 hail from Stanton, instead of Taunton, Mass., and the secretary of said chapter is now F. H. Lothrop.

The secretary of Chicago (D) writes:

There are four of us boys who would like to join the "A. A." We have been waiting with longing hopes for the 15th of September. We have quite a collection of geological specimens, and also insects, and have made a cabinet to hold them all, but it is hard work to find specimens in the city, and we have to make trips into the woods after our butterflies and moths.

The secretary of No. 107 says:

If any of the members have mothers who are of the same opinion as mine, that inexperienced girls and boys should not handle poisons, I would advise them to put any butterflies, etc., which they wish to kill, under a goblet, or in an odorous cigar-box with camphor.

Mr. Crucknell writes: We think it would be best for all the members to have the same kind of badge, the only thing different being the name of the chapter.

Apropos of the badge, here is the manner in which the Nashua, N. H., Chapter has cut the knot:

Sept. 17. We held a meeting in our club-room, and decided the badge question. We decided to have a blue ribbon $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by $1\frac{1}{2}$ wide, with lettering on it in gilt [see first column]. What do you think of it? Our members are very much pleased with it.

THE SAW-FISH.

It seems to us pretty, and perhaps nothing more generally acceptable could be devised. We would suggest, however, that the inscription would be more satisfactory if it ran as in the cut below; it is easier to infer that the last "A." stands for "Chapter A." than that the "N." stands for "Nashua, N. H." If the corresponding members of the Lenox Chapter like this idea, let us know at once, and badges will be provided which can be ordered directly from us, as desired. Each Chapter will, of course, provide its own badges.

Chapter 110 sends a very neat little book, containing the constitution and by-laws of the Frankford Chapter. It is the best yet.

REQUESTS FOR EXCHANGES.

Eggs, minerals, and shells, for gold or silver ore—Whitney Kirke, 1518 N. 18th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mounted Sea-weed—R. S. Tarr, Gloucester, Mass., Box 729.

Prepared woods, pressed flowers, or mounted sea-weed, for mounted birds, or labeled eggs—Frank N. Barrows, Lenox, Mass.

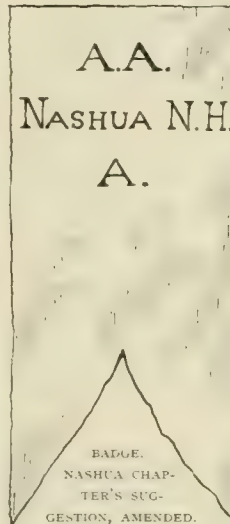
QUESTIONS.

Where can I get entomological supplies, such as pins, nets, etc.?

FRANK E. AUSTIN,
Northampton, Mass.

We wish to know how many eyes a fly has. We suppose the red spots on each side of the head are the compound eyes, but has he any others? If so, how many? We have observed a horn protruding from the mouth of a locust. What is it?

WASHINGTON,
D. C., CHAPTER C.



NOTES BY MEMBERS.

In the August report it says: "The kingfisher lays two white eggs on a nest of fish-bones." I have often found the eggs deposited on the floor of the room at the end of the hole, and never found a nest containing less than six eggs, and often eight or nine. The following is a ground plan of a hole that I dug out this spring. It was about five feet deep.

HARRY G. WHITE, Taunton, Mass.

I send drawings and descriptions of three birds. These descriptions are made from my own observations of the living birds. The drawings are copied by myself from "Wilson's Birds," and I am twelve years old.

Respectfully yours, D. M. PERINE.

The drawings were excellently made, the descriptions fine, and the methods of study worthy the imitation of members who are puzzled as to what they can do "in a city." We will give one of these descriptions next month, but must now bid our members (numbering nearly 1300) a temporary adieu.

HARLAN H. BALLARD, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

KINGFISHER'S NEST-HOLE.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE OCTOBER PUZZLES were received, before October 1, from "Slipper"—Frederick and Andrew Davis—"Mama and Pa"—Two Salted Ribbers—F. Thomas—H. C. Brown—M. and L. Della Grotta—G. Foster—L. F. Kyte—E. Vulture.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 1, from Ida Hawkshurst, 1—Robert Van K. Harris, 2—"Kid," 3—Edith Sinclair, 4—Anna B. Fly, 5—Walter S. Reed, 6—Albuckle, 7—Lottie and Michael Lacey, 8—Mildred Goodrich, 9—"Dorothy," 10—Florence P. Jones, 11—May I Jones, 12—Jennie Calineyer, 13—"Catharine," 14—Anna, 15—"Professor & Co.," 16—The K. Talboys, 17—Alice S. Rhoads, 18—Rose O. Rantala, 19—Emma and Jack, 20—Lionel B. Frykel, 21—"Two Promises," 22—Algie Tassim, 23—Nanna D. Stewart, 24—Nannie D. H., 25—E. and I. Families, 26—Milla Weston, 27—"Isabel," 28—Bessie Taylor, 29—P. S. Clarkson, 30—Clarence Reeves, 31—Edward Dana Saline, 32—"Passion Fruit," 33—Edna and Cora Ann, 34—Matthias J. Jansen, 35—Geo. W. Barnes, 36—"N. Y. Z.," 37—M. A. Shaw, 38—Power, 39—M. Claesbrugh, 40—L. M. H., 41—L. P. Postwick, 42—G. R. Ingraham, 43—Engineer, 44—A. Ward, 45—Robert K., 46—J. S. Tennant, 47—C. and J. May, 48—F. C. McDonald, 49—L. M. Parker, 50—"Puck," 51—Daisy May, 52—Queen Bess, 53—H. L. Prun, 54—L. Clarke and N. Caldwell, 55—Henry and John, 56—A. Petrink, 57—Partners, 58—L. M. Kinney, 59—Shelley, 60—Sallie Viles, 61—Peterskin Family, 62—William V. Draper, 63—

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the November number, from May B. and Alfred B. Creighton, Nova Scotia, 7—Edmund Walter Winiperis, London, England, 4—"Dyck," Havre, France, 11—Fanny J. Dennis, Cecil S. Hand, and William H. Buckler, London, England, all—George S. Hayter, Jr., Highgate, England, 2—L. and W. McKinney, 7.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

A "SCOTT" DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOR OLDER PUZZLERS.

ALL the characters referred to are to be found in Sir Walter Scott's novels; and the titles of two of his works are named by the Primals and Finals.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The hero of an early novel, who was stolen in his infancy. 2. A commander of the Covenanters, mentioned in the "Legend of Montrose," who took part in the engagement at Tippecum. 3. The rejected suitor of Amy Robsart. 4. The name of a beautiful Jewess. 5. The discoverer of the pretended Popish plot in "Peveril of the Peak." 6. An English colonel who obtains the pardon of Edward Waverly, when guilty of treason. 7. The name of a noble lady, the ward of George Heriot, occurring in the "Fortunes of Nigel." 8. The name of the owner of "Wolf's Crag," who perished in a quicksand. 9. A nobleman who was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and husband of Amy Robsart. 10. S.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

IN some parts of Germany there is observed the following custom: On a certain day, a quaintly dressed man visits the homes of the children, and on such as have been dutiful, he bestows various gifts. The first letter of the name given to the person who distributes the presents, and the first letter of the day on which the presents are distributed, are to be found "in crack, but not in hole"; the second letters, "in panther, not in mole," and so on, till the name of the person and day have been rightly spelled:

In crack, but not in hole;
In panther, not in mole;
In under, not in seat;
In inch, but not in foot;
In short, but not in long;
In twitter, not in song;
In rhyme, but not in lay;
In auburn, not in grey;
In spring, but not in fall;
In slender, not in small;
In rats, but not in mice;
In pretty, not in nice.

PARTHENIA.

HOLIDAY ANAGRAMS.

THE lines of each couplet rhyme, and the omitted words may all be formed from the thirteen letters omitted in the last line.

A fair little maid, with the kindest *****,
Flitted about to bazar and to ****.

Purchasing gifts, if rightly I guess;
First, 't was a doll, then a board to play ****.

Then, dear Mamma!—'t was surely no ****
To buy for her watch-chain a tiny gold ****.

Hours seemed just little inches of ****;—
They flew till she found she had spent her last ****.

Then, turning homeward, this fair little ****
Saw one whom she pitied and gladly would ***.

"Are you not cold, little girl, with that ****,
And what is your name?" She replied, "It is Bess.

"Yes, I am cold, but,—her eyes they grew ****,—
"But I'm only thinking of sick brother ****;

"He 's home, and he 's lame, and he never was ****;
I wish I could buy him just one little ****."

Her sorrow our fair little maid could not ****,
"My purse is quite empty," she whispered ****.

"But here 's my gold dollar—; 't is precious! no *****!
Her face is so blue, and her teeth—how they *****."

Then, speaking aloud,— "Little girl, come with me,
For first you need clothing,—that plainly I see.

"A part of my wardrobe and supper I 'll spare,
And poor little Tim, too, shall have his full *****."

Very happy that night were those three little *****;
One happy from giving,—two happy with *****.

And our dear little maiden's sweet joy will abide,
And she long will remember that glad *****.

LILLIAN PAVSON.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

EACH of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of a famous English philosopher, who was born on Christmas Day, 1642.

1. Syncopate to besiege, and leave a vegetable. 2. Syncopate to balance, and leave a formal attitude. 3. Syncopate to sharpen, and leave a check. 4. Syncopate a river in France, and leave learning. 5. Syncopate dispatch, and leave to detest. 6. Syncopate a minute particle, and leave a smirk. 7. Syncopate a country in Europe, and leave to whirl. 8. Syncopate worldly pelf, and leave a snare. 9. Syncopate to chop in small pieces, and leave rodent animals. 10. Syncopate to delude, and leave small talk. 11. Syncopate an under-ground canal, and leave a soothsayer. 12. Syncopate rhythm, and leave a small lake. 13. Syncopate to be buoyed up, and leave insipid. 14. Syncopate a weapon, and leave to fasten with a cord.

DAVID.

RIDDLE.

Cut off my head,—a title you will see;
Cut off my tail,—you 'll find me on a tree;
Cut both off, and it truly may be said
I still remain a portion of the head.
Curtail me twice, and then there will appear
A dainty edible, for spring-time cheer.
Though deep in tropic seas my whole is found,
It often glimmers in the dance's round.

GEORGE D.

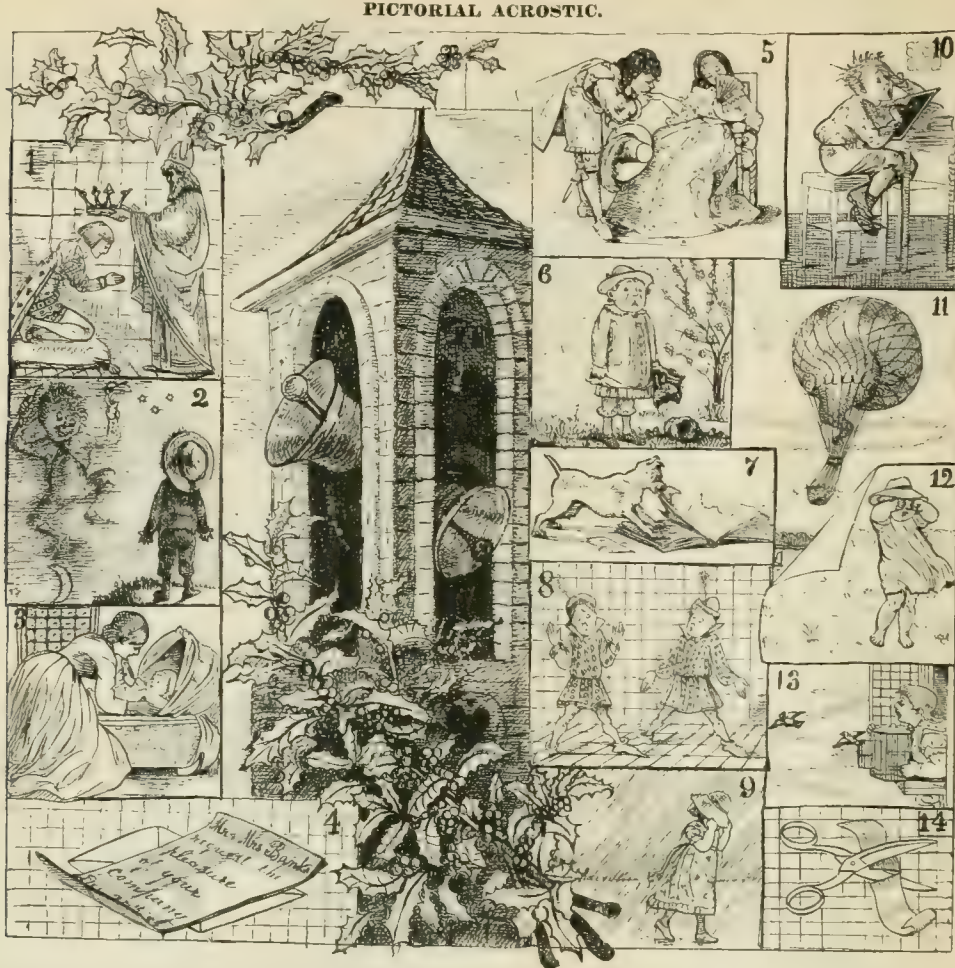
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-seven letters, and am a well-known saying by a famous man.

My 25-36-33-44-7-14-27 is this evening. My 43-26-28 is a fixed regulation. My 3-40-37 is an uproar. My 41-36-35 is land. My 18-32-38-15 is an instrument for grasping things closely. My 22-19-24 are "children of a larger growth." My 39-2-24-46 is general character. My 10-22-5-19-20 is an Arabian ruler. My 42-17-1 is a bulky piece of timber. My 4-2-29-47-13 is to prepare for food by exposure to heat. My 28-6-11-12-2-28-47 are casements. My 9-6-8 is a transgression. My 31-40-45-46 is the home of certain insects. My 16-17-2-30-15 is a tailor's smoothing-iron. My 21-23-34-4-17 is an African.

A. H. AND G. H.

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the small pictures may be described by a word which rhymes with "celebration." The initial letters of the words to be supplied spell two words which fitly describe one of the above illustrations. The following lines hint at the meaning of each picture:

My first is kingly _____;
My second, vague _____;
My third, an intimate _____;
My fourth, a formal _____;
My fifth, a courtly _____;
My sixth, a trying _____;
My seventh, decided _____;

My eighth, a heated _____;
My ninth, a thorough _____;
My tenth is saying "_____";
My eleventh is lofty _____;
My twelfth is tearful _____;
My thirteenth, welcome _____;
My fourteenth, final _____.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA: "The wisdom of many, and the wit of one."
ZIG-ZAG. Nutcrack night. Cross-words: 1. Near. 2. Burn.
3. MaTe. 4. ChiC. 5. TaRe. 6. SAte. 7. Core. 8. SKin.
9. PaNe. 10. Lodi. 11. PaGe. 12. SHed. 13. Tell.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. Thanksgiving. 1. Stage—gaTes. 2. Throe—otHer. 3. Regal—glAre. 4. Roman—maNor. 5. Spike—piKes. 6. Saves—vaSes. 7. Rouge—roGue. 8. Tints—stInt. 9. Drove—roVed. 10. Withe—white. 11. Noted—toNed. 12. Gapes—paGes.

TWO WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Paris. 2. Aside. 3. Risen. 4. Ideas. 5. Sense. II. 1. Larch. 2. Azure. 3. Rural. 4. Crane. 5. Helen.

CHARADE. Fox-glove.
NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Odin—Thor. CROSS-WORDS: 1. COaTs. 2. IDaHo. 3. BiGt. 4. ANgRy. II. Edda—Saga. CROSS-WORDS: 1. FEaSt. 2. IDeAl. 3. ADaGe. 4. PApAl.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Car. 3. Caper. 4. Captain. 5. Realm. 6. Rim. 7. N.

REBUS: "A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's above his might."
ROBERT BURNS, in "Honest Poverty."

DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS. 1. S-ray. 2. S-rap. 3. S-tale. QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC. Reading across: 1. BinD. 2. RoaR.

3. AriA. 4. GIB. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Agassiz—Audubon. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Agricola. 2. GnuU. 3. AmenD. 4. SoU. 5. SenerB. 6. IndigO. 7. ZitherN.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. Purse. 1. Se-P-al. 2. Fo-U-nd. 3. Ho-R-se. 4. Ba-S-il. 5. St-E-ep. CHANGED HEADS. 1. Bat. 2. Cat. 3. Mat. 4. Hat. 5. Nat. 6. Pat. 7. Rat. 8. Sat. 9. Fat. 10. Vat.



A LITTLE BROWN DWARF WHO SEEMED TO
BE A GUARD OVER THE TREASURES GAVE
HIM A SACK AND MOTIONED THAT MAX SHOULD
FILL IT AND EVEN HELPED HIM NEVER SAYING A
WORD

ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. 3.

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MAX AND THE WONDER-FLOWER.

BY JULIA D. FAY.

LONG before the great king Charlemagne ruled over Germany and France, the mountain forests that border the Rhine were peopled by gnomes and dwarfs, witches and fairies, some of whom were very mischievous and could never be trusted, while others did kind deeds for the people.

They all were under the control of a fairy king, who lived in the deepest recesses of the mountains, and whose palace was so vast that it reached even under the river. On moonlight nights, the river fairies could be seen playing in the clear waters, sometimes enticing fishers to their death, by showing them gold and jewels; for the poor simple fishermen would dive down into the water and would never be seen again. But then there were good fairies among the mountains, and these gave presents to persons whom they thought deserving of rich gifts, for the mountains were filled with treasures of gold, silver, and precious jewels; and my story is about a little boy who was rewarded by these good fairies.

He was only a poor little shepherd-boy, and tended the flocks of a rich baron, whose castle stood high upon a rock that looked down over the valley where the little boy lived. His father was dead, and he was the only help of his mother and two little sisters, Roschen and Elsie. They owned a little cottage, a goat, and a small bit of ground, which Max, for that was the boy's name, tilled in the evening, after the sheep were all safely penned for the night.

He was always cheerful, and kind to all. He loved the beautiful river that flowed along so peacefully, and the vine-terraces where grew the purple grapes. The dark forests, that seemed so still, filled

his heart with wonder and reverence toward the great Being who had made such a lovely world.

Max longed to know how to read, so as to learn more about it all, and yet he worked on, early and late, and enjoyed even the air, and the flowers; and the butterflies, as they flew by him, made him glad that he was alive and well.

But there came a day of sadness for poor little Max, in the winter time, for his mother was taken very ill, and the old nurse of the village, who took care of her, said that she must die unless an herb could be procured that grew in the mountains, and these were now covered with snow, beneath which the herb lay buried. But Max did not despair; he started forth, with his snow-shoes and a stout stick, to climb the mountain and find the herb that should cure his sick mother.

It was cold, and the wind blew drearily through the trees; still he tramped on boldly, until at last he stood on the summit of the mountain. The snow lay around like a soft white blanket, covering all the herbs, ferns, and flowers, keeping them warm and tucked out of sight until the spring time. It was not very deep, and Max, with a little spade he had brought along, pushed it aside, and there was the brown earth beneath. Yet in that spot there was no herb, but before his eyes there grew a beautiful, strange flower, whiter than snow, its heart like gold, and its perfume so sweet that it seemed like a breath from the gardens of heaven. Max gazed with longing upon its beauty, and his first thought was to pluck it and take it home, that they all might see its loveliness, but his second thought was, "Oh, no; I must find first the herb for to cure Mother, and then I can come here again for this flower

with which to gladden her eyes." So, with a parting look, he went farther on his search, found the precious herb, and with it safely in his pocket, came back to the spot where he had left the lovely flower.

Alas, it had disappeared! But while the tears filled his eyes, the mountain where he stood opened wide, like a door, a dazzling fairy figure appeared, and a silvery voice said:

"Enter, little Max, for thou didst first thy duty. Take what thou wilt of the treasures before thee. The Wonder-flower that thou hast seen, thou canst not take with thee. It blooms but once in a thousand years, and can only be seen by the pure in heart. Take of the gold and diamonds, love thy mother ever as now, aim to be a good man, and keep thy heart pure, that thou mayest again see the flower in the gardens of heaven, where a thousand years are but as a day."

And the fairy vanished; but around in a great marble hall shone diamonds, and rubies, and bright bars of gold, before the eyes of the bewildered Max. A little brown dwarf, who seemed to be a guard over the treasures, gave him a sack and motioned that Max should fill it, and even helped him, never saying a word. When it was filled, it was so heavy that Max wondered how he could ever carry it home; but while he hesitated, the dwarf threw it over his own shoulder, and beckoning Max to follow, crept out of the door; and as Max followed, the mountain closed behind them, and the snow lay over it as before.

It all would have seemed a dream, only that there

stood the dwarf, with his pointed little hat, and strange face with eyes like a squirrel's. Not a word did he speak, but he trotted on down the mountain, and it seemed to Max scarcely an hour before they stood at its foot. There, with a bow, the dwarf set down the sack, and then he clambered up the mountain.

Max hastened home as fast as he could with his heavy treasure, and gave the nurse the herb, hiding the sack under his bed, until his mother should be able to hear of his good fortune.

The herb did its work so well that in a few days his mother was able to sit up, and then Max, with his hand in hers, and his little sisters standing by him, told her all.

She clasped her hands, and said:

"My sweet child, the dear God has been very good to thee. Thou hast seen the Wonder-flower that first blossomed when Christ was born, and that no one but an innocent child may see. Keep its beauty always in mind, else the treasure it brought will give thee no happiness. Let us thank the great God of heaven for his love to thee, a poor little shepherd-boy, to whom He has shown the Wonder-flower, which even the king himself may not see!"

And it was in this strange manner that Max's wish was at last granted; for with his treasure to help him, he now could go to school, and learn all about the great world outside of his little Rhine valley. He lived to be an honored and learned man, always doing good to others; and with all his wisdom he was as unassuming as a child.



TOMMY HAS HONORABLY RESOLVED NOT TO SEE SANTA CLAUS.



When I work in the
house I always
say:
"How I'd like to toil
out of doors all
day!"
And when they send
me to weed the
flowers
The day seems made
of a hundred
hours!



SIR WILLIAM NAPIER AND LITTLE JOAN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, one bright day,
Was walking down the glen—
A noble English soldier,
And the handsomest of men.

Through fields and fragrant hedge-rows
He slowly wandered down
To quiet Freshford village,
By pleasant Bradford town.

With look and mien magnificent,
And step so grand, moved he,
And from his stately front outshone
Beauty and majesty.

About his strong white forehead
The rich locks thronged and curled,
Above the splendor of his eyes,
That might command the world.

A sound of bitter weeping
Came up to his quick ear,
He paused that instant, bending
His kingly head to hear.

Among the grass and daisies
Sat wretched little Joan,
And near her lay a bowl of delf,
Broken upon a stone.

Her cheeks were red with crying,
And her blue eyes dull and dim,
And she turned her pretty, woful face,
All tear-stained, up to him.

Scarce six years old, and sobbing
In misery so drear!
"Why, what's the matter, Posy?"
He said,— "Come, tell me, dear."

"It's Father's bowl I've broken;
 'T was for his dinner kept.
 I took it safe, but coming back
 It fell"—again she wept.

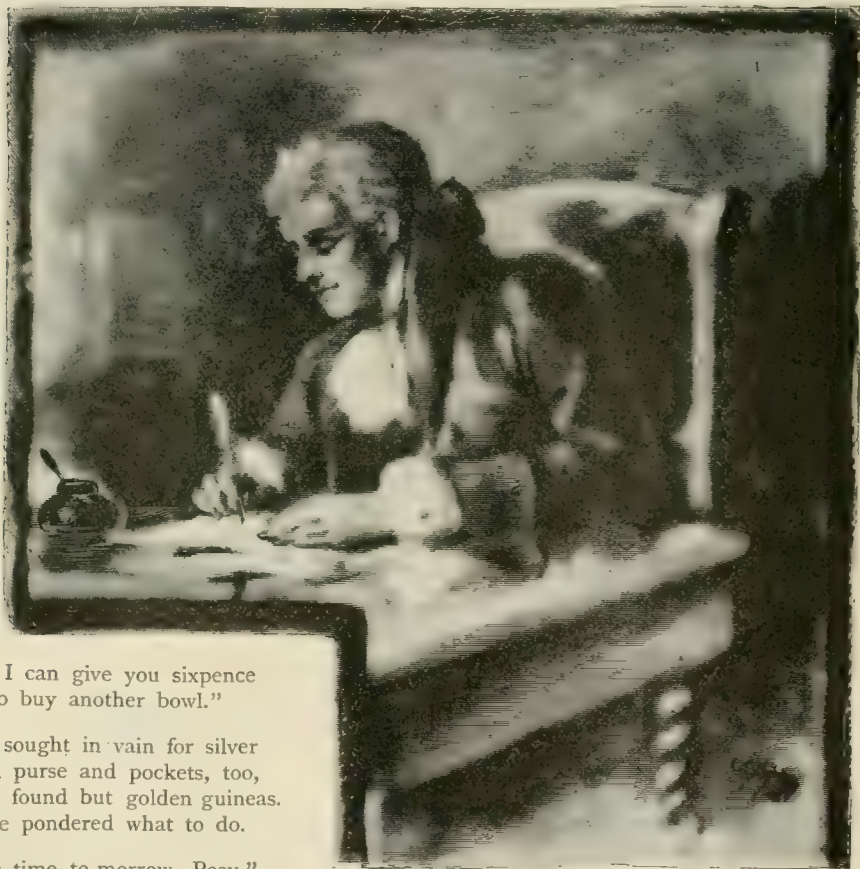
"But you can mend it, can't you?"
 Cried the despairing child
 With sudden hope, as down on her,
 Like some kind god, he smiled.

"Don't cry, poor little Posy!
 I can not make it whole,

"Will not Sir William come and dine
 To-morrow with his friends?"

The letter read: "And we've secured
 The man among all men
 You wish to meet. He will be here.
 You will not fail us then?"

To-morrow! Could he get to Bath
 And dine with dukes and earls,
 And back in time? That hour was pledged—
 It was the little girl's!



SIR WILLIAM NAPIER WRITING HIS LETTER OF EXCUSE
 TO HIS FRIENDS.

But I can give you sixpence
 To buy another bowl."

He sought in vain for silver
 In purse and pockets, too,
 And found but golden guineas.
 He pondered what to do.

"This time to-morrow, Posy,"
 He said, "again come here,
 And I will bring your sixpence.
 I promise! Never fear!"

Away went Joan rejoicing—
 A rescued child was she;
 And home went good Sir William;
 And to him presently

A footman brings a letter,
 And low before him bends:

He could not disappoint her,
 He must his friends refuse.
 So "a previous engagement"
 He pleaded as excuse.

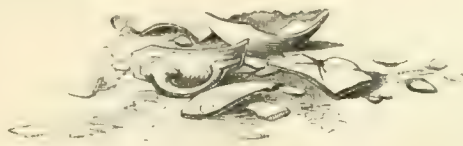
Next day when she, all eager,
 Came o'er the fields so fair,
 As sure as of the sunrise
 That she should find him there,

He met her, and the sixpence
Laid in her little hand.
Her woe was ended, and her heart
The lightest in the land.

How would the stately company,
Who had so much desired

His presence at their splendid feast,
Have wondered and admired !

As soldier, scholar, gentleman,
His praises oft are heard,—
'T was not the least of his great deeds
So to have kept his word !



THE POOR COUNT'S CHRISTMAS.—CONCLUDED.

(Began in the December number.)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE day before Christmas, poor Count Cormo sat, quite disconsolate, in his castle-hall, before a hearth where there was no fire. He had sold his family bedstead, but he had received very little money for it. People said such old bedsteads were not worth much, even if they were inlaid with precious metals. So he had been able only to prepare a small tree, on which he had hung the cheapest kind of presents, and his feast was very plain and simple. The Countess, indeed, was afraid the things would not go around, for their old servant had told them that he had heard there would be more children at the castle the next day than had ever been there before. She was in favor of giving up the whole affair and of sending the children home as soon as they should come.

"What is the use," she said, "of having them here, when we have so little to give them? They will get more at home; and then if they don't come we shall have the things for ourselves."

"No, no, my dear," said the Count; "this may be the last time that we shall have the children with us, for I do not see how we can live much longer in this sorrowful condition, but the dear girls and boys must come to-morrow. I should not wish to die knowing that we had missed a Christmas. We must do the best with what we have, and I am sure we can make them happy if we try. And now let us go to bed, so as to be up early to-morrow."

The Countess sighed. There was only one little bedstead, and the poor Count had to sleep on the floor.

Christmas-day dawned bright, clear, and sparkling. The Count was in good spirits.

"It is a fine day," he said to his wife, "and that is a great thing for us."

"We need all we can get," said the Countess, "and it is well for us that fine days do not cost anything."

Very soon the Count heard the sound of many merry voices, and his eyes began to sparkle.

"They are coming!" he cried, and threw open the door of the castle, and went to meet his little guests; but when he saw them he started back.

"What do you think?" he exclaimed to the Countess, who stood behind him. "There is a long procession of them, and they are headed by a giant—the young giant Feldar! Who ever heard of such a thing as a giant coming to a children's festival! He will eat up everything we have in a few mouthfuls!"

"You might as well let him do it!" said the Countess. "There won't be enough for the others, any way. There seem to be hundreds of them; and if there is n't a band of music striking up!"

Sure enough, quite a procession was approaching the castle. First came the giant Feldar, with Tillette, the little fairy, on his finger; then four or five musicians; and after them a long line of children, all dressed in their best clothes, and marching two by two.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted the giant, as soon as he saw Count Cormo, and then all the children shouted "Merry Christmas!!" until the castle court-yard echoed with the cheerful greeting, while the band played loudly and merrily.

"Come in, my dears," cried the Count to the children. "I am glad to see you. But as for you, good giant, I fear my door is not quite large

enough. But perhaps you can stoop and squeeze yourself in."

"Count Cormo!" cried the fairy, from the giant's finger. "I have a plan to propose."

The good Count looked up in surprise.

of the line of children and just behind the musicians. Then they all marched across the great court-yard to the old wing of the castle, and when they reached the doors of the great hall, the giant swung them open, and everybody entered.



THE YOUNG GIANT FELDAR COMPELS THE WARDER TO OPEN THE SICK GIANT'S CASTLE-GATE.

"If it is n't a dear little fairy!" he exclaimed. "Why, certainly, if you have a plan to propose, I shall be happy to hear it."

"Well, then," said Tillette, "suppose we go first into the great hall in the old wing of the castle. That is so large that it will hold us all, and we can have a grand dance, if we feel like it, after we get there."

"I am afraid that the great hall would be very uncomfortable," said the Count. "No one has lived in it, nor even entered it, so far as I know, for many years; and everything must be covered with dust and cobwebs."

"But it would be so nice to march around that great hall with the music and everything. I don't believe there's any dust."

"Well, then," said the Count, "as you seem to have set your heart on it, we'll go."

So the Count and the Countess put on their hats and took their places in the procession, at the head

Never were there two such astonished people as the Count and Countess!

Right in the middle of the hall stood a great Christmas-tree, which the giant had brought in on his shoulders from the woods. On the wide-spreading branches of this tall tree were hung hundreds of presents and sparkling ornaments.

"What does this mean?" gasped the Count. "Whose tree is this?"

"It is yours! It is yours!" cried all the children in a merry chorus which made the old walls ring. "It is your Christmas-tree, and we, the children, who love you, give it to you!"

The Count looked around from one to another of the children, but did not say a word. His heart was too full for him to speak. Then the giant put the fairy on his shirt-frill, and, stooping down, took up the Count and Countess, one in each hand, holding them gently, but very firmly, and carried them around the tree, raising them up and down,

so that they could see all the presents, even those at the very top.

Everything was labeled—not with the name of the person they were for, for they were all for the Count and Countess, but with the names of those who gave them.

Presently, the Count began to read out every name aloud, and each time a child's name was called, all the other children would clap and cheer. There were a good many small bags, which looked as if they were very heavy, hanging here and there, and these were all marked "From Feldar," while some beautiful clusters of diamonds, which glittered in the sunlight that poured in through the windows, were labeled "From Tillette."

It took a long time to look at all the presents, which were rather different from the things generally seen on Christmas-trees, for the great branches and boughs held every kind of useful and ornamental articles that the Count and Countess needed. Many of these were old family treasures which they once had owned, but had been obliged to sell, to keep up their Christmas festivals.

"Now for a dance!" cried the fairy, in her clear little voice, and the music struck up, while all the children began to dance gayly around the tree.

The Count and Countess, with the giant and fairy, stood aside, while this happy play was going on, enjoying it almost as much as the children, but when the dancing began to flag, the Count thought that the time had now come when the party ought to have something to eat, and his heart failed him when he thought of the very meager repast he had to offer them.

But he need not have troubled his mind about that. As soon as the dance was done, the giant stepped to a door which led to another apartment, and throwing it open he cried:

"Enter the banqueting-hall! This is the feast the children give to the good Count Corno and his wife. He has feasted them often and often, and made them happy, for many a Christmas. It is their turn now."

Everybody trooped through the door, the children gently pushing the Count and Countess before them. The room was truly a banqueting-



QUITE A PROCESSION WAS APPROACHING THE CASTLE

The Count and his wife were more and more delighted as they were carried around the tree, but at last this happy business was over, and the giant put them down upon the floor.

A long table was covered with every kind of thing good to eat, and, on smaller tables in the corners, was ever so much more, in case it should be needed. Here and there, on the long table,

were enormous cakes, great bowls of jelly, and vast pies. Everybody knew these were for the giant.

The Count and Countess took their places at the

and she enjoyed herself as much as anybody else did.

When the banquet was

over, they all went into the great hall, where they had dances and games and singing, and there never was a merrier company before.

When evening approached, the Count stood up and made a little speech. He tried to tell the children how good he thought they were, and how happy they had made him. He did not say much, but they all understood him. When he had finished, there was a silence over the whole room. The children looked at one another, some of them smiled, and then, all together, as if they had planned it out before, they cried:

"The giant and the fairy did it all. He gave us the money and she told us what to buy."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the young giant, his face turning very red; "I thought nothing was to be said about that," and he went outside so that nobody should make a speech to him.

Now all the children came up, and each in turn bade the Count and Countess farewell, and then, headed by the giant's band of music, and singing merrily, they marched away to their homes.

But Count Cormo would not let the giant

and the fairy go away so soon. He made them come with him to the dwelling part of his castle, and there, after a little squeezing and stooping by the giant at the door, they all sat down around the hearth, on which a fine blazing fire had been built.

"I don't know what to say, my dear Feldar," said the Count, "and I can never repay you —"



THE CHILDREN DANCED GAVLY AROUND THE TREE.

head and foot of the table; and all the children gathered around, and everybody had a splendid appetite. Just in the center of the table there was a little table about three inches high, on which there were dear little morsels of the dainties the others were eating. At this table, on a little chair, the fairy Tillette sat, where she could see everything,

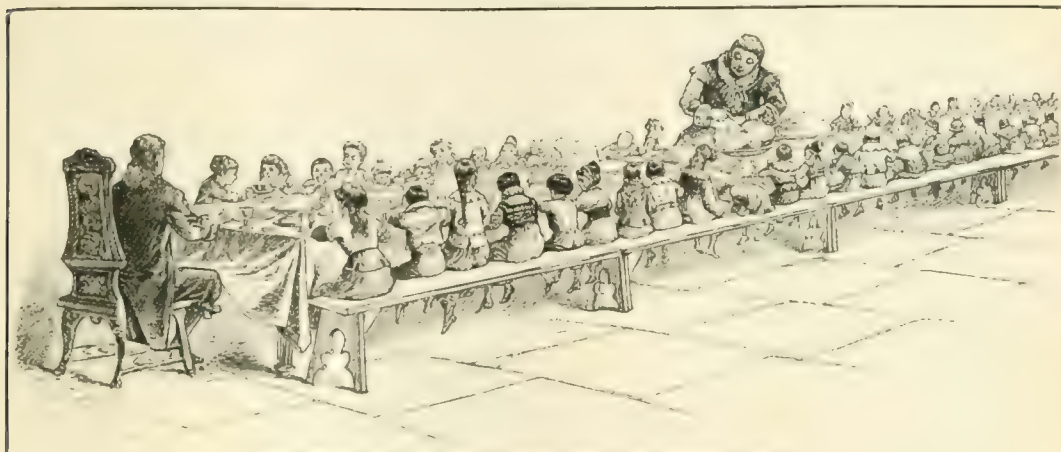
The giant was just about to exclaim that the Count need not say anything, and that he did not wish to be repaid, when, seeing he felt embarrassed, the fairy broke in:

"Oh, yes, dear Count, you can repay him. You can adopt him. You have no children, you are getting old, and are living alone. He has no parents,—even his grandfather's uncle is now dead,—and he lives all by himself in his castle on the Shattered Crag. He is rich, and you can show

young giant knelt on the floor; and the Count got up on a table, and put his hands on the young giant's head, and adopted him.

"Now you ought to adopt her," said Feldar, after he had kissed the Count and Countess, and had sat down again by the fire.

"No," said Tillette, "I can not be adopted. But I will often come to see you, and we shall be happy together, and the children will have a splendid Christmas festival every year."



THE COUNT AND HIS HAPPY GUESTS ENJOY THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

him how to do good with his great wealth. He could come and live in the old wing of the castle, where the rooms are so large; the furniture he has inherited could be sent here, and you could all be so happy together! Will you take him?"

The Count's eyes filled with tears.

"Would you like us to adopt you?" he said to Feldar.

"Indeed I should," was the reply. Then the

"As long as we live," said the Count and Countess.

"As long as I live," said Feldar.

When the Count and Countess went up to their room, that night, there they found the family bedstead, all cleaned and polished, with its gold and silver ornaments sparkling like new.

"What a happy Christmas I have had!" said good Count Cormo.



COUNT CORMO ADOPTS THE YOUNG GIANT.

ABOUT OTTERS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

AMONG the animals that live partly in the water and partly on the land, that can run about on the shore and breathe the air just as well as we can, and yet dive under the water and swim like a fish, one of the most interesting is the otter. A common otter is about the size of a small dog, having a narrow body two feet long, and very short legs. It is covered with handsome fur next to its skin, and outside of this there is a coat of long, coarse hair.

As this animal is very fond of the water, and lives principally on fish, it makes its home on the shore of a creek or river. This home is a hole under-ground, generally quite close to the water. The entrance to the burrow is always under water, and leads upward to the main apartment, which is dug out as high up in a bank as possible, so that, in case of a flood in the stream, the water will not rise up along the entrance-way and into the otter's house. Sometimes the animal makes two or three chambers, one above another, so that, in case the water should rise in a lower room, he and his family could go up higher, and keep dry. He does not mind being under the water for a time, but he can not live under water. From the top of his house up to the surface of the ground he makes a small hole to let in air; so, you see, the otter is a very clever creature. The entrance to his house is hidden under water, where no dog nor other enemy is likely to find it, or to get in if they do find it; and his home is so well planned that some part of it is always dry and well ventilated.

When the otter wants his supper,—for, as he eats only at night, it may be said that he takes neither breakfast nor dinner,—he slips quietly into the water, and as soon as he sees a fish, he gives chase to it. He has large, full eyes like a seal's, and he can see in the water as well as on land. He is web-footed, and his long, flexible body and stout tail enable him to move through the water with a motion very much like that of a fish. He can thus swim very fast, and few fish are able to escape him.

During the day-time, the otter generally stays quiet in his burrow, but at night he comes out, and makes it very lively for the fish. Sometimes, when fish are scarce, he will do his midnight hunting on land, and will be glad to catch a chicken or any other small animal he may meet.

If an otter is caught when it is quite young, it may be tamed. I once saw a couple of tame ones in New York, and they were as lively and playful

as a pair of terrier dogs. Sometimes tame otters are trained to catch fish for their masters. In this kind of fishing, the otter slips quietly into the water, and generally catches first all the fish he wants to eat himself. When he has had enough, he brings the next one he catches to his master. A very well-trained otter will go into the water several times in this way, and frequently will bring out a large fish each time. Otters are occasionally employed by fishermen who use nets. The nets are first set, and then the otters go into the water and drive the fish into the nets, where they are caught.

There is a story told of a man in England who had a tame otter which followed him about on shore like a dog, and which, also, used to fish for him. The two companions would go out on the river in a boat, when the otter would jump overboard, and bring fish back to the man. If the animal staid away too long, his master would call him by his name, and he would immediately return.

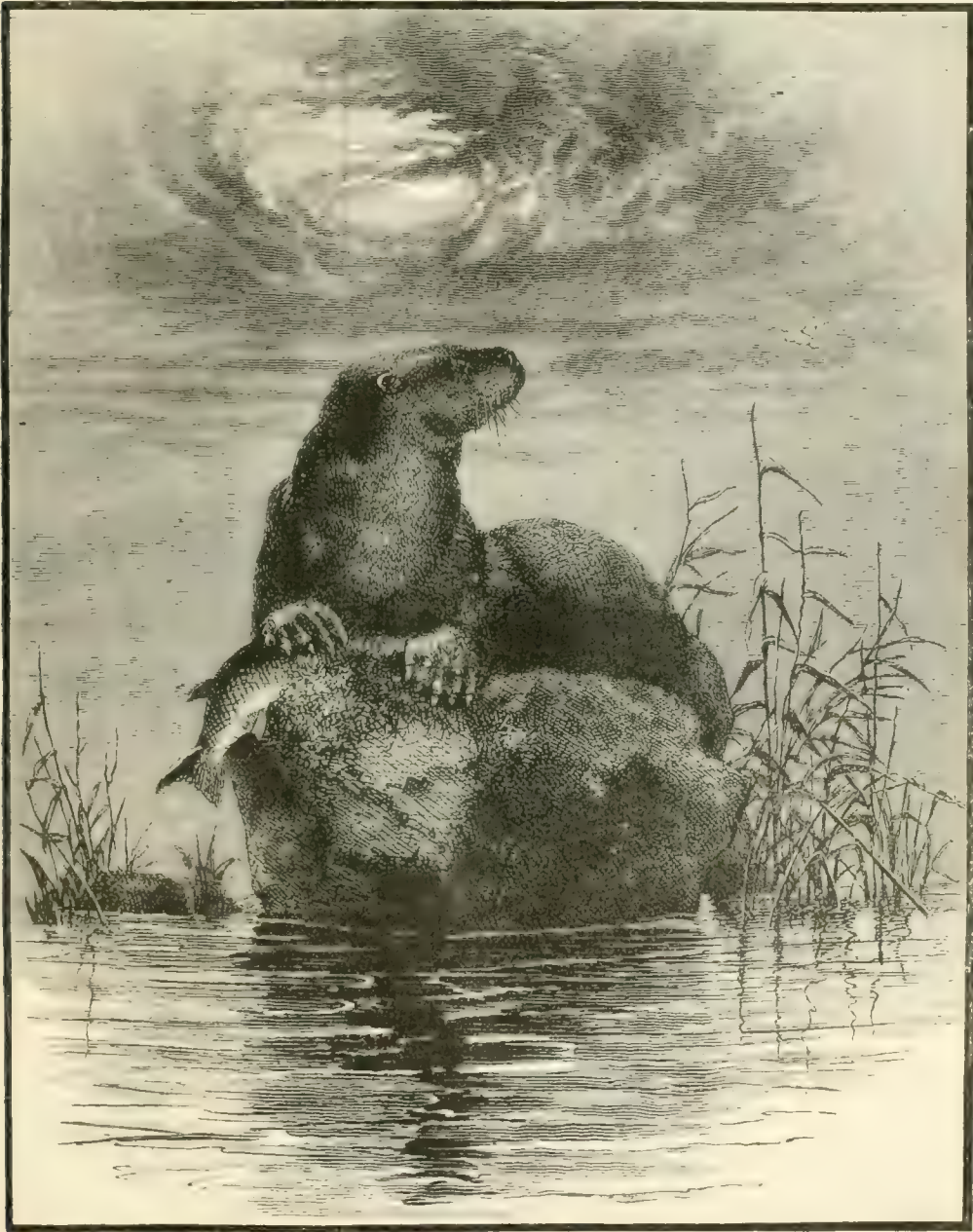
One day the man was away from home, and his young son thought it would be a good idea to take his father's otter and go fishing. So he took the little animal into the boat, and rowed out upon the river. The otter jumped into the river exactly as he used to do for the boy's father, but he staid below a long time, and when the boy called him he did not come back. Either he did not know his name when spoken by a strange voice, or he did not like the boy well enough to come back to him, for he remained out of sight, and after the boy had called him in vain for a long time, he was obliged to return to shore without him.

Several days after this, the man was walking along the river-bank near the place where his son had gone fishing. He was greatly grieved at the loss of his pet otter, and I expect the boy had been whipped. The man stood at the edge of the water, and began to call the otter by his name. He did not think there was any particular use in doing this, but it reminded him of his little friend and of old fishing times. But you can scarcely imagine his astonishment when, in a few moments, his faithful otter came swimming out of the water, and lay down on the shore at his feet. If he had brought a string of fish along with him, I do not think the man could have been more surprised and delighted.

In India and some other Eastern countries, this fishing with tame otters is made quite a business.

Bishop Heber tells us that on the bank of a river in Hindostan he once saw eight or nine fine large otters tied to stakes driven into the sand. These

these otters were used for fishing, their native masters did not set them loose and allow them to swim about as they pleased ; but made them go



THE OTTER AT HIS SUPPER

handsome fellows were either lying asleep on the shore or swimming about in the water as far as their ropes would let them. It is likely that when

into the water with the long cord still fastened to their necks. In this way the otter could swim far enough to catch fish, and his master would be

always sure of having his otter, whether he got any fish or not.

In England, otter-hunting used to be a favorite amusement, and in some parts of the country it is carried on yet. A certain kind of dog, called the otter-hound, is especially trained for this sport, and the hunters use short spears. Some of the hunters and dogs go on one side of the stream where otters are expected to be found, and some on the other. If an otter has recently been along the bank, the dogs catch his scent, and they bark and howl, and scratch the ground, and the men shout and beat the reedy bushes and the shore until the poor otter is frightened out of his house, and takes to the water. But here he is discovered by the bubbles of air which come up where he is breathing, and the men wade into the stream and strike at the place where they suppose the otter is. The dogs, too, sometimes go into the water, and in this way the otter is either killed or driven ashore. When he goes on land he generally shows fight, and the dogs often have a very hard time before he is killed.

There are otters, however, which are much better worth hunting than the common otter. These are the great sea-otters, which are found in the regions about Behring's Straits and in Kamtschatka, also in some of the waters of South America. These are much larger than the common otter, some of them weighing seventy or eighty pounds. These animals are hunted for the sake of their fur, which is very valuable, and they are probably not

so active and difficult to kill as the common otter, which has so many enemies that it is obliged to be very cunning and courageous. Up in those cold regions where the sea-otter lives, he is only occasionally disturbed by man, and probably never by any other creature. These otters do not appear to pursue ordinary fish in the water, but feed upon lobsters and other shell-fish.

Sea-otters are said to be very affectionate to their young, but it is not likely that they are more so than the common otter; the difference probably is that the sea-otter is much less wild and shy than the common otter, and its habits and disposition toward its young are therefore more easily observed. Ordinary young otters, even when mere infants, will, at the slightest sign of danger, pop into the water with their parents, and come up in some spot among the reeds and grass where it is impossible to see them.

There is an animal in this country which is placed by some writers in the otter tribe, although we do not generally consider it as such. This is the mink, or minx, and it is a great deal more troublesome to us than any ordinary otter; for it does not confine itself to catching fish, but will come into a barn-yard and kill chickens or any other poultry it can lay hold of. Its work, like that of the common otter, is done at night.

The fur of all the otter family is soft and valuable, and if it were not for this fact, there would probably be a great many more otters in the world than there are now.



THE PORTER'S IRON COLLAR.

BY DAVID KER.

ABOUT sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, in the midst of a wide plain, stands the Czar's country palace of Tsarskoe-Selo (Czar's Village), the great park of which is a very pretty place in fine summer weather. All through June and July, you may see the Russian children running about under the trees by scores, with a shouting and laughing that would do the Czar's heart good to hear, if he were anywhere within reach. In every shady spot you are pretty sure to find a picnic party making merry

on the grass, with two or three well-filled lunch-baskets beside them; and when you come to the little summer-houses near the lake, you will most likely find at least half a dozen people in each, gathered around a big bowl of *prostokvash*, which is the Russian name for curds and cream.

This lake is one of the great "sights" of the park, for it has a boat-house filled with a model of every kind of boat in the world, down to Greenland fishing-boats and Polynesian war-canoes; and

when they are all sent floating over the lake after dark, hung with colored lamps, they make a very fine show indeed. But there is something even better worth seeing a little farther on, and that is the palace museum, filled with strange presents which have been given to the Russian Czars by

lived about a hundred years ago, and was not only a count, but an admiral as well, though there were people who said that if he had had to manage the fleet by himself, instead of having three or four excellent naval commanders to help him, he would have made a poor job of it. But whatever doubts



various kings, savage or civilized, from a jeweled sword presented by the first Napoleon to a Persian carpet sent by the Ameer of Bokhara.

On a table near the door lies a very curious relic, which every one who comes in notices at once. It is a large silver dish, rolled up like a sheet of paper, so as to make a kind of funnel; and if you ask the old soldier who shows the museum how it came to be twisted up like that, he will give a knowing grin, and ask if you ever heard of Count Gregory Orloff.

This Gregory Orloff was a Russian count who

there might be about his seamanship, there could be none about his strength, for he was one of the largest and most powerful men in Russia. Like many other giants, he was, perhaps, just a little too fond of showing off his great strength. Nothing pleased him more than to bend a horse-shoe between his fingers, or pull out of the ground a stake which no one else could move; and if one of his sailors turned mutinous, and began to make a noise, Orloff would just take him by the throat, and shake him as a cat shakes a mouse, after which the brawler was usually quiet enough.

Now, it happened that one night this strong-handed admiral was at an evening party at the palace, and as he was handing a bouquet of flowers to one of the ladies, the silver paper which was wrapped around it slipped off. Orloff said nothing, but stepped to the supper-table, and taking up a silver dish, rolled it up like a piece of paper, put the bouquet into it, and handed it to the lady; and this is the same silver dish which you now see in the museum.

Not long after this, Orloff arrived in St. Petersburg from a journey, and was met at his own door by a messenger from the palace, who told him that the Empress particularly wished to see him, and that he must go to her at once. Some men would have waited to put on their finest clothes, and to make themselves look quite gay and dandified; but the admiral was used to obeying orders at once, and off he started for the palace, just as he was.

Now, while the admiral had been journeying, there had come to the palace a new hall-porter who had never seen him before. This porter was a strong fellow, although not nearly as big as Orloff, and not

a nice-tempered man by any means; so when he saw this big, coarse-looking figure (for the admiral, with all his fine titles, was terribly ugly) coming up to the door of the stately palace in a dusty traveling-dress, he shouted fiercely:

"Be off, you vagabond! You 've no business here! Who are *you*, I should like to know?"

Orloff never answered, but stooped and picked up a long iron bar that fastened the door at night. One jerk of his great strong hands twisted it around the porter's neck like a ribbon, so that the poor fellow had to hold up the ends.

"Now, my boy," said he, with a broad grin, "go and show yourself to the Empress with that iron collar on, and she will know who I am, even if you don't!"

Then the porter knew at once that this must be the terrible Count Orloff, of whose strength he had heard so much, and he fell on his knees to ask pardon. But Orloff only laughed, and told him not to be quite so ready to judge a man by his outside another time; and, indeed, from that day forth, the porter was always wonderfully civil to everybody.

[LAST month we gave you Mr. Peirce's account of the old-time wearers of the cap-and-bells. The day of the court jester has long since passed away, but his representative—after a fashion—lives in the well-known Clown of the circus and the pantomime show. Therefore, we are glad in the present number to follow Mr. Peirce's article with a narrative poem by Miss Vandegrift, showing how our modern Clown, like his earlier fellow, is a man at heart, notwithstanding his grotesque face and his "quips and cranks and wanton wiles."—ED.]

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



It was out on the Western frontier—
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters;
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows did n't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them;
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.

And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloon stood ready and waiting;
It was time for the going on,

She lifted her baby gently;
"You 'll be *very* careful, dear?"
"Careful? You foolish darling!"—
How tenderly it was said!
What a smile shone through the chalk and
paint—
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,
Misrule for the time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,



But the clown in vain searched wildly;
The "property-baby" was gone!

He murmured, impatiently hunting;
"It 's strange that I can not find—
There! I 've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men.
The clown bent over the cradle—
"I must take *you*, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near;

Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You 'll hold him as if he was made of glass?"
Said the clown to pantaloen.

The jovial fellow nodded;
"I 've a couple myself," he said,
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!
Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby-laugh ! It was echoed
 From the benches with a ring,
 And the roughest customer there sprang up
 With: "Boys, it's the real thing!"
 The ring was jammed in a minute,
 Not a man that did not strive
 For "a shot at holding the baby"—
 The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
 In the midst of the dusty ring,
 And he held his court right royally,—
 The fair little baby-king,—
 Till one of the shouting courtiers,
 A man with a bold, hard face,
 The talk, for miles, of the country,
 And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
 And chuckled, "Look at that!"
 As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
 Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"

There never was such a hatful
 Of silver, and gold, and notes;
 People are not always penniless
 Because they don't wear coats!

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"
 I tell you, those cheers were meant,
 And the way in which they were given
 Was enough to raise the tent.
 And then there was sudden silence,
 And a gruff old miner said,
 "Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
 It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
 But with faces strangely bright,
 The audience, somewhat lingeringly,
 Flocked out into the night.
 And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
 "He was n't a bit afraid!
 He's as game as he is good-looking—
 Boys, that was a show that *paid!*"



THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER V.

WHILING AWAY TIME.

EXCLUDED from the plays of the older fellows, Jack drew around him a circle of small boys, who were always glad to be amused with the stories of hunting, fishing, and frontier adventure that he had heard from old pioneers on Wildcat Creek. Sometimes he played "tee-tah-toe, three in a row," with the girls, using a slate and pencil in a way well known to all school-children. And he also showed them a better kind of "tee-tah-toe," learned on the Wildcat, and which may have been in the first place an Indian game, as it is played with grains of Indian corn. A piece of board is grooved with a jack-knife in the manner shown in the diagram in the next column.

One player has three red or yellow grains of corn, and the other an equal number of white ones. The player who won the last game has the "go"—that is, he first puts down a grain of corn at any place where the lines intersect, but usually in the middle, as that is the best point. Then the other player puts down one, and so on until all are down. After this, the players move alternately along any of the lines, in any direction, to the next intersection, provided it is not already occupied. The one who first succeeds in getting his three grains in a row wins the point, and the board is cleared for a new start. As there are always three vacant points, and as the rows may be formed in any direction along any of the lines, the game gives a chance for more variety of combinations than one would expect from its appearance.

Jack had also an arithmetical puzzle which he had learned from his father, and which many of the readers of this story will know, perhaps.

"Set down any number, without letting me know what it is," he said to Joanna Merwin.

She set down a number.

"Now add twelve and multiply by two."

"Well, that is done," said Joanna.

"Divide by four, subtract half of the number first set down, and your answer will be six."

"Oh, but how did you know that I put down sixty-four?" said Joanna.

"I did n't," said Jack.

"How could you tell the answer, then?"

"That's for you to find out."

This puzzle excited a great deal of curiosity. To

add to the wonder of the scholars, Jack gave each time a different number to be added in, and sometimes he varied the multiplying and dividing. Harvey Collins, who was of a studious turn, puzzled over it a long time, and at last he found it out; but he did not tell the secret.

He contented himself with giving out a number to Jack and telling his result. To the rest it was quite miraculous, and Riley turned green with jealousy when he found the girls and boys refusing to listen to his jokes, but gathering about Jack to test his ability to "guess the answer," as they phrased it. Riley said he knew how it was done, and he was even foolish enough to try to do it, by watching the slate-pencil, or by sheer guessing, but this only brought him into ridicule.

"Try me once," said the little C. C. G. W. M. de L. Risdale, and Jack let Columbus set down a figure and carry it through the various processes until he told him the result. Lummy grew excited, pushed his thin hands up into his hair, looked at his slate a minute, and then squeaked out:

"Oh—let me see—yes—no—yes—Oh, I see! Your answer is just half the amount added in, because you have—"

But here Jack placed his hand over Columbus's mouth.

"You can see through a pine door, Lummy, but you must n't let out my secret," he said.

But Jack had a boy's heart in him, and he longed for some more boy-like amusement.

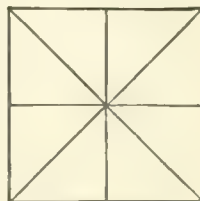


FIG. 1.
TEE-TAH-TOE BOARD.

CHAPTER VI.

A BATTLE.

ONE morning, when Jack proposed to play a game of ball with the boys, Riley and Pewee came up and entered the game, and objected.

"It is n't interesting to play with greenhorns," said Will. "If Jack plays, little Christopher Columbus Andsoforth will want to play, too; and then there'll be two babies to teach. I can't be always helping babies. Let Jack play two-hole cat or Anthony-over with the little fellows." To which answer Pewee assented, of course.

That day at noon Riley came to Jack, with a most gentle tone and winning manner, and whiningly begged Jack to show him how to divide 770 by 14.

"It is n't interesting to show greenhorns," said Jack, mimicking Riley's tone on the playground that morning. "If I show you, Pewee Rose will want me to show him; then there 'll be two babies to teach. I can't be always helping babies. Go and play two-hole cat with the First-Reader boys."

That afternoon, Mr. Ball had the satisfaction of using his new beech switches on both Riley and Pewee, though indeed Pewee did not deserve to be punished for not getting his lesson. He did not make his own cannon-ball head—it was Nature's doing that his head, like a goat's, was made for butting and not for thinking.

But if he had to take whippings from the master and his father, he made it a rule to get satisfaction out of somebody else. If Jack had helped him he would n't have missed. If he had not missed his lesson badly, Mr. Ball would not have whipped him. It would be inconvenient to whip Mr. Ball in return, but Jack would be easy to manage, and as somebody must be whipped, it fell to Jack's lot to take it.

King Pewee did not fall upon his victim at the school-house door—this would have insured him another beating from the master. Nor did he attack Jack while Bob Holliday was with him. Bob was big and strong—a great fellow of sixteen. But after Jack had passed the gate of Bob's house, and was walking on toward home alone, Pewee came out from behind an alley fence, accompanied by Ben Berry and Will Riley.

"I'm going to settle with you now," said King Pewee, sidling up to Jack like an angry bull-dog.

It was not a bright prospect for Jack, and he cast about him for a chance to escape a brutal encounter with such a bully, and yet avoid actually running away.

"Well," said Jack, "if I must fight, I must. But I suppose you wont let Riley and Berry help you."

"No, I'll fight fair." And Pewee threw off his coat, while Jack did the same.

"You 'll quit when I say 'enough,' wont you?" said Jack.

"Yes, I 'll fight fair, and hold up when you 've got enough."

"Well, then, for that matter, I've got enough now. I'll take the will for the deed, and just say 'enough' before you begin," and he turned to pick up his coat.

"No, you don't get off that way," said Pewee. "You've got to stand up and see who is the best man, or I 'll kick you all the way home."

"Did n't you ever hear about Davy Crockett's

'coon?" said Jack. "When the 'coon saw him taking aim, it said: 'Is that you, Crockett? Well, don't fire—I 'll come down anyway. I know you 'll hit anything you shoot at.' Now, I 'm that 'coon. If it was anybody but you, I 'd fight. But as it 's you, Pewee, I might just as well come down before you begin."

Pewee was flattered by this way of putting the question. Had he been alone, Jack would have escaped. But Will Riley, remembering all he had endured from Jack's retorts, said:

"Oh, give it to him, Pewee; he 's always making trouble."

At which Pewee squared himself off, doubled up his fists, and came at the slenderer Jack. The latter prepared to meet him, but, after all, it was hard for Pewee to beat so good-humored a fellow as Jack. The king's heart failed him, and suddenly he backed off, saying:

"If you 'll agree to help Riley and me out with our lessons hereafter, I 'll let you off. If you don't, I 'll thrash you within an inch of your life." And Pewee stood ready to begin.

Jack wanted to escape the merciless beating that Pewee had in store for him. But he was high-spirited, and it was quite impossible for him to submit under a threat. So he answered:

"If you and Riley will treat me as you ought to, I 'll help you when you ask me, as I always have. But even if you pound me into jelly I wont agree to help you, unless you treat me right. I wont be bullied into helping you."

"Give it to him, Pewee," said Ben Berry; "he 's too sassy."

Pewee was a rather good-natured dog—he had to be set on. He now began to strike at Jack. Whether he was to be killed or not, Jack did not know, but he was resolved not to submit to the bully. Yet he could not do much at defense against Pewee's hard fists. However, Jack was active and had long limbs; he soon saw that he must do something more than stand up to be beaten. So, when King Pewee, fighting in the irregular Western fashion, and hoping to get a decided advantage at once, rushed upon Jack and pulled his head forward, Jack stooped lower than his enemy expected, and, thrusting his head between Pewee's knees, shoved his legs from under him, and by using all his strength threw Pewee over his own back, so that the king's nose and eyes fell into the dust of the village street.

"I 'll pay you for that," growled Pewee, as he recovered himself, now thoroughly infuriated; and with a single blow he sent Jack flat on his back, and then proceeded to pound him. Jack could do nothing now but shelter his eyes from Pewee's blows.

Joanna Merwin had seen the beginning of the

battle from the window of her father's house, and feeling sure that Jack would be killed, she had run swiftly down the garden walk to the back gate, through which she slipped into the alley; and then she hurried on, as fast as her feet would carry her, to the blacksmith-shop of Pewee Rose's father.

"Oh, please, Mr. Rose, come quick! Pewee's just killing a boy in the street."

"Vitin' ag'in," said Mr. Rose, who was a Pennsylvanian from the limestone country, and spoke English with difficulty. "He ces a leetle ruffien, dat poy. I'll see apout him right away a'ready, may be."

And without waiting to put off his leathern apron, he walked briskly in the direction indicated by Joanna. Pewee was hammering Jack without pity, when suddenly he was caught by the collar and lifted sharply to his feet.

"Wot you doin' down dare in de dirt wunst a'ready? Hey?" said Mr. Rose, as he shook his son with the full force of his right arm, and cuffed him with his left hand. "Did n't I dells you I'd gill you some day if you did n't guit vitin' mit oder poy, a'ready?"

"He commenced it," whimpered Pewee.

"You dells a pig lie a'ready, I beleefs, Peter, and I'll whip you fur lyin' besides wunst more. Fellers like *him*," pointing to Jack, who was brushing the dust off his clothes,—"*fellers* like him don't gommece on such a poy as you. You're such anoder viter I never seed." And he shook Pewee savagely.

"I wont do it no more," begged Pewee—"pon my word and honor I wont."

"Oh, you don't gits off dat away no more, a'ready. You know what I'll giff you when I git you home, you leedle ruffien. I shows you how to vite, a'ready."

And the king disappeared down the street, begging like a spaniel, and vowing that he "would n't do it no more." But he got a severe whipping, I fear;—it is doubtful if such beatings ever do any good. The next morning Jack appeared at school with a black eye, and Pewee had some scratches, so the master whipped them both for fighting.

CHAPTER VII.

HAIR-BALL AND BUFFALO.

PEWEE did not renew the quarrel with Jack—perhaps from fear of the rawhide that hung in the blacksmith's shop, or of the master's ox-gad, or of Bob Holliday's fists, or perhaps from a hope of conciliating Jack and getting occasional help in his lessons. Jack was still excluded from the favorite game of "bull-pen," or, as it is better named,

"buffalo." I am not sure that he would have been refused had he asked for admission, but he did not want to risk another refusal. He planned a less direct way of getting into the game. He asked his mother for a worn-out stocking, and he procured an old boot-top. He raveled the stocking, winding the yarn into a ball of medium hardness. Then he cut from the boot-top a square of leather large enough for his purpose. This he laid on the kitchen table, and proceeded to mark off and cut it into the shape of an orange-peel that has been quartered off the orange. But Jack left the four quarters joined together at the middle. This leather he put to soak over night. The next morning, bright and early, with a big needle and some strong thread he sewed it around his yarn-ball, stretching the wet leather to its utmost, so that when it should contract the ball should be firm and hard, and the leather well molded to it. Such a ball is far better for all play in which the player is to be hit than are those sold in the stores nowadays. I have described the manufacture of the old-fashioned home-made ball, because there are some boys, especially in the towns, who have lost the art of making yarn balls.

When Jack had finished his ball, he let it dry, while he ate his breakfast and did his chores. Then he sallied out and found Bob Holliday, and showed him the result of his work. Bob squeezed it, "hefted" it, bounced it against a wall, tossed it high in the air, caught it, and then bounced it on the ground. Having thus "put it through its paces," he pronounced it an excellent ball,—"*a good deal better than Ben Berry's ball.* But what are you going to do with it?" he asked. "Play Anthony-over? The little boys can play that."

I suppose there are boys in these days who do not know what "Anthony-over" is. How, indeed, can anybody play Anthony-over in a crowded city?

The old one-story village school-houses stood generally in an open green. The boys divided into two parties, the one going on one side, and the other on the opposite side of the school-house. The party that had the ball would shout, "*Anthony!*" The others responded, "*Over!*" To this, answer was made from the first party, "*Over shé comes!*" and the ball was immediately thrown over the school-house. If any of the second party caught it, they rushed, pell-mell, around both ends of the school-house to the other side, and that one of them who held the ball essayed to hit some one of the opposite party before they could exchange sides. If a boy was hit by the ball thus thrown he was counted as captured to the opposite party, and he gave all his efforts to beat his old allies. So the game went on, until all the players of one side were captured by the others.

"I 'm not going to play Anthony-over," said Jack. "I 'm going to show King Pewee a new trick."

"You can't get up a game of buffalo on your own hook."

"No, I don't mean that. I 'm going to show the boys how to play hat-ball—a game they used to play on the Wildcat."

"I see your point. You are going to make Pewee ask you to let him in," said Bob, and the two boys set out for school together, Jack explain-

body-Else might throw from where the ball lay, or from the hats, at the rest, and so on, until some one missed. The one who missed took up his hat and left the play, and the boy who picked up the ball proceeded to drop it into a hat, and the game went on until all but one were put out.

Hat-ball is so simple that any number can play at it, and Jack's friends found it so full of boisterous fun, that every new-comer wished to set down his hat. And thus, by the time Pewee and Riley arrived, half the larger boys in the school



JACK AMUSING THE SMALL BOYS WITH STORIES OF HUNTING, FISHING, AND FRONTIER ADVENTURE. [SEE PAGE 201.]

ing the game to Bob. They found one or two boys already there, and when Jack showed his new ball and proposed a new game, they fell in with it.

The boys stood their hats in a row on the grass. The one with the ball stood over the row of hats, and swung his hand to and fro above them, while the boys stood by him, prepared to run as soon as the ball should drop into a hat. The boy who held the ball, after one or two false motions,—now toward this hat, and now toward that one,—would drop the ball into Somebody's hat. Somebody would rush to his hat, seize the ball, and throw it at one of the other boys who were fleeing in all directions. If he hit Somebody-Else, Some-

were in the game, and there were not enough left to make a good game of buffalo.

At noon, the new game drew the attention of the boys again, and Riley and Pewee tried in vain to coax them away.

"Oh, I say, come on, fellows!" Riley would say. "Come—let's play something worth playing."

But the boys staid by the new game and the new ball. Neither Riley, nor Pewee, nor Ben Berry liked to ask to be let into the game, after what had passed. Not one of them had spoken to Jack since the battle between him and Pewee, and they did n't care to play with Jack's ball in a game of his starting.

Once the other boys had broken away from

Pewee's domination, they were pleased to feel themselves free. As for Pewee and his friends, they climbed up on a fence, and sat like three crows watching the play of the others. After awhile they got down in disgust, and went off, not knowing just what to do. When once they were out of sight, Jack winked at Bob, who said:

"I say, boys, we can play hat-ball at recess when there is n't time for buffalo. Let 's have a game of buffalo now, before school takes up."

It was done in a minute. Bob Holliday and Tom Taylor "chose up sides," the bases were all ready, and by the time Pewee and his aids-de-camp had walked disconsolately to the pond and back, the boys were engaged in a good game of buffalo, or, as they called it in that day, "bull-pen."

Perhaps I ought to say something about the principles of a game so little known over the country at large. I have never seen it played anywhere but in a narrow bit of country on the Ohio River, and yet there is no merrier game played with a ball.

The ball must not be too hard. There should be four or more corners. The space inside is called the pen, and the party winning the last game always has the corners. The ball is tossed from one corner to another, and when it has gone around once, any boy on a corner may, immediately after catching the ball thrown to him from any of the four corners, throw it at any one in the pen. He must throw while "the ball is hot,"—that is, instantly on catching it. If he fails to hit anybody on the other side, he goes out. If he hits, his side leave the corners and run as they please, for the boy who has been hit may throw from where the ball fell, or from any corner, at any one of the side holding the corners. If one of them is hit, he has the same privilege; but now the men in the pen are allowed to scatter also. Whoever misses is "out," and the play is resumed from the corners until all of one side are out. When but two are left on the corners the ball is smuggled,—that is, one hides the ball in his bosom, and the other pretends that he has it also. The boys in the ring do not know which has it, and the two "run the corners," throwing from any corner. If but one is left on the corners, he is allowed also to run from corner to corner.

It happened that Jack's side lost on the toss-up for corners, and he got into the ring, where his play showed better than it would have done on the corners. As Jack was the greenhorn and the last chosen on his side, the players on the corners expected to make light work of him; but he was an adroit dodger, and he put out three of the men on the corners by his unexpected way of evading a ball. Everybody who has ever played this fine old

game knows that expertness in dodging is worth quite as much as skill in throwing. Pewee was a famous hand with a ball, Riley could dodge well, Ben Berry had a happy knack of dropping flat upon the ground and letting a ball pass over him, Bob Holliday could run well in a counter charge; but nothing could be more effective than Jack Dudley's quiet way of stepping forward or backward, bending his lithe body or spreading his legs to let the ball pass, according to the course which it took from the player's hand.

King Pewee and company came back in time to see Jack dodge three balls thrown point-blank at him from a distance of fifteen feet. It was like witchcraft—he seemed to be charmed. Every dodge was greeted with a shout, and when once he luckily caught the ball thrown at him, and thus put out the thrower, there was no end of admiration of his playing. It was now evident to all that Jack could no longer be excluded from the game, and that, next to Pewee himself, he was already the best player on the ground.

At recess that afternoon, Pewee set his hat down in the hat-ball row, and as Jack did not object, Riley and Ben Berry did the same. The next day Pewee chose Jack first in buffalo, and the game was well played.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEFENDER.

IF Jack had not about this time undertaken the defense of the little boy in the Fourth Reader, whose name was large enough to cover the principal features of the history of the New World, he might have had peace, for Jack was no longer one of the newest scholars, his courage was respected by Pewee, and he kept poor Riley in continual fear of his ridicule—making him smart every day. But, just when he might have had a little peace and happiness, he became the defender of Christopher Columbus George Washington Marquis de la Fayette Risdale—little "Andsoforth," as Riley and the other boys had nicknamed him.

The strange, pinched little body of the boy, his eccentric ways, his quickness in learning, and his infantile simplicity had all conspired to win the affection of Jack, so that he would have protected him even without the solicitation of Susan Lanham. But since Susan had been Jack's own first and fast friend, he felt in honor bound to run all risks in the case of her strange little cousin.

I think that Columbus's child-like ways might have protected him even from Riley and his set, if it had not been that he was related to Susan Lanham, and under her protection. It was the only chance

for Riley to revenge himself on Susan. She was more than a match for him in wit, and she was not a proper subject for Pewee's fists. So with that heartlessness which belongs to the school-boy bully, he resolved to torment the helpless fellow in revenge for Susan's sarcasms.

One morning, smarting under some recent taunt of Susan's, Riley caught little Columbus almost alone in the school-room. Here was a boy who certainly would not be likely to strike back again. His bamboo legs, his spindling arms, his pale face, his contracted chest, all gave the coward a perfect assurance of safety. So, with a rude pretence at play, laughing all the time, he caught the lad by the throat, and in spite of his weird dignity and pleading gentleness, shoved him back against the wall behind the master's empty chair. Holding him here a minute in suspense, he began slapping him, first on this side of the face and then on that. The pale cheeks burned red with pain and fright, but Columbus did not cry out, though the constantly increasing sharpness of the blows, and the sense of weakness, degradation, and terror, stung him severely. Riley thought it funny. Like a cat playing with a condemned mouse, the cruel fellow actually enjoyed finding one person weak enough to be afraid of him.

Columbus twisted about in a vain endeavor to escape from Riley's clutches, getting only a sharper cuff for his pains. Ben Berry, arriving presently, enjoyed the sport, while some of the smaller boys and girls, coming in, looked on the scene of torture in helpless pity. And ever, as more and more of the scholars gathered, Columbus felt more and more mortified; the tears were in his great sad eyes, but he made no sound of crying or complaint.

Jack Dudley came in at last, and marched straight up to Riley, who let go his hold and backed off. "You mean, cowardly, pitiful villain!" broke out Jack, advancing on him.

"I did n't do anything to you," whined Riley, backing into a corner.

"No, but I mean to do something to you. If there's an inch of man in you, come right on and fight with me. You dare n't do it."

"I don't want any quarrel with you."

"No, you quarrel with babies."

Here all the boys and girls jeered.

"You're too hard on a fellow, Jack," whined the scared Riley, slipping out of the corner and continuing to back down the school-room, while Jack kept slowly following him.

"You're a great deal bigger than I am," said Jack. "Why don't you try to corner me? Oh, I could just beat the breath out of you, you great, big, good for nothing——"

Here Riley pulled the west door open, and Jack,

at the same moment, struck him. Riley half dropped, half fell, through the door-way, scared so badly that he went sprawling on the ground.

The boys shouted "coward" and "baby" after him as he sneaked off, but Jack went back to comfort Columbus and to get control of his temper. For it is not wise, as Jack soon reflected, even in a good cause to lose your self-control.

"It was good of you to interfere," said Susan, when she had come in and learned all about it.

"I should have been a brute if I had n't," said Jack, pleased none the less with her praise. "But it does n't take any courage to back Riley out of a school-house. One could get more fight out of a yearling calf. I suppose I've got to take a beating from Pewee, though."

"Go and see him about it, before Riley sees him," suggested Susan. And Jack saw the prudence of this course. As he left the school-house at a rapid pace, Ben Berry told Riley, who was skulking behind a fence, that Jack was afraid of Pewee.

"Pewee," said Jack, when he met him starting to school, after having done his "chores," including the milking of his cow,— "Pewee, I want to say something to you."

Jack's tone and manner flattered Pewee. One thing that keeps a rowdy a rowdy is the thought that better people despise him. Pewee felt in his heart that Jack had a contempt for him, and this it was that made him hate Jack in turn. But now that the latter sought him in a friendly way, he felt himself lifted up into a dignity hitherto unknown to him. "What is it?"

"You are a kind of king among the boys," said Jack. Pewee grew an inch taller.

"They are all afraid of you. Now, why don't you make us fellows behave? You ought to protect the little boys from fellows that impose on them. Then you'd be a king worth the having. All the boys and girls would like you."

"I s'pose may be that's so," said the king.

"There's poor little Columbus Risdale——"

"I don't like him," said Pewee.

"You mean you don't like Susan. She's a little sharp with her tongue. But you would n't fight with a baby—it is n't like you."

"No, sir-ee," said Pewee.

"You'd rather take a big boy than a little one. Now, you ought to make Riley let Lummy alone."

"I'll do that," said Pewee. "Riley's about a million times bigger than Lum."

"I went to the school-house this morning," continued Jack, "and I found Riley choking and beating him. And I thought I'd just speak to you, and see if you can't make him stop it."

"I'll do that," said Pewee, walking along with great dignity.

When Ben Berry and Riley saw Pewee coming in company with Jack, they were amazed and hung their heads, afraid to say anything even to each other. Jack and Pewee walked straight up to the fence-corner in which they stood.

"I thought I'd see what King Pewee would say about your fighting with babies, Riley," said Jack.

"I want you fellows to understand," said Pewee, "that I'm not going to have that little Lum Risdale hurt. If you want to fight, why don't you fight somebody your own size? I don't fight babies myself," and here Pewee drew himself up, "and I don't stand by any boy that does."

Poor Riley felt the last support drop from under

him. Pewee had deserted him, and he was now an orphan, unprotected in an unfriendly world!

Jack knew that the truce with so vain a fellow as Pewee could not last long, but it served its purpose for the time. And when, after school, Susan Lanham took pains to go and thank Pewee for standing up for Columbus, Pewee felt himself every inch a king, and for the time he was—if not a "reformed prize-fighter," such as one hears of sometimes, at least an improved boy. The trouble with vain people like Pewee is, that they have no stability. They bend the way the wind blows, and for the most part the wind blows from the wrong quarter.

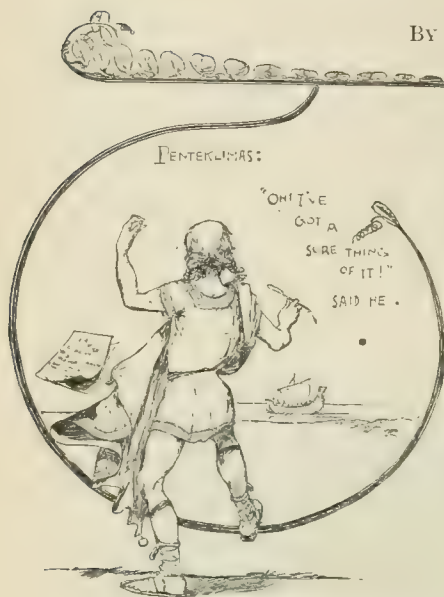


A FUTURE DOGE [SEE "LETTER-BOX."]

THE MAN WITH THE PEA.

(A Modern Greek Folk-story.)

BY HON. JEREMIAH CURTIN.



HERE was once a country-man named Penteklimas, and one day he went forth boldly to seek his fortune.

After he had journeyed for a length of time, he discovered a pea that lay in the road, and he picked

it up. He was about to throw it away, when it occurred to him that he had gone out to seek his fortune, and that since he had found the pea, this must be his fortune. While considering how this might be, he said to himself:

"If I put this pea in the ground, I shall have a hundred peas next year; and if I sow them I shall have ten thousand the year after; then I shall sow those, and in the fourth year I shall have no end of peas. My fortune is sure; I will take the pea."

He tied it safely in his handkerchief, and kept his thoughts fixed on it all the time, so that as often as he began any transaction he always stopped in the middle, and took out his handkerchief to see if he still had the pea. Then he would take a pen and calculate how many peas he should harvest one year, and how many the next, and so on; and when he had finished the reckoning he would say:

"Oh, I've got a sure thing of it!"

After he had passed some time in this manner, he rose up, went to the sea-shore, and made known that he wished to hire two hundred ships.

When the people asked him what he wanted so many ships for, he answered, that he wished to put his property on board.

All were astonished at this reply, and thought at first that he was making sport of them. But as he kept on inquiring for ships, they demanded to know exactly how many he needed. Then he took

out the pea, made his calculations anew, and concluded a contract with the seamen.

The ship-owners hastened to the king, and told him how a man had come to the harbor, who was so rich that he needed two hundred ships to carry his goods. When the king heard this, he marveled greatly, and sent for the man, so as to speak with him in person.

Penteklimas was quite stately in appearance, and when starting on his journey he had bought such fine clothes that now he had only two hundred piasters left; but he took no trouble on that account, for had n't he the pea, from which his fortune was to come? He appeared, therefore, in good spirits before the king, who asked him where he kept his property. Penteklimas answered:

"I keep it in a safe place, and need two hundred ships to bring it here."

The king then thought, "That's the husband for my daughter;" and asked him if he would n't marry his daughter.

When Penteklimas heard this, he grew very thoughtful, and said to himself:

"I am, in truth, not yet perfectly sure of my fortune, for if I now say no, the king will not let me have the ships."

When the king pressed him for an answer, Penteklimas said, at length:

"I will go first and get my property; and then we can have the wedding."

Penteklimas's thoughtfulness in thus replying to such a proposition roused the ardor of the king, who said:

"If you must make the journey first, let the betrothal at least take place before you go, and we can have the wedding when you come back."

Penteklimas was satisfied with this.

While they were speaking, evening came on. The king did not wish to let him depart, but had him spend the night in the palace. In order to find out whether his guest was used to good living, the king gave a secret command to prepare for him a bed with torn sheets and a ragged quilt. A servant was charged to watch him through the night, and to see if he would sleep,—“for if he sleeps,” thought the king, “he is a poor fellow; but if he does n't sleep, then he is well brought up, and can not rest on rags.”

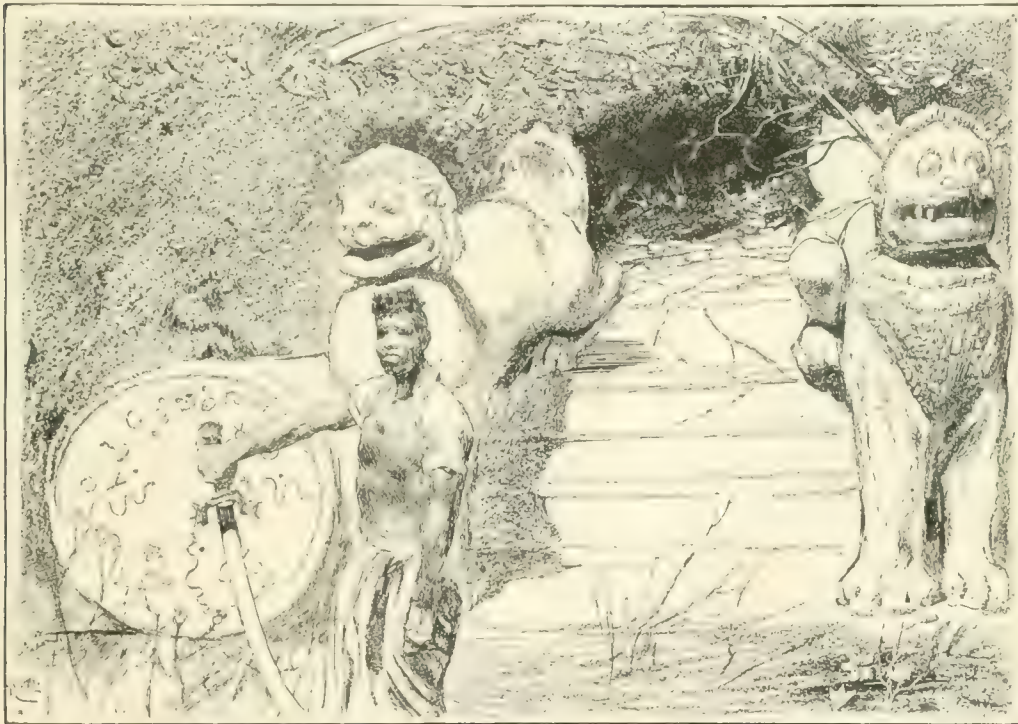
Next morning the servant told the king that Penteklimas had been very restless all night, and

had n't closed an eye. The real cause of his unrest had been that he feared to lose his pea amongst the rags. He could not sleep, and was continually putting his hand on the place where he had hidden the pea, so as to make sure it was there.

The following night the king ordered as soft and beautiful a bed as possible to be given him. In this Penteklimas slept splendidly, because he had no fear of losing the pea. When the king heard of his guest's quiet slumbering, he was convinced that he had found the right husband for his daughter, and so he hastened the betrothal. On the evening of the ceremony, the bride came to Penteklimas, but he had little attention to bestow on her, for his whole mind was directed to the pea, and the harvests he expected from it. He soon left her and went to his room, and no sooner had he fallen

urged on by the king, he decided to put to sea with two hundred ships. While on the voyage, he betook himself to calculations once more, when, of a sudden, it became clear to him, as if bandages had fallen from his eyes, how silly his conduct had been, for he had not yet obtained even a piece of ground in which to plant his pea, while now he was sailing on with two hundred ships to carry back a harvest which could only come after many years! "I am mad," said he to himself; "but what shall I do now that I have deceived the king and so many people?"

After much meditation, he hit upon a pretext by which he could get away from the ships. He told the captains, when they arrived at the first favorable coast, "Put me on land here, and wait until I call; for I must be alone to find my treasures."



THE ENTRANCE TO THE TREASURE AVENUE WAS GUARDED BY A NEGRO WITH A DRAWN SWORD.

asleep, than he dreamt that the pea was lost. He jumped up, and snatched after it so fiercely that it fell to the floor. Then he began to cry and sob: "Oh, misery, misery! where is my fortune?" until he found the pea again. And the servant, not understanding this, wondered not a little at his outcry and strange behavior.

So he continued for a short time, becoming more and more absorbed in his calculations, until at last,

When he reached the shore, he went into a forest and hid himself there, not wishing to come out until the captains, weary of waiting, should sail away.

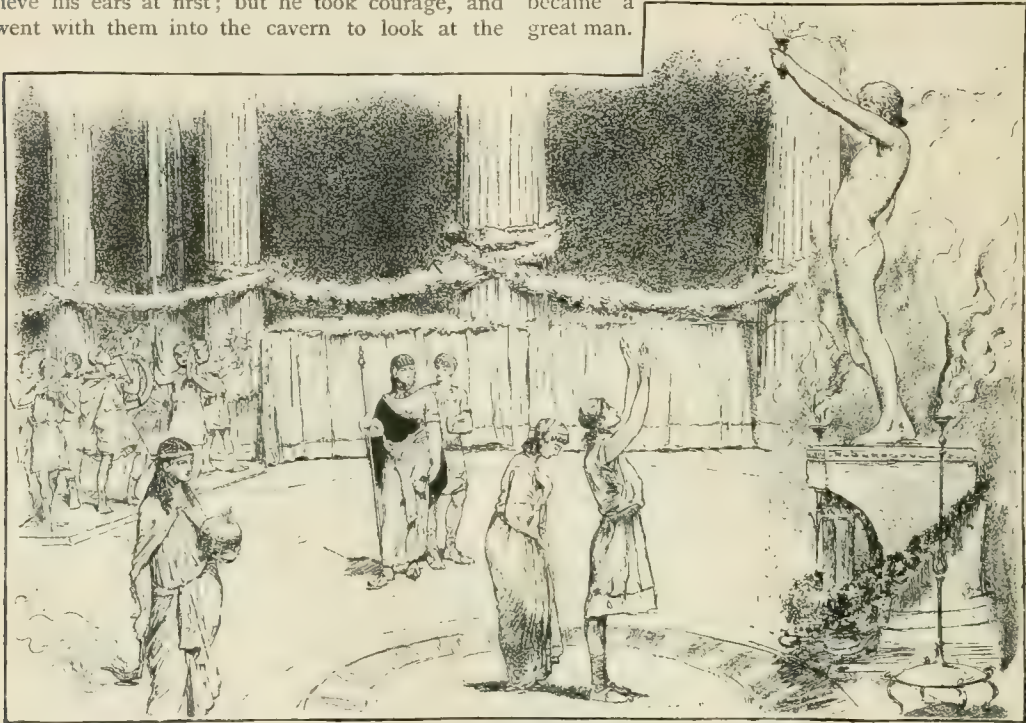
They waited for him a long time in vain, and as he did not come, they determined to look for him. They searched the whole forest through, and discovered there a cavern all filled with gold pieces, which was guarded by a negro with a drawn sword.

As the negro resisted, the sailors in their haste and greed at once slew him. Just then, Penteklimas appeared suddenly from a neighboring thicket. When he saw the sailors, he was both surprised and alarmed. But they cried out to him, "Come here—come this way—we have found your treasures!"

When he heard this, Penteklimas could not believe his ears at first; but he took courage, and went with them into the cavern to look at the

heaps of gold. Then he heaved a great sigh, and ordered the sailors to lade the two hundred ships with the treasures from the cave. After this was done, they all sailed home.

The king received his son-in-law in great magnificence, with torches and lanterns; and Penteklimas celebrated his wedding with the princess, and became a great man.



PENTEKKLIMAS AND THE PRINCESS ARE MARRIED BEFORE THE SHRINE OF HYMEN.

JUST FOR YOU.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

I WOULD sing a lullaby,—
Not as mother robins do,
Answering the what and why
Of the babies cradled high,—
I will tell you by and by,
Now I only sing for you.

I would sing a lullaby,—
Not as mother pussies do,
When on chilly nights they lie,
With their furry babies by,
Answering the broken cry
With a little plaintive "mew!"

I would sing a lullaby,
Just as other mothers do
When the verses that they try
Break in jarring melody,—
Sing? I know not what or why,
I will simply sing for you!

DR. HOLLAND'S BOOKS

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

It is doubtful whether any writer of books can be to the present generation of young people just what Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland was to the last generation. This is not because there are no good writers nowadays; it is partly because there are so many of them. Nor is it because the writers now living do not know how to entertain young people; scores of them are masters of that art. But a great inheritance of power and affection was waiting for somebody when Dr. Holland came, and he was the man called by Providence to enter in and take possession.

For children, distinctively, Dr. Holland wrote but little. I do not think that he had any remarkable skill in pleasing children. His mission was not to the little folks. But to the older boys and girls, and the younger men and women, he had something to say, and he contrived to say it in a way that gained their attention, and inspired their confidence.

Up to the time when "Titcomb's Letters to Young People" appeared, the young folk had heard very little talk about conduct that was not dismal and repelling. Lectures and letters to young men and women were apt to be full of cant and condescension—two very offensive things. I was a boy in those days, and I know all about it. Do I not remember the volumes of *Advice to Young Men* that were bestowed on me, and what I did with them? Do I not recall the kind of speeches that used to be made to us, in school and in Sunday-school, and how far away they seemed to be from the thought and life of growing boys and girls? There was often a great effort on the part of the speakers to come down to us, and this was what disgusted us most. When we saw some learned and lordly instructor ride in on a very high horse, and then with a wave of the hand proceed to come down a long ladder of condescension backward, to our level, we generally took to our heels, mentally if not literally.

So, when Timothy Titcomb's "Letters" came, they were a genuine surprise to many of us. Nobody had ever talked to us in this way before. He did not begin by addressing us as his dear young friends, nor by telling us how deeply interested he was in the moral and spiritual and eternal welfare of every one of us, nor by assuring us that Youth was the Morn of Life; he did not talk through his nose at all; he neither patronized nor condescended; he spoke to us in a plain and jolly way; he laughed

at us, and laughed with us; he hit us hard sometimes, but he always struck fair; he knew more than we did, but he felt no bigger; he understood us through and through, and he liked us, and he wanted to help us, God bless him! He was a new sort of man altogether. We took to him at once.

I was in college when the Titcomb "Letters" were first printed in the *Springfield Republican*, and I remember well the enthusiasm with which the fellows hailed the words of this new teacher.

It was not only because he talked in a fresh and unconventional way that we liked him, but also because he could talk in such a pleasant fashion concerning the highest matters. He did not undertake to amuse us; if he had, we might have applauded him more, but we should not have loved him so well. For the truth is that young people generally, even in their most exuberant days, have a genuine care for the deep things of character. They believe, quite as truly as their elders do, that wise saying of Matthew Arnold: "Conduct is three-fourths of life." To the appeal which summons them to purity and courage, and honor and faith, if it be wisely spoken, they readily respond. This was true of young people in my day, I know; and I trust that it is not less true of young people in these days. We felt ourselves honored when one who understood us, and did not try to set himself high above us, offered to talk with us about these great matters of conduct. We liked him because he believed in us enough to take it for granted that we should enjoy such talk. And there are men and women not a few in this land, who are now up in the forties and the fifties, who look back with thankfulness to the wholesome impulse given to their thoughts by these letters of Timothy Titcomb.

I have just been reading them over again. Somebody borrowed my copy fifteen or twenty years ago, and I have not seen it since. But it all seems very fresh and familiar. I have marked a few passages that I had remembered a little too well, because I had forgotten that I remembered them. I had thought that the thought was my own, and had expressed it elsewhere, in different words, of course, but precisely the same idea. It had become so much a part of me that I did not know that anybody ever gave it to me.

I do not wonder now, when I read these letters over, that they were so popular and so useful in the day when they were written. They ought to have been. They ought to be in this day. We have

had many good books for young people since these were written,—one noble book within a year—Mr. Munger's "On the Threshold"; but without making any comparisons, the exceptional success of the Titcomb "Letters" is not mysterious. The homeliness of the style, the broad but pure and genial humor, the off-hand directness and point of the counsels, entitle them to the popularity they won. I came back to them expecting that a maturer judgment might find some things that were crude and extravagant; but this is one of the books the youthful estimate of which has not needed much revision. And it is not out of date. Such homely counsels are never antiquated. The questions of behavior confronting young people in these times are the same questions that confronted their fathers and mothers; and there is as much help for our boys and girls in this little volume as there was for us. I am glad that a new and beautiful edition of it is just appearing, and I trust that the older boys and girls among the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will make the acquaintance of this sunny and sensible writer, who to their fathers and mothers was "guide, philosopher, and friend."

Others of Dr. Holland's books of essays are good books for young people, though none of them, excepting the Titcomb "Letters," is especially intended for the young. And although there is much of wise philosophy and earnest practical talk in "Gold Foil" and "Lessons in Life" and "Letters to the Joneses," yet the Titcomb "Letters" remains, even in a literary point of view, the best of his books of essays. This is a point, I confess, on which my judgment has undergone revision. I used to think "Gold Foil" finer than the "Letters," but it does not seem so now. Or perhaps I should say it *is* finer, and for that reason it is not so good writing. The "Letters" were struck off impromptu; the suggestion of the series came from Mr. Bowles, Dr. Holland's associate on the *Republican*, and the Doctor sat down at once and wrote the first letter, printing it the same week. They appeared regularly, after that, in the Saturday issues of a daily newspaper; they were thrown off rapidly, without thought of their preservation in book form, and in the midst of the strenuous labors of a busy journalist; their style is therefore colloquial, unambitious, straightforward. Dr. Holland has written no better prose than this little volume contains. When "Gold Foil" was written, he had begun to be an author of fame, and he naturally wanted to maintain his reputation. Because he tried a little harder to write finely, he did not succeed in writing quite as well.

This criticism refers, however, only to the style, and it applies to "Lessons in Life" much less forcibly than to "Gold Foil." By the time the

"Lessons in Life" were written, the Doctor had pretty well passed the anxieties of early authorship; his standing was assured: he therefore was at home with himself again, and he wrote simply and directly, as his nature prompted him. But you will find in all these books of essays much that the sober and right-hearted among you will greatly enjoy. As students of literature, you read Bacon's Essays, of course, and some of Addison's and Swift's, and Johnson's, and Montaigne's, but let me say to you that, though the turf has not yet begun to grow above the grave of Dr. Holland, his books of essays are quite as well worth your reading as those of these elder worthies. Not, perhaps, as models of literary style,—into that question we need not go,—but as wholesome moral tonics. The young man or woman who wants to know how to think justly, how to choose wisely, how to act a worthy part in life,—and there are many such, I trust, among those who will read these words,—will find in the essays of Dr. Holland a kind of nutriment for the better life that none of the classic essays will furnish. Not a man of all those worthies I have named had the genius for morality that Dr. Holland had.

Dr. Holland's poetry is less likely than his prose to attract young people. In "Bitter-sweet" they will find much to enjoy; and many of his minor pieces are musical and sweet. "Daniel Gray," and "The Heart of the War," and "Gradatim" are for them as much as for their elders; but the poets of the young are the poets of nature and of action, and these were not Dr. Holland's provinces.

His novels are, however, excellent books for the young. Every one of them is a novel with a purpose; there is always some point to make, some wrong to right, some reform to push; but the story does not flag; he is not a novelist who often stops to preach; the story itself preaches. I have known bright boys and girls, from fourteen to eighteen, who would read some of these stories through a dozen times; and you never do that, you know, with stupid stories. If his poems are abstract and reflective, his stories are full of life and action. The men and women in them are, for the most part, real people, and the pages throb with human interest. There is very little romance in Dr. Holland's stories; in his poetry he sometimes touches upon the marvelous, but his prose keeps close to the facts of life, and he tells us few things that may not have happened. Indeed, we are very sure that a good many things of which he tells us did happen to him.

I will not undertake to judge among his stories; all of them, from "The Bay Path" to "Nicholas Minturn," are full of fresh pleasure for the young folks who have not read them. The most dramatic

of them all, beyond a doubt, is "The Story of Sevenoaks"; but "Miss Gilbert's Career" and "Arthur Bonnicastle," and "Nicholas Minturn" are all good books for the young. And I think that the boys and girls who read these books will agree that Dr. Holland knew boys and girls; that the experiences of his own boyhood were well remembered, and that he understood, therefore, how to put himself in the places of the young folks round about him, and to interpret life as it appears to them. In most of his stories he goes well back toward the youth of his principal characters: Arthur Blague, Fanny Gilbert, Arthur Bonnicastle, Henry Hulm, Millie Bradford, Jenny Coates, are known to us from their boyhood and girlhood. In reading their histories we are brought into immediate contact with the world in which young people now live and move; we share their duties and their cares, their aspirations and their perplexities, their enthusiasms and their resentments. Life, to the young people of these stories, is the same kind of life that we are living; they make the same mistakes that we have made; and when we see them going onward to victory and peace, we know that the way by which they went is the way by which we, too, must go. Certain it is that we shall never learn from these stories to be irreverent, nor undutiful, nor babyish; that we shall get no encouragement in waiting on luck, nor in taking short cuts to fortune. Industry, and manliness, and sturdy independence are the lessons taught in every one of them.

Of Dr. Holland's stories, "Arthur Bonnicastle" is the one in which young people will find most that concerns themselves. There is more religion in it than in any of the rest of them; and I suspect that Dr. Holland has given us in Arthur's early religious struggles a bit of recollection. The experience through which the hero passes in the revival is one that could not well have been imagined. It reads like history. This peculiar experience is less common now than it was when Dr. Holland was a boy, because the theories now prevailing concerning religious life are more simple and intelligible than those of fifty years ago. Nevertheless, the story of Arthur is one which the boys of our own time can understand, and it is full of instruction for them. The childhood of this shy, sensitive, imaginative boy recalls to many of them passages in their own lives that are not yet far enough off to be forgotten; and the school life and college life of Arthur take them over familiar paths.

It is well known, I suppose, that the original of the "Birds'-Nest," to which Arthur went, was the

school called "The Gunnery," in Washington, Connecticut, named, by a doubtful pun, after its principal, and famed for its original methods of discipline, and for the great emphasis placed in all its training upon the values of character. Mr. Gunn, who is no longer living, was a teacher after Dr. Holland's own heart, and what the Doctor says about this school conveys his own notion of the right relation between boys and their teachers. "Self-direction and self-government—these," he says, "were the most important of all the lessons learned at the 'Birds'-Nest.' Our school was a little community brought together for common objects—the pursuit of useful learning, the acquisition of courteous manners, and the practice of those duties which relate to good citizenship. The only laws of the school were those which were planted in the conscience, reason, and sense of propriety of the pupils. * * * The boys were made to feel that the school was their own, and that they were responsible for its good order. Mr. Bird was only the biggest and best boy, and the accepted president of the establishment. The responsibility of the boys was not a thing of theory only: it was deeply realized in the conscience and conduct of the school. However careless or refractory a new boy might be, he soon learned that he had a whole school to deal with, and that he was not a match for the public opinion."

The idea here ascribed to Mr. Bird of giving boys liberty and teaching them to use it, is central in Dr. Holland's philosophy of education. I have sometimes questioned whether he did not put this a little too strongly. Doubtless the lesson of the use of liberty is all-important, but the lesson of obedience is not less important, and one can not help thinking, as he looks around upon life and notes the failures that grow from self-conceit and willfulness, that the first thing for every boy and girl to learn is how to obey. There is much less danger now than when Dr. Holland was a boy of tyranny in school and family government,—less danger now of tyranny than of anarchy, perhaps; and the virtue to emphasize just now is the soldierly virtue that dares to say, "I obey orders." Nevertheless, Dr. Holland nowhere countenances anything like insubordination; he only insists that boys and girls shall have a fair chance; that they shall be trusted and put upon their honor; and in this I am sure he will have them all on his side. But let them read "Arthur Bonnicastle," if they have not read it. I am not afraid that they will learn from that, nor from any other book that he ever wrote, any lessons but those of purity, and manliness, and honest faith.

HOW TO MAKE PUPPETS AND PUPPET-SHOWS.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

THE puppet-show is certainly an old institution; and, for aught I know, the shadow pantomime may be equally ancient. But the puppet-show here to be described originated, so far as I am aware,

within our family circle, having gradually evolved itself from a simple sheet of paper

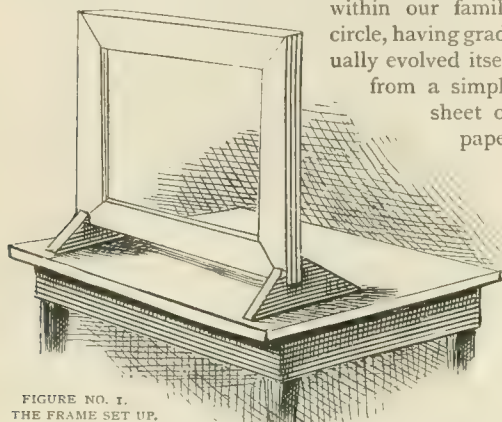


FIGURE NO. 1.
THE FRAME SET UP.

hung on the back of a chair, with a light placed on the seat of the chair behind the paper.

The puppets (not the most graceful and artistic) originally were impaled upon broom-straws, and by this means their shadows were made to jump and dance around in the most lively manner, to the intense delight of a juvenile audience. As these juveniles advanced in years and knowledge, they developed a certain facility with pencil and scissors; the rudimentary paper animals and fairies gradually assumed more possible forms; the chair-back was replaced by a wooden soap or candle box with the bottom knocked out; and the sheet of paper gave way to a piece of white muslin. Thus, step by step, grew up the puppet-show, from which so much pleasure and amusement has been derived by the writer and his young friends that he now considers it not only a pleasure, but his duty, to tell the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* how to make one like it for themselves.

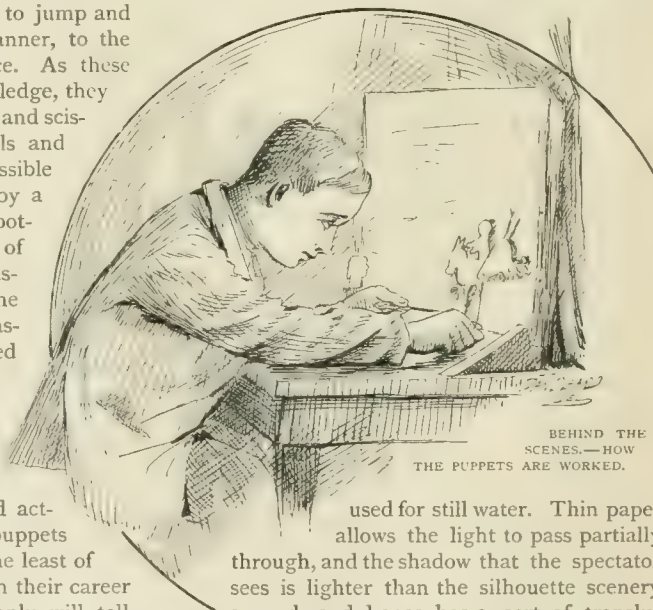
The construction of properties and actors, and the manipulation of the puppets at an exhibition, are by no means the least of the fun. To start the readers fairly in their career of stage-managers, this article not only will tell how to build the theater and make the actors, but it will give an original adaptation of an old story, prepared especially for a puppet-show.

Among the rubbish of the lumber-room, or attic, you can hardly fail to find an old frame of some kind,—one formerly used for a picture or old-fashioned mirror would be just the thing. Should your attic contain no frames, very little skill with carpenters' tools is required to manufacture a strong wooden stretcher. It need not be ornamental, but should be neat and tidy in appearance, and about two feet long by eighteen inches high.

On the back of this, tack a piece of white muslin, being careful to have it stretched perfectly tight, like a drum-head. The cloth should have no seams nor holes in it to mar the plain surface.

A simple way to support the frame in an upright position is to make a pair of "shoes," of triangular pieces of wood. In the top of each shoe a rectangular notch should be cut, deep enough to hold the frame firmly. Figure No. 1 shows a wooden frame on a table, and the manner in which the shoes should be made.

The scenery can be cut out of card-board. Very natural-looking trees may be made of sticks with bunches of pressed moss pasted upon the ends. Pressed maiden-hair fern makes splendid tropical foliage, and tissue or any other thin paper may be



BEHIND THE
SCENES.—HOW
THE PUPPETS ARE WORKED.

used for still water. Thin paper allows the light to pass partially through, and the shadow that the spectator sees is lighter than the silhouette scenery around, and hence has a sort of translucent, watery look. Scenery of all kinds should be placed flat against the cloth when in use.

And now that you have a general idea how the

show is worked, I will confine my remarks to the play in hand. It is a version of the old story of "Puss-in-Boots," and there will be given here patterns for all the puppets necessary, although in the court

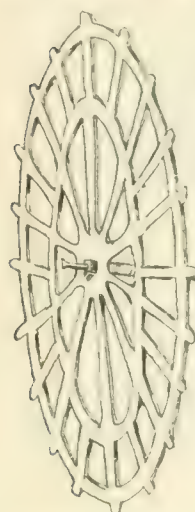


FIGURE NO. 2.—MILL-WHEEL.

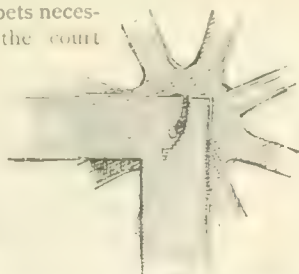


FIGURE NO. 3.—SECTION OF MILL BEAM, WITH AXLE AND WHEEL IN PLACE.

scene you can introduce as many more as you like.

The first scene is the old mill.

This scene should be made of such a length that, with the bridge and approach, it will just fit in the frame. Take the measurement of the inside of the frame. Then take a stiff piece of card-board of the requisite length, and with a pencil carefully copy the illustration, omitting the wheel. Lay the card-board flat upon a pine board or old kitchen table, and with a sharp knife (the file blade is the best) follow the lines you have drawn. Cut out the spaces where the water is marked, and paste tissue-paper in their place. Take another piece of card-board and cut out a wheel; in the center of this cut a small, square hole, through which push the end of a stick, as in

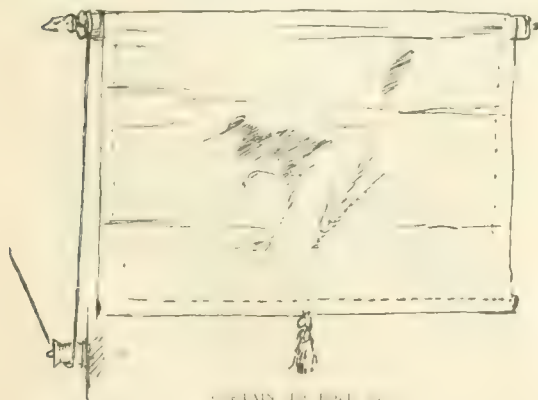


FIGURE NO. 4.—PUPPET FRAME.

Figure No. 2. Drive a pin into the end of the stick, allowing it to protrude far enough to fit easily into a slot cut for that purpose in the cross-

beams of the mill. (See Figure No. 3.) The wheel can then be made to turn at pleasure by twirling between the fingers the stick to which the wheel is attached.

To make Puss: Take a piece of tracing paper, and carefully trace with a soft pencil the outlines of the cat, from the illustration here given. Then tack the four corners of the tracing, reversed (that is, with the tracing under), on a piece of card-board. Any business-card will answer for this purpose. Now, by going over the lines (which will show through the tracing a hard pencil, you will find it will leave a sufficiently strong im-

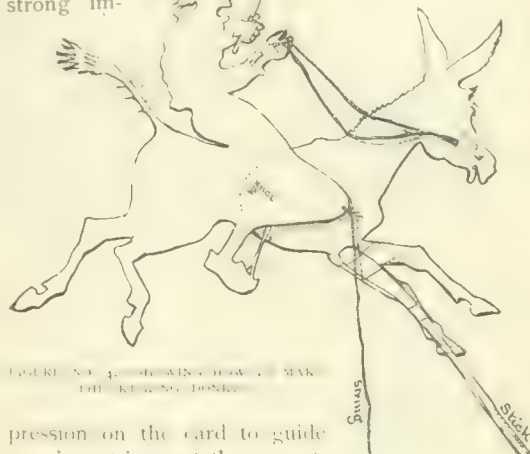


FIGURE NO. 4.—PUPPET FRAME.

pression on the card to guide you in cutting out the puppet.

Almost all the puppets can be made in the same way. Puss as he first appears, the rabbit, rat, and bag, should be impaled upon the end of a broom-straw; but the remaining puppets should each have a stick or straw attached to one leg, or some other suitable place, just as the stick is pasted to the donkey's leg as represented in Figure No. 4.

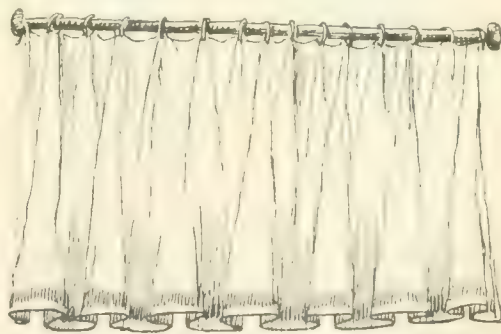
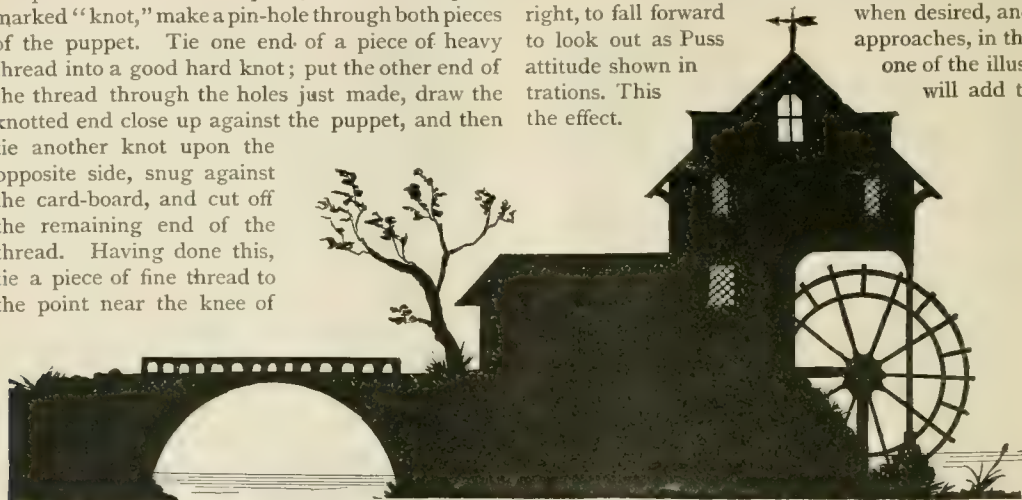


FIGURE NO. 5.—CURTAIN OF THE ON A RAIL.

Corsando and the donkey are made of two separate pieces, as indicated in Figure No. 4. The dotted line shows the continuation of the outline of

the forward piece. Cut out the two pieces in accordance with the diagram, and then place the tail-piece over the head-piece, and at the point marked "knot," make a pin-hole through both pieces of the puppet. Tie one end of a piece of heavy thread into a good hard knot; put the other end of the thread through the holes just made, draw the knotted end close up against the puppet, and then tie another knot upon the opposite side, snug against the card-board, and cut off the remaining end of the thread. Having done this, tie a piece of fine thread to the point near the knee of

King separately, and then fastening the lower end of his body to the coach in the way the two parts of the donkey are joined, he can be made to sit upright, to fall forward when desired, and to look out as Puss attitude shown in the one of the illustrations. This will add to the effect.



THE MILL, THE BRIDGE, ETC.—FIRST SCENE.

Corsando, and fasten a stick to the fore leg of the donkey, as shown in Figure No. 4. Paste a straw in one of Corsando's hands for a whip, and two pieces of string in the other hand for a halter or bridle. By holding in one hand the stick attached to

In cutting out the puppet showing Carabas in a bathing-suit, use as pattern only the silhouette part of the second figure of him; by following the open outline, you will have Carabas in court dress.

To make Puss carry the Bag, the operator will have to use both hands, holding in one hand the stick attached to Puss, and in the other the straw attached to the Bag. Then, by keeping the Bag close against Pussy's paws, it will appear to the audience as if he were holding the Bag. In the same manner he is made to carry the dead Rabbit to the King. When the Rabbit seems to hop into the Bag, he, in reality, hops behind it, and then drops below the stage.

The operator must never allow his or her hands



THE FIDER BROTHER—THE MILLER

CARABAS, AS HE FIRST APPEARS.

the leg of the donkey, and gently pulling the thread marked "string" in the diagram, the donkey can be made to kick up in a most natural and mirth-provoking manner.

When you make the King and Princess in their coach, you will have to enlarge the whole drawing proportionally, so that each horse will be about as large as Corsando's donkey. By cutting out the



CORSANDO (THE SECOND SON) AND HIS DONKEY.

to pass between the light and the cloth, as the shadow of an immense hand upon the cloth would ruin the whole effect. All the puppets for each scene should be carefully selected

before the curtain rises, that the operator can at hand upon the one wanted. be no talking behind the scenes; and the puppets should be kept moving in as life-like a manner as possible while their speeches are being made for them. Several rehearsals are necessary to make the show pass off successfully. With these hints, we will now go on with the play.

and so placed
once lay his
There must



PUSS—AS HE FIRST APPEARS

[CORSANDO turns to leave; PUSS comes out and gives the DONKEY a scratch, causing him to kick wildly as he goes off.]

CARABAS:

O Fortune, befriend me! what now shall I do?
Come, Pussy, stay by me—I depend upon you.
You are all that I have, but can do me no good,
Unless I should kill you and cook you for food.

PUSS:

Meow! Meow! Kill me not, my good master, I pray—

Have mercy upon me! Now list what I say:

I'm no common cat,

I assure you of that.

In the top of the mill, where the solemn owl hoots,

You will find, if you look, an old pair of top-boots.

Bring them to me,

With the bag you will see

Under the mill, by the roots of yon tree.



THE RABBIT LEAPING INTO THE AIR.

CARABAS:

Well, Puss, what

you ask for I will not refuse,
Since I have all to gain and have nothing to lose.

[Exit into the mill.]

[PUSS stands on her feet, as if to him, then crouches and down the stage and speaks.]

PUSS: A rat? Bah! what's that?

Sir Whittington's cat

Would have grown very fat,

Had she lived upon such prey,
All the time, day after day,
Till she made a Lord Mayor of her master!

But mine shall gain a name
Through much sweeter game,
And not only climb higher but faster!

[Curtain.]

Act I. Scene II.

SCENE: Woods. Enter PUSS-IN-BOOTS, carrying Bag.

PUSS:

Mey-o-w! m-e-y-o-w!

Were it not for these boots I should sure have pegged out;

But if I'm not mistaken, there's game hereabout.

For I scent in the air
A squirrel or hare.

I wonder now whether he's lean, lank, or stout?



THE RABBIT.—DEAD.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS: CARABAS, afterward the MILLER, his eldest brother, the MILLER; CORSANDO, his next older brother, PUSS-IN-BOOTS, WILLIAMS, the ORCHARD, KING, PRINCE, KING, SEAGRAM, DONKEY, RABBIT, BAG, RAT. Also, if desired, COWBELL.

Act I. Scene I.

SCENE: Landscape with tree, bridge, mill at one side. CORSANDO (as a cart) turning the DONKEY backward and forward. MILLER and CARABAS emerge from the mill, and stop under tree.

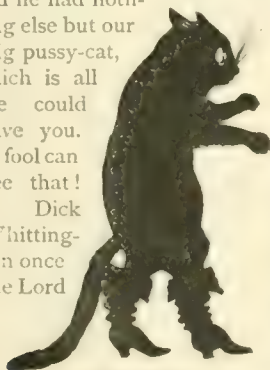
MILLER:

Come, come, brother Carabas, don't be downcast!
You know, as the youngest, you must be the last.
Our father, of course, left to me the old mill,
And the ass to Corsando, for so reads the will;
And he had nothing

else but our
big pussy-cat,

Which is all
he could
give you.
A fool can
see that!

Yet Dick
Whittington once
the Lord



PUSS-IN-BOOTS



THE BAG.

Mayor became,
And his start and yours are precisely the same.
But see! I am wasting my time from the mill,
For while I am talking the wheels are all still.
I have nothing to give you—be that understood.

So farewell, my brother! May your fortune be good.

[Exit MILLER into Mill, when wheel begins to turn. CORSANDO approaches, and stopping the DONKEY in front of CARABAS, addresses him.]

CORSANDO:

Now, dear brother Carabas, take my advice:

Go hire out your cat to catch other men's mice.

But I know a habit
Of the shy little rabbit:

He 'll enter this bag, and then, my! wont I
grab it?

[Arranges bag, and hides: RABBIT comes out, and, after running
away several times, enters the BAG, when PUSS pounces upon
it.

PUSS:

To the King in a moment I 'll take you, my dear,
For he 's e'en over-fond of fat rabbits, I hear.

An I once gain his ear,
I see my way clear;

For I 'll tell him a story both wondrous and queer.
And then my poor master 'll have nothing to
fear—

If he acts as I bid him, good fortune is near.

[Curtain.

Act II. Scene I.

SCENE: KING'S Palace. KING discovered standing behind a throne.
PRINCESS and attendants standing around. A loud "meow!"
heard without. KING and COURT start. Enter PUSS, with RAB-
BIT in his paws.

PUSS:

Meow! My great Liege, may Your Majesty please
To smile on a slave who thus, here on his knees,

A humble offering
From Carabas doth bring.

And Sire, my master further bade me say,
If it please his gracious King, he will gladly
send each day

The choicest game that in his coverts he can find;
And your kind acceptance of it still closelier will
bind

A hand and a heart as loyal and true
As e'er swore allegiance, O King, unto you!

KING:

Your master has a happy way
Of sending gifts. Thus to him say,
That we accept his offer kind,
And some good day, perhaps, may find
A way to thank him which will prove
We value most our subjects' love.
Carabas, is your master's name?
What rank or title doth he claim?
Shall we among the high or low
Look for your lord, who loves us so?

PUSS:

A marquis is my master, Sire;
In wealth and honor none are higher.

[Aside:

(Cats must have a conscience callous!
Who work their way into a palace.)

Now, if it please Your Majesty,
I will return, and eagerly
To my marquis master bring
This kind message from his king.

[Curtain.

Act II. Scene II.

SCENE: High-road; one or two trees. CARABAS and PUSS-IN-
BOOTS discovered.

PUSS:

Meow! my good master, have patience I pray.

CARABAS:

Patience to doctors! I 'm hungry, I say!

PUSS:

All will go well if you mind me to-day,
And while the sun shines we must surely make
hay.

CARABAS:

Carry your hay to Jericho!
Who can eat hay, I 'd like to know!

PUSS:

Meow! my good master, your help I implore,
And while I help fortune, you open the door.

CARABAS:

No house do I own, so where is the door?—
Ah! Pussy, forgive me, I 'll grumble no more,
But help all I can in your nice little plan;
For I know you have brains, Puss, as well as
a man.

PUSS:

Meow! my good master, e'en though you froze,
You must bathe in yon river!

[Exit CARABAS.

And now for his clothes!

The King's coach is coming, and I 've laid a
scheme—

Though of that, I am sure, the King does n't
dream.

The coach is in sight! Now, may I be blessed
If I don't wish my master was wholly undressed!

[Loud cries without.

There! now hear him screaming—the water is
cold;

I 'll go bury his clothes, for they need it—they
're old.

[Exit PUSS, who soon returns. As he reënters, the KING's Coach
appears.

PUSS: Meow! my good master! Alas for him!
Help! Fire! Murder! My master can't swim.

[Runs to Coach.

Help! help! gracious King, or Lord Carabas
drowns!

KING:

Ho, slaves! To the rescue! A hundred gold
crowns

Will we give to the man who saves Carabas' life!

[SERVANTS rush across the stage.

[KING continues, aside:

My daughter shall soon make the marquis a wife.

WOLFGANG: Rattledly bang!
Snake and fang!
So you 're a witch, all skilled in herbs and roots!
My power is no less,
But I must confess
That I ne'er before this saw
a cat in boots!



THE PRINCESS.

PUSS:
Meow! my brother, speak
not of my skill:
'T is true I can change
to a cat, but no more,
While fame says that you
can assume at your will
Any form that you please,
be it higher or lower.
Many a league,
With much fatigue,
From a country of ice and
snow,

On my broomstick steed
Have I come, with speed,
These great wonders to see and know.

WOLFGANG:
Cuts and slashes!
Blood in splashes!
Who dares doubt what I can do?
Now tell me, old witch,

Of the many forms,
which
Shall I take to
prove this to you?

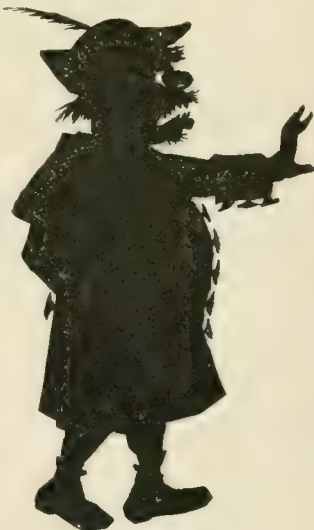
PUSS:
Meow! my great
Wolfgang, it
seems to me that
Of all 't would be
hardest to turn
to a rat!

[WOLFGANG must be drawn backward toward the light. This will cause his shadow to grow to immense proportions. After slowly lifting him over the candle, take up the RAT and just as slowly put it over the light, and move the puppet up until it touches the cloth. The audience will see WOLFGANG swell up to a shapeless mass, and then, apparently, reduce himself to a tiny rat.

PUSS must then be made to pounce upon the RAT, and by passing the RAT behind PUSS, and then letting it drop, it will look to the audience as if PUSS swallowed the RAT whole.

PUSS:

Bah! Ugh! Spat!
What a horrid rat!



THE OGRE.

[Struts up and down the stage.

Well, I think for a cat I'm pretty plucky!
Now I'll go and bring

The Princess and the King
To the castle of Lord Carabas,
The Lucky!

[PUSS, dancing frantically, laughing and purring, nearly tumbles against the KING, CARABAS, and the PRINCESS, as they enter.

PUSS:

Pardon, most gracious
Sire, pardon, great
King!
That your humble servant
should do such a thing;
It's because I'm so delighted,
More than if I had been
knighted,
That the marquis, my master,
should entertain the
King.

KING:

A truly faithful servant you must be, Pussy.
When the marquis can spare you, come to
me, Pussy.
We'll see that you're not slighted,
Even now you shall be knighted,
Sir Thomas Cat de Boots your name shall
be, Pussy.

KING, continuing, to CARABAS:

This castle, marquis brave,
Beats the very best we have.

CARABAS:

Most gracious Sire, there's not a thing
Belongs to me —

[PUSS rushes frantically to CARABAS, and whispers in his ear; then returns.

CARABAS:

But to my King.
For my life and all I have to thee I owe.

KING:

My Carabas, we're pleased;
Our mind is cheered and
eased,
For we feared that this great
castle held a foe.
'T is a princely home, 't is
true,

And we'll make a prince of you.
You shall wed my charming daughter, ere
we go.



CARABAS.—FIRST, IN BATHING-SUIT; THEN IN COURT DRESS.



THE RAT.

PUSS: M-e-o-w! M-e-o-w! M-e-o-w!
 What would say his brothers, now,
 If they saw Lord Marquis Carabas the Great?

And until the last horn toots
 (With Sir Thomas Cat de Boots),
 He shall occupy his present high estate!

[All dance.

[Curtain.

BONES AND BOW-WOWS.

BY FRANK BELLEW.



TOMMY TOODLEMACKER had grown to be nine years old, and his father and mother thought it was high time he should begin to go to school. So, as soon as the Christmas holidays were over, Tommy's mother dressed him in good warm clothes, and giving him a basket full of bread and meat and pie and doughnuts, she sent him off to the village school-house, two miles away.

On the next page is his portrait as he appeared at starting, and as it does not reveal to you the expression of his mouth, nor the form of his nose, we may as well say that in those features he did not differ greatly from the average American school-boy.

As to his clothes, although they were good and warm, they were all home-made, and they were the funniest lot of wearables ever seen in that district,—one garment having been reconstructed from an old army-coat of his father's. His father and mother owned a small farm, out of which they just managed to make a living, and that was all.

The first day that Tommy went to school, all the dogs along the road rushed out and barked at him; but he was not afraid of dogs—indeed, he was very fond of them, and so he had a pleasant word for each of these, and to two or three who looked rather lean he gave a bit of his lunch.

Every day after that, as he went to school, he would take a little parcel of scraps, such as chicken-bones, and bits of fat or bacon-rind, and give them to different dogs on the way, until at last they all looked out for the coming of Tommy Toodlemacker, and as he passed, trotted out, wagging their tails, as much as to say (provided they were Irish dogs), "There is our old friend Tommy. The top of the morning to you, Tommy"; or (if they were very sober native American dogs), "How do you do, Thomas Toodlemacker?"

This went on for some months, until, one fine morning, Tommy did not come past as usual, and when the dogs trotted out at the regular hour with their tails all ready to wag, and no Tommy came, they crawled back with their unwagged tails hanging down, for they were much disappointed.

When the second morning came, and no Tommy arrived, all the dogs grew very anxious, and one big fellow named Bruno galloped off to Tommy's house, and there learned from Tommy's own dog (for of course he had a dog) that their poor little friend was sick in bed.

This sad news was soon conveyed to all the other dogs, and they at once held a council of sympathy, and all agreed that, as Tommy was sick, he must want something to eat, and they would each save the finest bone out of his supper, and carry it over to their sick friend next morning.

So, early the next day, a file of dogs of all sorts and sizes might have been seen, each with a bone in his mouth, marching along the road toward Tommy Toodlemacker's home. When they got there, and found he was too sick to be interviewed, each deposited his bone at the front door (just as fashionable gentlemen leave their cards), and then they marched off again.

This ceremony was repeated every morning, even after Tommy got well enough to come out and see the dogs, and pat each one on the head, and say, "How do you do?" And every morning, after they had gone, Tommy's father took the fresh pile of bones and put them in a barrel in the wood-shed.

Now, by the time Tommy was quite well, the barrel in the wood-shed was full up to the brim with bones, and Tommy scarcely knew what to do with them, for he was a tender-hearted little fellow, and was afraid the dogs' feelings might be hurt if they should find out he had not eaten the bones. Just as he was wondering whether it would be better to throw them into the river or to

bury them in the garden, along came a funny old man in an old rattle-trap of a wagon, drawn by a broken-kneed, broken-spirited old horse. And this man asked Tommy if he had any old rags, or bottles, or bones to sell. Tommy had no idea that any one ever bought bones, and you may believe that he was rather astonished when the funny old man, after looking at his stock of bones, offered him a dollar and fifty cents for them.

Tommy scarcely knew whether he stood on his head or his heels, he was so delighted; but when he found he was right-side up, and when the man



PORTRAIT OF TOMMY TOODLEMACHER.



A FILE OF DOGS OF ALL SORTS AND SIZES, EACH WITH A BONE IN HIS MOUTH.

gave him a real silver dollar and a real silver half-dollar from a bag full of dollars and greenbacks, he

thought he must be the richest man in the world, or a fairy in disguise, or something wonderful.

When he told his mother what had happened, she, too, was delighted, and advised him to put his money in a box, and when he should get any more, to save it up; for that was the way to become rich, or, at least, it was one way.

So Tommy put his money in a box, and his mind to collecting bones, and rags, and bottles, and old horseshoes, and scraps of iron. This may not seem a very nice kind of occupation to many of my young readers, but to Tommy it was as good fun as nutting or fishing, and quite as exciting. And, besides, he had all his old friends, the dogs, to help him; for, when they found it gave him pleasure to receive bones, they brought him all the big ones they could not eat. And so it came to be a regular thing for the funny old rag-man to come around once a month, when Tommy always had a stock of bones, and horseshoes, and bottles, and sometimes rags, to sell him; but as a general rule, all the rags were required for Tommy's own wardrobe.

Well, this went on for three years, and then Tommy, who had talked a good deal to the funny

old man, and had learned some things about the rag and bottle business, bought himself a little light kind of wagon, which he used to drag about the country to the farmers' houses, when he would buy their old stuff, and collect it, and sell it to the funny old man at a profit. And here, too, one of his old friends among the dogs helped him: big Bruno's master died, and he came to live with Tommy, and he helped to drag his wagon around the country.

At first, Tommy used to pay in money for the bones and bottles that he bought; but after a while he found out a better plan: he went to the neighboring town, and laid in a stock of needles and

thread, and buttons, and candies, and such things, which he found tempted the women and children more than money, and besides gave him a larger profit.

And so, at length, when I last heard of him, Tommy Toodlemacker, although he was only fifteen years old, had eleven hundred and seventy-five dollars in bank, and he may yet be as rich as the great Parsee millionaire, Sir Jamsetsjee Jiggeboy (if that is the way to spell his extraordinary name), who started in life with two empty ale-bottles, and died in Calcutta one of the richest men in the world, after building hospitals, and baths, and doing great good for his fellow-creatures.



SUSIE SEIDELMUTZ (WHO IS NOT LIKE TOMMY TOODELMACKER): "GO AWAY, 'GO DEATH,' DO, UGLY DOG!"

LOVE IN A NOAH'S ARK.

ONLY a wooden lady,
With but half an arm at most;
Yet her look is so quaint,
And so fresh is her paint,
My heart is forever lost!

Only a wooden lady,
Is all that your eyes can see;

But the straight up and down
Of her plain wooden gown
Has a hundred charms for me.

Only a wooden lady!
But that does n't alter my plan,
For, in spite of that clause,
I can love her, because
I'm only a wooden man!



THE LAND OF NOD.

I.

DID you ever hear how Budge and Tod
Took a flying trip to the Land of Nod?
They put on their night-gowns,—climbed the
stairs,

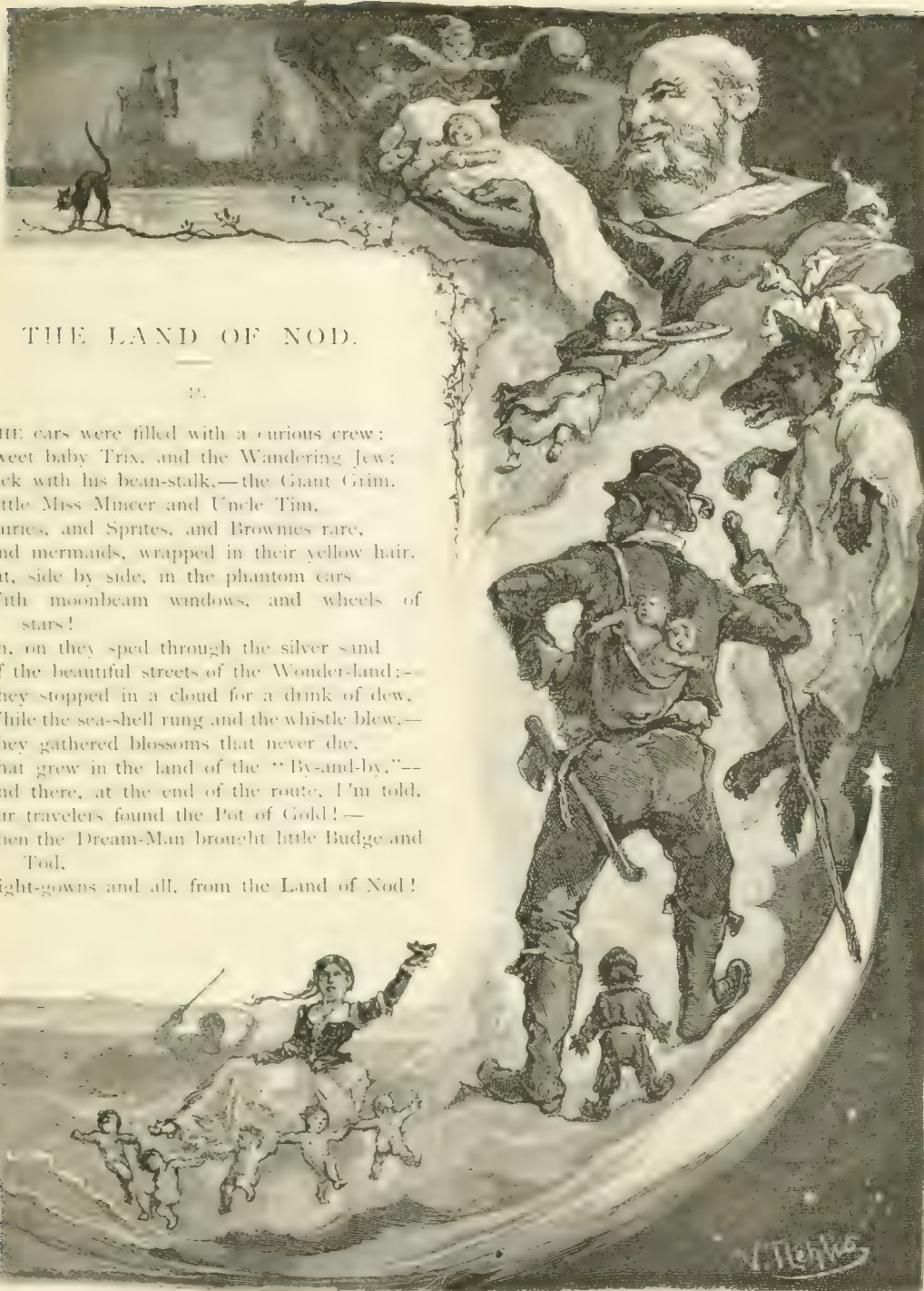
Mumbled their innocent, drowsy prayers,
Curled up in bed in a dimpled heap,
And in forty winks they were fast asleep!
Then the Dream-Man came, on a train of
cars,

With moonbeam windows, and wheels of
stars;—

The fires were lit by a comet, queer,
And the man in the moon was engineer!
A sea-weed cord held the engine-bell,
Made from a ringing ocean-shell;—
The railroad track was a rainbow band,
Reaching far over the sea and land,—
And the ends of the road, I am gravely
told,

Were built upon pots of shining gold!

“All aboard!”—and away went Budge and Tod,
Night-gowns and all, to the Land of Nod!



THE LAND OF NOD.

22.

THE cars were filled with a curious crew:
Sweet baby Trix, and the Wandering Jew;
Jack with his bean-stalk,—the Giant Grim,
Little Miss Minceer and Uncle Tim,
Fairies, and Sprites, and Brownies rare,
And mermaids, wrapped in their yellow hair,
Sat, side by side, in the phantom cars
With moonbeam windows, and wheels of
stars!

On, on they sped through the silver sand
Of the beautiful streets of the Wonder-land:—
They stopped in a cloud for a drink of dew,
While the sea-shell rung and the whistle blew,—
They gathered blossoms that never die,
That grew in the land of the "By-and-by,"—
And there, at the end of the route, I'm told,
Our travelers found the Pot of Gold!—
Then the Dream-Man brought little Budge and
Tod,
Night-gowns and all, from the Land of Nod!

THE COW THAT CONSIDERED.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

THE farm was perched up on the very top of Crow Hill, and everybody in the town called it the Crow's-nest, and, before long, they began to call the Jones family, that moved there, "the Crows," to distinguish them from another family of Joneses, in the town.

They began by calling them the "Crow-hill Joneses," but they were economical people in Damsonfield, and could not spend time to say all that. None of the Jones family minded having it shortened, excepting Jim: he did n't like to be called Jim Crow.

They had moved to the Crow's-nest from a manufacturing city, where the father, until his health failed, had been an overseer in one of the mills. When he became unable to work, the three older children—Enoch, and Abijah, and Priscilla—went into the mill, and earned just enough to keep the wolf from the door. There were so many mouths to feed and feet to shoe, so many sharp little elbows to stick through jacket-sleeves, so many restless knees to wear out trousers, that the father's hoard of savings melted rapidly away, and if a distant relative had not died and bequeathed this old farm to them, I am afraid they would have suffered for shelter and food. Even now they had almost forgotten how gingerbread tasted, and as for a good, crisp, rosy-cheeked apple, they knew they might as well wish for the moon.

They moved to the Crow's-nest early in April, and in the sweet, fresh, country air which he had longed for, their father breathed his last. Their mother had died three years before, and they were all alone in the world.

They held a family council to consider what they had better do. It was held in the barn, on the hay-mow. They had had so much of being shut up within four walls in their lives, that they did n't mean to have any more of it than they could help. Barns were new to their experience, and very fascinating; with the great door open, and the balmy May wind blowing through, it was even better than out-of-doors, especially to Jim and Nehemiah, because there was an opportunity to create a diversion by performing circus feats on the great beams, if the proceedings should prove uninteresting.

Enoch, as the head of the family, was the chief spokesman. He was almost sixteen, and they all thought that, if there was anybody in the world

who was wise and venerable, it was their Enoch. When he had worked hard, all day, in the mill, he went to evening school, and spent all his spare time in study. And all the other Crows boasted that the minister could n't ask Enoch a question that he could n't answer; and they declared that, if he did n't get to be President some day, it would only be because the people did n't know who was fit for President! He was strong, too, if he was slender, and he had never failed to "get the better of any fellow that pitched into him." I am afraid that all his wisdom and learning would have gone for but little with Jim and Nehemiah if he could not have done that.

Enoch said there were two alternatives: They could sell the farm, and buy a little house in the city which they had come from. The older ones could work in the mill, and support the family comfortably, since they would no longer have rent to pay, and the others could go to school. Or they could stay where they were, and try to get a living off the farm. Some people said the land was poor, and "run down," and they were young, and inexperienced in farming, and had no money to begin with, but they might try what stout hearts and willing hands could do; and there was the district school where they could all go in the winter, and a high school over in the village. (Enoch was always looking out for an education.)

"Priscilla tied her forehead up in a knot," as Abijah said, while she thought about it. She was only fourteen, but she had been the "house-mother" for a long time, and she knew they would need a thousand little things the others did n't think of, and it did not seem possible to her that all those things could grow out of that dry, stubbly-looking ground—Sunday hats, and copper-toed shoes, and all! But, when she thought of going back to the mills, she gave a great sigh, as if her heart would break, especially for little Absalom's sake; he was delicate, and needed country air.

When the question was put to vote, it came out that they were all of one mind.

With the grass growing greener every day, and the buds swelling on the fruit-trees; with Methuselah, the old gray horse, rolling and kicking up his heels like a colt on the grass; with Towzer, the great Newfoundland dog, basking in the sunshine; with the white turkey promenading through the barn, followed by her newly fledged brood—

the procession headed by the bristling, strutting gobbler, whose airs and whose scolding were a never-failing delight; with a dozen chicks—downy, chirping balls, which had that very morning pecked their way into the world from the most ordinary-looking egg-shells; with ducks that set out in a waddling procession for the brook as regularly as if they had watches in their pockets; with seven tiny, brand-new pigs in the pen, every one with a most fascinating quirk in his



"JIM CROW."

tail; with Buttercup the cow, and her fawn-colored calf, to be fed and petted; with a hive full of bees, that made honey which was the pride of the whole neighborhood; with a strawberry-bed, two long rows of currant-bushes, and an orchard, with cherry, and pear, as well as apple trees; with wild-strawberry vines in abundance in their south meadow, and chestnut-trees in the grove behind the house;—with all these present and prospective delights, more enchanting to these poor little Crows than any country child can possibly imagine,—

could they think of going back to the narrow, stifling, brick-walled streets—to the dirt and din of the mills?

Jim, who was the belligerent one of the family, doubled up his fists and took the floor, in fighting attitude, to show his opinion of such a proposal, and little Absalom, who had discovered the advantage of making a noise in the world in order to carry his point, set up an ear-splitting howl.

"We 'll hunt bears and wolves, and dress ourselves in skins, like Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday," said Nehemiah, solving the problem of clothes, which Enoch had suggested.

And Nancy echoed this brilliant idea. Nehemiah and Nancy were twins, and Nehemiah furnished ideas for both. Nehemiah's ideas were not always regarded as strictly practical by other people, but they suited Nancy.

Jim said the woods were full of rabbits and partridges, and he was going to tame a gray squirrel and carry him about in his pocket; and the coasting down Crow Hill in the winter must be "immense"; he should think anybody was crazy to talk about going back to the city!

But Jim was not quite eleven, and he was not looked upon, by the older Crows, as much more of a business man than Nehemiah.

Abijah was only two years older than Jim, but they called him Solomon, he was so wise and prudent. He looked like a little old man, with his shrewd, shriveled face and stooping shoulders. In fact, Abijah was a little too prudent; he did not dare attempt much of anything, lest it should not turn out well, and he borrowed trouble whenever there was any to lend.

"If Absalom should get lost in the woods, and a bear should eat him, I guess we should feel bad! We should wish we had gone back to the city." This was Abijah's remark.

Little Absalom set up a dismal screaming at the prospect of this untimely end, and his mind was only diverted from it by his being allowed to take a peeping little chicken in his hand—a proceeding not countenanced by the mother hen.

"If the house should burn down, on a winter's night, we should freeze before we could get to the nearest neighbor's; and if we can't get money to pay the taxes, they 'll put us all in jail; and it would be just exactly like Nancy to get choked to death with a cherry-stone!" continued Abijah, cheerfully.

But with all these catastrophes before his mental vision, Abijah still preferred staying at the Crow's-nest to going back to the city. He knew of even more perils there, because he had been thinking them up all his life.

"Then it is decided that we shall stay," said

Enoch, at last; and just as he said it, the biggest rooster, who was all purple, and green, and gold, and walked as if the ground were not good enough for him to step on, mounted the saw-horse, and crowed—a triumphant cock-a-doodle-do, as if he had some especial cause for rejoicing.

“It really seems as if that were a good sign,” said Priscilla, and all the wrinkles were suddenly smoothed out of her forehead.

But Jim, who did n’t believe in signs, said that the rooster probably got up late, and had n’t yet had time to get his crowing all done that morning.

Nehemiah and Nancy thought there was something very queer about that rooster, and that he might prove to be as wonderful and useful as Pussin-Boots, or the Goose that laid the Golden Egg. They took to the marvelous as naturally as a duck takes to water, and they were deeply learned in giant and fairy lore. To be sure, they had never met any of those wonderful beings outside of story books, but then such folk were not supposed to live in cities. Here, in the country, they expected to meet a fairy at every turn.

They all went to work with a will to prove that, although they had everything to learn, they could be good farmers. There was one thing that frightened and discouraged them, and that was the tax-bill, which was due when the farm came into their possession, and which they were being pressed for, and had no means of paying.

If they could only be allowed to wait until their crops were harvested, they felt sure of being able to pay it, but the old farmers in the neighborhood had very little faith in their ability to raise crops, and the tax-collector was impatient. They must sell something off the farm to pay the bill, that was clear, but the question was, what had they that anybody would pay so much money for? They could not spare Methuselah, and, if they could, he was so old that nobody wanted to buy him. But they had two cows, and Buttercup was part Alderney, and very handsome, and they thought her milk was better than the other cow’s, though it was all so different from city milk that they could not quite decide.

Enoch walked down to the village, one night, to try to find a purchaser for Buttercup. He came back in high spirits, saying that Doctor Douglas had seen and admired her, and offered a good price for her; it was enough to pay the tax-bill, and something over. Tony, the doctor’s colored boy, would come for the cow the next morning.

There was great rejoicing at this news, although a little sorrow would mingle with it at the thought of parting with Buttercup. She had a saucy way of tossing her head, and some of the neighbors had hinted that she was not always good-tempered; but

with the Crows she had always seemed a most amicable cow, and they would have parted with Daisy, the other cow, much less sadly. Buttercup’s calf would have to go, too; that was the worst of it, the children thought; it was so pretty—fawn-colored, with white spots, and with beautiful, soft, brown eyes.

They all assembled to take leave of Buttercup and the calf when Tony appeared, early the next morning. Absalom, to whose mind tax-bills were unimportant, howled piteously, and Abijah prophesied that they should never have another such cow and calf as long as they lived. But the others were so happy in the thought of having the bill paid that they thought little about Buttercup.

Buttercup’s opinion, however, seemed to agree with Abijah’s and little Absalom’s. The moment that she saw Tony, she gave her head one of those saucy tosses, and when he approached her, rope in hand, with a sudden, vicious jerk she brought her horns into very unpleasant proximity to his jacket.

Tony retreated, but manfully returned to the charge, this time offering Buttercup a turnip as a bribe. But Buttercup used not only her horns, but her heels now, and with such effect that over went the milking-stool, sticks flew off the wood-pile, the wheelbarrow was broken into pieces, the saw-horse and the pitchfork were whisked into the air, the hens and ducks flew about, cackling and quacking; and when Tony and all the Crows had retired to a respectful distance, and left Buttercup mistress of the situation, what did that knowing rooster do but get up on the fence and crow with all his might!

Absalom clapped his hands with delight, and Abijah recalled several instances which he had heard of persons being killed by vicious cows. And Nehemiah and Nancy decided that it was probable, judging by the height to which Buttercup kicked up her heels, that she was the very cow that jumped over the moon.

Tony’s wool fairly stood upright with terror, and he rolled his eyes so wildly that but little more than the whites was visible.

“Dat am a cur’us cow, no mistake!” remarked Tony, surveying Buttercup critically—from a distance. “’Pears like dere’s an uncommon libel-ness about her. See hyar! You’d better cotch her; she mought hab a dislike to a gemman ob color.” And he handed the rope to Enoch.

Abijah, and Priscilla, and Jim, all clung to Enoch, and begged him not to go near the cow, and even Nehemiah and Nancy clung to his coat-tails.

“Do you suppose I am going to let that little darkey think I am *afraid*?” said Enoch, in a low but awful voice.

And he shook them all off, put the rope in his pocket, so that it need not offend Buttercup's eyes, and walked boldly up to her, addressing her in persuasive and complimentary terms, such as:

"Quiet now, Buttercup! Good old Buttercup! Nice cow!"

But Buttercup was not to be deceived by flattery. She cocked her head on one side, and gave Enoch a knowing and wicked look, that was as much as to say: "You can't put a rope around my neck,

with wrath, and evidently feeling like the knight who declared it

"Eternal shame it at the front
Lord Ronald grace, not battle's brunt."

The gobbler was always ready to take sides in a combat; you never found him sitting on the fence, when a fight was going on. The white turkey gathered her brood around her, and surveyed the contest from afar, with a dignified and matronly air.



"DAT AM A COW'S COW, NO MISTAKE!" REMARKED TONY

sir, even if you have kissed the blarney stone! If you think you can, you had better try it!"

Enoch stopped, irresolute, even with the "little darkey" looking on. Buttercup cast down her eyes, and chewed her cud with a mild and virtuous expression of countenance, and Enoch went toward her; he was near enough to put his hand upon her, when, with a dive of her horns and a fling of her heels, off she started on a run. Enoch started in pursuit, and so did Towzer, barking furiously; so did the calf, frisking and prancing, as if it were great fun; so did the gobbler, bristling all over

Jim followed the procession, turning a somersault now and then, as he went, to relieve his excited feelings, and Tony sat on the fence and cheered on Buttercup and her pursuers, first one, and then the other, with strict impartiality, self-interest evidently being lost sight of in the excitement of the contest. Buttercup, becoming tired, and perceiving that her pursuers were gaining upon her, suddenly backed up against a stone wall, and stood at bay.

Towzer barked madly at her heels, and the gobbler, standing provokingly just under her nose,

gobbled out a long tirade against her evil behavior, but Buttercup had a mind above such petty annoyances; she calmly disregarded her inferior pursuers, and fixed her eyes, with a "touch-me-if-you-dare" expression, upon Enoch.

Enoch walked up to her, with stern determination, and—threw the rope over her head—almost, but not quite! It caught upon one of her horns, and, with a playful gesture, Buttercup tossed it over the stone wall, into the field.

Enoch climbed over after it, urged on by a derisive shout from Tony, and the somewhat irritating announcement that "dis nigger was ready to bet on de cow!"

Having got Enoch out of the way, Buttercup flung out her heels at Towzer and sent him off, limping and yelping with pain; then she made a swoop upon the gobbler with her horns, and that valiant warrior retired in great confusion; and then she took to the road again, at an easy, swinging gait, as if it were really not worth the while to hurry. But when Enoch approached her again, she turned suddenly, and, taking him by surprise, tossed him over the fence with her horns, almost as lightly and airily as she had tossed the rope!

She looked over the fence after him with a deprecating air that was as much as to say, "I did n't want to, but you forced me to it!" and then she walked quietly along, feeding on the road-side grass.

Enoch was stunned for a moment, but when he recovered, he was astonished to find that his bones were all whole; he had suffered only a few slight bruises.

The whole family rushed to the spot; even Tony descended from his secure perch.

"It's no use to catch her!" said Tony, when they had all assured themselves that Enoch was unharmed. "De doctor wont hab a animile dat's possessed ob de debble!"

This brought back the thought of the tax-bill, at which Enoch's heart sank.

"She never behaved like this before," he said. "I am sure if she could once be got into the doctor's barn she would be peaceable enough."

"'Pears like it aint so dreffle easy to done fotch her dar! But I 'll send Patsy up. Patsy can catch a streak ob chain lightnin'."

So it was decided that Patsy, the doctor's manservant, should come up the next morning, giving Buttercup time to sober down.

They all went their several ways to the day's work, leaving Buttercup to her own devices.

Enoch and Priscilla looked discouraged and anxious, and Abijah cheerfully reminded them that he had foretold that they should all be put in jail for debt.

Nehemiah and Nancy were deputed to shell corn for planting; and they perched themselves on the meal-chest in the barn, with a bushel-basket containing the corn between them. As the basket overtopped their heads, it was inconvenient and a barrier to sociability, but no better way occurred to them, and as Nehemiah was buried in thought, and Nancy always respected his silence, it did not matter as far as sociability was concerned.

But, after a while, Nancy heard a voice on the other side of the basket say:

"Do you remember whether it says that the cow did consider, Nancy? Don't you know,—

"There was a piper and he had a cow,
And he had no hay to give her,
So he took out his pipes, and played her a tune—
Consider, old cow, consider!"

"I don't think it says any more," said Nancy. "But of course she considered; she knew he was poor, and picked up anything she could find to eat."

"Well, I've been thinking that we had better play Buttercup a tune, and ask her to consider and go with the doctor's man, so that we can pay the tax-bill."

"That's a beautiful plan! Let's do it, right off!" said Nancy, dropping her apron, and letting the corn in it roll all over the floor in her excitement. "Only, don't you think, Nehemiah, that truly cows are different, some way, from the cows that Mother Goose knew about? They don't seem to have so much sense. They don't understand what you say to them."

"They do! They only pretend not to. They are deep," said Nehemiah. "And people don't know how to manage them. If they would have let me manage Buttercup, I could have made her go with Tony, just as easy!"

"Could you, really?" said Nancy, looking at him admiringly. "But you'll let me help, when you play her the tune, wont you?"

"Yes, if you don't make a noise, and let everybody know beforehand, just like a girl. You get down and pick up the corn you spilled, and all that I've dropped, too, and then I'll tell you how I'm going to do it."

Nancy got down obediently, and picked up every kernel faithfully, never minding that she got splinters into her fat little hands, and made her chubby little knees ache.

"We can't do it when anybody's near," said Nehemiah, after Nancy had climbed up on to the meal-chest again, "because they will make fun of us, and say it is n't of any use. They don't know that cows can understand. But we'll get up early in the morning, before Jim goes to milk-

ing, even, and I'll take the old accordion, and you take a comb, and we'll go right into Buttercup's stall, and we'll play a 'Pinafore' tune to her—'Little Buttercup' will be just the thing, because it's her name, you know. And then we'll tell her all about the bill. And, after that, we'll play a psalm tune—'Old Hundred,' or 'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.' That will kind of make her feel solemn, and think about being good. And then you see if she don't go with Patsy, when he comes! And then the tax-bill will be paid, and we'll have new shoes awful often, and we won't eat anything but jam and pound-cake, and we'll have a velocipede, and a balloon as big as this barn!"

The prospect of such happiness was too much for Nancy's composure, and again the corn was spilt, and this time they both had to get down and pick it up, for Abijah came and scolded them for being so slow, because Enoch already wanted the corn to plant.

The next morning, before it was light, Nancy heard a low whistle just outside her door. She slipped out of bed without waiting to get her eyes open, and very softly, so as not to wake Priscilla, and dressed herself hurriedly. Nehemiah was waiting for her at the back door, with a lantern. It seemed very queer to be up and out-of-doors while it was still dark, but there was something delightfully exciting about it.

Towzer suddenly roused from sleep, took them for burglars, and barked like mad. He seemed to recognize them after carefully smelling at their heels, but it struck him as such an unusual proceeding for them to go into the barn at that hour, that he insisted upon accompanying them.

That irrepressible rooster got up and crowed, but otherwise it was perfectly still in the barn. Buttercup was awake, chewing her cud and looking rather sad and grave, as if she were meditating upon her bad behavior.

Nehemiah hung the lantern on a nail, and then walked boldly into the stall, followed by Nancy, who was a little afraid of Buttercup, but would not hesitate to follow Nehemiah anywhere.

Nehemiah struck up "Little Buttercup" on the accordion, and Nancy chimed in on the comb. The accordion was old and wheezy, and Nehemiah was not a skillful performer, and a comb is not a pleasing musical instrument at the best; the echoes in the old barn must have been astonished when they were called upon to respond to such sounds as those! Towzer and the rooster both assisted, to the utmost extent of their powers.

Buttercup looked over her shoulder at them, with a puzzled expression, and she whisked her tail a little, but gave no other sign of emotion.

"Now, you go on, and play easy, while I tell her all about it," said Nehemiah, at length.

He put his lips very near Buttercup's ear.

"We have played you a tune, Buttercup," he said, "and now we want you to consider! You were a very bad cow, yesterday, and made your friends very unhappy, but perhaps you did n't stop to think, and did n't know how much difference it made. Before we got the farm, we were awful poor, and we shall be awful poor if we lose it, besides having to go to jail, Abijah says; and we can't pay the tax-bill unless you let yourself be sold to Doctor Douglas. Cows can be very good and smart if they try. And perhaps, when we are rich, we'll buy you back."

Buttercup kept very quiet, and looked as if she were listening to every word.

"Now you consider and go with Patsy, without making a fuss!" said Nehemiah, in conclusion.

"We'll have 'Old Hundred' and the 'Doxology,' and then we'll go," he said to Nancy. "And you see if she is n't a different cow from what she was yesterday!"

They got into the house and hung the lantern in its place, just as Jim came stumbling sleepily downstairs to milking.

Nancy went back to bed, and dreamed that Buttercup, in a long trained dress and with hair done up behind, was dancing a polka with the tax-collector, while the big gobbler played for them on a comb.

It was quite disappointing to find that it was only a dream.

Nehemiah and Nancy were on hand when Patsy arrived. He was a big, good-natured Irishman, who announced himself as a remarkable cow-compeller, and declared that there was "not a baste in the wurruld that contrairy that she could get the betther iv him!"

He had provided himself with a stout stick, and with this in one hand and a rope in the other, he approached Buttercup in the boldest manner, while Nehemiah and Nancy held their breaths and watched.

But, alas for the remarkable cow-compeller! Buttercup made such a furious lunge at him that he was fain to take to his heels. And alas for Nehemiah and Nancy, whose tunes and appeals now seemed to have been thrown away! Yesterday's pranks were but mild and tame compared with those that Buttercup played to-day. She kicked and she pranced, she capered and she danced, until everything that had legs was glad to run away, and leave her in possession of the field. And Patsy was forced to go home, acknowledging that one "baste had got the betther iv him!"

Nehemiah and Nancy looked at each other in

silent surprise and disappointment. Then Nehemiah approached as near Buttercup as he dared, in the excited state of her feelings, and reproached her in strong terms for failing to consider, after the "beautiful music" with which they had favored her. Buttercup turned her head, and looked steadily at him, and uttered a long-drawn-out low. It was very different from her ordinary "moo-oo-oo." It seemed to consist of two syllables, and she looked as if it meant a great deal.

"Nehemiah, it sounds just as if she were trying to say something," said Nancy. "What *does* she mean?"

"She says, 'But-ter!' 'but-ter!'" said Nehemiah. "But I don't think she means anything. Cows are silly things, anyway!"

"Perhaps she means for us to make butter out of her milk, so that she can do us some good, even if she won't be sold."

"We might," said Nehemiah. "There 's a churn in the pantry, and you only have to turn a crank. Priscilla said we might as well sell the milk, but I guess she 'll let us try, just for the fun!"

Nancy skipped into the house, delighted that she had thought of something that Nehemiah said it would be fun to do—though, to be sure, it really was Buttercup's suggestion. She was so excited about it that before she stopped to think she had told Priscilla and Enoch all about their playing Buttercup a tune, and asking her to "consider," and that Buttercup had kept saying, "But-ter! but-ter!" And though they laughed, and made a great deal of fun of it, Priscilla gave them some cream that she had saved from Buttercup's milk, and told them they might churn it, if they liked.

She had never thought of doing such a thing. Butter was a luxury to them, and they could very well do without it, and she had not thought of making it to sell, for they had only two cows.

Nehemiah and Nancy worked with a will. It was n't altogether fun; the butter was so long in coming, and their arms ached, and Nancy would open the churn every three minutes, to see if there was some butter. At last, little thick yellowish specks appeared in the cream, and, not long after that, the crank became very hard to turn, and lo and behold! there was a mass of yellow butter inside. It was the sweetest, and the richest, and the goldenest butter that ever was tasted or seen!

Priscilla made it into balls, and Enoch bought a stamp,—a beautiful pattern, with strawberry leaves and fruit,—and, when Priscilla had stamped it, they sent some balls down to Doctor Douglas. He had been very kind to their father when he was ill, and they were delighted to have something to send him.

The doctor came up to the Crow's-nest the very next day, to say that he had never tasted such delicious butter, and that if they would keep him supplied with it, he would be willing to pay a very high price for it. And he said if that was the kind of butter they could make, he thought they had better keep a dairy farm, and nothing else; very few of the farmers in the neighborhood made butter, and there was a great demand for it in the town; and he thought their land was better adapted for dairy-farming than for anything else.

He lent them the money to pay their tax-bill, and said they need not pay him until they began to get some profit from their farm, and then what did he do but buy them another cow, which they need not pay for until they were able.

And Priscilla, and Nehemiah, and Nancy made butter—and I might say that little Absalom helped, for he drank the buttermilk!—while the others worked on the farm. The butter brought very good prices, but they made the butter from Buttercup's milk by itself, and that butter had such a reputation that it found its way into the city market; it was what the dealers called "gilt-edged" butter, and commanded a fabulous price.

And now that Buttercup's calf has grown to cowhood, and gives milk, too, you may see in the window of a large city store this sign—"Butter from Crow's-nest Dairy."

And the Crows would not begin to change places with any Rothschild of them all!

And whenever they talk about the wonderful good fortune that their dairy has brought them, and say, "What should we have done if we had sold Buttercup?" Nehemiah and Nancy look at each other. They don't like to say anything, because they have been laughed at so much, and, besides, they are older, now, and would not think of getting up at four o'clock in the morning to play tunes to a cow; but sometimes Nancy does whisper:

"They may laugh as much as they please, but I shall always believe that dear old Buttercup *did* consider."

THERE was once on a time a little boy,
And a small, greedy boy was he;
His mother gave him two plums and a pear,
And he hurriedly ate all three.

But just as he finished the very last,
He grew very gloomy and glum;
And muttered, "I think she could just as well
Have made it two pears and a plum."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KELLER.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE WOODS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

It is no easy matter to describe a long day's march to one who knows nothing of the hardships of a soldier's life. That a body of troops marched some twenty-five or thirty miles on a certain day

soldier's powers of endurance to the very utmost. He has, in the first place, a heavy load to carry. His knapsack, haversack, canteen, ammunition, musket, and accouterments are by no means a light matter at the outset, and they grow heavier with every additional mile of the road. So true is this that, in deciding what of our clothing to take along on a march and what to throw away, we soon



"A SURGEON WRITING UPON THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE AN ORDER FOR AN AMBULANCE."

from daylight to midnight, from one point to another, seems, to one who has not tried it, no great undertaking. Thirty miles! It is but an hour's ride in the cars. Nor can the single pedestrian, who easily covers greater distances in less time, have a full idea of the fatigue of a soldier as he throws himself down by the road-side, utterly exhausted, when the day's march is done.

Unnumbered circumstances combine to test the

learned to be guided by the soldiers' proverb that "what weighs an ounce in the morning weighs a pound at night." Then, too, the soldier is not master of his own movements, as is the solitary pedestrian; for he can not pick his way, nor husband his strength by resting when and where he may choose. He marches generally "four abreast"—sometimes at double-quick, when the rear is closing up, and again at a most provokingly slow pace

when there is some impediment on the road ahead. Often his canteen is empty, no water is to be had, and he marches on in a cloud of dust, with parched throat and lips and trembling limbs—on and on, and still on, until about the midnight hour, at the final “Halt!” he drops to the ground like a shot, feverish, irritable, exhausted in body and soul.

It would seem a shame and a folly to take troops thus utterly worn out, and hurl them at midnight into a battle the issue of which hangs trembling in the balance. Yet this was what they came pretty near doing with us, after our long march from four miles below Fredericksburg to the extreme right of the army at Chancellorsville.

I have a very indistinct and cloudy recollection of that march. I can quite well remember the beginning of it, when at the early dawn the enemy's batteries drove us, under a sharp shell-fire, at a lively double-quick for the first four miles. And I can well recall how, at midnight, we threw ourselves under the great oak-trees near Chancellorsville, and were in a moment sound asleep amid the heaven-rending thunder of the guns, the unbroken roll of the musketry, and the shouts and yells of the lines charging each other a quarter of a mile to our front. But when I attempt to call up the incidents that happened by the way, I am utterly at a loss. My memory has retained nothing but a confused mass of images: here a farm house, there a mill; a company of stragglers driven on by the guard; a Surgeon writing upon the pommel of his saddle an order for an ambulance to carry a poor exhausted and but half-conscious fellow; an officer's Staff or an Orderly dashing by at a lively trot; a halt for coffee in the edge of a wood; filling a canteen (oh, blessed memory!) at some meadow stream or road-side spring; and on, and on, and on, amid the rattle of bayonet-scarbards and tin cups, mopping our faces and crunching our hard-tack as we went;—this, and such as this, is all that will now come to mind.

But of events toward night-fall the images are clearer and more sharply defined. The sun is setting, large, red, and fiery-looking, in a dull haze that hangs over the thickly wooded horizon. We are nearing the ford where we are to cross the Rappahannock. We come to some hill-top, and—hark! A deep, ominous growl comes, from how many miles away we know not; now another; then another!

On, Boys, on! There is work doing ahead, and terrible work it is, for two great armies are at each other's throat, and the battle is raging fierce and high, although we know nothing as yet of how it may be going.

On,—on,—on!

Turning sharp to the left, we enter the approach

to the ford, the road leading, in places, through a deep cut,—great high pine-trees on either side of the road shutting out the little remaining light of day. Here we find the first actual evidences of the great battle that is raging ahead: long lines of ambulances filled with wounded; yonder a poor fellow with a bandaged head, sitting by a spring; and a few steps away another, his agonies now over; here, two men, one with his arm in a sling supporting the other, who has turned his musket into a crutch; then more ambulances, and more wounded in increasing numbers; Orderlies dashing by at full gallop, while the thunder of the guns grows louder and closer as we step on the pontoons and so cross the gleaming river.

“Colonel, your men have had a hard day's march; you will now let them rest for the night.”

It is a Staff-officer whom I hear delivering this order to our Colonel, and a sweeter message I think I never heard. We cast wistful eyes at the half-extinguished camp-fires of some regiment that has been making coffee by the road-side, and has just moved off, and we think them a godsend, as the order is given to “stack arms.” But before we have time even to unsling knapsacks, the order comes, “Fall in!” and away we go again, steadily plodding on through that seemingly endless forest of scrub-pine and oak, straight in the direction of the booming guns ahead.

Why whippoorwills were made I do not know; doubtless for some wise purpose; but never before that night did I know they had been made in such countless numbers. Every tree and bush was full of them, it seemed. There were thousands of them, there were tens of thousands of them, there were millions of them! And every one whistling, as fast as it could, “Who-hoo-hoo! Who-hoo-hoo! Who-hoo-hoo!” Had they been vultures or turkey-buzzards,—vast flocks of which followed the army wherever we went, almost darkening the sky at times, and always suggesting unpleasant reflections,—they could not have appeared more execrable to me. Many were the imprecations hurled at them as we plodded on under the light of the great red moon, now above the tree-tops, while still from every bush came that monotonous half-screech, half-groan, “Who-hoo-hoo! Who-hoo-hoo!”

But, O miserable birds of ill-omen, there is something more ominous in the air than your lugubrious night-song! There is borne to our ears at every additional step the deepening growl of the cannon ahead. As the moon mounts higher, and we advance farther along the level forest-land, we hear still more distinctly another sound—the long, unbroken roll of musketry.

Forward now, at double-quick, until we are on the outskirts of the battle-field.

Shells are crashing through the tall tree-tops overhead.

"Halt! Load at will! Load!"

In the moonlight that falls shimmering across the road, as I look back over the column, I see the bright steel flashing, while the jingle of the ram-rods makes music that stirs the blood to a quicker pulse. A well-known voice calls me down the line, and Andy whispers a few hurried words into my ear, while he grasps my hand, *hard*. But we are off at a quick step. A sharp turn to the left, and—hark! The firing has ceased, and they are "charging" down there! That peculiar, and afterward well-known, "Yi! Yi! Yi!" indicates a struggle for which we are making straight and fast.

At this moment comes the order: "Colonel, you will countermarch your men, and take position down this road on the right. Follow me!" The staff-officer leads us half a mile to the right, where, sinking down utterly exhausted, we are soon sound asleep.

Of the next day or two I have but an indistinct recollection. What with the fatigue and excitement, the hunger and thirst, of the last few days, a high fever set in for me. I became half-delirious, and lay under a great oak-tree, too weak to walk, my head nearly splitting with the noise of a battery of steel cannon in position fifty yards to the left of me. That battery's beautiful but terrible drill I could plainly see. My own corps was put on reserve: the men built strong breast-works, but took no part in the battle, excepting some little skirmishing. Our day was yet to come.

One evening,—it was the last evening we spent in the woods at Chancellorsville,—a Sergeant of my company came back to where we were, with orders for me to hunt up and bring an ambulance for one of the Lieutenants who was sick.

"You see, Harry, there are rumors that we are going to retreat to-night, for the heavy rains have so swollen the Rappahannock that our pontoons are in danger of being carried away, and it appears that, for some reason or other, we've got to get out of this at once under cover of night, and Lieutenant can't stand the march. So you will go for an ambulance. You'll find the ambulance park about two miles from here. You'll take through the woods in that direction,"—pointing with his finger,—“until you come to a path; follow the path till you come to a road; follow the road, taking to the right and straight ahead, till you come to the ambulances.”

Although it was raining hard at the time, and had been raining for several days, and though I myself was probably as sick as the Lieutenant, and felt positive that the troops would have started in

retreat before I could get back, yet it was my duty to obey, and off I went.

I had no difficulty in finding the path; and I reached the road all right. Forging a stream, the corduroy bridge of which was all afloat, and walking rapidly for a half-hour, I found the ambulances all drawn up ready to retreat.

"We have orders to pull out from here at once, and can send an ambulance for no man. Your Lieutenant must take his chance."

It was getting dark fast, as I started back with this message. I was soaked to the skin, and the rain was pouring down in torrents. To make bad worse, in the darkness I turned off from the road at the wrong point, missed the path and quite lost my way! What was to be done? If I should spend much time where I was, I was certain to be left behind, for I felt sure that the troops were moving off; and yet I feared to make for any of the fires I saw through the woods, for I knew the lines of the two armies were near each other, and I might, as like as not, walk over into the lines of the enemy.

Collecting my poor fevered faculties, I determined to follow the course of a little stream I heard plashing down among the bushes to the left. By and by I fixed my eye on a certain bright camp-fire, and determined to make for it at all hazards, be it of friend or of foe. Judge of my joyful surprise when I found it was burning in front of my own tent!

Standing about our fire trying to get warm and dry, our fellows were discussing the question of the retreat about to be made. But I was tired and sick, and wet and sleepy, and did not at all relish the prospect of a night march through the woods in a drenching rain. So, putting on the only remaining dry shirt I had left (I had *two* on already, and they were soaked through), I lay down under my shelter, shivering and with chattering teeth, but soon fell sound asleep.

In the gray light of the morning we were suddenly awakened by a loud "Halloo there, you chaps! Better be digging out of this! We're the last line of cavalry pickets, and the Johnnies are on our heels!"

It was an easy matter for us to sling on our knapsacks and rush after the cavalry-man, until a double-quick of two miles brought us within the rear line of defenses thrown up to cover the retreat.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

"HARRY, I'm getting tired of this thing. It's becoming monotonous, this thing of being roused

every morning at four, with orders to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's notice, and then lying around here all day in the sun. I don't believe we are going anywhere, anyhow."

We had been encamped for six weeks, of which I need give no special account, only saying that in those "summer quarters," as they might be called, we went on with our endless drilling, and were baked and browned, and thoroughly hardened to the life of a soldier in the field.

The monotony of which Andy complained did not end that day, nor the next. For six successive days we were regularly roused at four o'clock in the morning, with orders to "pack up and be ready to move immediately!"—only to unpack as regularly about the middle of the afternoon. We could hear our batteries pounding away in the direction of Fredericksburg, but we did not then know that we were being held well in hand till the enemy's plan had developed itself into the great march into Pennsylvania, and we were let off in hot pursuit.

So at last, on the 12th of June, 1863, we started, at five o'clock in the morning, in a north-westerly direction. My journal says: "Very warm, dust plenty, water scarce, marching very hard. Halted at dusk at an excellent spring, and lay down for the night with aching limbs and blistered feet."

I pass over the six days' continuous marching that followed, steadily on toward the north, pausing only to relate several incidents that happened by the way.

On the 14th we were racing with the enemy—we being pushed on to the utmost of human endurance—for the possession of the defenses of Washington. From five o'clock of that morning till three the following morning,—that is to say, from daylight to daylight,—we were hurried along under a burning June sun, with no halt longer than sufficient to recruit our strength with a hasty cup of coffee at noon and nightfall. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock at night, and still on! It was almost more than flesh could endure. Men fell out of line in the darkness by the score, and tumbled over by the road-side, asleep almost before they touched the ground.

I remember how a great tall fellow in our company made us laugh along somewhere about one o'clock that morning—"Pointer," we called him; an excellent soldier, who afterward fell at his post at Spottsylvania. He had been trudging on in sullen silence for hours, when all of a sudden, coming to a halt, he brought his piece to "order arms" on the hard road with a ring, took off his cap, and in language far more forcible than elegant, began forthwith to denounce both parties to the war, "from A to Izzard," in all branches of

the service, civil and military, army and navy, artillery, infantry, and cavalry, and demanded that the enemy should come on in full force here and now, "and I'll fight them all single-handed and alone, the whole pack of 'em! I'm tired of this everlasting marching, and I want to fight!"

"Three cheers for Pointer!" cried some one, and we laughed heartily as we toiled doggedly on to Manassas, which we reached at three o'clock A. M., June 15th. I can assure you we lost no time in stretching ourselves at full length in the tall summer grass.

"James McFadden, report to the Adjutant for camp guard. James McFadden! Anybody know where Jim McFadden is?"

Now, that was rather hard, was n't it? To march from daylight to daylight, and lie down for a rest of probably two hours before starting again, and then to be called up to stand throughout those precious two hours, on guard duty!

I knew very well where McFadden was, for was n't he lying right beside me in the grass? But just then I was in no humor to tell. The camp might well go without a guard that night, or the Orderly might find McFadden in the dark if he could.

But the rules were strict, and the punishment was severe, and poor McFadden, bursting into tears of vexation, answered like a man: "Here I am, Orderly; I'll go." It was hard.

Two weeks later, both McFadden and the Orderly went where there is neither marching nor standing guard any more.

Now comes a long rest of a week in the woods near the Potomac, for we have been marching parallel with the enemy, and dare not go too fast, lest by some sudden and dexterous move in the game he should sweep past our rear in upon the defenses of Washington. And after this sweet refreshment, we cross the Potomac on pontoons, and march, perhaps with a lighter step, since we are nearing home, through the smiling fields and pleasant villages of "Maryland, my Maryland." At Poolesville, a little town on the north bank of the Potomac, we smile as we see a lot of children come trooping out of the village school,—a merry sight to men who have seen neither woman nor child these six months and more, and a touching sight to many a man in the ranks as he thinks of his little flaxen-heads in the far-away home. Aye, think of them now and think of them full tenderly, for many a man of you shall never have child climb on his knee any more!

As we enter one of these pleasant little Maryland villages, we find on the outskirts of the place two young ladies and two young gentlemen waving the good old flag as we pass, and singing "Rally round

the Flag, Boys." The excitement along the line is intense. Cheer on cheer is given by regiment after regiment as we pass along, we drummer-boys beating, at the Colonel's express orders, the old tune, "The Girl I left behind me," as a sort of response. Soon we are in among the hills again, and still the cheering goes on in the far distance to the rear.

Only ten days later we passed through the same village again, and were met by the same young ladies and gentlemen, waving the same flag and singing the same song. But though we tried twice, and tried hard, we could not cheer at all, for there's a difference between five hundred men and one hundred—is there not? So, that second time, we drooped our tattered flags, and raised our caps in silent and sorrowful salute.

"Colonel, close up your men and move on as rapidly as possible."

It is the morning of July 1st, and we are crossing a bridge over a stream, as the Staff-officer, having delivered this order for us, dashes down the line to hurry up the regiments in the rear. We get up on a high range of hills, from which we have a magnificent view. The day is bright, the air is fresh and sweet, and the sun shines out of an almost cloudless sky, and as we gaze away off yonder down the valley to the left—look! Do you see that? A puff of smoke in mid-air! Very small and miles away, as the faint and long-coming "boom" of the exploding shell indicates, but it means that something is going on yonder, away down in the valley, in which, perhaps, we may have a hand before the day is done. See! Another—and another! Faint and far away comes the long-delayed "boom!" "boom!" echoing over the hills, as the Staff-officer dashes along the lines with orders to "double-quick! double-quick!"

Four miles of almost constant double-quicking is no light work at any time, least of all on such a day as this memorable first day of July, for it is hot and dusty. But we are in our own State now, boys, and the battle is opening ahead, and it is no time to save breath. On we go, now up a hill, now over a stream, now checking our headlong rush for a moment, for we *must* breathe a little. But the word comes along the line again, "double-quick," and we settle down to it with right good-will, while the cannon ahead seem to be getting nearer and louder. There's little said in the ranks, for there is little

breath for talking, though every man is busy enough thinking. We all feel, somehow, that our day has come at last—as indeed it has!

We get in through the outskirts of Gettysburg, tearing down the fences of the town lots and outlying gardens as we go; we pass a battery of brass guns drawn up beside the Seminary, some hundred yards in front of which building, in a strip of meadow-land, we halt, and rapidly form the line of battle.

"General, shall we unsling



ON THE MARKET AND FROM GETTYSBURG.

knapsacks?" shouts some one down the line to our Division-general, as he is dashing by.

"Never mind the knapsacks, boys; it's the State now!"

And he plunges his spurs up to the rowels in the flanks of his horse, as he takes the stake-and-rider fence at a leap and is away.

"Unfurl the flags, Color-guard!"

"Now, forward, double——"

"Colonel, we're not loaded yet!"

A laugh runs along the line as, at the command "Load at will—load!" the ramrods make their merry music, and at once the word is given, "Forward, double-quick!" and the line sweeps up that rising ground with banners gayly flying, and cheers that rend the air—a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten.

I suppose the boy-readers of ST. NICHOLAS wonder what a drummer-boy does in time of battle. Perhaps they have the same idea I used to have, namely, that it is the duty of a drummer-boy to beat his drum all the time the battle rages, to encourage the men or drown the groans of the wounded! But if they will reflect a moment, they will see that amid the confusion and noise of battle, there is little chance of martial music being either heard or heeded. Our Colonel had long ago given us our orders:

"You drummer-boys, in time of an engagement, are to lay aside your drums and take stretchers and help off the wounded. I expect you to do this, and you are to remember that, in doing it, you are just as much helping the battle on as if you were fighting with guns in your hands."

And so we sit down there on our drums, and watch the line going in with cheers. Forthwith we get a smart shelling, for there is evidently somebody else watching that advancing line besides ourselves; but they have elevated their guns a little too much, so that every shell passes quite over the line and plows up the meadow-sod about *us* in all directions.

Laying aside our knapsacks, we go to the Seminary, now rapidly filling with the wounded. This the enemy surely can not know, or they would n't shell the building so hard! We get stretchers at the ambulances, and start out for the line of battle. We can just see our regimental colors waving in the orchard, near a log-house about three hundred yards ahead, and we start out for it—I on the lead and Daney behind.

There is one of our batteries drawn up to our left a short distance as we run. It is engaged in a sharp artillery duel with one of the enemy's, which we can not see, although we can hear it plainly enough, and straight between the two our road lies. So, up we go, Daney and I, at a lively trot, dodging the shells as best we can, till, panting for breath, we set down our stretcher under an apple-tree in the orchard, in which, under the brow of the hill, we find the regiment lying, one or two companies being out on the skirmish line ahead.

I count six men of Company C lying yonder in the grass—killed, they say, by a single shell. Andy calls me away for a moment to look after some poor fellow whose arm is off at the shoulder; and it was just time I got away, too, for immediately a

shell plunges into the sod where I had been sitting, tearing my stretcher to tatters and plowing up a great furrow under one of the boys who had been sitting immediately behind me, and who thinks "That was rather close shaving, was n't it, now?" The bullets whistling overhead make pretty music with their ever-varying "z-i-p! z-i-p!" and we could imagine them so many bees, only they have such a terribly sharp sting. They tell me, too, of a certain cavalry-man (Dennis Buckley, Sixth Michigan cavalry it was, as I afterward learned—let history preserve the brave boy's name) who, having had his horse shot under him, and seeing that first-named shell explode in Company C with such disaster, exclaimed, "That is the company for me!" He remained with the regiment all day, doing good service with his carbine, and he escaped unhurt!

"Here they come, boys; we'll have to go in at them on a charge, I guess!" Creeping close around the corner of the log-house, I can see the long lines of gray sweeping up in fine style over the fields; but I feel the Colonel's hand on my shoulder.

"Keep back, my boy; no use exposing yourself in that way."

As I get back behind the house and look around, an old man is seen approaching our line through the orchard in the rear. He is dressed in a long, blue, swallow-tailed coat and high silk hat, and coming up to the Colonel, he asks:

"Would you let an old chap like me have a chance to fight in your ranks, Colonel?"

"Can you shoot?" inquires the Colonel.

"Oh yes, I can shoot, I reckon," says he.

"But where are your cartridges?"

"I've got 'em here, sir," says the old man, slapping his hand on his pantaloons pocket.

And so "old John Burns," of whom every school-boy has heard, takes his place in the line and loads and fires with the best of them, and is left wounded and insensible on the field when the day is done.

Reclining there under a tree while the skirmishing is going on in front and the shells are tearing up the sod around us, I observe how evidently hard pressed is that battery yonder in the edge of the wood, about fifty yards to our right. The enemy's batteries have excellent range on the poor fellows serving it. And when the smoke lifts or rolls away in great clouds for a moment, we can see the men running, and ramming, and sighting, and firing, and swabbing, and changing position every few minutes to throw the enemy's guns out of range a little. The men are becoming terribly few, but nevertheless their guns, with a rapidity that seems unabated, belch forth great clouds of

smoke and send the shells shrieking over the plain.

Meanwhile, events occur which give us something more to think of than mere skirmishing and shelling. Our beloved Brigadier-general, stepping out a moment to reconnoiter the enemy's position and movements, is seen by some sharp-shooter off in a tree, and is carried severely wounded into the barn. Our Colonel assumes command of the brigade. Our regiment facing westward, while the line on our right faces to the north, is observed to be exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns, as well as from the long line of gray now appearing in full sight on our right. So our regiment must form in line and change front forward, in order to come in line with the other regiments. Accomplished swiftly, this new movement brings our line at once face to face with the enemy's, which advances to within fifty yards, and exchanges a few volleys, but is soon checked and staggered by our fire.

Yet now, see! Away to our left, and consequently on our flank, a new line appears, rapidly advancing out of the woods a half-mile away, and there must be some quick and sharp work done now, Boys, or, between the old foes in front and the new ones on our flank, we shall be annihilated. To clear us of these old assailants in front before the new line can sweep down on our flank, our brave Colonel, in a ringing command, orders a charge along the whole line. Then, before the gleaming and bristling bayonets of our "Buck-tail" brigade, as it yells and cheers, sweeping resistlessly over the field, the enemy gives way and flies in confusion. But there is little time to watch them fly, for that new line on our left is approaching at a rapid pace; and, with shells falling thick and fast into our ranks, and men dropping everywhere, our regiment must reverse the former movement by "changing front to rear," and so resume its original position facing westward, for the enemy's new line is approaching from that direction, and if it takes us in flank, we are done for.

To "change front to rear" is a difficult movement to execute even on drill, much more so under severe fire; but it is executed now steadily and without confusion, yet not a minute too soon! For the new line of gray is upon us in a mad tempest of lead, supported by a cruel artillery fire, almost before our line can steady itself to receive the shock. However, partially protected by a post-and-rail fence, we answer fiercely, and with effect so terrific that the enemy's line wavers, and at length moves off by the right flank, giving us a breathing space for a time.

During this struggle, there had been many an exciting scene all along the line as it swayed back-

ward and forward over the field—scenes which we have had no time to mention yet.

See yonder, where the colors of the regiment on our right—our sister regiment, the 149th—have been advanced a little to draw the enemy's fire, while our line sweeps on to the charge. There ensues about the flags a wild *mêlée* and close hand-to-hand encounter. Some of the enemy have seized the colors and are making off with them in triumph, shouting victory. But a squad of our own regiment dashes out, and amid yells and cheers and smoke, you see the battle-flags rise and fall, and sway hither and thither upon the surging mass, as if tossed on the billows of a tempest, until, wrenched away by strong arms, they are borne back in triumph to the line of the 149th.

See yonder, again! Our Colonel is clapping his hand to his cheek, from which a red stream is pouring; our Lieutenant-colonel is kneeling on the ground, and is having his handkerchief tied tight around his arm at the shoulder; the Major and Adjutant both lie low, pierced with balls through the chest; one Lieutenant is waving his sword to his men, although his leg is crushed at the knee; three other officers of the line are lying over there, motionless now forever. All over the field are strewn men wounded or dead, and comrades pause a moment in the mad rush to catch the last words of the dying. Incidents such as these the reader must imagine for himself, to fill in these swift sketches of how the day was won—and lost!

Aye, lost! For the balls which have so far come mainly from our front, begin now to sing in from our left and right, which means that we are being flanked. Somehow, away off to our right, a half-mile or so, our line has given way and is already on retreat through the town, while our left is being driven in, and we ourselves may shortly be surrounded and crushed—and so the retreat is sounded.

Back now along the railroad cut we go, or through the orchard and the narrow strip of woods behind it, with our dead scattered around on all sides, and the wounded crying piteously for help.

"Harry! Harry!" It is a faint cry of a dying man yonder in the grass, and I *must* see who it is.

"Why, Willie! Tell me where you are hurt?" I ask, kneeling down beside him, and I see the words come hard, for he is fast dying.

"Here in my side, Harry. Tell—Mother—Mother——"

Poor fellow, he can say no more. His head falls back, and Willie Black is at rest forever!

On, now, through that strip of woods, at the other edge of which, with my back against a stout oak, I stop and look at a beautiful and thrilling sight. Some reserves are being brought up; infantry in

the center, the colors flying and officers shouting; cavalry on the right with sabers flashing and horses on a trot; artillery on the left, with guns at full gallop sweeping into position to check the headlong pursuit—it is a grand sight and a fine rally, but a vain one; for in an hour we are swept off the field and are in full retreat through the town.

Up through the streets hurries the remnant of our shattered corps, while the enemy is pouring into the town only a few squares away from us. There is a tempest of shrieking shells and whistling balls

toward sunset, and throw ourselves down by the road in a tumult of excitement and grief, having lost the day through the overwhelming force of numbers, and yet somehow having gained it, too (although as yet we know it not), for the sacrifice of our corps has saved the position for the rest of the army, which has been marching all day, and which comes pouring in over Cemetery Ridge all night long.

Aye, the position is saved—but where is our corps? Well may our Division-general, who early



AT CLOSE QUARTERS, ON THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

about our ears. The guns of that battery by the woods we have dragged along, all the horses being disabled. The artillery-men load as we go, double-charging with grape and canister.

"Make way there, men!" is the cry, and the surging mass crowds close up on the sidewalks to right and left, leaving a long lane down the center of the street, through which the grape and canister go rattling into the ranks of the enemy's advance-guard.

And so, amid scenes which I have neither space nor power to describe, we gain Cemetery Ridge

in the day succeeded to the command when our brave Reynolds had fallen, shed tears of grief as he sits there on his horse and looks over the shattered remains of that First Army Corps, for there is but a handful of it left. Of the five hundred and fifty men that marched under our regimental colors in the morning, but one hundred remain. All our Field and Staff officers are gone. Of some twenty captains and lieutenants, but one is left without a scratch, while of my own company only thirteen out of fifty-four sleep that night on Cemetery Ridge, under the open canopy of heaven.

(To be continued.)

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE ALWAYS BEST.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIEF.

THE Panda and the Phalanger, the Gopher and the Yak,
Had all agreed to emigrate, and to carry in a sack
Their extra tails and claws and things—for they were not coming back.

But first they needs must settle who should carry this said sack.
The meeting opened with a grunt—the language of the Yak—
“I’ll mention it at once,” said he, “I’ve a weakness of the back,

“And a dreadful stiffness in one leg and my spinal column, and a ——”
“You’ve described my case, sir, to a T,” interrupted here the Panda,
And he looked as solemn as if he thought he were all of the Propaganda.

The Gopher cleared his throat, and said, “It would be merely sport,
To carry such a load as that ——” The Yak was heard to snort—
“For any one of you, I mean; *my* legs are much too short!”

The Phalanger combed out his tail—he always was so neat!
“You know,” he said, with a modest smile, and in accents low and sweet,
“That *I’m* disabled, permanently, by this webbing on my feet!”

They looked at one another long. Said the Yak, “If this be so,
I’ve an amendment to propose; suppose we do not go?
Is any minded otherwise?” The three responded “No!”

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER V.

SUPPER-TIME.



“OH, if gentlemen only
knew the nature of muffins!”

Poor Liddy! Her trig black
dress and jaunty muslin cap
seemed to mock her perturbed
feelings, as she hovered be-
tween the kitchen and the hall

door. Donald and Dorothy, neatly brushed,—cool
and pink of cheek, and very crisp in the matter of
neck-ties,—stood at one window of the supper-
room. The flaxen-haired waitress, in a bright blue
calico gown and white apron, watched, tray in
hand, at the other. A small wood-fire, just lighted,
was waking into life on the hearth. Old Nero was
dozing upon the rug, with one eye open. And all

—to say nothing of the muffins—were waiting for
Mr. George, whom the D’s had not seen since
their return from the drive, half an hour before.

When that gentleman came in he walked briskly
to his seat, and though he did not speak, his man-
ner seemed to say: “Everything is all right. I
merely came in a little late. Now for supper!”
But Nero, rising slowly from the warm rug, slipped
under the table, rubbed himself sympathetically
against his master’s legs, and finally settled down
at his feet, quite contented to serve as a foot-stool
for Donald and Dorothy, who soon were seated one
on each side of the table, while Liddy, carefully
settling her gown, took her place at the large tea-
tray.

Mr. George, as Liddy soon saw to her satisfac-
tion, did appreciate the nature of muffins.

So did Donald and Dorothy.

CHAPTER VI.

A FAMILY CONFERENCE.

AFTER supper, Uncle George, Donald and Dorothy went into the library, and there they found the soft light of a shaded lamp and another brisk fire—so brisk that Mr. George let down the windows at the top, and the two D's were glad to go and sit on the sofa at the cooler end of the spacious room.

"Liddy is determined that we shall not freeze before the winter sets in," remarked Mr. George, hardly knowing how to begin the conversation. He was not the first good man who has found himself embarrassed in the presence of frank young listeners waiting to hear him speak and sure to weigh and remember everything he might say.

The children smiled solemnly.

Thus began an interview which, in some respects, changed the lives of Donald and Dorothy.

"Liddy is a good, faithful soul," said Uncle George. "She has been with us, you know, ever since you were babies."

"And before, too," put in Dorry.

"Yes, before, too," assented Mr. George. "Some years before."

Nero, dreaming by the fire, growled softly, at which the D's, glad of a chance to partly relieve themselves, and feeling that the interview was one of grave importance, indulged in a smothered laugh.

"And Nero, poor faithful old dog, you knew us!" continued Mr. George, changing to a more cheerful tone, while Nero's tail contentedly beat time to the remark (for the good creature knew well enough that Mr. George was speaking of him); "he was hardly a year old then, the friskiest, handsomest fellow you ever saw, and brave as a lion."

"Did he know Aunt Kate?" asked the audacious Dorothy.

Donald looked frightened; Uncle George coughed; and just as Dorothy, wretchedly uncomfortable, made up her mind that it was too cruel for anything, never to be able to speak of your own aunty without raising a storm, Mr. George came out of the bright light and seated himself on the sofa between the D's, with an arm around each. Dorry, puzzled but almost happy, drew as close as she could, but still sat upright; and Donald, manly boy that he was, felt a dignified satisfaction in his uncle's embrace, and met him with a frank, questioning look. It was the work of an instant. Dorry's startling inquiry still sounded on the fire-lit air.

"Donald," said Uncle, without replying to

Dorry's question. "Let me see. You are now fourteen years old?"

"Fourteen and ten days,—nearly half a month over fourteen," said Dorothy promptly. "Are n't we, Donald? I'm so glad!"

Donald nodded, and Uncle placidly asked why she was glad.

"Because twins can't boss—I mean domineer—each other. If Don was the least bit older than me—I—me, it would n't be half so nice as starting fair and square."

Here she gave a satisfied little cough, and to her great surprise felt her uncle's arm immediately withdrawn.

"Stop your nonsense, Dorothy," said he, almost sternly; "and don't interrupt us."

"Now Uncle 's afraid again," thought Donald, but he felt so sorry for his sister that he said, in a tone of dignified respect: "Dorry did n't mean to be rude, Uncle."

"No, no. Certainly not," said that very puzzling individual, suddenly resuming his former position, and drawing the little lady toward him. "Where were we? Oh, yes. Fourteen years and ten days, is it?"

"Yes, sir, right to a minute," replied Donald, laughing.

"Well, there is no hurry, I am glad to say. I have been thinking of late, Donald, that a little boarding-school experience is a good thing for a boy."

Dorothy started; but she had resolved rather sullenly that people should wait a long while before they would hear another word from her.

"Yes, sir," assented Donald, quickly. It would be glorious to go, he thought, and actually be a boarding-school boy, belonging to a crack base-ball club, a debating society, perhaps even a secret society; to get boxes of fruit and cake from home, and share them with his room-mates; may be have a fight or two, for a fellow must hold his own, you know;—but then how strange it would be to live without Dorry! Oh, if she only were a boy!

"I'd come home on Thanksgiving and Christmas?" asked Don, following up this last objection.

"Oh, yes. But you're not off yet, my boy. The fact is, I did think seriously of sending you this autumn, and I even looked up a few good places. But there's no special hurry. This boarding-school business has its uncomfortable side. It breaks up a household, and makes little sisters lonesome. Does n't it, Dorry?"

Dorry *could* n't speak now, though she tried, and Mr. George considerably went on: "Besides, there's another, a very good reason, why we should wait awhile. You are needed here just now."

"Needed here?" thought Dorry. "I should

say so!" Uncle might as well have remarked that the sunshine, or the sky, or the air was needed here as to say that Don was needed. A big tear gathered under her lashes—"Besides, she was no more his little sister than he was her little brother. They were just even halves of each other."—And the tear went back.

Meantime, Uncle's remarks flowed slowly on, like a deep stream passing between two banks—one with

be guarded, thank you." But, for all that, she felt proud that Uncle should speak of her in this way to Donald. Probably he was going to mention fire, and remind them of the invariable rule that they must not, on any account, carry matches into the barn, or light a bonfire anywhere without express permission.

Meanwhile, Donald watched



DONALD'S THOUGHTS.

its sunny leaves and blossoms all astir in the breeze, the other bending, casting its image in the stream, and so going on with it in a closer companionship.

"You are needed here, Donald; but, as I said before, there is plenty of time. And though I shall bear this boarding-school matter in mind, I can not well spare you just now. I shall require, perhaps, some vigilance on your part, and cool-headedness,—not that anything very serious is likely to occur; in fact, there is no real reason why it should—but a brother naturally guards his sister even when no danger threatens."

"Certainly," said Don.

"Humph," thought Dorothy, "I don't want to

Dorothy, of having seen something of a person who has been about here several times of late."

"Oh, yes, Uncle," responded Dorry.

But Donald waited to hear more. He had talked previously with his uncle about this same person, whom he had seen more than once lounging about the grounds.

"Well," said Mr. George, slowly, "this man, 'long and lank,' as Dorry truly described him, is not really a bad man,—at least, we'll believe he is not,—but he is one whom I wish you both to avoid. His company will do you no good."

"Would n't it be better, Uncle," suggested Dorry, now eager to help matters, "for Jack to order him off the place whenever he comes on?"

his
Uncle's
face, fol-
lowing every
word.

"There is nothing
really to be ap-
prehended," continued

Uncle George; "but it is
important that you—that Dor-
othy—I should say—well, my
children, perhaps you have ob-
served—indeed, you spoke to-day,

"Well, no," said Uncle George. "After all, he may not come again. But if he should, I wish you to have as little to do with him as possible."

"We could set Nero on him. Nero can't bite, but he'd scare him pretty well," insisted Dorry, with animation. "The idea of his calling me 'Sis'! the great, horrid, long——"

"There, there; that will do," said Mr. George. "All you need is to remember what I say. Do not fear this man. Above all, do not let him suppose that you fear him. But avoid him. Keep within the gates for the present."

"O-h, Uncle!" exclaimed Dorry, in consternation, while even Donald broke forth with a plaintive "Both of us, Uncle?"

"Yes, both of you,—for a few days at least, or until I direct to the contrary. And while out-of-doors, keep together."

"We'll do that, any way," replied Dorry, half-saucily.

"The man," continued Mr. George, "probably will not trouble either of you. He is a ne'er-do-well, whom I knew as a boy, but we lost sight of him long ago. I suspect he has been steadily going down for years."

"I can't see wh——," began the irrepressible Dorry, but she was checked by a firm: "You need not see, nor try to see. Only remember what I have told you, and say nothing to any one about it. Now we may talk of other things. Oh, by the way, there was one pretty good reason for thinking of making a change in schooling. Dr. Lane is going to leave us."

"Dr. Lane going to leave!" echoed Donald, in regretful surprise.

"Good! No more old algebra!" exclaimed Dorry, at the same time clapping her hand to her mouth. Her vivid imagination had instantly pictured relief and a grand holiday. But a moment's reflection made her feel quite sorry, especially when her uncle resumed:

"Yes, the good man told me yesterday that his cough grows steadily worse, and his physician has ordered him to go south for the winter. He says he must start as soon as I can find a tutor to take his place."

"Oh, don't let him wait a day, Uncle," exclaimed Dorry, earnestly,—"*please don't*, if going south will cure him. We've noticed his cough, have n't we, Don? We can study our lessons by ourselves, and say them to each other."

Some boys would have smiled knowingly at this somewhat suspicious outburst, but Donald knew Dorothy too well for that. She was thoroughly sincere and full of sympathy for the kind, painstaking man who, notwithstanding one or two peculiarities which she and her brother could not help observ-

ing, was really a good teacher. For more than a year, omitting only July and August, and Saturday holidays, he had been coming to Lakewood every week-day to instruct the two young Reeds in what he called the rudiments of learning. There were two visiting teachers besides Dr. Lane—the music-master, Mr. Penton, and Mademoiselle Jouvin, the French teacher. These came only twice a week, and on different days, but Dr. Lane and they managed to keep the D's very busy. Mr. Reed had preferred that his niece and nephew should receive their early education at home, and so Donald and Dorothy thus far knew nothing of school life.

What could be the matter with Uncle George? Again Dorothy's look and tone—especially her sudden expression of kindness for her tutor—evidently had given her uncle pain. He looked down at her for an instant with a piteous and (as Donald again thought) an almost frightened expression; then quickly recovering himself, went on to tell Donald that Dorry was right. It would be best to release Dr. Lane at once, and take the chances of obtaining a new teacher. In fact, he would see the doctor the very next morning, if they would let him know when the lesson-hours were over.

"Uncle!"

"Well, sir, what is it?"

"Did you go to boarding-school, when you were a boy?"

"Oh, yes. But I was older than you are now."

"Did Aunt Kate?" asked Dorry.

"There, there; that will do," was the reply. Uncle George frequently had to say, "There, there; that will do," to Dorry.

"Well," she insisted timidly, and almost in a whisper, "I *have* to ask about her, because you was n't a girl,"—Donald, reaching behind Mr. George, tried to pull her sleeve to check the careless grammar, but her soul had risen above such things,—"*you was n't a girl*,—and I don't expect to go to a boy's boarding-school. Oh, Uncle, I don't, I really don't mean to be naughty, but it's so hard, so awfully hard, to be a girl without any mother; and when I ask about her or Aunt Kate, you always—yes, Uncle, you really do!—you *always* get mad. Oh, no, I don't mean to say that, but it makes you feel so awful sorry, that you don't know how it sounds to me. You actually don't, Uncle. If I only could remember Mamma! But, of course, I can't; and then that picture that came to us from England looks so—so very——"

"It's lovely!" exclaimed Donald, almost indignantly.

"Yes, it's handsome, but I know Mamma would n't look that way now. It's so sort of stiff. May be it's the big lace collar—and even Liddy can't tell me whether it was a good likeness or not."

But Aunt Kate's picture in the parlor is so different. I think it's because it was painted when she was a little girl. Oh, it's so sweet and natural I want to climb up and kiss it! I really do, Uncle. That's why I want to talk about her, and why I love her so very much. You would n't speak cross to her, Uncle, if she came to life and tried to talk to you about *us*. No, I think you 'd— Oh, Uncle! Uncle! What *is* the matter? What makes you look so at me!"

Before Dorry fairly knew what had happened, Donald was at his uncle's feet, looking up at him in great distress, and Uncle George was sobbing! Only for an instant. His face was hidden in his hands, and when he lifted it, he again had full control of himself, and Dorry almost felt that she had been mistaken. She never had seen her uncle cry, or dreamed that he *could* cry; and now, as she stood with her arms clasped about his neck crying because he cried, she could only think, with an awed feeling, of his tenderness, his goodness, and inwardly blame herself for being "the hate-fullest, foolishlest girl in all the world." Looking at Donald for sympathy, she whispered: "I'm sorry, Uncle, if I did wrong. I'll try never, never to be so—so——" She was going to say "so wicked again," but the words would not come. She knew that she had not been wicked, and yet she could not at first hit upon the right term. Just as it flashed upon her to say "impetuous," and not to care a fig if Donald *did* secretly laugh at her using such a grand expression, Mr. George said, gently, but with much seriousness:

"You need not reproach yourself, my child. I can see very clearly just what you wish to say. Don and I can rough it together, but you, poor darling,"—stroking her hair softly,—"*need* just what we can not give you, a woman's—a mother's tenderness."

"Oh, yes, you do! Yes, you do, Uncle!" cried Dorothy, in sudden generosity.

"And it is only natural, my little maid, that you should long—as Donald must, too—to hear more of the mother whom I scarcely knew, whom, in fact, I saw only a few times. Wolcott—I should say, your Papa—and she sailed for Europe soon after their marriage, and there found——"

He checked himself suddenly, and Dorry took advantage of the pause to say, softly:

"But it was n't so with Aunt Kate. You knew *her*, Uncle, all her life. Was n't she sweet, and lovely, and——"

"Yes, yes! Sweet, lovely, everything that was noble and good, dear. You can not love her too well."

"And Papa," spoke up Donald, sturdily—"he was perfect. You've often told us so—a true, up-

right, Christian gentleman." The boy knew this phrase by heart. He had so often heard his uncle use it in speaking of the lost brother, that it seemed almost like a part of his father's name. "And Mamma we *know* was good, Dorry. Liddy says every one liked her ever so much. Uncle George says so, too. Only, how can he talk to us about our mother if he hardly knew her? She did n't ever live in this house. She lived in New York—and that made a great difference—don't you see?"

"Yes," admitted Dorry, only half-satisfied; "but you *would* have known her, Uncle George,—yes, known Mamma, and Aunt, and our Uncle Robertson [they had never learned to call that uncle by his first name]—we would have known them all—no, not all, not poor dear Papa, because he never lived to set sail from England; but all the rest, even our dear little cousin, Delia,—oh, would n't she be sweet if we had her now to love and take care of! We should all have known each other ever so well—of course we should—if the ship had landed safe."

"Yes, my darlings, if the ship had not gone down, all would have been very, very different. There would have been a happy household indeed. We should have had more than I dare to think of."

"But we have each other now, Uncle," said Dorothy, soothingly and yet with spirit. "It can't be so very miserable and dreadful with you and Donald and me left!"

"Bless you, my little comforter!—No. God be praised, we have still a great deal to be thankful for."

"Yes, and there are Liddy and Jack, and dear old Nero," said Donald, partly because he wanted to add his mite toward the cheerfuller view of things, but mainly because he felt choked, and it would be as well to say something, if only to prove to himself that he was not giving way to unmanly emotion.

"Oh, yes—Jack!" added Dorry. "If it were not for Jack where would we twins be, I'd like to know!"

Said in an ordinary tone of voice, this would have sounded rather flippant, but Dorry uttered the words with real solemnity.

"I think of that often," said Donald, in the same spirit. "It seems so wonderful, too, that we did n't get drowned, or at least die of exposure, and——"

Dorothy interrupted him with an animated "Yes, indeed!—mercy! Such little, little bits of babies!"—and Donald turned to look inquiringly at Uncle George before proceeding.

"It does seem like a miracle," Uncle George said.

"But Jack," continued Donald, warmly, "was such a wonderful swimmer."

"Yes, and wonderful catcher!" said Dorothy. "Just think how he caught us—Ugh! It makes me shiver to think of being tossed in the air over those black, raging waves—we must have looked like little bundles flying from the ship. Was n't Jack just *wonderful* to hold on to us as he did, and work so hard looking for—for the others, too. Mercy! if we only get our feet wet now, Liddy seems to think it's all over with us—and yet, look what we stood then! Little mites of babies, soaked to the skin, out in an open boat on the ocean all that terrible time."

"Much we cared for that," was Don's comment. "Probably we laughed, or played pat-a-cake, or —."

"Played pat-a-cake!" interrupted Dorry, with intense scorn of Donald's ignorance of baby ways—"babies only six weeks old playing pat-a-cake! I guess not. It's most likely we cried and screamed like everything; is n't it, Uncle?"

Uncle nodded, with a strange mixture of gravity and amusement, and Donald added, earnestly:

"Whether we cried or not, Jack was a trump. Splendid old fellow! A real hero, was n't he, Uncle? I can see him now—catching us—then, when the other boat capsized, chucking us into somebody's arms, and plunging into the sea to save all he could, but coming back alone." (The children had talked about the shipwreck so often that they felt as if they remembered the awful scene.) "He was nearly dead by that time, you know."

"Yes, and nearly dead or not, if he had n't come back," chirped Dorothy, who was growing tired of the tragic side of Donald's picture,—“if he had n't come back to take charge of us, and take us on board the big ship——”

"The 'Cumberland,'" said Don.

"Yes, the 'Cumberland,' or whatever she was called; if he had n't climbed on board with us, and wrapped us in blankets and everything, and fed us and so on, it would n't have been quite so gay!"

Now, nothing could have been in worse taste than the conclusion of this speech, and Dorothy knew it; but she had spoken in pure defiance of solemnity. There had been quite enough of that for one evening.

Uncle George, dazed, troubled, and yet in some vague way inexpressibly comforted, was quietly looking first at one speaker, then at the other, when Liddy opened the door with a significant:

"Mr. Reed, sir, did you ring?"

Oh, that artful Liddy! Uncle read "bed-time" in her countenance. It was his edict that half-past nine should be the hour; and the D's knew that their fate was sealed.

"Good-night, Uncle!" said Donald, kissing his uncle in good, hearty fashion.

"Good-night, Uncle!" said Dorothy, clinging to his neck just an instant longer than usual.

"Good-night, my blessings!" said Uncle George, reluctantly, as he closed the library door behind them.

Nero, shut up in Liddy's room, was barking furiously.

Two more orderly, well-behaved young persons never left an apartment, but I must tell the truth. When they were fairly in the hall, Donald started to go upstairs on the outside, holding on to the balusters, and Dorry ran to the front door, in spite of Liddy's remonstrances, with a frisky:

"Oh, do let me have just one breath of fresh air!"

She came back instantly, rushed past Liddy, who was slowly puffing her way up the stairs, met Donald at the first landing (he had condescended by this time to leap over to the stair side of the balusters), and whispered:

"Upon my sacred word, I saw him! He's out there, standing at the front steps!"

"Uncle ought to know it!" exclaimed Donald, turning to run down again.

But he stopped on the next step, for Mr. George had come from the library, opened the front door, and disappeared.

The two D's stole from their rooms, after Liddy bade them good-night, and sat on the top stair, whispering.

"Why did you open your window, just now, Donald?"

"Why, because I wanted to look out, of course."

"Now Don, I know better. You coughed, just to let Uncle know that you were around, if there should be any trouble. You know you did."

"Well, what if I did?" admitted Donald, reluctantly. "Hark!" and he sprang up, ready for action. "No, he's come back. It's Uncle. I say, Dorry, it will come hard on us to stay on this side of the hedge, like chickens. I wonder how long it will last."

"Goodness knows! But he did n't say we could n't go to the Danbys'. I suppose that's because we can get there by going around the back way."

"I suppose so," assented Donald. "So long as we keep off the public road, it's all right."

"How queer!"

"Yes, it *is* queer," said Donald. "However, Uncle knows best."

"Dear me, how good we are, all of a sudden!" laughed Dorry, but she kissed Donald soberly for

good-night, and after going to bed lay awake for at least fifteen minutes,—a great while for her,—thinking over the events of the day and evening.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DANBYS.

WHO were the Danbys?

They were the Reeds' nearest neighbors, and no two households could be more different. In the first place, the Reeds were a small family of three, with four servants; the Danbys were a large family of twelve, with no servants. The Reeds had a spacious country mansion, rich old furniture, pretty row-boats, fine horses, carriages, and abundant wealth; the Danbys had a little house, poor old furniture, one cow, five pigs, one home-made scow, one wheelbarrow, and no money, excepting the very moderate income earned by the father of the family and his eldest boy. There the great contrast ended. The Danbys were thoroughly respectable, worthy, and cleanly; the parents, kind and loving souls, could read and write, and the children were happy, obedient, and respectful. To be sure, it would have been very hard for the best school-master of the county to parse some of Mrs. Danby's fluent sentences, or to read at a glance Mr. Danby's remarkable penmanship. But that same learned individual would have delighted in the brightness of the sons and daughters, had he been so fortunate as to be their teacher. Alas! the poor little Danbys had enjoyed but a scant and broken schooling; but they were sharp little things, and native wit served them whenever reading, writing, and arithmetic failed. Indeed, the very fact of their intercourse with Donald and Dorothy had done wonders for their language and deportment. Yet each individual, from the big brother Ben down to the latest baby, had his or her own peculiar character and style, which not twenty Dons and Dorothys could alter.

It was not very difficult, after all, to remember the names of the young Danbys, for Mr. Danby, being a methodical man, had insisted on their being named in alphabetical order and that they each should have two names, so as to give them their choice in after life. Therefore, the first was called Amanda Arabella, who, at the present stage of our story, was a girl of seventeen, with poetical gifts of her own; the second was Benjamin Buster, aged fifteen; the third, Charity Cora, dark-eyed, thoughtful, nearly thirteen, and, the neighbors declared, never seen without a baby in her arms; the fourth, Daniel David, a robust young person of eleven; the fifth, Ella Elizabeth, red-haired, and just half-past nine, as she said. Next came Francis

Ferdinand, or "Fandy," as he was called for short, who, though only eight, was a very important member of the family; next, Gregory George, who was six,—and here the stock of double names seems to have given out, for after Master Gregory came plain little Helen, aged four,—Isabella, a wee toddler "going on three,"—and, last of all, little Jamie, "the sweetest, tunningest little baby that ever lived." So now you have them all: Amanda Arabella, Benjamin Buster, Charity Cora, Daniel David, Ella Elizabeth, Francis Ferdinand, Gregory George, Helen, Isabella, and roly-poly Jamie. If you can not quite remember all the children, who can blame you? Even Mrs. Danby herself, with her knowledge of the alphabet to help her, always had to name them upon her hands, allowing a child to each finger, and giving Elizabeth and Fandy the thumbs.

The stars of the family in Donald's and Dorothy's estimation were Benjamin Buster, who had seen the world, and had enjoyed adventures and hair-breadth escapes already, and was now home for the first time in four years, Charity Cora, whose big dark eyes told their own story, and little Fandy. Mr. Danby was proud of all his children, though perhaps proudest of Baby Jamie, because there was no knowing what the child might come to; but Mrs. Danby looked with absolute reverence upon her eldest—Amanda Arabella. "Such a mind as that girl has, Mr. Danby," she would say to her husband, "it is n't for us to comprehend. She might have come just so out of a book, Amanda might." And Mr. Danby would nod a pleased and puzzled assent, vaguely wondering how long he could manage to hold his high parental state over so gifted a creature.

Amanda Arabella's strong points were poetry and sentiment. To be sure, she scrubbed the floor and washed the dishes, but she did these menial duties "with her head in the clouds," as she herself had confessed to her mother. Her soul was above it, and as soon as she could, she intended to "go somewhere and perfect herself." This idea of going somewhere to perfect herself, was one which she had entertained in secret for some time, though she had not the slightest idea of where she could go, and in just what way she was to be perfected. She only knew that, at present, housework and the nine brothers and sisters were quite as much as she could attend to, excepting at odd moments when "the poetry fit was on her," as her mother expressed it—"and then wild horses could n't stop her!"

"I can't deny, Mr. Reed," said that proud mother to her kind neighbor—who, on the morning after his interview with Donald and Dorothy in his study, had halted at Mrs. Danby's whitewashed gate to

wish her a stately "Good-morning, madam!" and to ask after her family—"I can't deny, and be honest, that I'm uncommon blest in my children, though the Lord has seen fit to give us more than a extra lot of 'em. They're peart and sound as heart could wish, and so knowin'! Why," she continued, lowering her voice and drawing closer to the gate—"there's my Fandy now, only eight years old, can preach 'most like a parson! It 'ud rise your hair with surprise to hear him: An' Ben, my oldest boy, has had such adventures, an' haps an' mishaps, as ought to be writ out in a biograph. An' there's Amanda Arabella, my daughter—well, if I only could set down the workin's o' my brain as that girl can, I 'd do! She has got a most uncommon lively brain. Why, the other day—But all this time you're standin', Mr. Reed. Wont you walk in, sir? Well, certainly, sir—it aint to be 'xpected you *could* take time goin' by so, as you are—Well, my 'Mandy, sir, only the other day was a-comin' out into the shed with a pan o' dish-water, and she sees a rainbow. 'Ma!' says she, a-callin' me, 'take this 'ere dish-water!' and before 't I knowed it, she was a writin' down with her lead-pencil the beautifulest thoughts that ever was—all about that rainbow. In the evening, when her pa come, I just up and showed it to him, an' he says, says he: 'Them's the grandest thoughts I ever see put to paper!'"

"Ah!" said Mr. Reed, with an expression of



MRS. DANBY'S DREAM.

hearty interest and amusement on his honest face, yet evidently ready to take advantage of the first opportunity to go on his way.

"Yes, indeed," promptly assented Mrs. Danby,

"and she aint all. Our children, if I *do* say it, seem to have more brains than they've a fair right to—bein' poor folk's children, as you may say. It don't tire 'em one bit to learn—their pa says every study they tackle gets the worst of it—they use it up, so to speak. I dreamed th' other night I see the four English branches, 'rithmetic, writin', readin', and hist'ry, standin' exhausted waiting for them children to get through with them—But I see you're shifting yourself, sir, for going, and I ought to be ashamed to detain you this way clacking about my own flesh and blood. I've been poorly lately, I did n't tell you, Mr. Reed" (looking at him plaintively).

"No, indeed, I'm very sorry to hear it," said Mr. Reed, sympathetically. "Nothing serious, I hope."

"Oh, no. One o' my billerous attacks; the spine o' my back seemed to give out somehow, and I was dreadful bad for a couple o' days. But my Thomas an' the children—bless their hearts!—got me up again. You're looking well, Mr. Reed. Good-morning, sir—good-morning!—Sakes! He went off so sudden I forgot."

And thus exclaiming to herself, the dear old talker went back into the house.

"Forgot what, Ma?" asked Amanda, who stood in the door-way trying to think of a rhyme for olives.

"Why, to tell Mr. Reed about that queer kind of a man, who's just engaged to lodge with us. I don't feel like trustin' him somehow, and yet it is n't for plain folks to be refusing a real boarder who wants a plain family table, and don't put on any airs. I told him," she continued, raising her voice as she went farther into the house, "that if ours was n't a family table (with ten children setting 'round it, includin' the baby, and Mr. Danby at the head), I did n't know what was. But he's to come back in an hour or two. Where in the world to tuck him is the question. Anyhow, you 'd better go up, dear, and ready brother's room for him. Ben's got two rabbit-skins tacked outside the window which 'll have to come down. Ben 'll have to go in with Dan and Fandy to sleep.—Mercy! Here come the twins, 'cross-lots!—an' Fandy a preachin' there in the pump-shed!"

True enough, the twins were coming around by the back way. They approached softly, and made a motion of warning to Mrs. Danby, as they drew nearer, for they could hear Fandy Danby's voice, and wished to enjoy the fun. Mrs. Danby, smiling and nodding, pointed to a place where they could stand unobserved and hear the sermon.

It was the hour for the afternoon "cleaning-up." Eight of the little Danbys, including Charity with

Baby Jamie in her arms, had assembled then to wash their hands and faces at the battered green pump under the shed, where, on a long bench, were two iron basins and a saucer containing a few fragments of brown



soap, while on the wall hung a roller-towel that already was on very familiar terms with Danby faces and hands. The general toilet had been rather a noisy one, owing partly to the baby objecting to having soap in its eyes, and partly to the fact that too many required the services of the Danby roller at the same instant, to say nothing of Miss Helen insisting upon slapping the water in a most unlady-like way, and so splashing Master Gregory.

This combination having brought matters to a crisis, had caused Fandy to mount a small step-ladder, and, with many original gestures, address the crowd in the following fashion:

"CHIL'REN! I'm ashamed of you! I don't know when I've been so—so unpressed with the badness of this family. How often, my hearers, do you 'spect me to stop my dressing to extort you? I did n't mean to preach no more sermons this week, but you do behave so awful bad, I must.

"Now, first, don't you know speakin' saucy is a sin? *Don't* you know it? It makes us hateful, an' it makes us cross, an' it makes people tell Ma. It aint right for Chrisschen chil'ren to do such things. It don't never say in our Bible-lesson that

folks can call peoples 'mean uglies' just for wantin' the roller. An' it don't say that a good Chrisschen child can say 'Pshaw for you!' for havin' not to make quite so much noise, which you, my beloved 'Gory, said just now to Charity.

"Now, we must be good an' perlite, if we want to do right and have things Chrissmas, an'

if we want to be loved on earth and in heaven. (No, sir, that aint talkin' big, and I *do* know what I mean, too.) I say, we must be perlite. It's natural for big folks to rub noses the wrong way when they wash faces, an' to comb hair funny—they're born so. An' all we can do is to be patient an' wait till we get big, an' have chil'ren of our own.

"But what I say—what I mean, what I—what I—(Now you, Gregory, give Helen back her dolly right away, or I'll come down to you!)—what I mean is, that we all ought to be good and perlite. It's wicked to be saucy. We ought to stand one another. An' nudgin' is wicked, an' scroogin' is wicked, an' makin' faces aint the way to do. No more aint bullyin', nor mockin', nor any of those things. I go in for bein' pleasant and kind, an' havin' fun fair—only, my beloved hearers, I can't do it all alone. If we'd all be good Chrisschen chil'ren, things would go better, an' there would n't be such a racket.

"Can't you cleanse your sinful hearts, my hearers? Cleanse 'em, anyhow, enough to behave? Can't you?—(Stop your answerin', David; it puts me out, and, besides, you ought n't to say that. You ought to say 'I'll try.') I notice you aint none of you real quiet and peaceful, unless I'm preachin', or you're eatin' something good. I also can see two people lookin' through the crack, which I think they'd better come in, as I would n't mind it. Now I can't extort you no more this time."

To Fandy's great disgust, the audience applauded the conclusion of his sermon, and were about to become more uproarious than ever, when the sudden appearance of Donald and Dorothy put them upon their good behavior.

"Is Ben here?" asked Donald, after the usual "How-d'ye-do's" were over, and as Fandy was taking a hasty turn at the roller-towel.

FANDY "PREACHES A SERMON"
TO HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS

"Don't know," said Fandy; "he 's mendin' a trap over there"—pointing to an inclosed corner close by the house, that had been roughly boarded over and fitted up with bench and table by Master Ben, so as to make a sort of workshop.

They all went over there, accompanied by Charity Cora, and were received in Ben's usual style, which consisted in simply ceasing to whistle aloud, though he still held his lips in whistling position while he proceeded with his work.

They watched him in silence for a moment (the young Danbys, at least, knowing that they would be sternly, but not unkindly, ordered off, if they interfered with the business in hand), and then, to their relief, saw Ben drive in the last nail and lay down the hammer.

"What 's that for?—to catch yab-bits?" asked Gregory George, nicknamed 'Gory by his brothers for the fun of the thing, he was so fair-haired and gentle.

"No; it's to catch little boys," answered Ben, whereat 'Gory grinned, and looked at Don and Dorry to see if they were foolish enough to believe it.

"Hollo, Donald."

Dorry was softly talking to Cora, and at the same time coaxing the baby from its sister's arms.

"Hollo yourself!" was Donald's quick response.

"Did you have any luck, Ben, last night?"

"Yes, two! Got the skins out drying. Beauties! I say, Donald, can you spare me your gun again if you 're not going to use it Thanksgiving Day?"

"Certainly," answered Don; "you can have it, and welcome. Tyler and I are going to fire at a mark in the afternoon, with Uncle and the girls. But we 'll use the rifle."

"What girls?" asked Charity Cora, eagerly, hoping from Donald's plural way of putting it that she and Ella Elizabeth possibly were to have a share in the sport; whereat Daniel David, guessing her thoughts, answered for Donald, with a cutting: "Why, Queen Victoria and the royal princesses, to be sure. Who did you think?"

Cora made no reply, but, feeling rather ashamed, rubbed her arms (a habit of hers whenever the baby for the moment happened to be out of them), and looked at Donald.

"Josie Manning and Ed Tyler are coming over after dinner," said Donald.

"I should think they'd rather come to dinner," spoke up Ella Elizabeth, with hungry eyes. "Turkeys and things—Oh, my! Punkin pie!"

This called forth two exclamations in a breath:

Dan David: "'Punkin pie! Oh, my!' We're getting poetical. Call 'Mandy, quick. Punkin pie—sky high."

Fandy: "Don't be so unproper. It's pumpkun

pie. Dorothy said so. And, besides, we ought to let the company do the talking."

"Humph, I guess they forget what they were talkin' about."

"Not I, Charity," laughed Donald, turning to the latest speaker. "In the first place, Josie and Ed did n't feel like leaving home on Thanksgiving Day till after dinner, and we two fellows are going to teach her and Dorry to shoot straight—and" (now addressing Ben, who by this time was wedging the handle of a hammer) "as for the gun, Ben, you 're always welcome to it, so long as you return it in as good order as you did last time. You cleaned it better than I do."

"I found the rags," said Helen, slyly,—"ever so many. Did n't I, Ben?"

Ben nodded at her, and Helen, made happy for the whole day, ran off hugging a broken dolly in exact imitation of Charity and Jamie; meanwhile, her big brother, pleased at Don's compliment, remarked: "It's a prime gun, and never fails."

"Never fails *you*, Ben, you 'd better say. It often fails me, never mind how carefully I aim."

"That 's just it, Donald," said Ben. "There 's no good in aiming so particular."

"Well, what 's a fellow to do?" replied Donald. "You must take aim, and by the time you get a bird well sighted, he 's gone."

"Sight? I never sight," said Ben. "I just fire ahead."

"You don't mean to say you shoot a bird without aiming at him?"

"Oh, well, I aim, of course; but I don't look through the sight, or any such nonsense."

"I don't understand," said Donald, doubtfully.

"Don't you? Why, it's just this: if the bird 's flying he 'll go ahead, wont he? Well, you fire ahead and meet him—that 's the whole of it. You know how an Indian shoots an arrow. He does n't look along the line of the arrow for ten minutes, like a city archer; he decides, in a flash, what he 's going to do, and lets fly. Practice is the thing. Now, when you 're after a wild duck, you can aim exactly at him and he 's safe as a turnip; but see a strip of water betwixt the nozzle of your gun and him, and he 's a gone bird if you fire straight. You have to allow for diving—but practice is the thing. Learn by missing."

"Oh, that 's good!" shouted Daniel David; "'learn by missing.' I'm going to try that plan in school after this. Don't you say so, Fandy?"

"No, I don't," said the inflexible Fandy, while he gazed in great admiration at the two big boys.

At this point the mother appeared at the door with an empty pail in each hand, and before she had time to call, David and Fandy rushed toward her, seized the pails, and would have been off to-

gether for the well, if Mrs. Danby had not said: "Let David get the water, Fandy, and you bring me some light wood for boiling the kettle."

"You can't boil the kettle, Ma," called out one of the children. "You boil the water."

"No more you can't," assented Mrs. Danby, with an admiring laugh.

All this time, Dorry had been tossing the struggling baby, and finally winning it to smiles, though every fiber in its plump little body was squirming in the direction of Charity Cora. Meanwhile, that much-enduring sister had made several pungent remarks, in a low tone, to her visitor, concerning babies in general and Jamie in particular.

"Now you see how nice it is! He keeps up that wriggling all day: now it's to come to me; but when I have him, it's wriggling for the chickens, and for Mother, and for everything. And if you set him down out-of-doors he sneezes, and if you set him down in the house he screams, and Ma calls out to know 'if I can't amuse that baby!' I

tote him round from morning to night—so I do!" —Here the baby's struggles became so violent and noisy that Charity Cora savagely took him from Dorry, whereat he threw his plump little arms about his sister's neck with such a satisfied baby-sigh that she kissed him over and over, and looked in placid triumph at Dorothy, apparently forgetting that she ever had made the slightest complaint against him.

"Have you begun with your new teacher yet?" she asked, hugging Jamie, and looking radiantly at Dorothy.

"Oh, no!" answered Dorry. "How did you know Dr. Lane was going?"

"Ma heard it somewhere! My, don't I wish I had a teacher to come every day and put me through! I'm just dying to learn things. Do you know, I have n't ——"

And here the girls sauntered off together to sit down on a tree-stump, and have a good long talk, if the baby would allow it.

(To be continued.)



A DREAM OF LITTLE WOMEN, AND SOME OTHERS.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

I SAT one winter night beside the hearth;
Without, the north-wind 'round the chimney
screamed,
Within, the fire hummed forth its drowsy mirth,
And—I suppose I dreamed!

A little face peeped at me through the gloom—
A smutty little face, all wet with tears;
A timid figure crept across the room,
Crouching with sudden fears,—



And murmuring, "Oh!
was ever such bad
luck?

I've broken my dear
sister's best um-
brella.

And yesterday I killed
the little duck—

Unlucky Cinderella!"

A voice cried, "Cinderella! Are
you there?"

It was the sister's voice, full
well I knew it!

The culprit murmured, crouching
'neath a chair,

"I did n't go to do it!"

And the voice said, retreating as it spake,
"She knows that if I find her I shall shake her.
There is no telling what she next will break—
Was never such a breaker!"

I saw a little maid whose locks of gold
Strayed from a scarlet hood.

She bore a basket on her
chubby arm.

"Look!" she exclaimed,
"the butter is so
good,

It has not melted, though
the day is warm—

I am Red Riding-hood!"

"Oh, no!" I said. "The wolf——"
She pointed back

To where within the swamp
the marsh-grass grew.

"The wolf is *there*," she said.

"He kept my track—
I knew not what to do.



"When all at once I thought about the fen;
 'T was dangerous, but, then, I am so light
 That I could walk in safety on it, when
 The mud would hold him tight.

"I skipped across; he followed after me,
 But the black swamp has spoiled his wicked
 tun
 It holds him fast. Yonder is coming, see,
 The hunter with his gun."

She tripped away, and in the flickering light
 A shadowy procession followed fast,
 Taxing at once my memory and my sight
 To know them as they passed.

There was the Fair One with the Golden Locks,
 Leading the white cat, who was purring
 loudly;
 Sweet Beauty followed, meekly darning socks;
 Her sisters stepping proudly.

The bright Scheherazade, who, as she walked,
 Poured forth a wondrous tale with anxious
 hurry;
 The Red Queen, frowning crossly as she talked,
 The White Queen in a flurry.

And then, more slowly, with a piteous look,
 Driving, with anxious care, some bleating
 sheep,
 A little maiden came,—she bore a crook.
 I should have known Bo-Peep.

And she was crying softly as she said:
 "I mended them as best I could, but oh!
 Although I did it with the finest thread,
 The join will always show.

"And everywhere the cruel world will say,
 Whenever it shall hear the name Bo-Peep:
 'Ah, yes! She left the sheep to go astray,
 The while she fell asleep!'"

A dismal quawk drowned the sad, faltering
 words,
 And after her, half-flying and half-waddling,
 Went past the most forlorn of wretched birds,
 With web-feet feebly paddling.

And it was quawking, "Ah! I have no use—
 Me miserable!—for either wings or legs,
 For I am dead, alas! I was the Goose
 That laid the Golden Eggs!"

"And who, poor bird, has killed you?" mur-
 mured I.
 The goose, with dismal look and hopeless
 tone,
 Quacked forth her answer as she strove to fly:
 "Who?" said she. "Every one!"

"I 'm sure," I said, "I 've never—" With a
 quack
 Full of disdain, she waddled on her way,
 Hissing out angrily, as she looked back,
 "That 's just what they all say!"

Her hissing woke me. Starting up, I said:
 "I 'm glad it was a dream—and where 's the use
 Of questioning who killed her, now she 's dead?
 But—*have* I killed that goose?"



"HAPPY NEW-YEAR, BIRD!"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HEIGH-HO! Another New Year's Day is almost here. Great times the big and little folk have upon that day, I'm told. According to all accounts, there's a vast deal of smiling and friendliness and happy good-will crowded into a few hours then,—so your Jack approves of it. I'm not much of a visitor, myself, but I'll send from my pulpit a hearty welcome, in your name, to 1882. May it prove a happy New Year to you, my beloved, one and all!

And now let us consider

BEES AS FAMILIAR PETS.

A SCIENTIFIC friend of mine sends an account of a curious performance with bees, which I should like you to read. It is copied, he says, from a life of one Mr. Thoreau, and runs as follows:

"Mr. Cotton, a clergyman, the son of a late governor of the Bank of England, took bees, in the first place, out to Australia, and afterward to the islands of the South Pacific. His behavior to his bees was the wonder of all who were in the ships with him. He would call them by certain sounds, and they came to him clustering so thickly that they almost covered him, and he would actually handle and fondle them in such a fashion as would have been to another very dangerous. Then, when he wished to relieve himself of them, he gathered them together as one would a mass of loose worsted into a ball, took the mass near to the hive, and at a given sound or signal, they flew apart and retired to their proper home."

Rather extraordinary, eh, my dears? But doubtless bees have more than one peculiarity, and, according to my friend, the Mr. Thoreau who is told about in the book was on very intimate terms himself with bees and birds and blossoms. Perhaps you've heard of him before.

If so, I must add a message from my friend's postscript, which says that most people who see the name in print call it "Tho-ró," but that the gentleman himself and his personal friends pronounced it almost exactly like the word "thorough."

No matter which way you prefer, I'm confident,

from all I hear, that you'll find pleasure and profit, one of these days, in reading some of Mr. Thoreau's own experiences.

NO-HICKORY LAND.

DEAR JACK: That October talk about hickory-nuts is tantalizing. What do you think of a country that has no "hickories" at all? They have none up here in Quebec, and the children from "the States" keep wondering why; can you tell? There are no walnuts here, either, and what shall American boys do without them? We have butternuts and beech-nuts, but what are they compared to shell-barks? Can it be that the big, strong hickory-trees are afraid of the climate? You don't fear it, and surely they need not be so cowardly. Please ask your children to tell us why this happens to be "No-hickory land."

AGNÈS GRÉGOIRE.

THE HISTORICAL PI.

A WORD FROM DEACON GREEN.

THANK you, thank you, my young friends! much obliged. Very glad to hear from you. Such attention is really overwhelming. The pile of "solutions" of the Historical Pi given you last month, is going to be delightfully large; even while I write they are coming in! Good! This is as it should be. There can not be too many. The next thing is to see how many of these answers are correct. Ah, there's the rub!

Depend on it, every one shall be carefully examined by the committee, and then ho! for the hundred prizes! Remember, competitors may send in solutions until the tenth of January. So all new readers who see these words are advised to refer at once to ST. NICHOLAS for December—the Christmas number—page 180.

With hearty good wishes, yours to command,
SILAS GREEN.

FISH THAT TALK.

DEAR JACK: Last summer we were all at Watch Hill, and Charlie and I were out fishing three times. The first fish which I caught was a strange one. His head looked and felt like a box, nearly square, with sharp corners, and on the top and sides were spines sticking out, almost like nails; they pricked my fingers badly in taking him off the hook. And he had a fin on each side, half as long as his body; these fins he spread out like wings.

But his head and his wings were not the strangest part of him. Before I could lay him down he began to "talk," as Charlie called it, though it sounded to me more like grunting; it was the same noise that a little pig makes. Pretty soon the old fisherman who rowed our boat, caught another, and when he threw him down, he, too, began to "talk," and mine seemed to answer him.

Charlie said they were trying to decide which was the greater fool for biting at the hook and being caught. But they did not speak English, and I think he was mistaken. The fisherman said they were Sea Robins; when we came ashore I asked papa, and he said that they belonged to the genus *Prionotus*, and in works on Ichthyology were called Gurnards.

J. H. T.

What next? I suppose we shall soon hear that the little Sea-Urchins are learning to read, and these Sea Robins to sing! Great things going on down there in the dampness!

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

WHAT becomes of all the old moons?

BOATS OF STONE.

DEAR JACK: Do you believe it? Did you ever see a stone floating about? Probably not; but I have, and many of them, too. On the shore of Clear Lake, north of San Francisco, in California, is a small bluff of rocks. Often, in passing it, I have picked up pieces as large as my head, and tossed them out on the lake, and away they

would go, bobbing about as lively as so many corks, and fully as light. And I am well assured that before any saw mills were built there, and when, of course, boards were not to be obtained, the Indians sometimes asked to get a number of these stones, and thus made rafts with which they paddled themselves across the lake, — here, one or two miles wide. I have no doubt it could be done.

Now, what kind of stone can that be, you ask? Well, dear Jack, it is pumice-stone, which is as full of holes and spaces as a sponge, and the air which it contains causes it to be so light as to float on the water. Pumice-stone always comes from volcanoes, and the volcano from which this at Clear Lake came is in plain sight about five miles away, but it is a long time since it sent out any flames or smoke. The Indians call it Conoktai, which means the Chief mountain; it is 4,300 feet high, and I found its summit covered everywhere with pumice-stone.

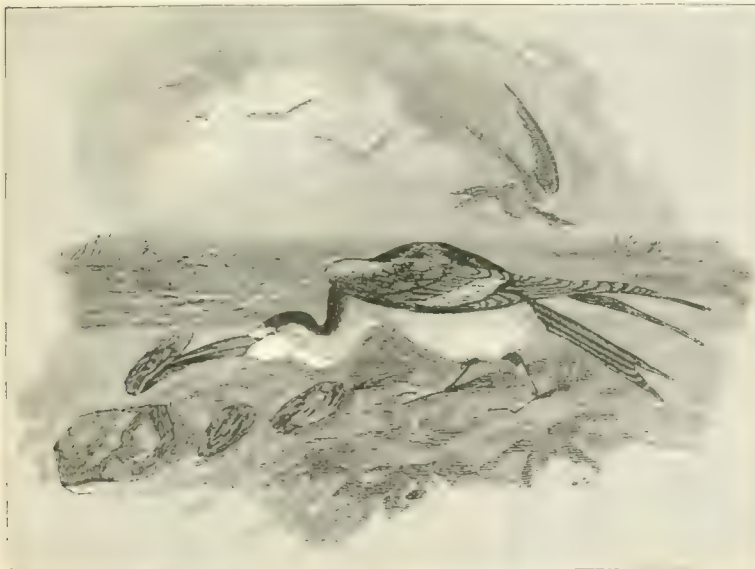
B. H. P.

ANOTHER "MOTHERLY ROOSTER."

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT. I have a very curious, a most splendid specimen of a mother that took care of her chickens; and he wishes to be informed if anything of that kind had ever occurred elsewhere. I answer yes, and in my barn, at Quincy, Mass., in 1880. I had a flock of "schockers," one of which was a rooster, and he was a gawky, huge creature, that often picked his corn from the head of a barrel. It so happened that one of the hens left her chickens a few days after they were hatched, at night; and ascended to the roost with the other fowls, when her chickens huddled together in a corner of the barn. And the second night I found the rooster brooding over them! And so he continued to do, each night, till the chickens went to roost with the hens; while by day they followed their mother. And for a number of days, after the chickens left that corner, and ascended upon the pales to roost, the rooster still squatted there without the chickens! L. R. S.

A BIRD THAT HELPS HIMSELF TO OYSTERS.

THIS wonderful fellow, I'm told, opens oysters with his bill. The longer mandible is thrust be-



tween the valves, and then turned so as to wedge open the shell; in fact, it is used as an oysterman uses his knife. The oyster is then cut away with the upper blade and swallowed. Sometimes the oyster closes upon the whole beak, in which case the bird bangs the shell against a stone so as to break the hinge and expose the inhabitant, which is immediately scooped out. He also skims along just over the surface of the sea, picking up what-

ever he can find to eat. While thus darting about, the bird utters loud and exultant cries, as if proud of its skill.



SIDE VIEW AND TOP VIEW OF THE BEAK
OF THE SCHOCKER.

WHY IT IS CALLED A "JACKKNIFE"

ONLY the other day, a Scottish acquaintance was enlightening me upon this very subject of the "jackknife." My trouserless friend went on to tell me that for centuries past, in Scotland, the article in question has been known as a "jock-te-leg," which barbarism is neither more nor less than a corruption of "Jacques de Liege," the name of a Flemish cutler whose knives were once highly esteemed in North Britain, and always bore their maker's name. No doubt Jacques de Liege sent cutlery to England as well as to Scotland, and from Jacques' knife to "jackknife" is a very short step.

The Little School-ma'am sends the above, which she clipped from a newspaper, and she says that, in the "regulation full fig" Highland costume, according to good authority, a knife is carried, stuck part way in, between the stocking and the leg. Sometimes the knife is sheathed, but generally it is not, being placed in the stocking for ready use, when hunting deer. Begging the Scotchman's pardon, why may not this queer place for a knife—next to the leg—have been a foundation for the term "jock-te-leg"? or is "leg" old Scotch for something else?

A SHOE-BLACK PLANT.

THE "shoe-black plant" is the name popularly given to a species of hibiscus growing in New South Wales, and remarkable for the showy appearance of its scarlet flowers, which, when dry, are used as a substitute for shoe-blackening.

The flowers contain sticky juice, which, when evenly applied, gives a glossy, varnish-like appearance;

and it perfectly replaces ordinary blacking, with the advantage that it is cleanly in use, and can be applied in a few moments. Four or five flowers, with the anthers and pollen removed, are required for each boot, and a polishing brush may be applied afterward if desired.

A few blossoms of this hibiscus might be welcome just now to those of you, my boys, who intend to make calls on New Year's Day.

CHANGING BABIES.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.



ON a bright, warm day, Su-sy car-ried her ba-by broth-er out to the great farm-yard. It was a ver-y pleas-ant place. A large barn stood at one side of it, and near this was a poul-try-house. The chick-ens, ducks, and geese used to come out of it to stray a-bout the large grass-y lot. And in one cor-ner was a nice clear pond.

Su-sy knew she should find ma-n-y pret-ty things out here, and that Ba-by would like to see them too. She walked a-round till the lit-tle pet got sleep-y, and laid his head on her shoul-der. Then she car-ried him to a long, low shed, where the sheep and cat-tle were fed in win-ter. There was some hay in a man-ger; she laid him on it, and, sit-ting be-side him, sang soft-ly. This is what she sang :

“What will you give,

What will you give,
For my lit-tle ba-by fair?
Noth-ing is bright as his
bon-ny blue eyes,
Or soft as his curl-ing hair.

“What will you bring,
What will you
bring,
To trade for my
treas-ure here?
No one can show
me a thing so
sweet,
A-ny-where, far or
near.”

“Moo, moo-oo!” said some-thing not far from Su-sy. “You think that’s so, do you?” And Mad-am Jer-sey Cow looked ver-y doubt-ful-ly at Ba-by. Said she: “Can he kick up his heels, and frolic all o-ver the yard?”



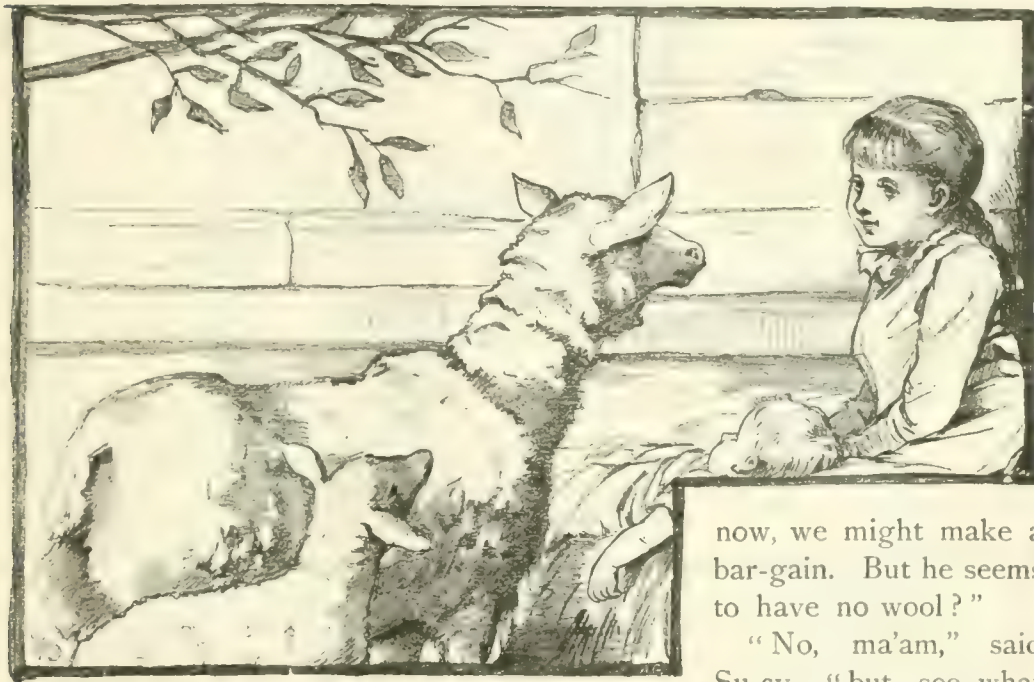
"Why, no," said Su-sy; "he can't walk yet."

"Ah; how old is he?"—"Near-ly a year old," said Su-sy.

"Near-ly a year! My child walked be-fore she was two days old!" The cow gave a scorn-ful sniff, and walked off with-out an-oth-er look.

"Baa-aa," said an old sheep, walk-ing up with a snow-white, down-y lamb. "Let *me* see. He *is* a nice lit-tle thing, sure e-nough. But has he only two legs?"—"That 's all," said Su-sy.

"Then mine is worth twice as much, of course. If you had *two* ba-bies,



now, we might make a bar-gain. But he seems to have no wool?"

"No, ma'am," said Su-sy, "but see what

pret-ty curl-y hair he has."—"I don't think I would wish to trade, thank you," and she and her lamb trot-ted a-way and went to eat grass.

"Quack! quack! quack! Let me take a look," and Mrs. Duck flew up on the edge of the man-ger.

"His feet don't look as if he 'd make a good swim-mer," she said, look-ing at Ba-by's pink dim-pled toes.

"Oh, he can't swim at all," said Su-sy.

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Duck. "All my dar-lings can swim."

"Chip! chip! chip!" was the next sound Su-sy heard. From its nest in an old elm-tree which stood near, a rob-in flew down, and perched on the end of a pitch-fork. She turned her head from side to side, gaz-ing at Ba-by in a ver-y wise way. "What can he sing?" said she.

"Oh, he can't sing at all yet," said Su-sy; "he 's too lit-tle."

"Too lit-tle!" ex-claimed Mrs. Red-breast. "Why, he's tre-men-dous! Can't



he sing, 'Fee—fee—fil-ly—fil-ly—weet—weet?'

"No, no," said Su-sy.

"All my chil-dren sang well at four months. Has he lit-tle red feath-ers on his breast?"

"No," said Su-sy.

"I should n't like to hurt your feel-ings, but you see how much I should lose on an ex-change, and I'm sure you would not wish that."

"No, I should n't," said Su-sy. And Mrs. R. Red-breast flew a-way.

"Cluck! cluck! cluck!" "Peep! peep!" Mrs. White Leg-horn Hen came a-long with her down-y chicks. No won-der she fussed and fumed and cack-led at such a rate, Su-sy thought, with twelve ba-bies to look af-ter!

"I have n't much time to look," said the hen, "and I should hard-ly be will-ing to trade. Can your ba-by say 'peep—peep' when he's hun-gry?"

"When he's hun-gry he cries—but not 'peep—peep,'" said Su-sy.

"I see his legs are not yel-low, ei-ther, so I'll bid you a ver-y good af-ter-noon." Off she went, ruf-fling her feath-ers, and cluck-ing and scratch-ing till Su-sy laughed a-loud.

"I don't won-der you laugh," purred some-thing near her. Su-sy turned in great sur-prise. There, at the oth-er end of the man-ger, in a co-zy cor-ner, was her old gray cat. That was n't all. There were three

lit-tle kits; a white one, a black one, and a gray one. Su-sy had not seen them be-fore, and she fond-led them lov-ing-ly.

"She's so proud be-cause she has twelve!" said Mrs. Puss, look-ing af-ter Mrs. W. L. Hen. "Now I think a small fam-i-ly is much bet-ter —three, for in-stance. Don't you think three e-nough?"

"In-deed," said Su-sy, "I think one's e-nough; if it's teeth-ing."

"Mine nev-er have trou-ble with their teeth. And per-haps I can nev-er teach your ba-by to purr, or to catch mice. Still, I be-lieve I'll take him, and let you have one kit-ten, as I have three."

"Oh, no; you don't un-der-stand me," cried Su-sy. "I don't want to change at all. I'd rath-er have my lit-tle broth-er than a-ny-thing else in the world." But Mrs. Puss took hold of him as if to car-ry him off. Ba-by gave a scream, and then Su-sy—a-woke! Then she looked a-round with a laugh, as she thought of all she had seen and heard in her dream, since she had sung her-self to sleep be-side the ba-by.

Mad-am Puss sat by a hole watch-ing for rats. There was n't a kit-ten a-ny-where. Mrs. Hen was fum-ing and cack-ling and scratch-ing hard-er than ev-er, but



Puss did not seem to care wheth-er she had twelve chick-ens or a hun-dred. The calf was feed-ing qui-et-ly by its mam-ma, and the sheep and her

lamb lay un-der the old elm. And up in the branch-es Su-sy could hear Mrs. Red-breast teach-ing her bird-ies to sing.

So then Su-sy ran up to the house and found sup-per wait-ing.

Ba-by held out his arms and was soon on his moth-er's lap, as hap-py as could be. Su-sy looked at him and said: "God has made ev-er-y-bod-y and ev-er-y-thing love their own ba-bies best, has n't he, Mam-ma?"

"Yes. We would rath-er take care of our ba-by than a-ny oth-er, would n't we?" "Yes, in-deed," said Su-sy. And as she rocked the ba-by's cradle that night, she fin-ished her lit-tle song in this way:

"Noth-ing will do, noth-ing will do;—you may trav-el the world a-round, And nev-er, in earth, or sea, or air, will a ba-by like him be found."

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR OLD AND NEW READERS: We ask, in this beautiful holiday season, to call your attention afresh to Willie Herrick's proposition for founding a Garfield Country Home for Sick Children. You will find his letter on page 84 of the November number of ST. NICHOLAS (which opens the present volume), and from the same page you will learn what ST. NICHOLAS and THE CENTURY CO. propose, with your help, to do toward carrying out Willie's suggestion. Meantime, it is enough to say that this movement has no connection with our late President or his family, beyond the adoption of his beloved name, in the belief that the boys and girls of America will be glad to honor his memory by helping to do a great practical good. This magazine circulates mainly among what are called the well-to-do classes. Its young readers have comfortable homes and loving friends to make life bright for them; the children of the poor have almost no pleasures and much suffering. Yet, in God's sight, they are own brothers and sisters to you all!

As stated in our November number, THE CENTURY CO., publishers of ST. NICHOLAS, have volunteered to receive and credit all subscriptions for the Garfield Home that may be sent them—with the understanding that if the total amount subscribed should prove insufficient to found a home, it shall be applied as a "Children's Garfield Fund" to the benefit of "The Poor Children's Summer Home," or some kindred charity of New York City. Letters and subscriptions may be addressed to THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York. The subscriptions up to this date amount to more than three hundred dollars. But why should they not amount to more than three thousand? Children's pennies can do wonders. Dimes and quarter-dollars soon grow into a big sum when earnest young heads and hands set to work. The smallest single subscriptions will be welcome and duly recorded; but we would suggest that it is an excellent plan for young folks in any locality to band together and send in their united subscriptions. One little group already has sent in fifty dollars in this way. The present and back volumes of ST. NICHOLAS contain many home or school plays and entertainments, such as "The Acting Ballad of Mary Jane," "Puppet and Shadow Plays," "Johnny Spooner's Menagerie," "The Land of Nod," etc., etc., by which little folks can earn money for charitable purposes, and give their friends a good time besides.

We shall be glad to see the boys' and girls' contributions amount to a great deal of money this winter, all to be turned in time into comfort and joy for poor and suffering little ones.

THE replies to the September "Invitation to our Readers" are as gratifying to us as they are creditable to the senders. A large number of boys and girls, of all ages, have sent in letters, telling us, in

frank, hearty, boy-and-girl fashion, just the stories and pictures they liked best, and of what special things they wished to have more. On this latter point, there were almost as many requests as there were senders, but this result is precisely the one we had hoped for, and were most glad to see. For it proves that, of the vast army of children who read ST. NICHOLAS, each reader finds a considerable part of every number exactly suited to his or her tastes. This is as it should be, and all our readers must remember that ST. NICHOLAS is the servant and friend of young folk of all classes and ages from seven to seventeen. If it undertook to please only the little ones under ten, not only would older girls and boys who are still young enough to need and enjoy a magazine of their own, find it too young and simple for their tastes, but the wee folk themselves would soon outgrow it. Nor is this all. You will find that, in this hurrying, busy, nineteenth-century life of ours, your present tastes will change or new tastes develop more rapidly than you can now imagine, and ST. NICHOLAS, if it is to be truly your magazine, must keep pace with, and even anticipate, your growth. Thus, Master A. B. writes that he "wants more adventure-stories. He likes them more than everything else." He and all the rest shall have these, but in a year or two, Master A. B. will find that there is much more in good literature, and in the daily needs of his own life, than the finest and longest adventure-stories that ever were written; and then, though he will still, we hope, keep the natural and proper liking for such stories that we all possess, and that it would be a misfortune for any boy of spirit to lose, yet he will begin to cast about for stories of another kind as well—tales like the "Stories of Art and Artists," or "Talks with Boys"—stories that will feed the new taste which has been born within him, for information and advice to help him forward and prepare him for an active share in the work of the world. And then he will understand clearly that the papers we have named and the others like them—though good for all who read them—are meant for boys and girls who are already in the mood we have described. And that there are many young folk in that mood, he would believe soon enough if he saw in how many of these letters special practical and descriptive papers are requested.

Nevertheless, young friends, we do not mean by all this that the requests which you have made will not be acceded to, or receive due attention. They have already been helpful to us in many ways, and many of the suggestions heartily commend themselves to our judgment. And we hope that, sooner or later, each one will find his or her request answered, as far as possible, in the pages of the magazine,—not only the big boys and girls, but the little ones also. Meanwhile, we send our hearty thanks to the young writers, one and all, for the frankness, clearness, and uniform courtesy of their replies. So nearly all of our young friends have closed their letters with the

sentence, "We do not see how *St. Nicholas* could be improved," that we can not help putting it, because of the attraction it gives us. But we shall not be content ourselves until it is better than it has ever been, or than the boys and girls now conceive.

MANY thanks, young friends and all, for the very liberal response to our request for games. It is impossible at present to make a detailed report concerning the different games described. Let it suffice to say that those meeting our views shall appear in *ST. NICHOLAS*, and that all matter printed shall be duly paid for, beyond the hearty thanks that we again extend to one and all who have endeavored to help the *good cause* of home-amusement. In cases where several descriptions of the same game have been received, we shall, of course, select the best.

THE picture of "A Future Doge," on page 207 of this number, is copied from a painting by M. Carle-Duran, one of the most popular of living French portrait-painters.

As many of you know, "Doge" was the title of the chief magistrate of the Republic of Venice, and for centuries the Doges ruled the famous city with great magnificence and nearly absolute power. We have already given you an account in *St. Nicholas* (see "The Queen of the Sea," September, 1880) of the imposing ceremony with which the Doge married the city to the sea by dropping a ring into the waves of the Adriatic.

The little fellow shown in the picture—though interesting, indeed, when we think of the great future that is in store for him—does not differ much in face and expression from many little fellows of our own day. But the rich costume and the heavy roses are fit emblems of the magnificence to which he is to attain when he becomes a Doge.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., of Christmas-card fame, we show you on this page a reduced drawing of one of the very prettiest pictures in their new holiday-book, now coming from the press. This dainty volume, which will delight young America as well

as young England, is fitly called "At Home." Entering at the open door-way on its bright title-page, you tread your happy way through a wealth of appropriate colored pictures and lively rhymes of home life, stopping often to specially admire some exquisite bit of decoration or rich effect of color, until, at the very last page, you leave a closed door behind you, still rejoicing in the "come again" tone of its mellow "good-bye." To describe fitly this charming "At Home" would require more space than is available. Suffice it to say, it is illustrated by J. G. Sawney, beautifully decorated by Thomas Crane, elder brother of Walter Crane, and that all little boys and girls everywhere are cordially invited to be present.



THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TENTH REPORT.

THE correspondence of the past month shows a deeper interest in our work and in the progress of the society than that of any previous month for a long time. The reports from the various chapters have been more carefully prepared, the work done by members has been more satisfactory, and the number of letters has been greater. Between thirty and forty letters are lying before me as I write, and all of these have been laid aside from day to day, as containing something of special interest for our January report. They have been answered by mail, but they each contain something which may prove of value to other members of the society.

Since the ninth report, the following new chapters have been added to our roll:

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
111	Milford, Mass. (A)	5	Chas. F. Hicks, Box 643.
112	So. Boston, Mass. (A)	7	W. O. Hersey, 20 Mercer st.
113	Camden, N. J. (A)	6	Mabel Adams.
114	Auburn, N. Y. (A)	4	Sadie J. Rabb.
115	Washington, D. C. (C).	7	Emily Newcomb, 1306 11th street, N. W.
116	New York, N. Y. (D) . . .	6	Gustav Goshka, 223 F. 12th st.
117	Minneapolis, Minn. (A).	20.	Jennie Hughes, 1816 Fourth Ave. N.
118	Bristow, Iowa (A).	4.	John B. Playter.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

THE secretary of Chapter 113 writes: "We consist of four girls and two boys. We have our own collections instead of a common

cabinet. We had our first meeting April 30, but I did not send word then, as I wanted to accomplish something before writing to you. Do you think anything can be learned from a globe of fish? I get caterpillars and keep them in little wooden boxes, with glass on top and in front. I send some drawings of the scales on the wings of some moths and butterflies. I examined them through a compound microscope. Will you tell me what you think of them?

[I think they are very well done, and if all our members who can think of "nothing to do in winter" would do likewise, and send me the results for comparison and study, would n't it be "splendid"?]

We have several beetles, green, black, and various other colors. They were all picked up on the beach after the tide had washed them up. I think this shows that they were flying over the sea and became tired and were drowned.

JOHN R. BLAKE, N. Y. (C), 26 W. 19th street.

Under date of September 23, Chapter 112 says, "per secretary": We have adopted the general constitution and the following by-laws:

First. We shall meet once a week at the houses of members.

Second. Persons wishing to join shall pay an initiation fee of five cents.

Third. The term of office is six weeks.

Fourth. A fee of five cents a month shall be paid by members.

We wish to exchange eggs.

W. HERSEY.

LOWELL, MASS., Sept. 29.

I have the pleasure of informing you that the Lowell Chapter has begun its work. I noticed in St. NICHOLAS for August that you have given our president's name instead of the secretary's, which is Frank A. Hutchinson, 25 Nesmith street.

Chapter 106 writes: Our Chapter is doing quite well. We have some quartz, limestone, granite, slate, and gypsum. We have a number of butterflies, an *Admiral*, mud-butterfly, etc. Just now we are collecting nuts.

ROBERT M. ROYCE.

[Robert is one of the youngest but most enthusiastic of our members.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 28th, 1881.

Our Chapter is progressing admirably. We organized last May with five members, and have since increased to sixteen. We have a large and very fine collection of curiosities. All our members take an eager interest, and our meetings are always well attended and very interesting. Several elderly gentlemen have taken great interest in us, and we have induced one of them to join. We wish to know how to keep a number of painted tortoises (*Chrysemys picta*) and speckled tortoises (*Nannemys guttata*) through the winter.

EDWARD B. MILLER, 244 Madison street.

[It is gratifying to hear of the older ones' interest in our work.]

TAUNTON, MASS., Sept. 29.

We were obliged to adjourn until September, during vacation, but though there were no meetings, you may be sure that the members were not idle: there were sea-mosses, shells, and sponges to be collected, insects to be caught, excursions into the woods and hills after fungi and minerals; and the curator had a busy time after our return in the fall. Some of the papers which have been read were on the following subjects: The Red-tailed Hawk, Baltimore Oriole, The Late Comet, Magnolia Tree, The Family of Herons.

HARRIE G. WHITE.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2, 1881.

We have again come together for winter work after the pleasant summer, according to the unanimous expression, ever spent; simply because we have had our eyes open to the beauties of Nature. We have numerous specimens and notes, so that we can do good work when the weather grows too cold for outdoor meetings. Will you please reprint the name of our chapter, "Chicago B," with my address as secretary?

C. S. BROWN, 117 Park Avenue.

CASTLE BANK, STROUD, ENGLAND.

Our Chapter is getting on pretty well, but we really are in want of some questions to answer. We are all inclined to continue our meetings through the winter. We have had a badge from the first, made of crimson cloth, with the letters "A. A." embroidered in white silk for the members, and in golden silk for the officers.

GERTRUDE RUEGG.

FRANKFORD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

We are heartily in favor of a general meeting, and if it were arranged, we should send delegates to it. At our last meeting, James Johnson read a paper on "Instruments used in taking and preparing Lepidoptera." The substance of it I send to you. * * * He says that cyanide of potassium should not be used in killing bees and other Hymenoptera, as it changes their yellow to crimson.

R. T. TAYLOR, 131 Adams street.

NO. CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Oct. 3.

We hold meetings once in two weeks. We assign for each meeting a topic, to be looked up in advance by the members. We have already had: *First.* What is an insect? *Second.* Classes of Insects. *Third.* Lepidoptera. *Fourth.* Coleoptera; and so on with the different classes. After this we are to have a separate topic given to each member for the sake of variety. We have not thought much of a badge, but a plain one is the best.

On August 14th we found several tomato-worms, perfectly healthy in appearance. In a week they had totally changed color. They were then black, the stripes being whitish yellow. Some are covered with dots. The latter have a greenish head with brown stripes, the others black heads with green stripes. They ate as usual, but when they died they collapsed, there being nothing in them. There were no ichneumons in the box. Who will explain the change of color?

FRED. E. KEAY.

UTOPIA, N. Y., ALLEGHENY CO.

We have decided to take daily notes of what we find of interest.

ROBERT KENYON.

[A most excellent plan.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 3, 1881.

We are going to take a note of all the incidents in natural history, as you recommended in your seventh report. We have stuffed a red squirrel. We meet every Saturday, at half-past nine. The meeting usually lasts about three hours. We hope before long to buy a good microscope and a small library. We are very much interested in the badge question, and think that a white silk badge, with a monogram and some object in natural history worked in colored silk upon it, would be pretty. We are none over fourteen years.

NELSON BENNETT, 65 Cicero street.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Oct. 14.

About twenty boys and girls of Minneapolis have formed a chapter of the Agassiz Association. They all show a great deal of interest in it, and I think that other chapters will be formed here before long.

JENNIE HUGHES, Secretary, 1816 Fourth Avenue, North.

All the reports from which the above short extracts are made are excellent. They are carefully composed, and for the most part handsomely written. They show that our society has a firm hold on the hearts of its members. But we wish that every member of the "A. A." could see the beautiful report that we have just received from the Berwyn (Penn.) Chapter, dated October 7. It is the most elegant in appearance of any yet sent. I give a few quotations:

The Chapter now numbers fifteen active and two honorary members. Weekly meetings have been held since our organization, with two exceptions—one on the night when the body of President Garfield was being moved to Cleveland for burial, and the other on the night of July 22d, the day of our annual picnic. [Here follows a list of fifty-four species of minerals collected, of seventeen varieties of wood, and of about fifty miscellaneous specimens.] Microscopic examinations were made of moss, humblebees' wings and legs, human hair, small red spiders, scales of mica, clear crystals, and spiders' eggs. At each meeting questions are asked and answered. A scrap-book has been procured, in which are entered the reports from the parent society as they are published, and scraps from papers and periodicals bearing on natural history. On July 22d the Chapter held a picnic. Fifteen members and ten invited guests were taken in carriages, buggies, and one hay-wagon (here is where the most fun was, dear Parent!) to Diamond Rocks, five miles from Berwyn. A full and delightful day was spent. The rocks, rising to a height of fifty feet or more, furnished many fine specimens of quartz crystals.

J. F. GLOSSER, Secretary.

EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Birds' eggs—D. S. Wing, 1221 Rock Island st., Davenport, Iowa.
Correspondents on insects—Alex. C. Bates, St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

Minerals—T. C. Thomas, Birchville, Nevada Co., California.
Correspondents on ornithology—Daniel E. Moran, 85 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Skates' eggs and marine objects—Harrie G. White, Taunton, Mass.

Eggs—T. Mills Clark, Southampton, Mass.

Shells, minerals, etc.—Robert Kenyon, Utopia, N. Y.

Correspondents and general exchanges—North Cambridge Chapter, F. E. Keay, Sec.

QUESTIONS.

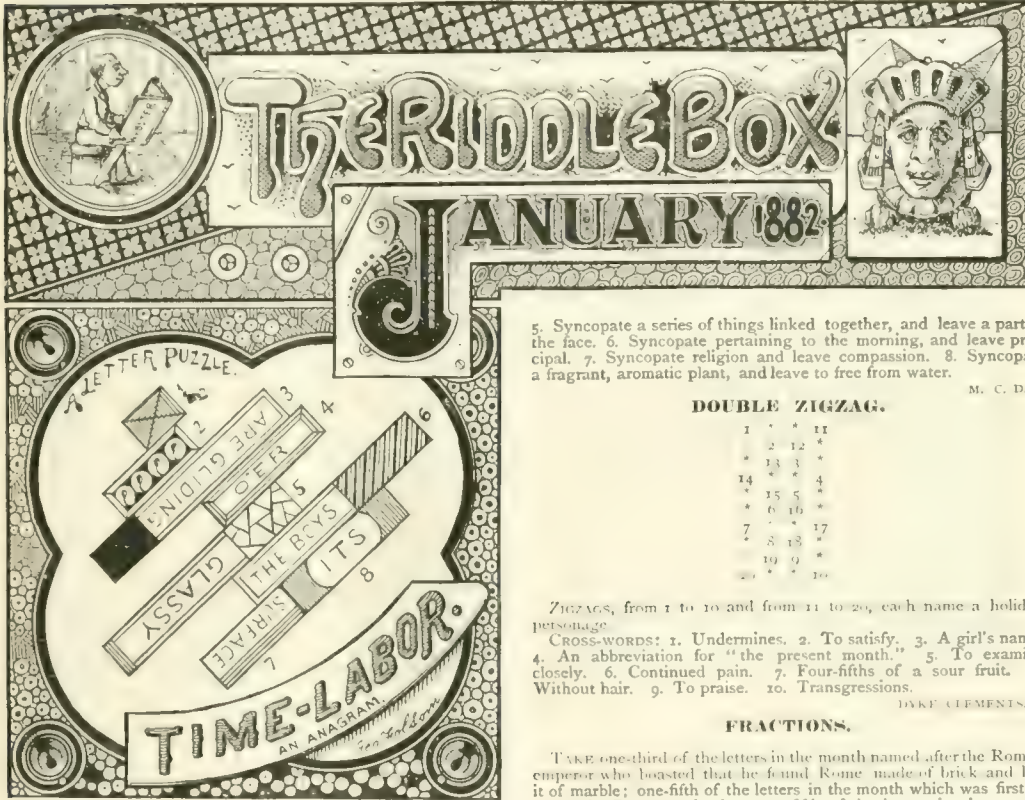
1. How many eyes has a fly?
2. Name the smallest bird, and tell where it lives.
3. How many teeth has the whale?
4. How many movable eyelids has a lizard?

4. Why are some animals called quadrupeds?
5. Why are some animals called reptiles?
6. Of what is granite composed?
7. What is a diadem?
8. What is the botanical name of the edelweiss; what is the literal meaning of its common name, and to what family does it belong?
9. Derivation of the name "olive."

We shall next month present for the consideration of our one hundred and twenty presidents a systematic plan of work for the

year, month, week, and day of the year. Monthly, extend your ranks as soon as you can, get the dues, if you can to copies, and send me as many dollars as of snow crystals as possible. A prize for the best set of answers will be sent before April 1, in accordance with directions. Send a report for February, 1882. All members should re-read that report preparatory to the winter's work. The plan adopted by the Berwyn Chapter of keeping all these reports in a scrap-book is excellent. Address all communications to

HARLAN H. BALDWIN, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN HEAD-PIECE.

A 4-LETTER PUZZLE.

Cut out these sections right for me,
And fashion them in letters three;
In them a sentence you may find
Descriptive of the three combined.

AN ANAGRAM.

What city is literally made by *time* and *labor*?

SYNCOBATIONS.

THE syncopated letters, read in the order here given, spell the name of one who is called "the noblest of the ancients," and who was born 468 B. C.

1. Syncopate sprinkled with fine sand, and leave loyal performance of obligation. 2. Syncopate a vehement and sudden outcry, and leave to close. 3. Syncopate a kind of nut, and leave a song of praise and triumph. 4. Syncopate an insect in the first stage after leaving the egg, and leave the substance ejected by a volcano.

5. Syncopate a series of things linked together, and leave a part of the face. 6. Syncopate pertaining to the morning, and leave principal. 7. Syncopate religion and leave compassion. 8. Syncopate a fragrant, aromatic plant, and leave to free from water.

M. C. D.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1	*	*	11
	2	12	*
*	13	3	*
14	*	*	4
*	15	5	*
*	6	16	*
7	*	*	17
*	8	18	*
*	19	9	*
20	*	*	10

ZIGZAGS, from 1 to 10 and from 11 to 20, each name a holiday personage.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Undermines. 2. To satisfy. 3. A girl's name. 4. An abbreviation for "the present month." 5. To examine closely. 6. Continued pain. 7. Four-fifths of a sour fruit. 8. Without hair. 9. To praise. 10. Transgressions.

DAVE CLEMENTS.

FRACTIONS.

TAKE one-third of the letters in the month named after the Roman emperor who boasted that he found Rome made of brick and left it of marble; one-fifth of the letters in the month which was first in the early Roman calendar; one-fifth of the letters in the month which, in Nero's time, was called Neronius; one-fourth of the letters in the month which the Romans assigned to young men; and one-half of the letters in the month originally called Quintilis. The letters represented by these fractions, when rightly selected and arranged, will spell the name of a month introduced by Numa Pompilius.

J. S. TENNANT.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-eight letters, and am a quotation from "Paradise Lost."

My 8-3-21-9 is to pursue. My 22-7-17-11-27 is to direct. My 10-10-20-5 is an exhibition. My 28-26-1 is the fruit of certain trees. My 4-25-14-6-23 is one step of a series. My 12-24-16 is an affirmation. My 2-13-18-15 is to give audience to.

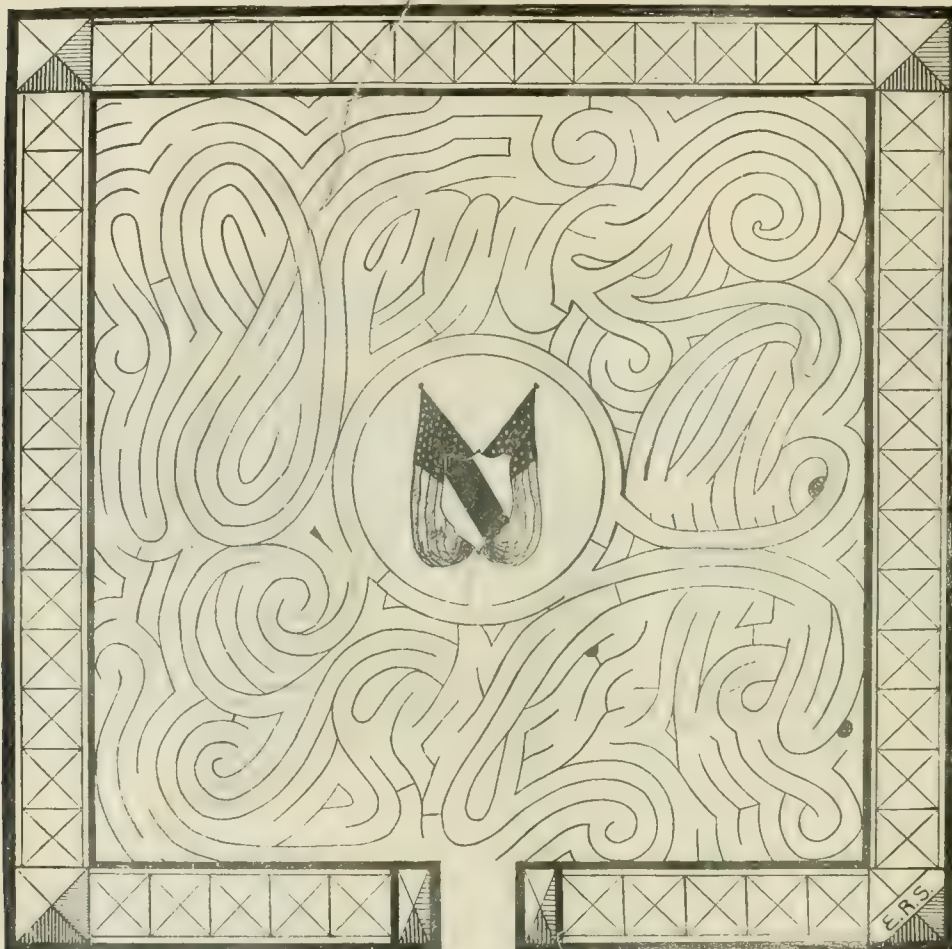
EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals name a division of the year; the finals pertain to the commencement of the year.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A long spear. 2. Stern. 3. Of little breadth. 4. A school for all the branches of learning. 5. A gladiator. 6. Emblems of royalty. 7. A lad.

T. A. W.

MAZE.



TRACE a way through this maze, without crossing a line, reaching at last the flags in the center.

HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS: A winter sport. ACROSS: 1. The highest military officer in France. 2. Roused from sleep. 3. To cause to tremble. 4. In winter. 5. To pinch. 6. A dignitary of the church of England. 7. A species of drama originated by the Greeks. DVICE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

"SCOTT" DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Betrothed. Finals, Monastery. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Bertram. 2. Elcho. 3. Tresillian. 4. Rebecca. 5. Oates. 6. Talbot. 7. Hermione. 8. Edgar. 9. Dudley. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. 1. Knecht Rupert. 2. Christmas-Day.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Sir Isaac Newton. 1. Be-S-ct. 2. Po-I-se. 3. St-R-op. 4. Lo-I-re. 5. Ha-S-te. 6. Gr-A-in. 7. Sp-A-in. 8. Lu-C-re. 9. Mi-N-ce. 10. Ch-E-at. 11. Se-W-cr. 12. Me-T-re. 13. Fl-O-at. 14. La-N-ce.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives. — RIDDLE. Pearl.

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC. Christmas Bells. 1. C-oronation. 2. H-allucination. 3. R-elation. 4. I-nvitation. 5. S-alutation. 6. T-ribulation. 7. M-utilation. 8. A-iteration. 9. S-aturatation. 10. B-otheration. 11. E-levation. 12. L-amentation. 13. L-iberation. 14. S-eparation.

HOLIDAY ANAGRAMS. 1. Heart — mart. 2. Chess. 3. Harm — charm. 4. Time — dune. 5. Maid — aid. 6. Dress. 7. Dim — tim. 8. Smart — tart. 9. Hide — aside. 10. Matter — chatter. 11. Me. 12. Share. 13. Hearts — tarts. 14. Christmas Tide.

THE names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from "Wallace of Uhlen" — Grace R. Ingraham — Charlie and Josie Treat — Grace E. Hopkins — "Uncle Dick" — Olive M. Potts — Herbert Barry — S. H. Wheeler — Two Subscribers — Bessie and her Cousin — Chuck — Queen Bess — Firefly — Alcibiades — F. C. McDonald — Martha and Eva de la Guerra.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from G. H. Fisher, 1 — Fancy Bright, 3 — Mignon, 4 — Weston Stickney, 7 — Katie L. Robertson, 2 — "Professor and Co.," 9 — Belle Wymen, 1 — E. U. Gene, 5 — Rory O'More, 4 — Jeannette Edith E., 1 — Clara L. Northway, 5 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — Eddie North Burdick, 1 — Gracie Smith, 2 — John W. Blanchard, 10 — Eleanor and Daisy Martin, 5 — Frank Scott Bunnell, 2 — Lydia P. Bostwick, 9 — Minnie Blake, 6 — Autumn, 12 — "Olives and Pickles," 3 — "Warren," 3 — "Hazel," 4 — P. S. Clarkson, 12 — Bessie Taylor, 4 — Caro, Emma, and Spencer, 4 — Freddie Thwaits, 11 — Florence Leslie Kyte, 11 — Daisy May, 12 — Will and Lyde McKinney, 5 — "Mama and Ba," 12 — Henry C. Brown, 12 — Herbert J. Tily, 9 — G. J. and F. L. Fiske, 11 — Alice Maud Kyte, 12 — Harriet L. Pruyn, 2 — Sallie Viles, 11 — Arabella Ward, 2. The numerals denote the number of solutions.



[see page 206]

"THE PRINCE GLANCED BACK AT HIS ENEMIES, THROUGH THE
WAVERING CLOUDS OF INCENSE "

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

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No. 4.

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ADVENTURES OF PRINCE NEZAHUALCOYOTL.

BY SARAH C. VERY.

EVER so many years ago,—long before white people came to America,—there lived, down in what we now call Mexico, a little Aztec prince named Nezahualcoyotl. A long, funny name, is it not? What do you suppose they called him “for short”?

But, in spite of such a long name, he proved himself, as he grew older, to be one of the bravest princes and brightest boys of whom history tells,—as an American prince should be.

Great kings, although they have beautiful palaces to live in, and everything to make them happy, endure heavy cares of government which at times make them gloomy and sad; yet one would imagine that a boy prince, too young to assume responsibilities, would have no other care than to do right, and be happy. But poor Nezahualcoyotl had more cares than you imagine.

A few years before this story opens, his father had been killed in a terrible battle, and, soon after, a wicked uncle named Moxtla was crowned king, although he knew that Nezahualcoyotl was rightfully the ruler. And when the boy's friends advised him to hide from Moxtla, who, of course, jealously watched his movements, the lad said: “Why, surely, he will not be unkind to me!”

So, on the coronation day, when everybody was gayly dressed, and a great banquet was to be held at the palace, Nezahualcoyotl dressed himself in his best and went bravely to the new king's dwelling to offer his congratulations.

But when the crowd stepped aside to let him approach his uncle, and when he knelt down and

said, “Uncle, I hope you will be happy,” and handed him a bouquet of flowers, his uncle turned rudely away and began talking with his officers. By this, Nezahualcoyotl knew that his uncle was unfriendly to him, and he hurried, as friends advised him, to a palace in a distant part of the country.

One bright morning, soon after, the prince was playing ball in the palace court-yard, and as he was laughing and tossing the plaything against the wall, an attendant came running up, and said:

“Oh, sir, there are some armed men coming from the king!” And after pausing to catch his breath, he said, “Oh, hide, or they will kill you!—quick!”

The prince turned very pale at this, but, quieting his friends and attendants, he showed them how foolish it would be to show his fright at this time, and urged them to stand by him.

In a few minutes up came the armed men, with the feathers on their heads nodding in the wind, and they were all ready to kill the prince, although he had done no harm.

But he stepped forward to greet them, and welcomed them to his palace, and invited them to dine with him. Being treated so courteously, they walked in, and soon were seated at the table.

Now, among the Mexicans (or Aztecs) of those days, it was a mark of respect to burn incense when great men were visiting at a house; so, before long, the incense began to send up its curling wreaths of smoke in the door-way leading to the next room, while Nezahualcoyotl politely entertained his cruel guests.

As he talked pleasantly with them, and they

were enjoying the meal, he quietly rose, and saying "Excuse me a moment," passed into the next room. The doors were wide open, so that his enemies did not suspect anything at his departure.

But, as the servants fed the fire of the incense, the clouds of smoke became denser and denser, and completely hid Nezahualcoyotl from the feasters. Glancing back through the wavering clouds of incense at his enemies, he saw them dreamily watching the curling smoke, and evidently not thinking of his movements. So he quietly opened a door, and there close by it lay a long pipe, through which water formerly had been brought to the palace, but which had been for some time unused. Softly closing the door behind him, he quickly dropped into the long dark pipe, and lay there safely hidden until night-fall, when he came out, and with some faithful followers hurried far away from his persecutors.

Now just think how angry Moxtla must have been when he heard of this—and how severely he would punish the men he had sent to kill the Prince Nezahualcoyotl. He immediately proclaimed that an enormous prize would be given to any one who would bring the prince to him, dead or alive.

Therefore poor Nezahualcoyotl was compelled, with a small band of friends, to wander about in the night over high mountains, and across lonely plains; and seldom in day-time could he safely venture out, for, as he knew, many persons in all parts of the country were vigilantly watching to

capture him. Poor boy! He continually urged his faithful followers to leave him, lest they should endanger their own lives. But they refused, for they loved him; and, indeed, even the cruel soldiers of his uncle thought of the little prince with tenderness.

And this was a fortunate thing for him. For, one day, as he lay concealed in some bushes, he heard the tramp of many feet, and saw the soldiers in the distance.

Nearer and nearer they came, until about sunset they pitched their tents close to the hidden prince, and ended the day by a lively dance. The keen glance of one of the soldiers spied the poor prince trying to hide among the bushes near by. Quick as a flash the kind-hearted fellow picked him up and put him into the great drum, and while the other soldiers in a ring around the camp-fire were noisily singing, they little knew how snugly the long-desired prize, for which they had traveled so far, lay concealed at their very feet.

And at last a change came for both the wicked uncle and the young prince. Men tired of Moxtla's severity and cruelty, and lamented the alteration since the peaceful rule of Nezahualcoyotl's father. Then they thought of the prince, and resolved to fight for him.

Gladly he received this good news, and returning with his faithful followers, he fought a great battle; and being so fortunate as to gain the victory, he was crowned king, and reigned over Mexico for years afterward, a wise and good ruler.

SENDING A VALENTINE.

I MIGHT begin, "The rose is red"
(Though that is not so very new),
Or this the boys all think is good:
"If you love me as I love you."

But,—seems to me,—a valentine
Is nicer, when you do not say
The same old things that every one
Keeps saying, in the same old way.

And I asked Jane, the other night,
What grown-up people write about.
She would not answer me at first,
But laughed till I began to pout.
That stopped her, for she saw I meant
The question (and she will not tease).
"Why—love," she said, "and shining eyes,
A kiss, soft hair—just what they please."

It can't be hard, if that is all,
So I'll begin by saying this:

*To my dear lady beautiful,
I send a valentine and kiss.
The valentine, because she has
The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes,
The kiss, because I love her more
Than any one beneath the skies;
Because she is the kindest, best,
The sweetest lady ever known;
And every year I'll say the same,
The very same, to her alone!*

There! Now it's finished. Who will do?
I've thought of one and then another.
Who is there like it? Why, of course,
I'll send it right away to Mother!

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BY SOPHIE SWELL.



"HE might have come from the moon, for all I know," said Deborah, rather crossly. She was sprinkling and folding the clothes for to-morrow's ironing, and she wanted to get them done before her "beau" should come, to take her to drive, and the tramp had hindered her; and now Jack was asking questions.

Deborah often declared that if ever she "hired out" again, it would be "with folks that did n't allow their children to ask so many questions as the little Mudgetts asked. She was all wore to skin and bone with them."

As Deborah was very buxom and rosy, she evidently intended that remark to be taken in a figurative sense; but the children *were* trying, with their endless questions,—especially Jack, the oldest boy, who never believed anything.

Stella, the youngest girl, believed everything. She never had the slightest doubt that all the wonderful things related in the Arabian Nights, Grimm's Goblins, and Mother Goose, actually happened. Stella was Deborah's favorite. She was her uncle John's favorite, too, and Uncle John was of great consequence, because he was the captain of a vessel, and had been all around the world. He was expected home in a few days from a long voyage, and all the children lay awake nights storing up

questions to ask him. He always would tell Stella stories, when he would not tell them to anybody else, because she never asked him if they were true. She asked him everything she could think of, but she never thought of that.

Jack had only asked Deborah who it was that had knocked at the door; what he wanted; of what country he had seemed to be a native; if he was well dressed; what he had on; if he had been drinking; if he had a bundle with him; if he wanted to stay all night; if he wanted anything to eat; if he got anything; if she asked him in; what she thought his name was; if he had a red nose; if his hair was curly; and where she thought he came from. And he did n't think that Deborah ought to be so cross, as if he had asked many questions!

Jack *could* ask questions when he tried, but he had not got fairly under way then.

Stella came into the kitchen with her doll, Cinderella, under her arm, just as Deborah said that. The little girl was going to sprinkle and fold Cinderella's clothes, which were always washed on Monday, and ironed on Tuesday, just like anybody's. But she forgot all about the clothes when she heard Deborah say there was a possibility that the man came from the moon. Stella was

very much interested in the moon. As she firmly believed it to be made of green cheese, and also that one man lived in it, her interest is scarcely to be wondered at.

"Oh, Deborah, was it really the Man in the Moon?" she cried.

"Well, I should n't wonder," said Deborah, and she laughed a little, though she *was* cross. "Come to think of it, he did inquire the way to Norwich. And he seemed terrible hungry, as if he had come a long journey."

"Did you give him anything to eat?" asked Jack.

"I gave him a piece of bread that he could eat if he was hungry. I aint a-goin' to pamper up tramps with my best victuals that I've wore my fingers to the bone a-cookin' of," said Deborah.

"No cheese? Oh, Deborah!" said Stella, reproachfully.

Of course the Man in the Moon was accustomed to eating cheese, since his dwelling-place was made of it,—and he might miss it very much. It was Stella's opinion that Deborah ought to have thought of that.

And why, oh, why, did n't Deborah ask him to come in! To think of coming so near to seeing the Man in the Moon, and missing it! It was very cruel of Deborah.

"Did he look much like ordinary people, Deborah?" asked Stella.

"Come to think of it, he favored a pirate, as much as anything," said Deborah. "Though that might 'a' ben owin' to his havin' but one eye, and that one kind of squinty."

"Do you think he was a cross man, Deborah?" asked Stella, after a moment of deep meditation.

"I don't know nothin' about the dispositions of folks in the moon. I've got all I can do to contend against the tryin' dispositions of them here below," said Deborah.

"There aint any folks in the moon!" said Jack, diving his head into the clothes-basket, and turning a somersault. "If there was, they'd all be like busted balloons; there is n't any air there. Stella believes everything."

"It 's boys that don't believe nothin' that comes to the gallows," said Deborah, severely.

Meantime, Stella had slipped into the woodshed, to see if she could catch a glimpse of the man's retreating figure, from the door.

Oh joy! there he sat at the end of the woodpile, only a few rods away.

Stella went into the pantry, and got a huge piece of cheese; then she ran out, and sat down on a log, opposite him. She was at quite a distance from the house, it was growing dark, and the man did look rather cross, but Stella was never afraid

of anything—excepting thunder and curly dogs. Everybody has his weak points, and those were Stella's. She did not once think of being afraid of the Man from the Moon, though she did hope that he was n't cross, because cross people would never answer all the questions that one wanted to ask.

She sat and stared at him for a minute or two, the big piece of cheese in one hand, and Cinderella, held by the heels, in the other. She was casting about in her mind for some suitable way of addressing him; being entirely ignorant of the etiquette of the moon, she was afraid of seeming impolite. But at length, nothing better occurring to her, she said, blandly:

"How do you do, man?"

The man responded, civilly, but rather gruffly, that he was "as well as poor folks could expect to be."

"I suppose you don't have bread at home," remarked Stella.

"Not much, that 's a fact," said the man.

"But if you live on cheese entirely, wont you eat the moon all up some day, and tumble down to the ground?" That was a problem that had been troubling Stella ever since she had first heard that the moon was made of cheese.

The man gave her a rather puzzled look, and laughed a little. "Eat the moon up? Well, I be hunger-bitten enough to do it, sometimes, that 's a fact. And I'm pesky fond of cheese. I like the looks of that 'ere piece in your hand."

"I brought it on purpose for you," said Stella, presenting it, and making a low bow, to show her respect for so exalted a personage as the Man from the Moon.

The man devoured the cheese, with such great hungry bites that she was more than ever convinced that it was his natural food.

"How did you come down?" was her next question.

"Well, I come down on a broomstick, but I'm going home around by the way of Norwich," he answered.

On a broomstick! Stella wanted to ask him whether he was any relation to the old woman who went up on one to sweep the cobwebs from the sky, but she was afraid it would not be quite polite. She might be only a poor relation, of whom such a great man would not wish to be reminded. But, surely, there could not be many people who could ride on broomsticks! She and Percy, her youngest brother, had tried it, and they had n't gone up a bit.

She was anxious to ask no questions that were not strictly polite, so she was very slow and deliberate.

"Have you any children?"

"Four on 'em," answered the man, between his bites.

"Four! That is very few; there are nine of us. But perhaps it is just as well; they might fall off."

"Fall off?" repeated the man, with a start.

"Fall off of what? How come you to know——"

"Why, off the moon, of course; you live in the moon, don't you?"

The man gave her a long, puzzled look; then he tapped his forehead, significantly, with his forefinger. "*Tetched*, as sure as you 're born!" he said to himself. "Though I never did see sich a little one *tetched*. Mebbe the big one, that give me the dry bread, was loony, too; that might be

from the man all the information possible, and to use it to convince Jack.

"What kind of cheese is green cheese?" she inquired.

"Well, it is sage cheese," answered the man, after some deliberation. "Cheese with so much sage into it that it is kind of greenish complected, so to speak."

"That is what Percy and I thought!" cried Stella. "But Uncle John thought it was *new* cheese."

"There 's nobody knows much about the moon, but them as lives there," said the man, in a tone and manner full of mystery.



"WE 'RE GOIN' HOME TO THE MOON AS SOON AS WE CAN FIND A 'NAPPYAN.'" HE SAID. [F. LACE 271.]

what made her sich a spitfire. It might be a lunatic hospital;" and he arose and looked back at the house, reflectively.

"Oh yes, I live in the moon," he said, seating himself again. "Sartingly, I live in the moon."

A shadow of painful doubt had been creeping into Stella's mind; he was so very much like other people; his manners were not elegant, and he was very badly dressed; but his own assertion was satisfactory. She heaved a great sigh of relief. Only the fear that he would vanish before she could return prevented her from going in search of Jack, the unbelieving, who certainly would have to believe now, she thought. She resolved to extract

"It must be very funny. But you have n't burst, have you? You don't look very limpsy. Jack says people there must be just like my balloon after he stuck a pin into it, because there is n't any air in the moon."

"Air? bless you, there 's air enough! Air and water—that 's about all there is that 's plenty where I live!" and the man laughed harshly.

Stella resolved to enlighten Jack on that point, the very first thing.

Presently, she asked: "Did you see the cow when she jumped over?"

That was another important point on which Stella wished to obtain testimony, for Jack boldly declared

his opinion that Mother Goose was not a faithful historian.

"The cow? Cows bein' such a plentiful animal, I can't rightly tell which one you mean."

Stella opened her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Don't you know

"Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon?"

"Oh, to be sure! That ere event occurred some time ago, and it had kind of slipped my mind. Yes, I see her. She gin the moon a clip with her heels when she went over, and knocked it 'kind of slantwise. Mebbe you've noticed, sometimes, that it looks kind of slantwise."

"Yes, I have!" cried Stella, eagerly. Surely such proof as this would convince even Jack, she thought.

"Oh, I wish I could go to the moon! You could n't possibly take me, could you? and bring me back again," she added, with a sudden thought of home.

"I expect they think a good deal of you to home, and mebbe they would n't want to spare you," said the man.

"Yes, they do. I am the youngest. Papa says he would n't take a million dollars for me. But, of course, I could come back again."

"Of course. I might take you along with me now, if you was a good girl and did n't make no noise, and I could bring you back again before they missed you," said the man.

"Oh, will you?" cried Stella, hopping on one foot. That was the way in which all the little Mudgetts expressed their greatest joy. "And Cinderella, too! It will be such a thing for Cinderella!"

Stella had heard her mother say that about Polly, their eldest, when she was invited to go on a trip to Europe. "And perhaps they don't have dolls in the moon, and will like to see her."

The man examined Cinderella critically. She was large and heavy, but she was made of wax and had "truly hair," and he said Stella might take her.

He looked cautiously around to see if anybody saw them, as he slung his worn old leather bag across his shoulder by means of a walking-stick, and, taking Stella's hand in his, started off.

Stella wondered whether they were to go up on broomsticks, but her new friend was not as talkative as he had been at first. He seemed to have got tired of answering questions, like Deborah. She could only discover that they were going "by the way of Norwich," which was a sea-port town about ten miles away. Stella had been there, often, with her uncle John; it was from there that his vessel

sailed. But she had never heard that there was any conveyance from Norwich to the moon. Jack would be very much surprised to know it. He would be very likely to say, "I don't believe it." That was almost the last distinct thought that Stella had. She grew so sleepy that she stumbled along, half-dragged by her companion. It was long past her bed-time, and sleep conquered even the delight that she felt that she was on the way to the moon. At length the man, grumblingly, lifted her in his arms, sound asleep. Her hold upon Cinderella had relaxed, and the man stuck Her Dollship, head-first, into his grimy pocket, the legs waving wildly in the air. And so this strangely assorted company traveled on in the darkness.

Stella opened her eyes upon the very queerest place they had ever seen. It was a ship's cabin,—she knew that, at a glance, having often been on board her uncle John's ship,—but the darkest, dingiest, most forlorn one imaginable. She rolled quickly out of the dirty and stifling bunk in which she was lying, and took a survey of her surroundings. One side of the cabin seemed to be a mass of broken timbers, through which came little gleams of daylight and a glimpse of waving grass. The ship was evidently not on the water, and would never be likely to be again. It was very queer, but it might be the fashion in the moon to live in a ship, Stella thought.

Three or four of the raggedest and dirtiest children Stella had ever seen were quarreling over some object. As Stella drew near them, she saw that it was—oh, horror!—the headless body of Cinderella. And the man—her acquaintance of the night before—was holding up, by its golden locks, poor Cinderella's head, for the inspection of a dirty and dejected-looking woman.

Stella screamed at that sight; it was too much even for her stout little heart to bear.

The man shook her roughly and told her to keep still. The children forgot the doll, and gathered about her, staring at her, with mouths and eyes wide open.

"If you *are* the Man in the Moon, you have n't any right to cut off my Cinderella's head!" said Stella, boldly. "If there are any policemen in the moon, I shall have you arrested. And I want to go home. I don't think I shall like the moon at all."

The man and woman both laughed. The man said something that sounded like "reg'lar little Bedlamite." The woman complained that they should find her in the way, and the man replied that he would "keep her till there was a reward offered," and that they "might as well humor her notions." They offered her some fried fish for breakfast, but, brave as she was, she was too home-

sick and frightened to eat. The children were very social, and invited her to accompany them to the deck. There was a rickety ladder, up which they scampered like squirrels, and Stella climbed after them. She looked around her with great curiosity; out-of-doors in the moon might be pleasant if the dwellings were not, she thought.

"Why, it is n't the moon, at all! It is Norwich!" she cried. "If we have n't got there, I don't think I'll go. I would rather go home!"

They were on the wreck of a fishing-schooner, which was half-imbedded in the mud, in a little retired cove just outside the harbor of Norwich. Less than a mile away lay the town.

Stella was disappointed, but a feeling of relief that she was so near home mingled with her disappointment. For the Man in the Moon had certainly not improved upon acquaintance. He was no longer agreeable; he had become very unwilling to answer questions, and he had cruelly murdered Cinderella.

"How do you get to the moon?" asked Stella.

The children looked puzzled, and giggled, and said nothing. An expression came into Stella's face that made her look like Jack.

"Do you live here all the time?" she said, solemnly.

"Oh, no! We've only been here a week. We don't live nowhere. We tramp," said the oldest boy.

This was not very intelligible to Stella. At that moment, the man came up the ladder, and at once sent his children below. Then he said:

"We've just put in here for repairs—clothes and victuals, and sich. We're a-goin' home to the moon just as soon as we can find a conveyance," he said.

It was true, then; and it was very disappointing. It occurred to Stella that Mother Goose was right in saying that he came down "too soon." He might just as well never come at all!

"I think I will go home. May be you wont get a conveyance for a good while, and they'll be worried about me at home." Stella tried to be polite, but she spoke very decidedly.

"Oh, we could n't think of givin' up the pleasure of a visit from you at our beautiful home in the moon!" said the man. "Here you don't see us at our best; our ship has run aground, so to speak. My wife and I are goin' out now, to see if we can't hire a balloon to take us up to-night, and you had better wait and go with us."

It *did* sound inviting—to go in a balloon up to the moon! But Stella was thoroughly homesick. "I'm very much obliged to you, but I think I'd rather go home. Perhaps, the next time you come down, I'll go home with you," she said.

"Well, if you ha' n't changed your mind before night, when we come back with the balloon, I'll take you home," said the man.

And all Stella's pleading and tears were unavailing. The children were sent away, with empty baskets on their arms, in the direction of Norwich; then the man and his wife went off in another direction, and they took down the ladder which led up the vessel's side, so that Stella could not get down to the ground.

And as they went, Stella saw Cinderella's beautiful golden ringlets hanging out of the man's pocket, and she heard the man say to his wife that as the head was wax, and the hair real, they might perhaps sell them for a few cents!

Left alone, poor little Stella sobbed and screamed until she was exhausted. But only the echoes answered. There were woods on one side, the ocean on the other; not a living being was within reach of her voice. Now and then a vessel sailed by, but always too far off to hear her.

Before noon she was hungry enough to eat the few dry crusts which had been left for her dinner, and then she felt a little more hopeful, and, curling herself up in a corner, she forgot all her woes in sleep.

The crashing of thunder awoke her. Her greatest terror had come in the train of her other troubles.

Thunder and lightning were even worse to Stella than curly dogs. Cozily cuddled in her mother's arms a thunder-storm was bad enough, but to be all alone in this strange and solitary place, the sky black, excepting when tongues of flame splintered the clouds, and awful crashes came at intervals, was too much for the bravest little girl to endure calmly. If it had been Jack it would have been different, for he was so queer that he actually liked thunder-showers. He said the banging made it seem like the Fourth of July.

Stella was tempted to go below, where she would be out of sight of the lightning, but the cabin was so dark and close that she felt a horror of it, and it was lonelier, too. Up on deck she could see an occasional vessel, and there was a chance that one might come near enough to see her. So she staid there, and screamed as loud as she could, and waved Cinderella's headless body wildly over her head.

And a vessel did come near enough to see her. She could see a man looking at her through a glass. Stella's screaming was no small matter. She was renowned at home for her ability in that direction. Jack sometimes impolitely called her the "Great American Screecher." And Stella screamed now as she never had screamed before.

And a boat was lowered from the vessel; it was rowed rapidly ashore; a half-dozen sailors climbed

to the deck where she was. And then they asked her questions. Stella wished that Deborah could hear them, she would never say again there "never was nobody like our young ones for asking questions."

And the sailors seemed astonishingly ignorant of history, Stella thought; they had not even heard that there was a Man in the Moon!

But they took her into the boat and carried her over to the vessel, lifted her on board, and put her into her uncle John's arms.

It sounds too good to be true, yet things do happen just right sometimes in the world.

Uncle John hugged her, and kissed her, and laughed over her, and cried over her a little bit, too, big man as he was, for he seemed to think it was a dreadful thing to be carried off by a tramp in that way, and that it was wonderful that he had found her, all safe and sound. He called it just what Deborah called it when she wore her old bonnet and it rained,—“providential.”

And Uncle John would not believe,—any more

than if he had been Jack,—that the man lived in the moon.

When they reached home, they found Stella's mother and father, her eight brothers and sisters, and even Deborah, almost distracted with grief and anxiety.

The whole town was searching for Stella.

The eight brothers and sisters stood around her in a circle, while she related her adventures, and the questions they asked would fill a volume.

Jack said: “I think she dreamed it. It sounds just like a story. I don't believe it.”

An officer was sent to arrest the tramp early the next morning, but the old fishing-schooner was deserted; there were scarcely any signs that anybody had ever lived there, excepting poor Cinderella's body, which he brought home.

Stella's father and Uncle John thought that the man had been frightened by Stella's escape, and had traveled off as fast as possible to avoid arrest.

But Stella's private opinion is that they got the balloon and went up to the moon that night.

SCHOOL-BOY TROUBLES.

BY ONE OF THEM.



THE witches get in my books, I know,

Or else it 's fairy elves;

For when I study, they plague me so

I feel like one of themselves.

Often they whisper: "Come and play,

The sun is shining bright!"

And when I fling the book away

They flutter with delight.

They dance among the stupid words,

And twist the "rules" awry;

And fly across the page like birds,

Though I can't see them fly.

They twitch my feet, they blur my eyes,

They make me drowsy, too;

In fact, the more a fellow tries

To study, the worse they do.

They can't be heard, they can't be seen—

I know not how they look—

And yet they always lurk between

The leaves of a lesson-book.

Whatever they are I can not tell,

But this is plain as day;

I never 'll be able to study well,

As long as the book-elves stay.

THE ROUND STONE.

(The Round Stone.)

BY HON. JEREMIAH CURTIN.



stars in the sky, or grass-blades in a meadow. The poor man fished and earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. He was as poor as a church-mouse, or even poorer, for the mouse has, from time to time, a nibble at a cheese, or a crumb of bread, but he had only his soul and body and a fish-net.

The poor man had a very rich brother, who had as many children as there are knots on a water-reed, but if the poor man sent to his brother for a dish of flour, once in a while when he had nothing in the house to eat, the wicked man answered thus: "I will give you a dish of flour if you give me one of your children; if you don't, you may claw the air, eat ice, drink water, and for vegetables have tears and weeping."

So the poor man who had many children, had nothing to give them, not even a morsel as large as my little finger.

One time, the poor man had had no bread in the cupboard for a whole week, and the family lived on roots and stewed earth-berries. The weather was rainy and windy, so he

could not fish. When it grew calm, on the seventh day, he went out with his net, and fished all day and well into the night. The clock had already struck two in the morning, and the east began to grow gray and glimmer, but the poor man had not caught a single fish. Two hundred times he threw his net, and two hundred times he drew out nothing.

"I will throw it for the last time," said he to himself. "If there will be something in it, very

good; if not, 't will also be well. God's will be done!—Oh, there *is* something! my hand feels it!"

He drew out the net carefully, hauled it on shore, and behold! he took out a round stone from the water.

"If 't is only a stone, what good is it to me? My children can't eat it. A poor man has poor luck." With this, he threw the stone into the middle of the water.

Then the poor man cast in his net once more. As soon as the net moved, he drew it out very cautiously. Again he found the stone.

"What good are stones to me? I catch nothing else. I should not say a word if God had given me a stomach to digest stones." With that he threw the stone again into the middle of the water.

A third time he threw his net into the water, and a third time he drew out the stone.

"Either all the fish are turned to stone, or the witches are playing me a trick! This must be the work of an evil spirit, and not a good one. What can I do with it? If it would only turn to bread!" Then he threw in the stone a third time, but near the edge of the water.

Since the poor man had not caught a single fish, and now was very tired, he gathered up his net at last, and set out for home, sorrowful and discouraged. But he kept thinking of the round stone, as if God had whispered it to him.

Presently he turned back and fished up the stone, saying: "It will do for the children to play with, for they have no bread."

When he came near the house, his children ran out to meet him, asking: "What have you brought? Is it a present?"

"I have brought nothing but a round stone. Here it is; play with it." And he rolled it on the floor.

On the night of the seventh day the poor man's family were hungry and thirsty, but, as the children had something to play with, they played.

The poor man lay down by the chimney, and his wife on a cot-bed with the smaller children. The older ones played and played, rolling the stone about. After a while the stone began to shine, and to grow brighter and brighter, until it filled the whole cabin with light, just as if the sun were shining, although it was but three o'clock in the morning.

The great light shone straight into the eyes of the fisherman, and he cried out:

"What is this? There is neither a candle, a taper, nor a torch, but the house is all lighted. Come, Mother, get up. Just see the stone; it shines like decaying wood in the dark, like a fire-fly, like a star, and even brighter!"

"Father," said the fisherman's wife, "I have heard all my life that there is in the world a kind of stone so beautiful and bright that you can buy an ox for a piece as large as a poppy-seed; may be this is the kind."

"Oh, you simpleton! Where could we get such a stone? Stones like that are not found in every fool's cabin. But a word is a word. There must be something in this stone, for it shines so that it blinds me; and sparks come from it."

Now the poor man got up, took the round stone from the children, went to work at it, rubbed it on grass, on wood, on the wall, on the ground, on the ashes,—in a word, on whatever came under his hand, until, at last, it was altogether bright. Then he covered it with an old foot-cloth, so that it might not light up the house and keep them from sleeping.

When they rose in the morning, the poor man said to his wife:

"Well, wife, put on your best clothes, that you stitched together for a holiday, so that you might have something in which to go to worship God. Take this stone to the king as a present, and say that I sent it; and take a dish with you,—may be he'll give you a little flour. At least, you may get something to make an ash-cake for the children."

The poor man's wife put on her best dress and went to the king. When she came, she greeted him becomingly:

"God give a good day to Your Majesty!"

"God keep you, poor woman! What journey are you on?"

"My husband sends you a little present. He is the man who lives by the stream on the hill, and earns his bread by fishing. But just now neither we nor our children have aught to eat."

"Well, my good woman, what could you bring me when you have nothing yourself? But, whatever it may be, on that account it is agreeable to me, for I see that you give it with a good heart; come in, then, to my palace."

The poor woman went into the king's palace, untied her handkerchief, and placed the round stone on the golden table.

The king was scarcely able to speak from wonder, for the round stone was a diamond, and such a one, too, as neither the king's father, his grandfather, nor his great-grandfather had ever seen.

"Where did you get that, poor woman?" he asked, at last.

"My husband went fishing and caught it. Three times he threw it back into the water, and three times he drew it out. I thought in my simple mind that God gave it to him," said the poor woman, dropping a courtesy.

"Well, poor woman," said the king, "I will keep

empty measure is wanted or a full one." Thus spoke the rich brother, in a harsh voice.

The poor little fellow went home crying and sobbing, and told his parents what his uncle had said.

"That's nothing," said his father, pacifying him. "The good God will reward every man according to his works. I believe that. But, Martsi, my boy, go you, and if he asks you what it is we are measuring, tell him it is money."

Martsi, taking a pig-whip, which he had made from hemp, having braided it in three strands, ran off straightway to his uncle, and said to him:

"My father has sent me to borrow an empty measure, for we are measuring money."

"Mo-mo-mo-money! You shall have it, my boy. How many measures does he want? I can't tell how —"

"Only one."

"But hurry back, for, if the Jew comes to buy ashes, I shall need it."

Martsi ran home with the measure, and they measured their money. They had just ten bushels of it. When the poor man had finished, he sent the measure home by his son Getsi, but first he stuck pieces of gold all around it.

Getsi had scarcely returned the measure and got back home when the stingy brother strolled in after him, and cried:

"God give you a good day, my dear brother!" (This time he was "dear," but, before, never so much as "brother.")

"God keep you, Brother! We have great news in the house. Sit down here on the bench, by the fire near the hearth. What good news do you bring?"

"Oh, I have only called because I heard from your boy that you have come by a lot of money."

The poor man listened, but said nothing. He looked his brother fairly in the eyes, and knowing how deceitful and designing he was, he said, sadly, to himself: "Oh, you wicked fellow! I'll see if I can serve you a little trick that may teach you a good lesson."

"You know," said the rich brother, "I have no family. After my death all my property will be yours, for I can not take it with me to the grave, you know; so, if you tell me how you got the money, it will be all for your own good."

"Where did I get it? Well, this is how it was: Yesterday, my old cat had kittens, and at the king's palace there are so many mice, and such an army of rats, that it is impossible to take a meal's victuals in peace, for the rats run about the walls so that they are ready to eat up the king. Soldiers are obliged to guard him with pikes and swords, and it's as much as the soldiers can do to hold

their own. I had an idea. So I took the old gray cat on my shoulder and put the two little kittens on a plate, and presented them to the king. He was delighted, and in his joy could not find a place good enough for me. The queen wiped the dust from the golden bench with her apron, seated me by her side, and asked how my wife was. After that, the king measured out three bags of money for me. If you don't believe it, Brother, why I have the money up here in the loft. You can see it with your own eyes."

"We need not go to that trouble, Brother; I believe what you say. What's the need of looking? God's blessing be with you, I must go home."

"Why so soon? We have scarcely had time yet to bid you welcome."

"I have work to do at home. I forgot something, and am in a great hurry," said the cunning brother, telling a fib.

As soon as the rich man reached home, he shouted to his wife at the top of his voice. When she came he told her the whole story from beginning to end, how his brother, the fisherman, had come by the tremendous lot of money. Then they sat down, and, putting their heads together, worked out a great plan, and resolved that if their brother had taken three cats to the king they would take three bags full, and then would n't he give them a pile of money? So they collected cats from three villages. But people brought them from seven, hearing that the rich man gave a good price for cats. No wonder they heard so, for no matter what any one asked for a cat, that he got. Either a bushel of wheat, a bag of potatoes, a side of bacon, a cake of cheese, a keg of wine, or a jug of strong waters went out of the house in pay for each cat. So, when the three bags were full, the house was emptied clear and clean of provisions from cellar to garret; but, upon my life, it was well stocked with cats.

The rich brother set out on the journey with his man. He took four good horses, and packed the three bags of cats into a wagon. It is easy to imagine what a wailing and screaming the cats raised. Wherever he went, the whole world shouted at the wonder; the boys ran after the wagon from one village to another; the dogs barked; and there was such a head-splitting din that the rich man's hair turned gray.

At last, he arrived at the palace.

"Now," said the rich man to his servant, "you remain here by the wagon, so that nothing may be carried off, and I'll go in. But give me the whip, so that if those stupid rats should fall on me, I can drive them away." Then he appeared before the king.

"God give a good day to Your Majesty!"

"God guard you, rich man! What business are you on?"

"I have brought a present to Your Majesty. I have n't brought it in, because I did n't know where Your Majesty would like to have it, here or somewhere else."

"Well, what have you brought, my good man?"

"What have I brought? That which is dearest to Your Majesty, and which you pay gold and silver for."

"Well, what may it be?"

"What may it be? Your Majesty will see directly; and, although I say it, I know Your Majesty will cover me with gold for it."

"Well, but what can it be?"

"To satisfy Your Majesty's curiosity, I will say that I have brought the same as my brother brought. You are pleased to know him personally."

"I know—the man who lives by the stream on the hill, and earns his living by fishing."

"Yes, yes, he is the man; but I have brought still more than he."

"Oh, in that case, bring it in, this minute, and I will call the queen, her ladies, and the pages."

The rich man went to the wagon, and, with his serving-man, brought the three bags of cats into the White Palace, to the king's chamber. But could he find the way? Why should n't he? The chambers are twelve in a row.

When the rich brother came to the chamber, he opened the bags quickly and let out all the cats. As they had eaten nothing for a whole week, and had been in the bags all the time, the cats had grown wild and had their fur torn off. They made such confusion as man had never seen; one smashed a window, another broke a looking-glass, a

third overturned a glass case. They broke everything—glasses, vessels, cups, and goodness knows what.

The king cried out from amazement. The queen screamed, for a cat had torn its way up her snow-white arm; and the king's little sons began to cry and roar as if to split their throats.

As the doors were open from one chamber to another, the cats raced through the whole palace and smashed into bits everything that could be broken. There was scarcely a window, a looking-glass, or a vase left whole in the building.

At last, the soldiers, hearing the unearthly noise, the smashing, screaming, and "spitting," rushed in, some with clubs, others with spears and swords, and killed the legion of cats, excepting those that had jumped out through the windows. Master Yantchi, for thus they called the rich brother, was neither dead nor alive; he stood there like a boy who knows he has put the wrong stick on the fire and will suffer for it. But as the boy runs from a sound thrashing if he can, so Master Yantchi was up and away. He packed himself off in hot haste, taking no leave of the company, and ran out into the wide world like a stray horse. He never had the courage to come back again to his own village, for every one laughed at his adventure and made sport of him as "the cat-huckster."

At last, news was brought that the cat-huckster had been frozen to death near the robbers' ditch, and, not long afterward, his wife journeyed forth from this world of shadows. Since God had not blessed them with children, the poor brother who had been a fisherman inherited everything, and became so enormously rich that only the king has more money, and he has only a sixpence more.



A TIP OF ADVICE

· WINTER ·

"PRITHEE, my laddie, where go you to-day?
The strong wind is blowing, the heavens are
gray."

"I go to the Northland, far, far away."

"And wherefore, my laddie, if this we may know,
So far on this cold winter morn do you go?"

"To find out the land where there 's nothing
but snow—

"Where icicles hang like the leaves on the tree,
And one may skate merrily over the sea.

And pray, will you go, my fair lasses, with
me?

"My sleigh is beyond, with its rapid reindeer.
Then—ho for the land where there 's snow
all the year!"

"Nay, thanks, it is quite cold enough for us here!"

"Now, prithee, my laddie, go you on your way;
Good fortune attend you wherever you stray;
But we 'll stay at home, if you please, sir!
Good-day!"





HIS TAILOR IS WISER THAN HIS TAIL.

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

JUST as Donald and Dorothy were about to end their outdoor visit to the Danbys, described in our last chapter, Coachman Jack was seen in a neighboring field, trying to catch Mr. Reed's spirited mare, "Lady," that had been let out to have a run. He already had approached her without difficulty and slipped a bridle over her head, but she had started away from him, and he, feeling that she had had playtime enough, was now bent on recapturing her.

Instantly a dozen Danby eyes were following their every motion. Then Donald and Ben, not being able to resist the impulse, scampered over to join in the race, closely followed by Dan and Fandy. Gregory, too, would have gone, but Charity called him back.

It was a superb sight to see the spirited animal, one moment standing motionless at a safe distance

from Jack, and the next, leaping about the field, mane and tail flying, and every action telling of a defiant enjoyment of freedom. Soon, two grazing horses in the same field caught her spirit; even Don's pony, at first looking soberly over a hedge in the adjoining lot, began frisking and capering about on his own account, dashing past an opening in the hedge as though it were as solid a barrier as the rest. Nor were Jack and the boys less frisky. Coaxing and shouting had failed, and now it was an open chase, in which, for a time, the mare certainly had the advantage. But what horse is proof against its appetite? Clever little Fandy had rushed to Mr. Reed's barn, and brought back in his hat a light lunch of oats for the mare, which he at once bore into her presence, shaking it temptingly, at the same time slowly backing away from her. The little midget and his hatful succeeded, where big man and boys had failed. The mare came cautiously up and was about to put her nose into the cap, when Jack's sudden but stealthy effort to seize the bridle made her start sidewise

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away from him. But here Donald leaped forward at the other side and caught her.

Jack was too proud of Don's quickness to appear surprised; so, disregarding the hilarious shout of the Danby boys, he took the bridle from the young master with an off-hand air, and led the now gentle animal quietly toward the stable.

But Dorothy was there before him. Out of breath after her brisk run, she was panting and tugging at a dusty side-saddle hanging in the harness-room, when Jack and the mare drew near.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "help me get this down! I mean to have some fun. I'm going to ride that mare back to the field!"

"Not you, Miss Dorry!" exclaimed Jack. "Take your own pony, an' your own saddle, an' it's a go; but this 'ere mare 'd be on her beam ends with you in no time."

"Oh, no she would n't, Jack! She knows me perfectly. (Don't you, Lady?) Oh, do, Jack! That 's a good Jack. *Please* let me! Don 's there, you know —"

Dorry said this as if Don were a regiment. By this time the side-saddle clattered down from its peg, with a peculiar buckle-and-leathery noise of its own.

"Wont you, Jack? Ah, *wont* you!"

"No, miss, I wont!" said Jack, resolutely.

"Why, Jack, I've been on her before. Don't you know? There is n't a horse on the place that could throw me. Uncle said so. Don't you remember?"

"So he did!" said Jack, his eyes sparkling proudly. "The Cap'n said them very words. An'," glancing weakly at the mare, "she's standin' now like a skiff in a calm. Not a breath in her sails —"

"Oh, do—*do*, Jack!" coaxed Dorry, seizing her advantage, "quick! They 're all in the lot yet. Here, put it on her!"

"I 'm an old fool," muttered Jack to himself, as, hindered by Dorry's busy touches, he proceeded to saddle the subdued animal; "but I can't never refuse her nothin'—that 's where it is. Easy now, miss!" as Dorry, climbing up on the feed-box in laughing excitement, begged him to hurry and let her mount. "Easy now. There! You 're on, high and dry. Here" (tugging at the girth), "let me tauten up a bit! Steady now! Don't try no capers with her, Miss Dorry, and come back in a minute. Get up, Lady!—get up!"

The mare left the stable so slowly and unwillingly, that Jack slapped her flank gently as she moved off.

Jog, jog went Lady out through the wide stable door-way, across the yard into the open field. Dorry, hastily arranging her skirts and settling her-

self comfortably upon the grand but dingy saddle (it had been Aunt Kate's in the days gone by), laughed to herself, thinking how astonished they all must be to see her riding Lady back to them. For a moment she playfully pretended to be unconscious of their gaze. Then she looked up.

Poor Dorry! Not a boy, not even Donald, had remained in the field! He and the little Danbys were listening to one of Ben's stories of adventure. Even the two horses and Don's pony were quietly nosing the dry grass in search of green tufts.

"I don't care," she murmured, gayly, overcoming her disappointment. "I mean to have a ride, any way. Get up, Lady!"

Lady *did* get up. She shook her head, pricked up her ears, and started off at a beautiful canter across the fields.

"How lovely!" thought Dorry, especially pleased at that moment to see several figures coming toward her from the Danby yard; "it's just like flying!"

Whether Lady missed her master's firm grip upon the rein, or whether she guessed her rider's thought, and was inspired by the sudden shouts and hurrahs of the approaching boys, can never be known. Certain it is that by the next moment Dorry, on Lady's back, was flying in earnest—flying at great speed round and round the field, but with never an idea of falling off. Her first feeling was that her uncle and Jack would n't be pleased if they knew the exact character of the ride. Next came a sense of triumph, because she felt that Don and the rest were seeing it all, and then a wild consciousness that her hat was off, her hair streaming to the wind, and that she was keeping her seat for dear life.

Lady's canter had become a run, and the run soon grew into a series of leaps. Still Dorry kept her seat. Young as she was, she was a fearless rider, and at first, as we have seen, rather enjoyed the prospect of a tussle with Lady. But as the speed increased, Dorry found herself growing deaf, dumb and blind in the breathless race. Still, if she could only hold on, all would be well; she certainly could not consent to be conquered before "those boys."

Lady seemed to go twenty feet in the air at every leap. There was no merry shouting now. The little boys stood pale and breathless. Ben, trying to hold Don back, was wondering what was to be done, and Charity was wringing her hands.

"Oh, oh! She 'll be thrown!" cried the girls.

"Not a bit of it!" insisted Donald. "I 've seen Dot on a horse before." (But his looks betrayed his anxiety.) "See! The mare 's trying to throw her now! But she can't do it—she can't do it! Dot understands herself, I tell you,—

Whoa-o!—Let me go!" and, breaking from Ben, he tore across the field, through the opening in the hedge, and was on his pony's back in a twinkling. How he did it, he never knew. He had heard Dorry scream, and somehow that scream made him and his pony one. Together, they flew over the field; with a steady, calm purpose they cut across Lady's course, and soon were at her side. Donald's "Hold on, Dot!" was followed by his quick plunge toward the mare. It seemed that she certainly

superb grace, almost as if with a bow, and the pony was rubbing its nose against her steaming side.

"Good for you, Dot!" was Donald's first word. "You held on magnificently."

Dorothy stroked Lady's hot neck, and for a moment could not trust herself to look up. But when Jack half pulled, half lifted her from the saddle, and she felt the firm earth beneath her, she tottered and would have fallen, had not Donald, frightened



DONALD TO THE RESCUE!

would ride over him, but he never faltered. Grasping his pony's mane with one hand, he clutched Lady's bridle with the other. The mare plunged, but the boy's grip was as firm as iron. Though almost dragged from his seat, he held on, and the more she struggled, the harder he tugged,—the pony bearing itself nobly, and quivering in eager sympathy with Donald's every movement. Jack and Ben were now tearing across the field, bent on rescue; but they were not needed. Don was master of the situation. The mare had yielded with

at her white face, sprung to the ground just in time to support her.

"Shiver my timbers!" growled Jack, "if ever I let youngsters have their way again!" But his eyes shone with a strange mixture of self-reproach and satisfaction as he looked at Dorry.

"Oh, is she hurt?" cried Charity, who, having stumbled with the baby in her rush across the field, was gathering up the screaming little fellow, catching her balance, and scrambling onward at the same time—"Is she hurt?"

"Is she hurt?" echoed the others, pressing forward in breathless excitement.

"Not hurt at all," spoke up Donald, stoutly, as, still supporting his sister, he saw the color coming back to her cheek—"not hurt one bit! It's only been a splendid ride for her, and a jolly scare for us; but it is high time we were in the house. All's right, Jack. Good-bye, everybody! We'll skip along home, now."

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH SOME WELL-MEANING GROWN
FOLK APPEAR.



MR. MCSWIVER—better known as Michael by the Manning family, or, more descriptively, as "Mr. Manning's Mike," at the village store, but always as old Mr. McSwiver to our Liddy—was about to enjoy an evening out. This was a rare occurrence; for Mr. McSwiver, though he had advertised himself as having "no incum-

brance," was by no means an ease-taking man. He united in his august person the duties of coachman, butler, waiter, useful man, and body-servant to Mr. Manning. Seeing him at early dawn blacking his employer's boots, or, later, attending to the lighter duties of the coach-house (he had a stable-boy to help him), one could never imagine the grandeur of that same useful individual when dressed in his best.

"A hall-door and waitin' suit brings out a man's fine points if he has any, so it does; and it's nowise surprisin' that parties callin' after night-fall should be secretly mistakin' me for the boss himself," thought Mr. McSwiver, as he took a final, anxious look at his well-scrubbed countenance before starting to make a formal call on Liddy.

Half an hour afterward he was stalking toward the village store, talking to himself as usual, for lack of better company:

"Humph! Queen Victorior herself could n't be more high and mighty! and all because her young

lady's gone an' had a runaway on horseback! 'Is she kilt?' says I. 'Mercy, no!' says she; 'but I shall be special engaged all the ev'nin', Mr. McSwiver,' says she; and with that she fastens her eyes on me (mighty pooty ones they are, too!) a-noddin' good-bye, till I was forced, like, to take meself off. Miss Josephine herself could n't 'a' been grander to one of them young city swells at the 'cademy! Och!"

Meantime, Lydia had quite forgotten his sudden, nipped-in-the-bud visit. Old Mr. McSwiver was well enough in his own way, and at a fitting time, for he knew her cousins the Crumps; but she could not think of society matters so soon after her darling Miss Dorry had been in danger.

"Did you ever know it to turn out any other way?" said she confidentially to Donald, on that same evening,—after Dorothy, somewhat subdued by dreadful remarks on the subject of nervous shocks and internal injuries, had retired earlier than usual,—“now, did you, Master Donald? There Mr. G. had been taking extra precautions to keep her safe, and, under a merciful Providence, it was only by the skin of that dear child's teeth that she was n't sent to a better world! And, do you know, Master Donald? there's been serious goings on here, too."

"Goings on? What *do* you mean, Liddy?"

"Why, the horrid man came—the very same that looked in at my sitting-room window—and Mr. George opened the door his own self, and spoke very severe to him, and 'I can not see you to-night,' says he. 'Come on next Monday evening, at half-past nine, and not before.' I heard him say those very words."

Donald looked at her anxiously, but made no reply.

"There's no harm in my telling you," continued Liddy, softly, "because you and Mr. G. and me know about him."

"No, I don't, Liddy. I have n't heard half, and you know it!" was Donald's puzzled and indignant rejoinder. "This being let half-way into a secret does n't suit me. If Uncle were not busy this evening, I'd go in and straighten matters at once."

"Oh, hush! please do," whispered Liddy, hurriedly. "Miss Dorry'll hear you. I only meant that you and I both know that he's been hanging about these parts for a week or more, and that his presence does n't bode any good. Why, you noticed it first of anybody. Besides, I want her to sleep. The darling child! She's feeling worse than she lets on, I'm afraid, though I rubbed her back with liniment to make sure. Please don't talk any more about things to-night, my dear. To-morrow I'll ask your uncle to ——"

"No, you need n't, thank you, Liddy," interrupted Don. "I'll speak to him myself."

"Oh, my! When?"

"I don't know. When I get ready," he replied, laughing in spite of himself at Lydia's hopeless way of putting the question. "It is sure to come soon. I've had tries at this tangle from time to time without getting a fair pull at it. But I intend to straighten it out soon, or know the reason why."

"Sakes! What an air he has, to be sure!" thought Liddy, as Donald moved away. "The fact is, that boy 's getting big. We older folks 'll think of them as children to the end of our days; but it's true as sky and water. And it's even more so with Miss Dorry. Those twins are getting older, as sure as I live!"

Monday evening came, and with it the "long, lank man." He did not come before half-past nine; and then, to Lydia's great disappointment (for she had rather enjoyed the luxury of dreading this mysterious visit), he rang the door-bell like any other visitor, and asked, familiarly, for Mr. Reed.

"Mr. Reed is at home, sir," responded Liddy, in a tone of cold disapprobation.

"All right. You 're the housekeeper, I s'pose?"

Trembling within, but outwardly calm, silent, and majestic, Liddy threw open the study-door, and saw Mr. Reed rise to receive his guest.

The good woman's sitting-room was directly under the study. Consequently, the rumble of voices overhead soon became somewhat exasperating. But she calmed herself with the thought that Mr. George knew his own business. It was evident that he had something very important to talk over with "that person"; and if a wild thought of carrying in glasses and a pitcher of water *did* enter her head, it met with such a chilling reception from Liddy's better self that it was glad to creep away again.

This, then, was why Lydia, busily engaged at her little sewing-table, was right glad, late as it was, to see Mr. Jack's shining face and newly combed locks appear at the sitting-room door.

"Hullo, messmate! My service to you," was that worthy's salutation.

"Good-evening, sir," said Lydia, severely. "My name is Blum—Miss Lydia Blum, though you 've known it these twelve years, and been told of it twenty times as often."

"Miss Blum, then, at your service," growled Jack, bowing very low, and still remaining near the door. "It struck me, Miss Blum, that a chap from the fore-castle might drop into your pretty

cabin for a friendly chat this fine evening, Mrs. Blum."

"Yes, indeed, and welcome," was the laughing reply. "Take a seat, Mr. Jack."

He always was "Mr. Jack," evenings, and she, Miss Blum, each enjoying the other's society all the more because of the mutual conviction that he was no ordinary coachman, and she was far from being an every-day servant. Nora, the red-checked house maid, and Kassy, the cook, felt this; and though treated kindly, even cordially, by both these mighty powers, they understood their distance well enough, and that they were not a part of the family, as Jack and Lydia Blum were.

"Mr. Jack," spoke Lydia, suddenly, "do you know who is upstairs?"

"Aye, aye."

"Did you come on that account?"

Here Jack looked knowing, and said she must not question the man on the lookout.

"Not that I 've had even a hint of such a thing from the Captain," added Jack, as his companion nodded approvingly; "but your good sailor looks to the scupper before the ship fills—which does n't apply in particular, but it has its meaning, nevertheless. Young parties turned in, yet?"

"Master Donald and Miss Dorothy have retired, Mr. Jack," corrected Miss Blum, loftily. "That is, I presume so. At any rate, they are in their rooms, bless them!"

"Bless 'em again!" echoed Mr. Jack, heartily, ignoring the reproof. "A smarter, smiler pair of beauties never came in my range on sea or land. There 's Master Donald, now, with the spirit of a man-o'-war in his boy's hull. My, but he 's a fine one! And yet so civil and biddable! Always full set when there 's fun in the air. Can't tell you, Mistress Blum, how I dote on that 'ere boy. Then there 's Miss Dorothy,—the trimmest, neatest little craft I ever see. It seemed, t' other day, that the deck was slipping from under me when I see that child scudding around the lot on Lady's back. You could n't 'a' told, at first, whether she was a-runnin' away with Lady, or Lady a-runnin' away with her. But did n't the skeer follow mighty quick on us? I tell you the wind blew four quarters to once for a spell, but before one could get there Master Donald had her. Whew! It was mirac'l'us! Never see such a boy—no, nor girl either—as them two twins!"

"Nor I," said Liddy, fervently.

"And what babbies they were!" proceeded Jack. "I can see 'em, now, as I first saw 'em after the wreck,—poor, thin, pinched mites, sneezin' their little heads off, 'most. And then, when you took hold on 'em, Mistress Blum, with your tender care, night an' day, day an' night, always studyin'

their babby naturs so particular and insistin' upon their havin' their grog from one tap ——"

"Mr. Jack, I 'm ashamed of you! How often I 've requested you not to put it that way! Milk from one cow is a common-sense rule. Every one knows that babies brought up by hand must be treated just so particular. Well, they throve on it, did n't they?"—her eyes kindling.

"Throve! Shiver my timbers, I—ahem! Beg parding! Throve! Why, they just bounded! I never see anything like it! The brightest, liveliest little pair o' sea-gulls I ever set eyes on; an' grow? *Grow*, Miss Blum? Well, throw me to the sharks if ever I see anything grow like them babbies!"

"Did n't they!" exclaimed Miss Blum, so happy



"I USED TO STAND AND WONDER AT THEM, WHEN I SHOULD HAVE BEEN WORKIN'."

in recalling her success with the precious, darling little D's that she quite forgot to check Mr. Jack's inelegance. "Ah, many a time I used to stand and wonder at them when I should have been workin'! Why, do you know, Mr. Jack——"

A bell rang violently.

"It's the master!" cried Liddy, and as she sprang up the stairs, Jack followed her rapidly and lightly on tiptoe.

But it was not Mr. George at all. When Liddy hastily opened the library door with a "Did you ring, sir?" and Mr. Reed responded with a surprised "No, thank you!" the good woman ran up the next flight of stairs, and Jack went down again, whistling softly to himself.

Lydia found Donald in tribulation. He had remained up to write a letter to a friend at boarding-school, and somehow had managed to upset his inkstand. His attempts to prevent serious damage had only increased the mischief. A pale but very large ink-stain stared up at him from the wet carpet.

"De-struction!" exclaimed Lydia, as, standing at the open door, she took in the situation at a glance. "If you 'd only rubbed it with blotting-paper the instant it happened," she continued, kneeling upon the floor, and rubbing vigorously with a piece that she had snatched from the table, "there would n't have been a trace of it by this time. Sakes!" glancing at the fine towel which Donald had recklessly used, "if you have n't ruined *that*, too! Well," she sighed, slowly rising, "nothing but sour milk can help the carpet now, and I have n't a drop in the house!"

"Never mind," said Donald; "what's a little ink-stain? You can't expect a bachelor's apartment to look like a parlor. I 'll fling the rug over the place—so!"

"Not now, Master Donald. Do wait till it dries!" cried Lydia, checking him in the act, and laughing at his bewildered look. She ran downstairs with a half-reproachful "My, what a boy!"—while Donald, carefully putting a little water into the inkstand, to make up for recent waste, went on with his letter, which, it happened, was all about matters not immediately connected with this story.

CHAPTER X.

WHICH PRESENTS A FAITHFUL REPORT OF THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. REED AND HIS MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

"HOPE the young folks are at home," remarked the "long, lank man," with an off-hand air of familiarity, comfortably settling himself in an arm-chair before the smoldering fire, and thrusting out his ungainly feet as far as possible. "Would be glad to make their acquaintance."

"My nephew and niece have retired for the night, sir," was the stiff reply.

"Ah? Hardly past nine, too. You hold to old-fashioned customs here, I perceive. Early to bed, etcetera, etcetera. And yet they're no chickens. Let me see; I'm thirty-nine. According to my reckoning, they must carry about fourteen years apiece by this time. Dorothy looks it; but the boy seems younger, in spite of his big ways. Why not sit down, George?"

"Dorothy!—George!" echoed Mr. Reed's thought, indignantly. But with a stern resolve to be patient, he seated himself.

"Look here, George, as this is likely to be a

long session, let's have a little more of a blaze here. I got chilled through waiting for that door to open. Ah, that 's something like!"

Meanwhile this cordial person, carefully selecting suitable pieces from the wood-basket on the hearth, and re-arranging the fire, had seized the bellows and begun to blow vigorously, nearly shutting up his long figure, like a big clasp-knife, in the act.

"Excuse my making myself to home," he continued, jauntily poking a small log into place with the bellows, and then brushing his seedy trousers with his hand; "it was always my style. Most men that's been knocked about all their lives get shy and wary. But that aint Eben Slade. Well, when are you going to begin?"

"I am ready now, Mr. Slade."

"Pshaw! Don't Mr. Slade me. Call me Eben, plain Eben. Just as Kate did."

Mr. Reed's face flushed angrily.

"See here, George," the visitor went on, suddenly changing his sportive style to a manner that was designed to appear quite confidential and friendly,—"see here, I don't want to quarrel with you nor any other man. This here is just a chat between two almost relatives—sort of left-handed brothers, you know, and for my ——"

"Slade!" exclaimed Mr. Reed, savagely, rising from his chair, but at once seating himself again, and speaking with forced calmness: "While I have allowed you this interview, I must request you to understand now and for all time, as you have understood very plainly heretofore, that there can be no connection or implied relationship between us. We are strangers, and from this night must remain so!"

"Ex—actly!" interrupted Slade, cheerily—"the kind of strangers two chaps naturally would be, having the same sister—my sister by blood, yours by adoption."

Certainly this was a strong point with Mr. Slade, for he leaned forward and looked boldly into the other's face, as he finished the sentence.

"Yes," said Mr. Reed, with a solemn dignity, "precisely such strangers as the scape-grace brother of a noble girl must be to those who rescued this girl in her earliest childhood, sheltered her, taught her, honored and loved her as true brothers should, and to whom she clung with all a sister's fondness and loyalty."

"Pre—cisely!" observed Mr. Slade, with a mocking air of being deeply impressed. "Go on."

"You know the conditions under which you were adopted by Squire Hinsley, and Kate was adopted by my father, when you were left orphans, homeless, destitute ——"

"Thank you. You are right. Quite destitute; —I may say, desperately destitute; though as I was

six years of age at the time, and Kate but two, I have forgotten the painful particulars. Proceed."

"You know well," continued Mr. Reed, with quiet precision, "the agreement, signed, sealed, and delivered, in the presence of witnesses, between my parents and John Hinsley on the one side, and your uncle and lawful guardian, Samuel Slade, on the other. The adoption was absolute. Kate was to have no legal claim on John Hinsley or his family, and you were to have none upon my father and his family. She was to be to my father, in all respects but birth, his own child,—his, Henry Reed's, to support and educate, sharing the fortune of his own children during his life, and receiving an equal share of his estate at his death; all of which was literally and faithfully fulfilled. And you were adopted by John Hinsley under similar conditions, excepting that they were, in fact, more favorable. He and his wife were childless, and rich in worldly goods; and they agreed to shelter and educate you—in fact, so long as you continued to obey and honor them, to treat you in all respects as their son and heir. You know the sequel. You had a pleasant home, tender care, and conscientious training, but, in spite of all, you were lazy, worthless, treacherous—a source of constant grief and anxiety to the good pair who had hoped to find in you a son to comfort their old age."

"Thank you, again!" exclaimed Eben Slade. "I always liked frankness."

"In time, and with good cause, they discarded you," continued Mr. Reed, without noticing the interruption, "and my father, for Kate's sake, did all in his power to win you to a good life, but in vain. Later, in dire want and trouble, when even your worthless companions threw you off, you appealed to me, and I induced Mr. and Mrs. Hinsley to give you one more trial. But you fell into bad company again and ran away, deserting your adopted parents just when they were beginning to trust you. Your subsequent course I do not know, nor where you have been from that day to this. I only know that, although during your boyhood you were free to visit your sister, you never showed the slightest interest in her, nor seemed to care whether she were living or dead. Even when we brought you together, you were cold and selfish in your treatment of her, moved by a jealous bitterness which even her trustful love for you could not dispel. These are disagreeable truths, but I intend that we shall understand each other."

"So I see," muttered Eben.

"Meantime," continued Mr. Reed, in a different tone, and almost as if he were talking to himself and had forgotten the presence of his visitor, "Kate grew in sweetness, in truth, and nobility of nature, into a strong, beautiful girlhood, honored by all,

and idolized by her new parents and by her two brothers, Wolcott and myself. Bearing our name from her babyhood, and coming with us, soon after, into this new neighborhood as our only sister, her relationship never was questioned ——”

Eben Slade had been listening in sullen patience, but now he asked, quickly:

“Do they, do the youngsters——”

“My brother’s children?” asked Mr. Reed.

“Well, your brother’s children, if you wish; do *they* know that she was adopted by their grandparents, that she was not their own flesh-and-blood aunt?”

“They think of her always as the beloved sister of their father and myself, as she was,” replied Mr. Reed. “From the first, it was the custom of our household to consider her purely as one of the family. Kate, herself, would have resented any other view of the case——therefore——”

“Therefore the children have been kept in the dark about it,” exclaimed Eben Slade, exultingly, as though it were his turn now to utter plain truths.

“The question has never been raised by them. They were but six weeks old when they were brought to this house—and as they grew older, they learned to know of her and love her as their Aunt Kate. If ever they ask me the question direct, I shall answer it. Till then I shall consider Kate Reed—I should say Mrs. Kate Robertson—as my sister and their aunt.”

“And I likewise shall continue to consider her as *my* sister, with your permission,” remarked Eben, with a disagreeable laugh.

“Yes, and a true sister she would have been. The letters which she wrote you during your boyhood, and which you never answered, showed her interest in your welfare.”

“If she had known enough to put money in them, now,” sneered Eben Slade. “I was kept down in the closest way, and a little offering of that kind might—but that’s neither here nor there, and I don’t see the drift of all this talk. What *I* want to know—what in fact I came for, and what I intend to keep coming for, is to see her will.”

“Her will?” asked Mr. Reed with surprise, and in an unconscious tone of relief.

“Yes, now you’ve hit it! Her adopted parents were dead. She had inherited one-third of their estate. With such a fortune as that, she must have left a will. Where is it? I want to know what became of that money, and why you kept——”

“Silence!” commanded Mr. Reed, sorely tempted to lay hands on the fellow, and thrust him from the house. “No insolence, sir!”

Just then Lydia opened the door, and, as we already know, vanished as soon as she learned her presence had not been called for.

“What I want to know”——began Eben again, in a high key.

“Not so loud,” said Mr. Reed, quietly.

His visitor’s voice dropped, as, crooking his elbows, and resting a hand on each arm of his chair, he started afresh: “So Miss Kate Reed, as she called herself, and as you called her, never wrote me again after that, eh?”

This was uttered so significantly that his listener responded with a quick:

“Well! what do you mean?”

“What do *you* mean?” echoed Mr. Slade, with a darkening face. “Why didn’t she ever write to me afterward?”

This was a bit of acting designed to mislead; for at that moment a yellow, worn letter, written nearly fourteen years before, was tucked snugly away in the visitor’s pocket. And it was on the strength of this same letter that he hoped yet to obtain heavy favors from George Reed. Eben knew well enough what had become of the money, but, for some cunning reason of his own, chose to plead ignorance.

“I will ask you a question in return,” said Mr. Reed. “Why, if you took so keen an interest in your sister’s fortune, did you not apply to me long ago for information?”

“Because,” replied Eben Slade, boldly, “I had my reasons. I knew the money was safe; and I could bide my time.”

“What!” exclaimed Mr. Reed, “do you pretend to be ignorant of the fact that, two years after my sister Kate’s marriage, she started with her husband and baby to return to America, absolutely penniless?”

“Who paid their passage, then?” asked Eben;—but meeting Mr. Reed’s eyes, he went on in an injured tone, “I know nothing but what you choose to tell me. True, you forgot to advertise for me to come and hear of something to my advantage, but I supposed, very naturally, that coming here I should find Kate had left me a share of her fortune as a matter of course, and that I could go back and settle myself respectably in the far-West. I may as well tell you I have a wife somewhere out there, and if I had means to buy up a splendid mining property which can be had now for a mere song, I’d just buy it clean and settle down to a steady life.”

During this speech, Eben Slade’s expression of face had become so very frank and innocent that Mr. Reed’s conviction began to waver. He had felt sure that Slade remembered well enough having long ago written him two letters—one asking for information concerning Kate’s property, the other bemoaning the fact that all was lost, and appealing for help. But now it seemed evident that these

documents, still in Mr. Reed's good keeping, had quite escaped his visitor's memory.

"I don't want to go to law about this thing," continued Slade, slowly, as if to demand closer attention, "especially as it would stir up your home affairs for the public benefit, and so, as I say, I hoped to settle things quietly. If I only had what ought to be coming to me, I would n't be here at all. It would be lonesome for my many friends in this favored spot, but I should be far away, making a man of myself, as they say in the books."

"What is all this to me?" said Mr. Reed, coldly. "You have had your answer concerning Mrs. Robertson's property. It is getting late. Have you any more questions to ask?"

"Well, yes, a few. What about the wreck? No, let's hear from the date of the marriage." And Mr. Slade, inwardly surprised at Mr. Reed's patience, yet unable to forego the luxury of being as familiar and pert as possible, settled himself to listen to the story which Mr. Reed had permitted him to come and hear.

"They sailed," began that gentleman, "early in —"

Slade, leaning back in his easy-chair, waved his hand with a sprightly: "Beg pardon! Go back a little. This Robertson —"

"This Robertson," said Mr. Reed, as though it quite suited him to go back, "was a stranger to me; a friend of the lady whom my brother Wolcott afterward married—indeed, Kate formed his acquaintance while visiting at this lady's home in New York. He was a fascinating, handsome man, of a romantic turn, and without a grain of business capacity."

"Like myself," interrupted the listener, with an ugly attempt at a smile.

"From the first, I opposed the marriage," continued Mr. Reed—"but the poor girl, reasonable in everything else, would listen neither to argument nor to appeal. She was sure that in time we all should know him and love him as she did. I would not even attend the wedding, which took place at her friend's house. Though, by the terms of my father's will, and very much against our judgment, my brother Wolcott and myself, who were her guardians up to the date of her marriage, gave up to her unconditionally one-third of the family estate on her wedding-day. The result was as we had feared. They sailed immediately for England, and once there, he entered into various wild speculations, and in less than two years the little fortune was utterly gone."

"Can you prove it?" interrupted Mr. Slade, suspiciously.

"Meantime," said Mr. Reed, looking at him as

though he were a vicious spaniel, "my brother had married, and had gone with his bride to Europe to remain two years. In a twelvemonth his wife became the mother of twins, a boy and a girl, and before two weeks had passed their father was stricken with fever, and died. News then came to me, not only of this grief, but telling how my sister Kate had become destitute, and had been too proud to let us know of her misfortunes, and finally how, at the moment the letter was written, she and her husband, Robertson, with their baby daughter, then only three weeks old, were living solely on the bounty of Wolcott's widow.

"There was but one thing to be done. The widow was broken-hearted, totally unable to attend to her affairs, and Mr. Robertson was the last man whom I could trust to look after them all. But he at least could come with them to America, and I sent word for them all to come—and bring the three babies—leaving nothing undone which could tend to their comfort and safety on the voyage. They sailed——" Here Mr. Reed paused, bracing himself for the remainder of the recital, which he had resolved should be complete and full. He had at hand legal papers proving that his adopted sister Kate, at the time of her marriage, had received her rightful third of his father's estate; but he did not feel in any way compelled to show these to his unpleasant visitor.

Eben Slade for an instant respected the silence. But he had a point to gain.

"Yes," said he, "but this is sudden news as to the loss of her property. I don't understand it. She must at some time have made a will. Show me documents!"

"There was no will," said Mr. Reed. "As for documents,"—here he arose, walked to a high, old-fashioned secretary, unlocked a drawer, and produced two letters,—"you may recognize these!" and he unfolded the yellow, time-worn sheets before Mr. Slade's astonished eyes—astonished, not that they were his own letters, betraying his full knowledge of his sister's loss of property, but that Mr. Reed should be able to produce them after all these fourteen years.

"You see?" said that gentleman, pointing to these heartless words in Slade's own handwriting: "*It's terrible news, for now that Kate's money is all gone, as well as herself, I know there's nothing more to look for in that quarter.*"

Slade peered at the words with well-feigned curiosity. But he had his revenge ready.

"Seeing as you've a fancy for old letters, George, may be this 'ere will interest you?"

Was it magic? Another yellow letter, very much soiled and worn, appeared to jump from Slade's pocket and open itself before Mr. Reed's eyes. He

recognized Kate's clear, bright penmanship at a glance.

"Read it," said Eben, still holding the letter:

"In my extremity, Eben, I turn to you. By this time you may be yourself again, turned from all evil ways. I married against my brother George's consent—and he has as good as cast me off. We are penniless; my husband seems completely broken down. My brother Wolcott has just died. I am too proud to go to his widow, or to my brother George. Oh, Eben, if I starve, if I die, will you take my baby-girl? Will you care for her for our dead mother's sake?"

"I'd have done my duty by that baby," said Eben Slade, slowly folding the letter, and looking with hateful triumph into Mr. Reed's pale face. "I'd have had my rights, too, and you never should have seen hide nor hair of the child if it had lived. I wish it had; she'd 'a' been handy about the house by this time, and my wife, whose temper is none of the best, would have had some one to help her with the chores and keep her in

good humor. What have you got belonging to her? What's her's is mine. Where's the baby-clothes? The things that must have been sent on afterward from England?"

"There was nothing sent," almost whispered Mr. Reed, with a stunned look; but in an instant, he turned his eyes full upon Slade, causing the miserable creature to cringe before him:

"If you had the soul of a man, I could wish for your sake that something had been saved, but there was nothing. My sister was not herself when she wrote that letter. She was frantic with grief and trouble, else she would have known that I would forgive and cherish her. And now, sir, if you are satisfied, I bid you good-evening!"

"I am *not* satisfied," said Eben, doggedly. "Where is the man who saw the shipwreck?"

Mr. Reed opened the window. Seizing something that hung there, he blew a shrill whistle, then lowered the sash and sat down.

Neither spoke a word. Quick steps sounded upon the stairs. The door opened.

"Aye, aye, Captain!" said Jack. Nero stood beside him, growling.

(To be continued.)

HOW A LITTLE GIRL SUGGESTED THE INVENTION OF THE TELESCOPE.

SOME of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally; and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after some new combination or material for carrying out a pet idea, to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance. A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope.

Nearly three hundred years ago, there was living in the town of Middelburg, on the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him in various small ways, or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his work-bench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed:

"Oh, Papa! See how near the steeple comes!"

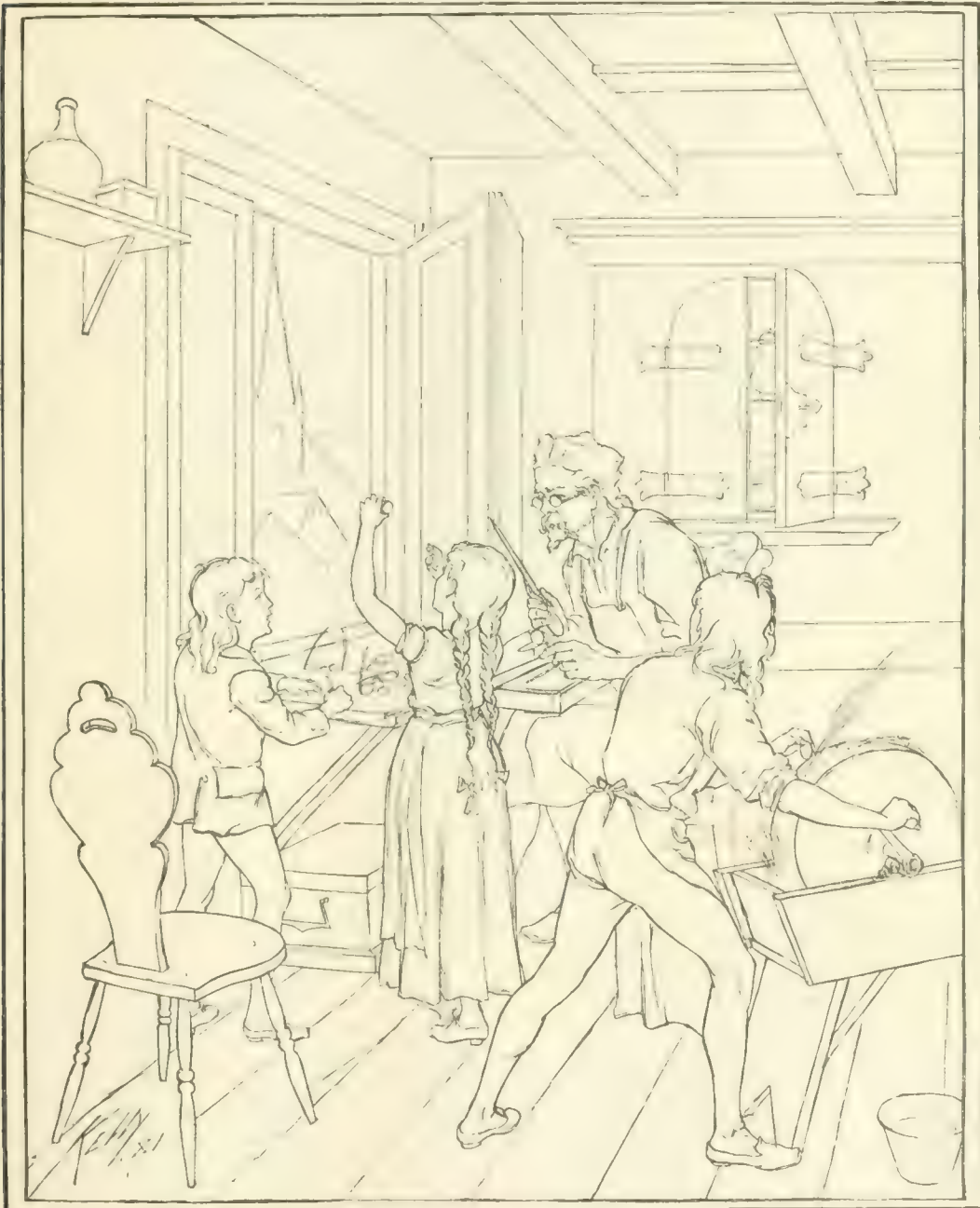
Half-startled by this announcement, the honest Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amazement. Turning toward her, he saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye, and the other at arm's length; and, calling his daughter to his

side, he noticed that the eye-lens was plano-concave (or flat on one side and hollowed out on the other), while the one held at a distance was plano-convex (or flat on one side and bulging on the other). Then, taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at their exact focus, and this had produced the wonderful effect that she had observed. His quick wit and skilled invention saw in this accident a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses, and ere long he had fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses firmly at their exact focus.

This rough tube was the germ of that great instrument the telescope, to which modern science owes so much. And it was on October 22, 1608, that Lippersheim sent to his government three telescopes made by himself, calling them "instruments by means of which to see at a distance."

Not long afterward another man, Jacob Adriansz, or Metius, of Alkmaar, a town about twenty miles from Amsterdam, claimed to have discovered the

principle of the telescope two years earlier than nor heard of the discovery made by Adriansz, and Hans Lippersheim; and it is generally a known fact, so, if Adriansz had not lived we still should owe



"OH, FATHER! SEE HOW NEAR THE STREET 'TIS!"

edged that to one of these two men belongs the honor of inventing the instrument. But it seems certain that Hans Lippersheim had never known to Hans Lippersheim's quick wit, and his little daughter's lucky meddling, one of the most valuable and wonderful of human inventions.



"UP IN THE MORNING EARLY!"

HOW TO RUN.

BY THEO. B. WILLSON.

VERY few boys know how to run.

"Ho, ho!" say a dozen boys. "Just bring on the boy that can run faster than I can!"

But, stop a moment. I don't mean that most boys can't run fast—I mean they can't run far. I don't believe there is one boy in fifty, of those who may read this, who can run a quarter of a mile at a good smart pace without having to blow like a porpoise by the time he has made his distance. And how many boys are there who can run, fast or slow, a full mile without stopping?

It hardly speaks well for our race, does it, that almost any animal in creation that pretends to run at all can outrun any of us?

Take the smallest terrier-dog you can find, that is sound and not a puppy, and try a race with him. He'll beat you badly. He'll run a third faster than you can, and ten times as far, and this with legs not more than six inches long. I have a hound so active that he always runs at least seventy-five miles when I stay a day in the woods with him; for he certainly runs more than seven miles an hour, and if I am gone ten hours, you see he must travel about seventy-five miles of distance. And then, a good hound will sometimes follow a fox for two days and nights without stopping, going more than three hundred and fifty miles, and he will do it without eating or sleeping.

Then, you may have heard how some of the runners in the South African tribes will run for long distances — hundreds of miles — carrying dispatches, and making very few stops.

I make these comparisons to show that our boys who can not run a mile without being badly winded are very poor runners.

But I believe I can tell the boys something that will help them to run better. I was a pretty old boy when I first found it out, but the first time I tried it I ran a mile and a quarter at one dash, and I was not weary nor blown. And now I'm going to give you the secret:

Breathe through your nose!

I had been thinking what poor runners we are, and wondering why the animals can run so far, and it came to me that perhaps this might account for the difference, that they always take air through the nose, while we usually begin to puff through our mouths before we have gone many rods. Some animals, such as the dog and the fox, do open their mouths and pant while running, but they do this to cool themselves, and not because they can not get air enough through their noses.

I found once, through a sad experience with a pet dog, that dogs must die if their nostrils become stopped. They will breathe through the mouth only while it is forcibly held open; if left to themselves they always breathe through the nose.

So, possibly, we are intended to take all our breath through the nose, unless necessity drives us to breathe through the mouth.

There are many other reasons why we ought to make our noses furnish all the air to our lungs. One is, the nose is filled with a little forest of hair, which is always kept moist, like all the inner surfaces of the nose, and particles of dust that would otherwise rush into the lungs and make trouble, are caught and kept out by this little hairy network. Then the passages of the nose are longer, and smaller, and more crooked than that of the mouth, so that as it passes through them the air becomes warm. But these are only a few reasons why the nose ought not to be switched off and left idle, as so many noses are, while their owners go puffing through their mouths.

All trainers of men for racing and rowing, and all other athletic contests, understand this, and teach their pupils accordingly. If the boys will try this plan, they will soon see what a difference it will make in their endurance. After you have run a few rods holding your mouth tightly closed, there will come a time when it will seem as though you could not get air enough through the nose alone; but don't give up; keep right on, and in a few moments you will overcome this. A little practice of this method will go far to make you the best runner in the neighborhood.

"LITTLE BIRD WITH BOSOM RED."

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

WHEN the winds of winter blow,
And the air is thick with snow,

Drifting over hill and hollow,
Whitening all the naked trees,—
Then the bluebird and the jay
And the oriole fly away,

Where the bobolink and swallow
Flew before them at their ease.

You may look, and look in vain,
For you will not see again

Any flash of blue or yellow
Flitting door and window by;
They have spread their dainty wings,
All the sunshine-loving things,

Gone to pipe away their mellow
Tunes beneath a Southern sky.

But we are not left alone,
Though the summer birds have flown,
Though the honey-bees have vanished,

And the katydids are dead;
Still a cheery ringing note
From a dear melodious throat,

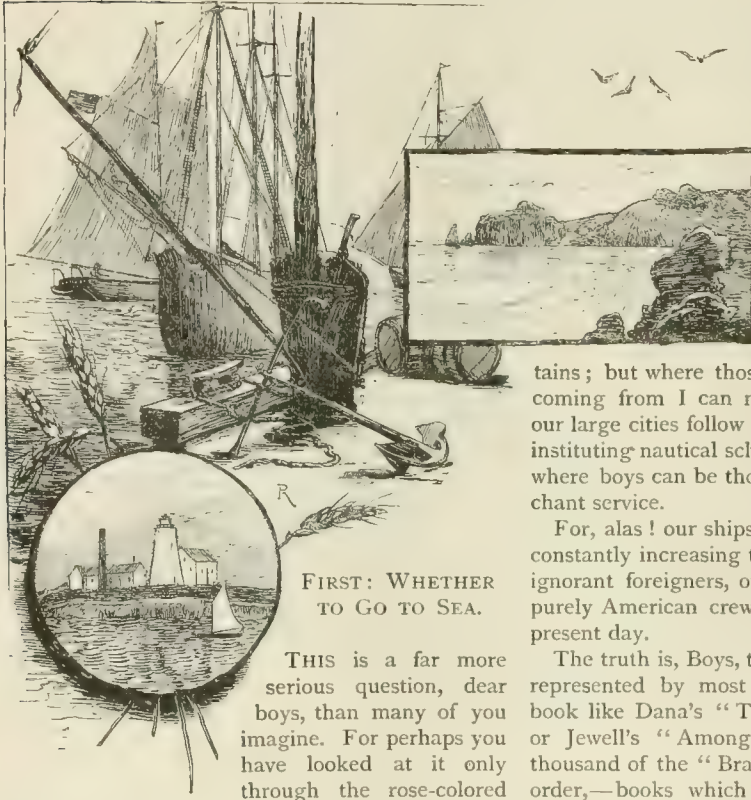
Tells that winter has not banished
"Little bird with bosom red."

Pipe away, you bonny bird!
Sweeter song I never heard,

For it seems to say, Remember!
God, our Father, sits above;
Though the world is full of wrong,
Though the winter days are long,
He can fill the bleak December
With the sunshine of His love.

GOING TO SEA—A TALK WITH BOYS.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.



FIRST: WHETHER
TO GO TO SEA.

THIS is a far more serious question, dear boys, than many of you imagine. For perhaps you have looked at it only through the rose-colored spectacles of Mr. Cooper or Mr. Marryatt, and it may be that some have even used the more glaring ones furnished gratis by the sensational-story writer of to-day. And thus fancying that a sailor must be a sort of combined Jack Easy and Ralph Rackstraw, I know from experience how eager becomes the desire for "a life on the ocean wave." But both Cooper and Marryatt wrote of sea life as it was connected with the naval service of their day, giving only the very brightest side of the picture at that. And the naval service of then or now is as unlike the merchant service as can possibly be imagined.

The time has been when a boy with a natural aptitude for sea life could ship on board some of our American vessels, and the discipline be good for him, whether he ultimately followed the sea or not. This was when crews were made up of some, from our own sea-board towns, whose purpose in going to sea was to fit themselves for the quarter-

deck, as rapidly as good habits, energy, and application would do it. They were, as a rule, intelligent, clean-lived young men, respecting themselves, and respected by their officers, who were too wise and too upright to use toward them the language and abuse so common at the present day. From such as these sprang many of our best American cap-

tains; but where those of the next generation are coming from I can not imagine, unless more of our large cities follow the example of New York in instituting nautical school-ships like "St. Mary's," where boys can be thoroughly trained for the merchant service.

For, alas! our ships' forecassles are filled with a constantly increasing throng of vicious and grossly ignorant foreigners, of many nationalities, while a purely American crew is very seldom seen at the present day.

The truth is, Boys, that sea-going is terribly misrepresented by most nautical writers. For one book like Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," or Jewell's "Among our Sailors," there are a thousand of the "Brave Bill, the Boy Buccaneer" order,—books which represent sea-going as an adventurous, romantic, jolly sort of life, abounding in marvelous incidents by sea and land. Nothing is said of the wearying round of unpleasant tasks, of hardships most terrible, sufferings almost incredible, dangers without number, shipwreck—death. I do not wonder that boys who read these books get false views of sea life, as well as false views of life in general.

"Ah," I hear you say, "we know that there are hardships and dangers to be met with in a sailor's life; we expect them."

But bless you, Boys, while I don't mean to be impolite, I must flatly contradict you, and say that you don't know anything about it, excepting in the vaguest sort of way—excepting as you imagine yourself, on your return, saying to some of your admiring school-mates: "I tell you, fellows, it was lively times the night we lost our to'gallant-masts, and I had four fingers frost-bitten reefing topsails off Cape Horn, last December," or, "I say, my

lads, how would you like to have been in my shoes a year ago to-day, when the old 'Susan' went ashore in a living gale, and only three of us were saved out of the whole ship's company?" You may fancy such incidents interesting to recount, but their actual suffering and terror you can not begin to realize in advance.

However, my object in writing this paper is not to throw cold water on any projected sea-going, if it is honestly, knowingly, and properly entered into. But it is always a good plan to look squarely at both sides of so important a question as whether to go to sea or not.

If a boy has not some natural aptitude for a sea life, he would better by far stay at home. He may be strong, active, and courageous, and yet be entirely unfit for a sailor. And one trouble is, that boys who are attacked with "ship-fever" often mistake for aptitude what is merely inclination. Out of one hundred and forty-eight boys admitted to the "St. Mary's" nautical school, seventy-eight were discharged before the end of the year,—cured. Yet in the code of regulations for admittance to membership, it is specially stated that boys who make application "must evince some aptitude or inclination for a sea life." And I can not help thinking that if such boys could not accustom themselves to the gentle discipline and admirable routine of that most excellent nautical school, what would they have done on board the average merchant-vessel, where they certainly could not leave at the first, nor the twentieth, touch of hardship?

But beyond all this, the would-be sailor must be strong and resolute, for the system of "four hours off that you're never sure of, and four hours on, that you're always sure of" (to use Jack Tar's expression), is a most exhausting one in itself. Through day and night, storm or calm, heat or cold, at the end of the alternate four hours' sleep which the sailor may be lucky enough to get in the foul atmosphere of a dirty fore-castle, a vigorous pounding on the door summons him from his slumbers. And on shipboard one can not say in answer, "I don't feel very well—I guess I won't get up yet awhile." No, indeed. Then follow two hours at the wheel, or on the lookout, where he must attend strictly to business, though drenched, it may be, to the skin, or shivering in the most piercing of midwinter blasts. And, leaving this task, he may be sent immediately aloft, where for an hour or two longer he balances himself on a slippery foot-rope, and, clinging by his elbows to a swaying yard, battles with the stiffened, slatting canvas, his fingers benumbed, and his ears and nose almost freezing.

Through it all, or while about his ordinary duties on deck, he must accustom himself to hear

his name coupled with harsh words or reproaches, according to the fancy of those in authority over him. And I do not mean by this the extraordinary personal abuse which has been, and is occasionally at the present day, carried to such terrible lengths. On shore, one may at least defend himself from word or blow. But remember that, on shipboard, to even look your resentment is almost to take your life in your hand.

A boy may be better born and better educated than the officers over him, but the great social gulf between fore-castle and quarter-deck will seldom be bridged by kindly, never by familiar, words. And however hungry he may become for congenial companionship, he must not expect to find it in the fore-castle. Many of the sailors whom he will meet there at the present day are worse than ignorant; they are foul-mouthed and profane.

Associated with a boy's dreams of sea life is almost always the delightful hope of sight-seeing in foreign lands. But if he stays by his ship in port—the only safe thing for him to do—he is kept continually at work, from early dawn till dark. And sight-seeing in a foreign city after dark has numberless disadvantages. If he is foolish enough to leave his ship when she arrives in port, he not only loses the chance of joining her again, but the thousand allurements on every hand are almost sure to lead a boy, thus separated from all restraint, into the downward path.

Such is a very small part of the unvarnished side of merchant-service sea life, of which more especially I have written because so few boys can take the navy as a medium for sea-going. And having thus shown you some of its actualities, and finding that, after all, you have elected for yourself to go to sea, let us now look at the other question:

HOW TO GO TO SEA.

HAVING made up your mind that you are of the right sort of sailor-material, both physically and morally, and that in fact Nature has designed you for a sailor, what are your actual plans as to your proposed sea life; or, in other words, why and how are you going?

Is it "to have a good time generally," as the expression is? You will be terribly disappointed if that is all; as, also, you will be, if you are going "to see the world," in the sense of "seeing life," as some phrase it. For such generally see only the worst of life, no matter what part of the world they may be in.

Of course, I expect better things of you than would justify my asking whether you only propose to learn seamanship enough to qualify you as an

able seaman, at eighteen or twenty dollars a month. Yet I have known boys of good parentage and education to stop right there, and remain stranded



in a ship's forecandle the rest of their days, without energy or ambition to be anything higher than a common sailor.

But, proceeding now to the other extreme, I hope you do not go on board ship with the expectation of springing at one bound from the forecandle to the quarter-deck, or think that, once there, nothing remains but to walk around with a spy-glass under one arm, giving orders. For, if so, again you are doomed to disappointment. The gradual advancement from foremast-hand to second mate, first mate, and finally captain, is only attained by the most laborious and painful exertion, while the life of the ship-master himself is one from which great care and responsibility are never absent.

Well, I hear you say that none of these guesses of mine is correct—that, purposing to make the sea your profession, you mean to shun its evils, as far as you can—God helping you—and learn its duties step by step, until you have reached a captaincy. Very good. Since you have this praiseworthy end in view, I will try to tell you, in part at least, how to go to sea.

And first, no sensible boy will go without his parents' consent—that is a matter of course. I will suppose, then, your father and mother have said that, when you are sixteen or seventeen, as the case may be, you may make your trial voyage. Now, if I were you, I should fill up all my spare time with such studies and profitable reading as I could

well manage. In addition to the study of navigation, I should perfect myself in mathematics and physical geography, and get a fair knowledge of French and Spanish. I should read carefully "Maury's Sailing Directions," and also see how much general information I could get as to the laws of commerce. Not that all these are absolutely essential, but if you are really to be a sailor, you will find them wonderfully helpful.

When the time for leaving home draws near, and the question of "outfit" comes up, by all means consult some sailor friend as to clothing, etc. You will find a difference of opinion between what you think advisable to take and what he thinks necessary, but you will be wise to abide by his decision.

Mother and father will give you much tender counsel. Treasure up just as much of it as possible. The most pithy advice I ever heard came from the father of a shipmate of mine, as he and I started away from home together, on our first voyage.

"Harry," he said, "remember your earthly mother and your Heavenly Father. Try to live so that you'll not be ashamed at any moment to meet either of them. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

I might add that Harry not only heard the advice, but took it with him into the "Rochester's" forecandle. And by sobriety, energy, hard study, and harder work, he rose in five years to be the smartest young ship-master sailing out of a "down East" port.

I presume that all boys who read this have an average share of common sense, and it is not to be supposed that any such would start off at hap-hazard to look up a ship for themselves. They will, of course, have had some friend who is interested in shipping matters, and acquainted with captains, to do this for them. Through his influence, the captain will probably promise to "keep an eye on them." But this must be taken in its most literal sense. Don't fancy for a moment—if you are one of these boys—that it suggests the remotest shadow of any favor to be shown to you. In one ship, my berth-mate, Joe, was the captain's only brother. And yet, Captain R—addressed a remark to Joe only once during an eighty days' passage; and then he told him that, if he could n't steer any straighter, he'd send another man to take his place at the wheel. We two boys thought, then, that this was pretty hard. I see now, though, that it is only a part of the wholesome discipline which helps to make the thorough seaman.

If you are fortunate in getting a good ship—and you'll know at the end of your first voyage what I mean by this—stick to her. Staying in one ship, with one captain, is the surest possible step toward advancement, if there's anything in you to advance.

But remember, besides ability you must have good, steady habits.

It may seem a small thing to run out of an evening in Liverpool or London for a glass of ale, or in Havre or Cadiz for a tumbler of red wine, but in this matter, if in no other, the captain will keep his eye on you. For no one knows better than he that the one rock on which sailor and officer alike too often make shipwreck is intemperance. And no one knows better than a captain how to appreciate the services of a thoroughly sober second or first mate—especially in port, when he himself is absent from the ship.

The boy, at his first going on board, looks with dismay at the maze of cordage above and around him. Each of the ropes, having its particular name and office, must be readily found in the darkest night. But spars, sails and rigging, braces, halyards, and running-gear, as well as learning "to knot, splice, hand, reef, and steer," are—so to speak—"object lessons," and, as such, are far more readily acquired by patient perseverance than you now imagine. I have no fear that the boy intended for a sailor will not readily learn these matters,—I am far more anxious about the things he ought not to learn.

For a ship's fore-castle will try a boy's moral worth to the very utmost. If one can carry what Mr. Hughes calls "the manliness of Christ" untarnished through his fore-castle life, I will trust him anywhere in the world. For I am sorry to say that, in almost every crew, there are some who seem to take a wicked delight in trying to make others as bad as themselves.

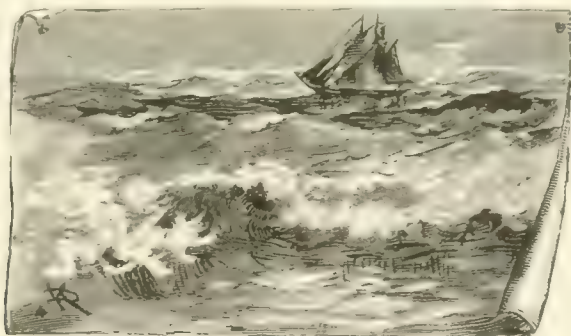
The only way to do is to show your colors at the very outset, and then nail them to the mast. Make up your mind that, come what will, Mother's teaching and Father's advice shall be your safeguard. When it is found that you can not be shaken in your stand against wrong doing and

wrong saying, you will not only be let severely alone, but you will secretly be respected. I remember a striking example of this in the case of a little Boston boy, who, though wholly unfitted by birth and natural tastes for a sailor's life, took it into his head that it would be a delightful thing to go to sea, and happened to ship in the same crew with myself. He was a delicate, pale-faced lad, with rather effeminate tastes, and as pure-minded a boy as I ever knew. But, although effeminate in some things, he was manly enough to stand out against the evil which beset him on every hand, and no coaxing, persuasion, or threats could shake his good resolutions.

"Why," said old Bolan,—a packet-sailor of thirty years,—as he spoke to me afterward on the subject, "blowed if that there little thread-paper cove 'ad n't more pluck in 'is little finger than I've got in the 'ole of this battered ol' 'ulk o' mine." It was roughly expressed, but true enough.

Don't try to ape the manners of the old sailor, especially as to his vices. It is not necessary even to learn to use tobacco in order to be a thorough seaman. But be respectful and obliging to all, so far as it is possible. And if in the crew you find some one—as is sometimes the case—who has much of good underlying his rough nature, cultivate his friendship. It will be of great value to yourself, while you may, without doubt, do him good—who shall say?

You will see, even from this imperfect showing, that not only should a sea life not be entered into lightly, but that it is well to know the wrong and the right way of entering. It is a noble profession for those who are fitted for it, and there is a strange fascination for such in its very hardships and dangers. But, truth to tell, unless I should be perfectly satisfied that a boy was well qualified for this profession, my advice to him would be that of Mr. Punch to those about to marry: "Don't."



CORNWALLIS'S BUCKLES.

By A. J. C.



I AM not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barn-yard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now, this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So, Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army, if nothing less would save the life of her favorite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party, was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"

"But the general can not be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important, it will be reported to him!"

"It is of great importance, and I can not stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the general!"

"But, my little girl, I can not let you pass until you tell me whence you come, and what your business is within these lines."

"I come from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately! No one else can tell him what I have to say!"

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighborhood,

with his ragged regiments, patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and still, in secret, friendly to the Crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to head-quarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British

only the power that could save her favorite from the butcher's knife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman, kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow!"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of uproarious laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.



"I WANT MY COW!"

officers, when "A little girl from the country with a message for the general," was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the general; and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.

For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Redwolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her, Cornwallis in full dinner costume, surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented

A few words of encouragement, pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the general soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?"

"My father is not at home, now."

"And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General

Cornwallis," cried she, impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

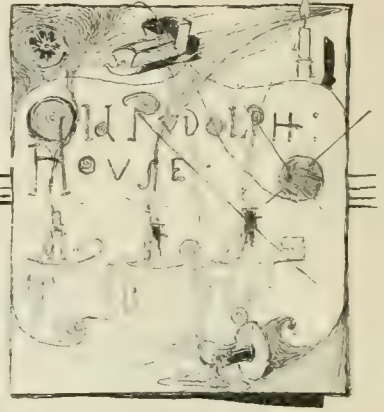
"So—your brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?"

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed: "But, General, my cow!"

"Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now,"



LITTLE MISS ANNE'S HOME.

said the general, severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well! you are a brave, straightforward little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-

buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe

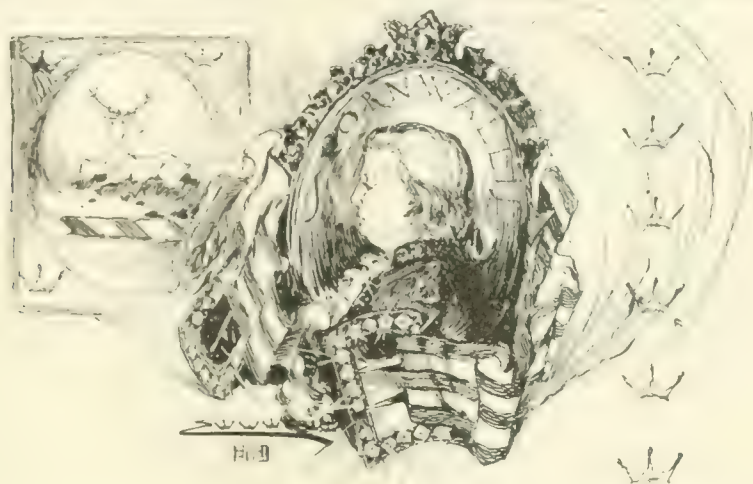
that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and, when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow! And those sparkling knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.

In the spring following this event, the same young lady had the pleasure of witnessing the celebrated "Meschianza," a very brilliant farewell entertainment of the British officers to Philadel-

phia, planned and carried out by the unfortunate André. Time sped on, and the little Anne grew to be a wife, a mother, and at last a widow; but many years still remained to her, and she lived to see a fourth generation of descendants, who loved to gather in a group about her arm-chair and listen to her stories of the Revolution. Then, one winter, a fall on the ice disabled her, and from that time the dear old grandmother remained on her couch.

Now, mark the indomitable spirit of this girl of the Revolution! Eighty years of age, bedridden and suffering, she would permit no watcher to

remain with her at night, not even an attendant to sleep in the same room; but with a wax candle on her table, within reach, and her knitting beside her, with which to occupy her hours of restlessness and quiet her nerves, alone she would fight through the silent watches of the night. One morning, when the attendant early entered her room, the candle was burning low in the socket, the venerable form was sitting up in the bed, knitting in hand, with the needles crossed in the act of forming a stitch,—but the heart that once beat so high and free was now still forever, and the brave spirit was at rest.



CRADLE SONG.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

To and fro,
So soft and slow,
Swingeth the baby's cradle O!
Still he lies
With laughing eyes,
And will not into Dreamland go.

Lullaby!
The crickets cry,
The twinkling stars are in the sky.
Soft dews fall,
While robins call,
And homeward swift the swallows fly.

Sleep, oh, sleep!
In slumber deep.
Sweet dreams across thine eyes shall creep,
And all night
The soft moonlight
Within thy curtained cradle peep.

Hush! he sighs—
The laughter flies
All swiftly from his drowsy eyes.
To and fro,
More soft—more slow—
And fast asleep the baby lies.

PARTNERSHIP.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



You know very well that, the day she was found,
If I had n't cried, she 'd have surely been drowned,
And you ought to be thankful she 's here safe and sound!

She is only just crying because she 's a goose;
I 'm *not* squeezing her—look, now!—my hands are quite loose;
And she may as well hush, for it 's not any use.

And *you* may as well get right down and go 'way!
You 're not in the thing we are going to play,
And, remember, it is n't your half of the day.

You 're forgetting the bargain we made—
and so soon!
In the morning she 's mine, and yours all afternoon,
And *you* could n't teach her to eat with a spoon!

YOU need not be looking around at me so;
She 's my kitten, as much as your kitten, you know,
And I 'll take her wherever I wish her to go!

So don't let me hear you give one single mew.
Do you know what will happen, right off, if you do?
She 'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons too!

A CURIOUS DRAMA.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

IT is more than four years since I saw that quaint and touching drama arranged from the second part of "Pilgrim's Progress," by Mrs. George MacDonald, and acted by her sons and daughters, with the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald. A kind invitation for me to see the play came one day, when I was obliged to answer that I had another engagement at that hour.

I was disappointed that I could not accept the invitation, for I had heard very favorable and enthusiastic accounts of the drama from those who had seen it. Besides, I was a lover of Dr. George

MacDonald and his stories—such as "Robert Falconer," "Alec Forbes," and "David Elginbrod." I hope the young readers of these lines have seen his lovely fairy story, "The Princess and the Goblin." You surely ought to read that, if you love a story that may be truly called heavenly for its delightfulness. And while I am about it, there is also "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood," a sweet, brave, manly story for boys, written by MacDonald, which I wish to recommend to boys whose taste is not yet spoiled by reading too much literary peppercorn and spicery.

It was with sincere regret, as you may believe, that I got into a cab to keep my engagement in a remote quarter of London. When I reached my destination, I found that a sudden turn in events had left me free to pass the afternoon as I pleased. There was hardly time then to drive to the mansion in Portman Square in which the drama was to be given. Luckily I found my cabman yet standing where I had discharged him, hoping, perhaps, that I should want him again.

"If you'll reach Portman Square in an hour, I'll make it right with you," I said.

At this hint of extra pay my driver sprang alertly to his seat, away up behind, seized the reins, and by the time I was fairly in my place in front, he was whirling his two-wheeled hansom cab away through the crowded streets of Eastern London.

On we dashed and twisted and turned, in and out among the vehicles, plunging into the throng of Fleet street, and thence into the roar of the Strand, through Charing Cross, past the insignificant-looking statue of Nelson on the tall column with four great lions at its base, and then bowling away, as though for dear life, through the clean, airy, aristocratic streets of the West End. The change was sudden from the poverty-stricken east, and the crowded streets of the "city," to the lofty and exclusive-looking region of Portman Square.

When the cabman landed me in front of the house in which the representation was to take place, there were carriages with coats-of-arms and liveried coachmen all about, for the house was that of a noble earl, and people of the "upper class" (as they say, frankly, in England) were coming to see *Christiana* and her children journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City.

The large dining-room was fitted up with a little stage, and with seats, and was quite filled, so that the hostess—a lady better known in London by her intellectual gifts and her intelligent helpfulness to the poor than by her high rank—was obliged to order chairs for the vacant spaces in the room, and two young gentlemen actually took seats on the buffet!

They say that Americans like to know the cost of everything, and it may interest you to be told that the admission fee was ten shillings and sixpence. Being an American, I was puzzled at first to know why that odd sixpence was charged. But I remembered that ten shillings and a half was just half a guinea. There is to-day no such coin as the guinea in circulation in England; yet the prices of certain articles are always counted in guineas. The guinea is a gentleman; the pound, or sovereign, is nobody in particular. You pay your domestic servant in pounds and shillings, but you buy a work of art in guineas. You purchase your

corn and flour for so many pounds; but for a fine horse you must pay in guineas. So the odd sixpence in the price of admission to the "Pilgrim's Progress" was the most natural thing in the world to an Englishman. It was a mark of entire respectability.

At last the audience is getting packed away, and even the young gentlemen who took seats on the buffet are provided with chairs.

I can not help thinking how time turns round the wheel and brings changes. Two hundred years ago, Bunyan, who wrote "*Pilgrim's Progress*," put on a wagoner's smock-frock and held a cart-whip in his hand while preaching, to disguise himself, and so keep the officers from putting him back into the wretched Bedford jail, where he had already passed twelve years. The "upper class" of that time laughed and railed at him as an ignorant tinker, who wrote in rough prose and doggerel verse. No gentleman of standing, and certainly no nobleman, ever invited him into wide halls or elegant dining-rooms. His writings were good enough rubbish for the uneducated; ladies and gentlemen of culture laughed at them. But now Bunyan's statue stands in Bedford, where he was once imprisoned, and his "*Pilgrim*" is revered everywhere; great critics write about him, and his little story is turned into a quaint and beautiful drama, and acted by the family of a favorite writer, in the houses of earls and dukes, while persons of the upper class crowd the room, and wipe the tears from their eyes as they listen to the tender words and touching passages written by the rough but inspired tinker in Bedford jail.

Time turns things round, but I am not sure that Bunyan, the "Baptist bishop," as they used to nickname him, would have gone to see *Christiana* on the stage. I am afraid that even so good a play as this would have seemed a little naughty to the good tinker. Indeed, Mrs. MacDonald does not call her arrangement a drama. It is announced, modestly, as "*Representations of Passages from the second part of Pilgrim's Progress*."

While I am thinking about this, the curtain has risen, and we are in the City of Destruction, in the house of *Christiana*, wife of *Christian*, the pilgrim, who left some time ago to make a pilgrimage. We are witness to a touching scene between the sorrowful *Christiana* and her four boys, who try to comfort her, and immediately we are made to laugh at *Mrs. Bat's-Eyes*, in green goggles, and *Mrs. Timorous*, who, coming in, seek to dissuade the family from setting out to follow *Christian*.

Mercy, another neighbor, joins *Christiana* and her boys, and, laughed at by their neighbors, they set forth together to seek the heavenly city.

One of the most striking scenes and some of the

finest acting come when *Mercy* is left outside, while the rest are received at the Wicket Gate. In this scene, *Christiana* was the realization of motherly sweetness and heavenly grace, while the part of *Mercy* was a perfect picture of maidenly simplicity, sincerity, and earnestness. Her alternations of hope and despair moved the audience deeply.

The parts borne by the sons of the family were also excellent. One whose acting particularly impressed me will assist no more in the drama—the noble youth has himself been called by the King's messenger to the other side of the river.

The scenes in the House Beautiful are in Bunyan's most poetic vein, and their spirit is charmingly preserved in the dramatic arrangement of Mrs. MacDonald, who takes the part of *Pru- dence*.

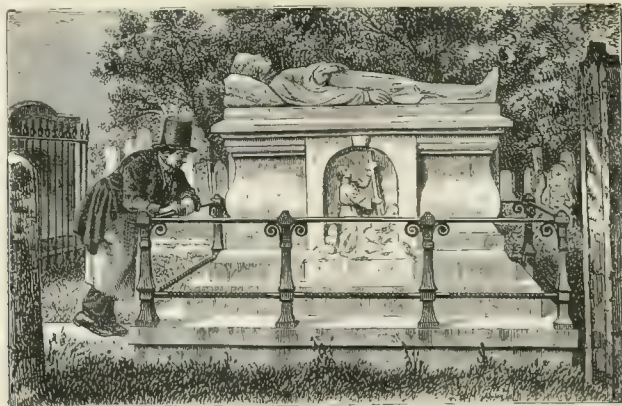
Mr. MacDonald did not intend to take a part himself; but, when he saw the play given, he was so much pleased with it that he consented to act in the part of *Greatheart*, and thus the family act all together in the "Pilgrim's Progress." Dr. MacDonald, indeed, has no need to feign. Nature made him a *Greatheart*, and he only acts out himself. It adds to the quaintness of the piece to find *Greatheart* speaking with a distinct Scotch burr. Mr. MacDonald also took the part of *Evangelist*, who appears only in the first scene. And I am told that in later representations a strong impression has been made by his appearance in this part, clad in a peculiar robe of gold-colored satin cloth. For, indeed, his looks would become a prophet or heavenly messenger.

In the fifth part the play reached its climax. *Old Mr. Honesty* and the good brother *Ready-to-Halt* were both amusing and pathetic in their goings-on and their takings-off. But when *Christiana* came to bid adieu to her children, and to her companion, *Mercy*, the simple, human feeling, expressed by

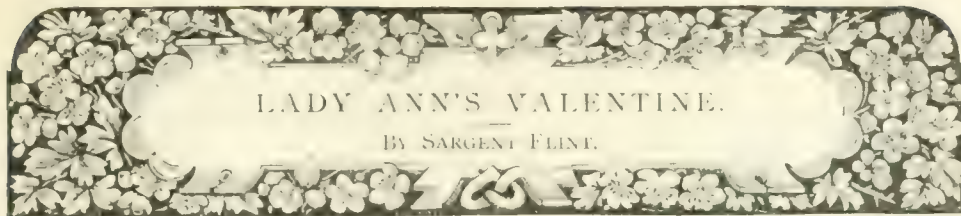
strong, restrained, and "natural" acting, brought tears to all eyes, and I heard many sobs. A gentleman sitting near me, who did not believe much in the attempting to put a religious subject into a play, cried like a good fellow along with all the rest of us, and declared to me that there probably was not another family in all England whose members possessed such deep religious feeling joined with such rare acting ability. I met another gentleman, a few days later, who was a friend of Mr. MacDonald's family, but who could not bear to see the drama, because it moved him to tears. You know that a man does hate to cry!

All good things have an end, and the audience slowly passed to the street through the wide hall. With true English hospitality, a table had been spread in an anteroom, and each person was courteously invited by a servant to stop and take coffee. I mention these little things because they will interest many young readers whose life and circumstances are very different from the life in a great European capital like London.

Dr. MacDonald's family were living at that time in a pleasant house overlooking the Thames, near Hammersmith bridge. The house had a deep garden behind it, and a pleasant yard full of shrubbery in front. It will amuse the young American readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* to be told that, to enter this and most other houses of its kind in the suburbs of London and other European cities, one must ring at the gate and be admitted through the high wall or fence by a "wicket gate," or something corresponding to it. The MacDonalds no longer live at Hammersmith, but have now a house in the Riviera, the pleasantest coast in Italy. They return to England every now and then, and when they are in England the "Pilgrim's Progress" is in great request. I heard that it was given nine times there in the early part of last summer.



TOMB OF JOHN BUNYAN, IN BUNHILL FIELDS CEMETERY,
LONDON, ENGLAND.



THE snow lay heavy upon hill and valley. The wind had ceased, and in unsheltered places the sun had turned the snow into little rivulets, that ran merrily away from their starting-points.

"Good-morning, Peedee, and may thy choice be a happy one," said one little bird to another, as he flew down upon the glittering snow.

"The same blessing to yourself, Peeree, and thank God for a pleasant Fourteenth," returned Peedee.

"I thank God," said Peeree, "although I could choose my mate to-day, even if there were no sunlight to help me."

"Well said, friend; and where do you think of building?"

"I am looking about."

"Try an elm near Squire Johnson's back door. I shall build near there, God willing."

"The very spot I selected!" cried Peeree; "but the mate I would choose happened to see the new moon over her left wing as she went the first time to visit it."

"And wilt thou give it up for that, Peeree?"

"I have visited it often by myself, Peedee; the house-dog talks in his sleep."

"Be frank! Tell me all, dear friend. I would not build in an unlucky place."

"I had it all from the house-dog that talks in his sleep."

"Yes, yes. Does he dream of cats, or of boys who can climb?"

"Nay, nay! The old Squire keeps no cats, but he is a cruel man, I trow. Think you, Peedee, that a man who will not visit his own folk, but drives them from his door, would save a crumb for birds?"

"If this be true, Peeree, I've heard it in good time. I saw the grand old trees, and did forget the crumbs; but more than grub or crumb, I seek a peaceful spot."

"Then follow me, Peedee."

And the two birds spread their wings, and flew away.

When they alighted, it was before the door of a very humble little house, with blue painted steps.

"What is that round bundle with a red top, on the steps?" asked Peedee.

"Round bundle indeed!" returned Peeree, indignantly. "Why, that's Lady Ann herself!"

Just then the round bundle turned about, and Peedee saw a plump little girl, with a red hood of coarse flannel upon her head, and shining rubber boots upon her feet.

The sun had had his own way here, for the melted snow was trickling rapidly away in many little streams down the blue steps. Lady Ann tried to stop it by planting her small, almost round, foot firmly in its way; but the melted snow, with a gurgle of delight, shot around the toe and heel of the small rubber boot, and sped onward in its course. Perhaps there was something in its perseverance that touched Lady Ann, for, like many a persecutor before her, she suddenly turned reformer, and could hardly sweep the melting flakes fast enough down the steps with her tiny broom toward the snow below.

As she stopped a moment to rest, a red pung, with heavy bells, drove up to the gate, and a merry, boyish voice sang out: "Lady Ann, wilt thou be mine, and may I call thee Valentine?"

With a joyful little cry, Lady Ann threw down her broom: "Oh, Billy, Billy! Mamma has gone to carry home the sewing, but I can open the door. Did you bring me anything, Billy?"

"Ah! Lady Ann," said Billy, with a pathetic shake of his stubby old whip, "although I get up by the light of a lantern, take down shutters, and sweep out the store, carry sugar and tea, from morn till dewy eve, to say nothing of slow molasses on cold mornings, and all for two dollars per week, and eat off myself, yet would I have it known that on St. Valentine's day no grocery-man in all Brookfield brings his lady so fine a valentine as I!"

"What is a waluntine, Billy?"

He looked down at her, with a wise, explanatory expression upon his broad, freckled face. "A *waluntine*, Lady Ann, is a—a—well, if you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two, and I send you a waluntine. No, that is n't quite right, because I might be violently attached to you,

and you not be able to resipercate my affections, as some of 'em say, but still I might send you a waluntine—see?"

"Well, what is it, Billy?"

"It's a softener," said Billy.

"A softener!" she repeated. "Let me see it."

He handed her a valentine he could ill afford to buy.

"Why, it's a pretty letter, with flowers and birds on it! Oh, you good Billy!"

"I hope the 'sentiment,' as they call it, is all right," he said. "I had n't time to read it. I'm off now to carry sugar and flour to Squire Johnson's; may the flour make heavy bread, and the sugar sweeten less than sand. Your grandfather is a double-dyed villain; did you know it, Lady Ann?"

"I—w-i-l-l," said Lady Ann, spelling out the words on her valentine.

"He is a scoundrel, Lady Ann!"

"Is he?" she said, mildly. "A little girl told me he would chase me away if I went to his house; but I don't want to go to his house."

"He would n't."

"Why not?" she said, indifferently.

"'Cause he could n't."

"Can't he run?"

"No."

"Has he broke his foot?" Lady Ann's tone had a slight touch of sympathy.

"No," said Billy, as he took up the reins, "but he is sick. When folks lock their doors on their own children, and then swallow the key, it 'most generally makes 'em sick."

"Billy!" exclaimed Lady Ann, "has Grandpa swallowed a key?"

"Yes, and it lies heavy," said Billy, "and good enough for him. Rich as he is, no one will send him a waluntine to-day, Lady Ann."

"Say, Billy——"

But the red pung, with its heavy bells, had gone on its way.

Left alone, Lady Ann gave up the spelling and kept thinking to herself: "Billy says my grandpa has swallowed a key, and no matter if his pocket is full of money, nobody will send him a waluntine, even if he *is* sick!"

Looking through the snow-laden trees, she could see the great house where her grandfather lived. She opened the valentine, smelt at one of the painted roses, and kissed the two doves that looked out at her. Simple little Lady Ann! At the same moment there came into her thoughts the few words her mother had taught her to say every night in her prayer for her grandfather, whose hand she had never touched.

"He *shall* have a waluntine!" she said, firmly,

and the stubby little boots started up the hill as fast as her fat baby legs could propel them.

"Dost thou suppose, Peeree, that yonder horrid boy can call that music?" said Peedee, as the birds flew back, after the red pung was well out of hearing.

"Billy's ears are so big," said Peeree, "that a fine, bird-like sound might be lost in traveling through them; but his heart moves as quickly as a bird's. There would have been no valentine for little Lady Ann to-day if Billy had forgotten her."

"See!" said Peedee. "The Lady Ann is trudging fast away, and she has not thrown us a crumb."

"And hast thou earned thy crumb, Peedee? Come, let us fly fast before her and tell the house-dog she is coming, that he may have a care of her."

"Why need we haste, Peeree? Short legs travel but slowly through deep snow."

"Aye; but a warm heart breaketh a path like the sun, Peedee."

By the time Lady Ann reached the great house, her breath came very fast, and she was obliged to sit down on the stone steps to rest. As she sat there, a huge dog came and rubbed his cold nose on her red cheek and wagged his tail most politely. When she was rested, she walked up and down the wide piazza and looked in through the long windows. There, at last, the housekeeper saw her, came out, and told her gently to go away. "Are you not little Ann?" she said. "The Squire is in pain to-day, and if he should see you he would be very angry."

"The key hurts him very much," thought Lady Ann, but she said: "Here is a waluntine for him; will you put it in his hand?"

"I dare not, little Ann," said the woman.

"Why?" said Lady Ann, in wild astonishment. "Don't you dare give him a waluntine, big though you are! Then let me go in."

"Well, then, come in," said the housekeeper, kindly, adding under her breath, "may be, good will come of it."

With the house-dog close following at her heels, and her "waluntine" so tightly clutched that the doves and flowers within were sadly mixed, little Lady Ann, for the first time, entered her grandfather's house.

In a great chair before the open fire of his own room sat the Squire, with his head back and his eyes closed.

"This is Mary's child," said the old dog, coming in before Lady Ann, as if he felt called upon to introduce her. And then he thought within himself: "This child's mother fed me when I was a pup. Should a dog remember better than his master?"

It may be the Squire understood him, for he raised his cane high in the air, and cried sternly: "Begone, sir!" But when he saw the round little figure of Lady Ann, he dropped the cane, pulled down the gold spectacles from the top of his head, and word. And as she advanced and placed the valentine knee, the house-dog followed close behind her, wagging

"What is this?" demanded the crusty Squire, knitting

"A waluntine," said she, not without a small pang, thought of the beautiful doves and flowers, now lost to her

"What's a 'waluntine'?" he asked, looking down at bright little face.

"A waluntine is a softener," she said instantly, rather proud that she had not forgotten Billy's definition.

stared at her without a
upon the old man's
his tail slowly.
his brows.
as she
forever.
her



LADY ANN ADVANCED AND PLACED THE VALENTINE
UPON THE OLD MAN'S KNEE.

"A *what?*" exclaimed the Squire, frowning fiercely.

"A *softener*," said Lady Ann, not at all afraid, and sure that the word must mean something very nice. And then she added, in a coaxing tone: "Read it."

God seldom closes every channel to an old man's heart. Proud, unforgiving, even cruel sometimes, the old Squire still had a rare sense of the ridiculous, and he read aloud:

"I will not part from thee, I will not let thee free,
Till thou dost promise me my Valentine to be."

When he had read these lines, and looked over the top of the valentine, and when he saw the small Lady Ann sitting before the fire, he wondered if she meant to sit there until he had promised. He thought he saw a patient determination in every feature, not excepting the stubby rubber boot which

persistently pointed at him, on account of its owner being obliged to hold it up across the other to rest the little short legs which had trudged so far to give him pleasure. He never could tell just how it was—he only knew he laughed as he had not laughed for years, which opened the one channel to his heart so wide that, almost before he knew it, the little Lady Ann went drifting in, coarse red hood, rubber boots, and all!

"What name do you bear?" he asked, as he wiped away the tears that followed the laugh.

"My name?" she said, laughing too.

"Yes, what name does your—what do they call you?"

"Ann."

"Just Ann, plain Ann?" he said. "No i-e's nor e-y's?"

"Billy calls me Lady Ann," she answered.

"Aye! that beggar Billy. I know him—drives Stone's grocery-wagon. When I see him, he shall feel my cane on his back."

"What, Billy! my Billy! Why he gave me the walentine!"

"Oh, he did, did he? Told you to fetch it to me, may be."

"No, he did n't, but he told me you would n't have any, and he told me about the key."

"What key, child? Billy seems very well informed about me—knows more than I myself."

"He said you locked all your doors and swallowed the key, and it hurt you—but I guess now that he just said it for fun—but I b'lieved him—at first." She shrugged her small shoulders, laughed, and looked up at the Squire as if she felt quite willing that he, as well as herself, should enjoy her simple confidence in Billy.

"Well, I ~~almost~~ believe the young scamp was half-right, Lady Ann; for when we turn the key against our own, it rusts in the heart in spite of ourselves, and that makes pain."

Lady Ann smiled cheerfully, and rubbed her boots, polishing first one and then the other with her bright mitten. What had she to do with anything so old as pain in the heart?

The winter sunshine flooded the room. The old dog slept by the fire, and did not even talk in his sleep.

"Go home, little Ann," said the Squire, "and take this bunch of keys to—to Mary, your mother, and tell her they unlock every door of her home! But, Lady Ann—*hang your father!* Yet hold, child, a moment; you need not say that."

"No," said Lady Ann, with the same cheerful smile; "I wont say that."

When the merry sun went down, Lady Ann was sleeping in the great house. Two queer-looking rubber boots rested, after their day's work, before the fire. When one fell, as if it missed a little round foot and stout leg and could not stand without them, the grandfather set it right again, and laughed in spite of the pain it cost him to move. The house-dog opened his eye just enough to see that Lady Ann's crushed "walentine" still lay in the old Squire's hand.

"I tell thee, Peedee, I had it all from the dog—all straight from the dog, and not in his sleep."

"Then tell me again, if thou wilt, Peeree, for if the spot be pure and free from selfish anger, I should like naught so well as that thou shouldst build near me."

"May our children be friends, Peedee."

"You say the Squire forgives all, and peace dwells in the house; but will you not tell me, Peeree, what made all the trouble at first?"

"Ah! Peedee, Peedee! When the sun shines so bright, is it a bird that would ask the reason of a storm that is all over? Why, Peedee!"

"Thou dost ever chide one so gently, Peeree; but answer me this: would the Squire have opened his heart so wide had the child not been called for *his own mother?*"

"Dost thou not see fresh crumbs at the kitchen door, Peeree?"

"Thank God for this happy Fourteenth, Peedee! And may Mrs. Peeree, that is to be, never see the new moon over her left wing any more!"





THE WINTER OF LIFE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

I HAD many times seen pictures of battle-fields and had often read about them, but the most terrible scenes of carnage my boyish imagination had ever figured fell far short of the dreadful reality as I beheld it after the great battle of the war. It was the evening of Sunday, July 5, 1863, when, at the sug-

gestion of Andy, we took our way across the breast-works, stone fences, and redoubts to look over the battle-field. Our shattered brigade had been mainly on reserve during the last three days; and as we made our way through the troops lying in our front, and over the defenses of stone and earth and ragged rocks, the scene among our troops was one for the pencil of a great artist.

Scattered about irregularly were groups of men discussing the battle and its results, or relating

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exciting incidents and adventures of the fray; here, one fellow pointing out bullet-holes in his coat or cap, or a great rent in the sleeve of his blouse made by a flying piece of shell; there, a man laughing as he held up his crushed canteen, or showed his tobacco-box with a hole in the lid and a bullet among his "fine cut"; yonder, knots of men frying steaks and cooking coffee about the fire, or making ready for sleep.

Before we pass beyond our own front line, evidences of the terrible carnage of the battle environ us on all sides. Fresh, hastily dug graves are there, with rude head-boards telling the poor fellows' names and regiments; yonder, a tree on whose smooth bark the names of three Confederate generals, who fell here in the gallant charge, have been carved by some thoughtful hand. The trees round about are chipped by the balls and stripped almost bare by the leaden hail, while a log-house near by in the clearing has been so riddled with shot and shell that scarcely a whole shingle is left to its roof.

But sights still more fearful await us as we step out beyond the front line, pick our way carefully among the great rocks, and walk down the slope to the scene of the fearful charge. The ground has been soaked with the recent rains, and the heavy mist which hangs like a pall over the field, together with the growing darkness, renders objects but indistinctly visible and all the more ghastly. As the eye ranges over so much of the field as the shrouding mist allows us to see, we behold a scene of destruction terrible indeed, if ever there was one in all this world! Dis-mounted gun-carriages, shattered caissons, knapsacks, haversacks, muskets, bayonets, accouterments, scattered over the field in wildest confusion,—horses (poor creatures!) dead and dying,—and, worst and most awful of all, dead men by the hundreds! Most of the men in blue have been buried already, and the pioneers yonder in the mist are busy digging trenches for the poor fellows in gray.

As we pass along, we stop to observe how thickly they lie, here and there, like grain before the scythe in summer-time,—how firmly some have grasped their guns, with high, defiant looks,—and how calm are the countenances of others in their last solemn sleep; while more than one has clutched in his stiffened fingers a piece of white paper, which he waved, poor soul, in his death-agony, as a plea for quarter, when the great wave of battle had receded and left him there, mortally wounded, on the field.

I sickened of the dreadful scene,—can endure it no longer,—and beg Andy to "Come away! Come away! It's too awful to look at any more!"

And so we get back to our place in the breast-works with sad, heavy hearts, and wonder how we ever could have imagined war so grand and gallant a thing when, after all, it is so horribly wicked and cruel. We lie down—the thirteen of us that are left in the company—on a big flat rock, sleeping without shelter, and shielding our faces from the drizzling rain with our caps as best we may, thinking of the dreadful scene in front there, and of the sad, heavy hearts there will be all over the land for weary years, till kindly sleep comes to us with sweet forgetfulness of all.

Our clothes were damp with the heavy mists and drizzling rain when we awoke next morning, and hastily prepared for the march off the field and the long pursuit of the foe through the waving grain-fields of Maryland. Having cooked our coffee in our blackened tin cups, and roasted our slices of fresh beef, stuck on the end of a ramrod and thrust into the crackling fires, we were ready in a moment for the march, for we had but little to pack up.

Straight over the field we go, through that valley of death where the heavy charging had been done, and thousands of men had been swept away, line after line, in the mad and furious tempest of the battle. Heavy mists still overhang the field, even dumb Nature seeming to be in sympathy with the scene, while all around us, as we march along, are sights at which the most callous turn faint. Interesting enough we find the evidences of conflict, save only where human life is concerned.

We stop to wonder at the immense furrow yonder which some shell has plowed up in the ground, we call one another's attention to a caisson shivered to atoms by an explosion, or to a tree cut clean off by a solid shot, or bored through and through by a shell. With pity we contemplate the poor artillery horses hobbling, wounded and mangled, about the field, and we think it a mercy to shoot them as we pass. But the dead men! Hundreds of torn and distorted bodies yet on the field, although thousands already lie buried in the trenches. Even the roughest and rudest among us marches awed and silent, as he is forced to think of the terrible suffering endured in this place, and of the sorrow and tears there will be among the mountains of the North, and the rice-fields of the far-off South.

We were quiet, I remember,—very quiet,—as we marched off that great field; and not only then, but for days afterward, as we tramped through the pleasant fields of Maryland. We had little to say, and we all were pretty busily thinking. Where were the boys who, but a week before, had marched with us through those same fragrant fields, blithe as a sunshiny morn in May? And so, as I have told you, when those young ladies and gentlemen came out to the end of that Maryland village to

meet and cheer us after the battle, as they had met and cheered us before it, we did not know how heavy-hearted we were until, in response to their song of "Rally round the Flag, Boys," some one proposed three cheers for them. But the cheers would not come. Somehow, after the first hurrah, the other two stuck in our throats or died away soundless on the air. And so we only said: "God bless you, young friends: but we can't cheer today, you see!"

CHAPTER X.

THROUGH "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

OUR course now lay through Maryland, and we performed endless marches and countermarches over turnpikes, and through field and forest.

After crossing South Mountain,—but stop, I just *must* tell you about that—it will take but a paragraph or two. South Mountain Pass we entered one July evening, after a drenching rain, on the Middletown side, and marched along through that deep mountain gorge, with a high cliff on either side and a delightful stream of fresh water flowing along the road, emerging on the other side at the close of day. Breaking off the line of march by the right flank, we suddenly crossed the stream and were ordered up the mountain-side in the gathering darkness. We climbed very slowly at first, and more slowly still as the darkness deepened and the path grew steeper and more difficult. At about nine o'clock, orders were given to "sleep on arms," and then, from sheer fatigue, we all fell sound asleep, some lying on the rocks, some sitting bolt upright against the trees, some stretched out at full length on beds of moss or clumps of bushes.

What a magnificent sight awaited us the next morning! Opening our eyes at peep o' day, we found ourselves high up on top of a mountain-bluff overlooking the lovely valley about Boonesboro. The rains were past; the sun was just beginning to break through the clouds; great billows of mist were rolling up from the hollows below, where we could catch occasional glimpses of the movements of troops,—cavalry dashing about in squads, and infantry marching in solid columns. What may have been the object of sending us up that mountain, or what the intention in ordering us to fell the trees from the mountain-top and build breastworks hundreds of feet above the valley, I have never learned. That one morning amid the mists of the mountain, and that one grand view of the lovely valley beneath, were to my mind sufficient reason for being there.

Refreshed by a day's rest on the mountain-top, we march down into the valley on the 10th, exhilarated by the sweet, fresh mountain air, as well as by the prospect, as we suppose, of a speedy

end being put to this cruel war. For we know that the enemy is somewhere crossing the swollen Potomac back into Virginia, in a crippled condition, and we are sure he will be finally crushed in the next great battle, which can not now be many hours distant. And so we march leisurely along, over turnpikes and through grain-fields, on the edge of one of which, by and by, we halt in line of battle, stack arms, and, with three cheers, rush in a line for a stake-and-rider fence, with the rails of which we are to build breastworks. It is wonderful how rapidly that Maryland farmer's fence disappears! Each man seizing a rail, the fence literally walks off, and in less than fifteen minutes it re-appears in the shape of a compact and well-built line of breastworks.

But scarcely is the work completed when we are ordered into the road again, and up this we advance a half-mile or so, and form in line on the left of the road and on the skirt of another wheat-field. We are about to stack arms and build a second line of works, when—

Z-i-p! z-i-p! z-i-p!

Ah! It is music we know right well by this time! Three light puffs of smoke rise yonder in the wheat-field, a hundred yards or so away, where the enemy's pickets are lying concealed in the tall grain. Three balls go singing merrily over my head—intended, no doubt, for the Lieutenant who is Acting-adjutant, and who rides immediately in front of me, with a bandage over his forehead, but who is too busy forming the line to give much heed to his danger.

"We'll take you out o' that grass a-hopping, you long-legged rascals!" shouts Pointer, as the command is given:

"Deploy to right and left, as skirmishers,"—while a battery of artillery is brought up at a gallop, and the guns are trained on a certain red barn away across the field, from which the enemy's sharp-shooters are picking off our men.

Bang! Hur-r-r! Boom! One, two, three, four shells go crashing through the red barn, while the shingles and boards fly like feathers and the sharp-shooters pour out from it in wild haste. The pickets are popping away at one another out there along the field and in the edge of the wood beyond; the enemy is driven in and retreats, but we do not advance, and the expected battle does not come off after all, as we had hoped it would. For, in the great war-council held about that time, as we afterward learned, our generals, by a close vote, have decided not to risk a general engagement, but to let the enemy get back into Virginia again, crippled indeed, but not crushed, as every man in the ranks believes he well might be.

As we step on the swaying pontoons to recross

the Potomac into old Virginia, there are murmurs of disappointment all along the line.

"Why did n't they let us fight? We could have thrashed them now, if ever we could. We are tired of this everlasting marching and counter-marching up and down, and we want to fight it out and be done with it."

But for all our feelings and wishes, we are back again on the south side of the river, and the column of blue soon is marching along gayly enough among the hills and pleasant fields about Waterford.

We did not go very fast nor very far those hot July days, because we had very little to eat. Somehow or other our provision trains had lost their reckoning, and in consequence we were left to subsist as best we could. We were a worn, haggard-looking, hungry, ragged set of men. As for me—out at knee and elbow, my hair sticking out in tufts through holes in the top of my hat, my shoes in shreds, and my haversack empty—I must have presented a forlorn appearance, indeed. Fortunately, however, blackberries were ripe and plentiful. All along the road and all through the fields, as we approached Warrenton, these delicious berries hung on the vines in great luscious clusters. Yet, blackberries for supper and blackberries for breakfast give a man but little strength for marching under a July sun all day long. So Corporal Harter and I thought, as we sat one morning in a clover-field where we were resting for the day, busy boiling a chicken at our camp-fire.

"Where did you get that chicken, Corporal?" said I.

"Well, you see, Harry, I did n't steal her, and I did n't buy her, neither. Late last night, while we were crossing that creek, I heard some fellow say he had carried that old chicken all day since morning, and she was getting too heavy for him, and he was going to throw her into the creek; and so I said I'd take her, and I did, and carried her all night, and here she is now in the pan, sizzling away, Harry."

"I'm afraid, Corporal, this is a fowl trick."

"Fair or fowl, we'll have a good dinner, anyway."

With an appetite ever growing keener as we caught savory whiffs from the steaming mess-pan, we piled up the rails on the fire and boiled the biddy, and boiled, and boiled, and boiled her from morn till noon and from noon to night, and could n't eat her then, she was so tough!

"May the dogs take the old grizzle-gizzard! I'm not going to break my teeth on this old buzzard any more," shouted the corporal, as he flung the whole cartilaginous mass into a pile of brush near by. "It was a fowl trick, after all, Harry, was n't it?"

Thus it chanced that, when we marched out of

Warrenton early one sultry summer morning, we started with empty stomachs and haversacks, and marched on till noon with nothing to eat. Halting then in a wood, we threw ourselves under the trees, utterly exhausted. About three o'clock, as we lay there, a whole staff of officers came riding down the line—the Quartermaster-General of the Army of the Potomac and staff, they said it was. Just the very man we wanted to see! Then broke forth such a yell from hundreds of famished men as the Quartermaster-General had probably never heard before nor ever wished to hear again:

"Hard-tack!"

"Coffee!"

"Pork!"

"Beef!"

"Sugar!"

"Salt!"

"Pepper!"

"Hard-tack! Hard-tack!"

The Quartermaster and Staff put their spurs to their horses and dashed away in a cloud of dust, and at last, about night-fall, we got something to eat.

By the way, this reminds me of an incident that occurred on one of our long marches; and I tell it just to show what sometimes is the effect of short rations.

We drummer-boys were, by the colonel's orders, put in the care of our regimental surgeon,—a man far too old, nervous, and peevish for the service. He established his quarters a short distance to the rear of the breastworks, on the bank of a little stream, and here we pitched our tents. Rations were getting scarce, for we were in an immense forest,—a continuation, indeed, of that great "Wilderness" in which we saw another fight one year later. The roads were bad, transportation was difficult, and we were putting ourselves on short allowance.

"I wish I had some meat, Harry," said Pete Grove, anxiously inspecting the contents of his haversack; "I'm awful hungry for meat."

"Well, Pete," said I, "I saw some jumping around here pretty lively a while ago. May be you could catch it."

"*Meat* jumping around here? Why, what do you mean?"

"Why, frogs to be sure—frogs, Pete. Did you never eat frogs?"

"Bah! I think I'd be a great deal hungrier than I am now, ever to eat a frog! Ugh! No, indeed! But where is he? I'd like the fun of hunting him, anyhow."

So saying, he loaded his revolver and we sallied forth along the stream, and Pete, who was a good marksman, in a short time had laid out Mr. Froggy at the first shot.

"Now, Pete, we'll skin him, and you shall have a feast fit for a king."

So, putting the meat into a tin cup with a little water, salt, and pepper, boiling it for a few minutes, and breaking some hard-tack into it when done, I set it before him, being myself still too feverish to eat. I need hardly say that when he had once tasted the dish he speedily devoured it, and when he had devoured it, he looked up his revolver and hunted frogs for the rest of that afternoon.

Drum and fife have more to do with the discipline of an army than an inexperienced person would imagine. The drum is the tongue of the camp. It wakes the men in the morning, mounts the guard, announces the dinner-hour, gives a peculiar charm to dress-parade in the evening, and calls the men to quarters with its pleasant tattoo at night. For months, however, we had had no drums. Ours had been lost, with our knapsacks, at Gettysburg. [And I will here pause to say that if any good friend across the border has in his possession a snare-drum with the name and regiment of the writer clearly marked on the inside of the body, and will return the same to the owner thereof, he will confer no small favor, and will be overwhelmed with an ocean of thanks!]

We did not know how really important a thing a drum is until, one late September day, we were ordered to prepare for a dress-parade—a species of regimental luxury in which we had not indulged since the early days of June.

"Major, you don't expect us drummer-boys to turn out, do you?"

"Certainly. And why not, my boy?"

"Why, we have no drums, Major!"

"Well, your fifers have fifes, have n't they? We'll do without the drums; but you must all turn out, and the fifers can play."

So, when we stood drawn up in line on the parade-ground among the woods and the order was given:

"Parade, rest! Troop, beat off!"—

Out we drummers and fifers wheeled from the head of the line, with three shrill fifes screaming out the rolls, and started at a slow march down the line, while every man in the ranks grinned, and we drummer-boys laughed and the officers joined us, until at last the whole line, officers and men alike, broke out into loud haw-haws at the sight. The fifers could n't whistle for laughing, and the major ordered us all back to our places when only half down the line, and never even attempted another parade until a full supply of brand-new drums arrived for us from Washington.

Then the major picked out mine for me, I remember, and it proved to be the best in the lot.

CHAPTER XI.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

WHAT glorious camp-fires we used to have in the fall of that year! It makes one rub his hands together yet, just to think of them. The nights were getting cold and frosty, so that it was impossible to sleep under our little shelters with comfort; and so half the night was spent around the blazing fires at the ends of the company streets.

I always took care that there should be a blazing good fire for our little company, anyhow. My duties were light, and left me time which I found I could spend with pleasure in swinging an ax. Hickory and white-oak saplings were my favorites; and with these cut into lengths of ten feet and piled up as high as my head on wooden fire-dogs, what a glorious crackle we would have by midnight! Go out there what time of night you might please,—and you were pretty sure to go out to the fire three or four times a night, for it was too bitterly cold to sleep in the tent more than an hour at a stretch,—you would always find a half-dozen of the boys sitting about the fire on logs, smoking their pipes, telling yarns, or singing odd catches of song. As I recall those weird night-scenes of army life,—the blazing fire, the groups of swarthy men gathered about, the thick darkness of the forest where the lights and shadows danced and played all night long, and the rows of little white tents covered with frost,—it looks quite poetical in the retrospect; but I fear it was sometimes prosy enough in the reality.

"If you fellows would stop your everlasting arguing there, and go out and bring in some wood, it would be a good deal better; for if we don't have a big camp-fire to night we'll freeze in this snow-storm."

So saying, Pointer threw down the butt-end of a pine sapling he had been half-dragging, half-carrying out of the woods in the edge of which we were to camp, and, ax in hand, fell to work at it with a will.

There was, indeed, some need of following Pointer's good advice, for it was snowing fast and was bitterly cold. It was Christmas Eve, 1863, and here we were with no protection but our little shelters pitched on the hard, frozen ground.

Why did we not build winter quarters, do you ask? Well, we had already built two sets of winter quarters, and had been ordered out of them in both instances to take part in some expedition or other; and it was a little hard to be houseless and homeless at this merry season of the year, when folks up North were having such happy times, was n't it?

But it is wonderful how elastic the spirits of a soldier are, and how jolly he can be under the most adverse circumstances.

"Well, Pointer, they had n't any business to put me out of the mess. That was a mean trick, any way you take it."

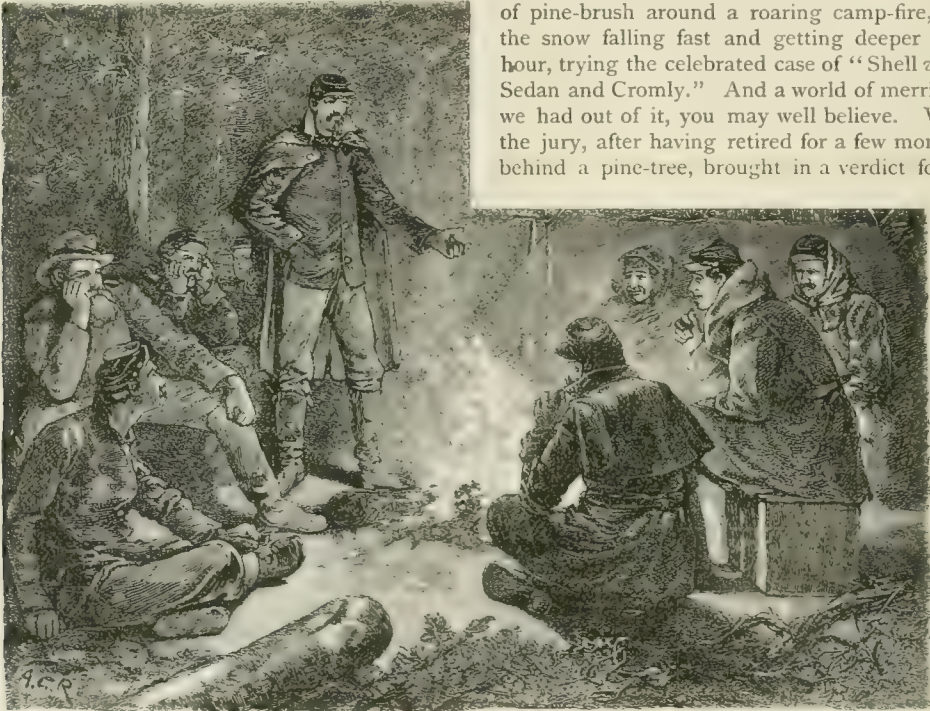
"If we had n't put you out of our mess, you'd have eaten up our whole box from home in one night. He's an awful glutton, Pointer."

"Say, boys, I move we organize ourselves into a court, and try this case," said Sergeant Cummings. "They've been arguing and arguing about this thing the whole day, and it's time to take it up

the cold charities of the camp; and he, the said Shell, now lodges a due and formal complaint before this honorable court, presently sitting on this pile of pine-brush, and humbly prays and petitions re-instatement in his just rights and claims, *sine qua non, e pluribus unum pro bono publico.*"

"Silence in the court!"

To organize ourselves into a court of justice was a matter of a few moments. Cummings was declared judge, Reed and Slocum his assistants. A jury of twelve men, good and true, was speedily impaneled. Attorneys and tipstaves, sheriff and clerk were appointed, and in less time than it takes to narrate it, there we were, seated on piles of pine-brush around a roaring camp-fire, with the snow falling fast and getting deeper every hour, trying the celebrated case of "Shell *versus* Sedan and Cromly." And a world of merriment we had out of it, you may well believe. When the jury, after having retired for a few moments behind a pine-tree, brought in a verdict for the



CHRISTMAS-EVE AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

and put an end to it. The case is—let's see; what'll we call it? I'm not a very good hand at the legal lingo, but I suppose if we call it a 'motion to quash a writ of ejectment,' or something of that sort, we'll be within the lines of the law. Let me now state the case: Shell *versus* Sedan and Cromly. These three, all members of Company D, after having lived, messed, and sojourned together peaceably for a year or more, have had of late some disagreement, quarrel, squabble, fracas, or general tearing out, the result of which said disagreement, quarrel, squabble, et cetera, et cetera, has been that the hereinbeforementioned Shell has been thrown out of the mess and left to

plaintiff, it was full one o'clock on Christmas morning, and we began to drop off to sleep, some rolling themselves up in their blankets and overcoats and lying down, Indian fashion, feet to the fire; while others crept off to their cold shelters under the snow-laden pine-trees for what poor rest they could find, jocularly wishing one another a "Merry Christmas."

Time wore away monotonously in the camp we established there, near Culpepper Court-house. All the more weary a winter was it for me, because I was so sick that I could scarcely drag myself about. So miserable did I look that one day a Company B Boy said, as I was passing his tent:

"Young mon, an' if ye don't be afther pickin' up a bit, it's my opinion ye'll be gathered home to your fathers purty soon."

I was sick with the same disease which slew more men than fell in actual battle. We had had a late fall campaign, and had suffered much from exposure, of which one instance may suffice:

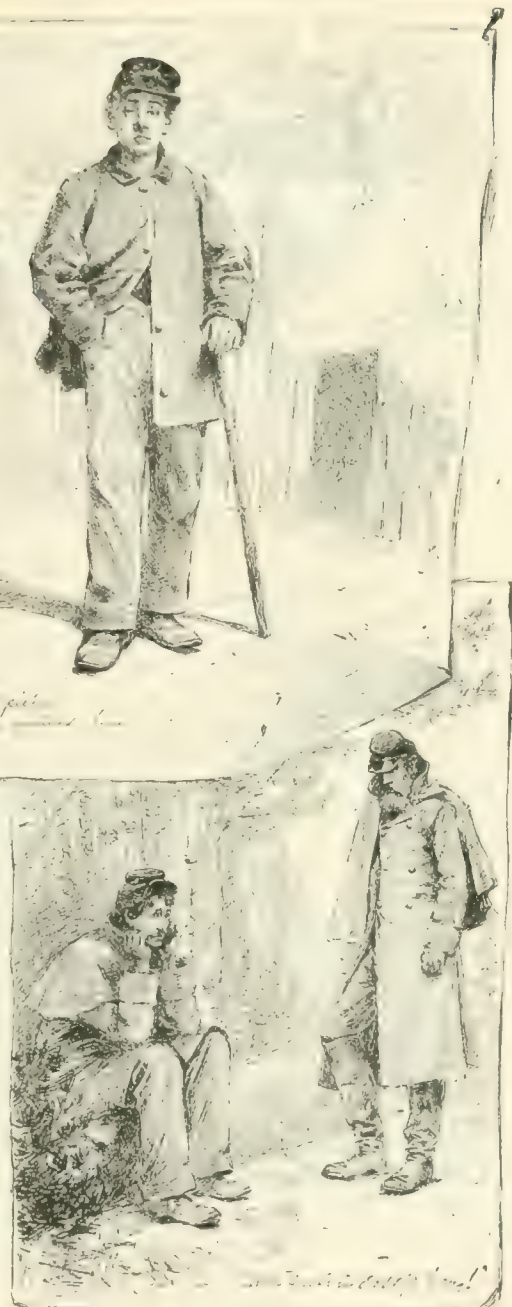
We had been sent into Thoroughfare Gap to hold that mountain pass.

Breaking camp there at daylight in a drenching rain, we marched all day long, through mud up to our knees, and soaked to the skin by the cold rain; at night we forded a creek waist-deep, and marched on with clothes frozen almost stiff; at one o'clock the next morning we lay down utterly exhausted, shivering helplessly, in wet clothes, without fire, and exposed to the north-west wind that swept the vast plain keen and cold as a razor. Whoever visits the Soldiers' Cemetery near Culpepper will there find a part of the sequel of that night-march; the remainder is scattered far and wide over the hills of Virginia, and in forgotten places among the pines.

Could we have had home care and home diet, many would have recovered. But what is to be done for a sick man whose only choice of diet must be made from pork, beans, sugar, and hard-tack? Home? Ah, yes, if we only *could* get home for a month! Homesick? Well, no, not exactly. Still we were not entire strangers to the feelings of that poor recruit who was one day found by his lieutenant sitting on a fallen pine-tree in the woods, crying as if his heart would break.

"Why," said the Lieutenant, "what are you crying for, you big baby, you?"

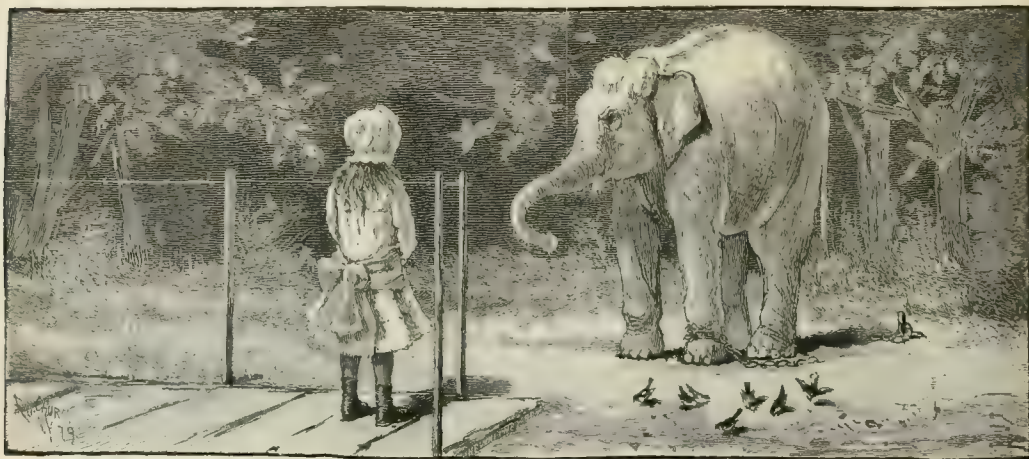
"I wish I was in my daddy's barn, boo, hoo!"



"And what would you do if you were?"

The poor fellow replied, between his sobs: "Why, if I was in my daddy's barn, I'd go into the house mighty quick!"

(To be continued.)



"OH, WHAT A CUNNING LITTLE BABY ELEPHANT!"

MEN-AND-ANIMAL SHOWS, AND HOW THEY ARE MOVED ABOUT.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

WHEN a modern "circus-menagerie" is in motion, there is a good-sized town on wheels. When one is set up for exhibition, there is a strange and wonderful city on the ground that was so open and bare only the day before. It is a well-peopled city, even if you leave out of sight the crowds that come to it as paying visitors.

And the object of this article is to explain, very briefly, some of the ways and customs of this great, movable, wonderful city of tents and cages.

There probably was never a time when people were not fond of staring at "shows." Getting up shows to be stared at is therefore as old as almost anything else in history. The ancient Romans understood it perfectly, and sent all over the world for materials for new and startling sights in their amphitheaters, at Rome itself and in other cities. Their shows differed very much from ours. The great aim of their costliest exhibitions seems to have been to see, during the show, as many as possible of the performers killed, both men and wild beasts. Nowadays we are willing that all the performers should remain alive, and we are satisfied if it merely looks as if somebody were quite likely to be either killed or eaten.

In the Middle Ages, the greatest "shows" were given by warlike knights in armor, and vast crowds

gathered to see them charge against one another on horseback, or hack at one another with swords and battle-axes. Some of them were really splendid performers, and they were very apt to be hurt badly, in spite of their armor and their skill.

As the world has grown more civilized, the character of its shows has changed, and now nearly all the excitement is among the people outside of the "ring." It is hard work and regular business to the people on the sawdust and to all the other inhabitants of the tent-city.

There are great shows in some countries of Europe, but it is only within a few years that they have been transported long distances. They have settled in great central cities, like London or Paris. The national boundaries were too numerous for convenience, and the people of each country were too jealous of foreigners, or unable to understand the jokes of the clown in a different language. Even now, few European shows travel so far on land as ours do, or carry so much with them. One reason may be the small number of European boys and girls with enough pocket-money to buy tickets. America is the country for the show business.

Not a great many years ago, there were several different kinds of shows, but, as time went on, it was found profitable to gather all the varied attrac-

tions possible into one concern. And now, although there are many shows, there is a strong family resemblance among them, and the show-bills of one would answer for another, very nearly, if the names and dates were changed.

The "menagerie," in the last generation, often was called a "caravan," and, for a while, these collections held out stoutly for separate existence. Then the circuses began to have a few cages of beasts as a sort of "side show," and the days of the "caravans" were numbered, for their owners discovered that nothing that they could carry around would gather a paying crowd.

One secret of this was that the wildest beasts had ceased to be strangers in the eyes of American young people; as soon as the country became flooded with illustrated books, magazines, and papers, and boys and girls knew as much about giraffes and boa-constrictors as their grandparents had known

which the books and papers have not told all about beforehand. Most youngsters who pay their way into a tent know every animal at sight, and, as soon as they have nodded recognition at him, are sure to ask:

"What can he do?"

For this reason, almost every dangerous creature in the best recent collections has been both wild and tame. The lions, the tigers, the panthers, are as large and terrible-looking as ever, and it would be just as dreadful a thing if they should get loose among the spectators. It is worth while, therefore, to see them all playfully submissive to a little man or woman with a mere whip in hand.

A direct consequence of all this is, that the more a wild beast can be taught, the more he is worth, but there is no telling how stupid some lions and other savages are. The very best of them, even after all kinds of good schooling, retain a lurking



A TOURNAMENT IN THE MIDDLE AGES

about rabbits and rattlesnakes. So, after having seen them once, living serpents and antelopes ceased to be regarded as an attraction.

The menagerie managers learned a costly lesson, and the circus men learned another. The latter are still compelled to carry along a goodly number of rare beasts with their other attractions. No circus-menagerie would be called "great" without the cages, but these must now contain something

disposition to make a meal of their keeper, or of anybody else, if a good opportunity is given for it. "Taming" is a process which has to be constantly renewed, for the tamest tiger is a tiger still, and there has been no change in his born conviction that all other living creatures are "game" for him. The best lion and tiger "kings" of to-day say that every time they enter a cage containing these fierce creatures they carry their lives in their hands.

"Gentle?" remarked one of these venturesome folk the other day. "Those tigers of mine?—Why, do you see that whip? I know, as well as I



TIGERS DRINKING.

know anything, that if I drop that whip when I am in that cage, they 'll be on me. Their idea of obedience is connected with the whip, first; then with my voice; then with my face. Severity? Cruelty? No use at all. I never use cruelty in training them. Only patience. When I take on a new cage of beasts I work to get them used to me; feeding them; cleaning the cage; talking to them; all that sort of thing; before I go in among them. Then I do that. It's a ticklish piece of business, going in the first time; and I pick my chance for it when they're specially peaceable. I go right in, just as if it were a matter of course, but I keep my eyes about me. It's all humbug that a man's eye has any power over a wild beast. Your eyes are to watch their motions—that's all. They'll find out quickly enough if you're getting careless. They're sure enough to be watching you all the time. Are they intelligent? Well, there's as much difference among 'em as there is among men. I can train a really intelligent lion, right from the wild, in about four weeks, so he will do all that the lion kings make them do. A lioness always takes a couple of weeks longer, and so does a leopard or a tiger. You can't get a hyena well in hand inside of two months. They're the meanest of brutes. They never understand anything but a club. The easiest to train, because they know the most, are pumas. I can teach a puma all it needs to know, in four weeks. Affection? Teach those fellows to love you? That's all nonsense. They'll fawn and fawn on you, and you'll think you've done it, may be. Then you go into the cage, if you want to, without your whip, or when they're in bad temper, and find out for yourself what they'll do. See that dent in the side of my head and those deep scars on my arm! There are more down

here,"—patting his leg. "Got 'em from the best-trained lions you ever saw. It's awful, sometimes, to have one of those fellows kind o' smell of you and yawn and shut his jaws, say, close to one of your knees! See my wife, there? She's the 'Panther Queen,' just as I'm a 'Tiger King,' and that fellow yonder's a 'Lion King.' Her pets are playing with her now, but they've scratched her well, I tell you. There's great odds among them, though, and that young puma with her head up to be kissed is what you might call gentle. Only they're all treacherous. Every lion king gets sick of it after a while. I could name more than a dozen of the best who have given it up right in the prime of life. Once they give it up, nothing'll tempt 'em inside of a cage again. You see, every now and then, some other tamer gets badly clawed and bitten. They've

all been clawed and bitten more or less themselves. The strain on a man's nerves is pretty sharp,—sure death around him all the while. And the pay is n't anything like what it was."

It may be true that the strictly predatory animals of the cat kind are never to be trusted, but the now three-years-old hippopotamus of the leading American "show" seems to have formed a genuine attachment for his keeper, a young Italian. He is savage enough to all other men, and when out of his den for his very limited exercise, it is fun for all but the person chased to see how clumsily, yet swiftly, he will make a sudden "charge" after a luckless bystander. After that, he will crustily and gruntingly obey his keeper, and permit himself to be half enticed, half shouldered into his den again. There should be more room for brains and, consequently, for affection, in the splendid front of a lion, than between the sullen eyes of even a very youthful hippopotamus.

The "keeper" question is one of prime importance in collecting and managing wild animals. Trainers of the right kind are scarce, and although high pay hardly can be afforded, it will not do to put rare and costly animals in the care of stupid or ignorant men. Such qualities as courage, patience, good temper, and natural aptitude for the occupation are also needful, and they are not always to be had for the asking. Unless the right men are secured, however, the failure of the menagerie is only a question of time. As for the "specimens" themselves, it is much easier to obtain them than it once was, owing to the better facilities for transporting them from the several "wild-beast countries." Catching them in their native wildernesses has been a regular trade for ages. There have been "wild-beast merchants," and their trade has

been carried on as systematically as any other, since the earliest days of commerce. The head-quarters of this trade have for a long time been at Hamburg, with branches, agencies, and correspondents wherever in the known world there are "show animals" to be captured. Some of the leading showmen, however, having capital as well as enterprise, send out hunters on their own account, or trusty agents, who travel in savage lands and purchase whatever the native hunters may bring them that will answer their purposes.

The market price of a menagerie animal of any kind varies from time to time, like that of other merchandise, according to the demand and supply. A writer stated recently that zebras are sold at a little over \$2,000 a pair, gnus at about \$800 a pair, while rhinoceroses cost some \$6,000 per pair, and tigers about \$1,500 each. A short time ago, however, and perhaps now, a very good "uneducated" tiger could be bought in London for from \$500 to \$800. The same beast, the moment he takes kindly to learning and promises to be sparing of his keepers, doubles and trebles in value. There is no telling what he would be worth should he show further signs of intellect or good morals, but he is like a human being in this respect—the more

Managers find that a moderate number of first-class animals, including as many well-trained notabilities as can be had, will "draw" better, and cost less for keeping and feeding, than a mere mob of all sorts, however crowded with "rare specimens."

It is, indeed, an easy matter to lose a menagerie, after all the toil and cost of getting it together. A lion or tiger will eat fifty pounds of raw beef per day, if he can get it, but it must be specially prepared for him. All the bones must be taken out, lest he hurt his mouth upon them, for he will not grind away at them so patiently in his cage as in his forest lair.

All the fat must be cut away for him or any other great cat of the woods, or, as he has little exercise, a fatty deposit will form around his lungs and he will die. His den must be kept clean, and he himself must be vigorously encouraged in good personal habits, or various diseases will assail him, and he will die before his time.

Other animals, such as the hippopotamus, polar bear, and sea lion, accustomed in their wild state to abundant water, must have their bath liberally supplied, and frequently renewed. If, as is often the case, they exhibit, like some boys, a froward and unhealthy dislike for it, they must be shoved



PERSUADING THE BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS TO GET INTO HIS WAGON.

he knows, the more it will pay to give for him. The same rule applies to the entire list, from elephants to monkeys, so that no precise idea can be given of the probable cost of a menagerie.

in, even at the risk of brief quarrels with their keepers.

All care of this sort, and much more, must be given to the most ferocious beasts, not only during



A CIRCUS-WAGON IN THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS, BEFORE THE SHOW.

the show season, but in the winter retirement. They must also be carefully attended to while in process of transportation from place to place, and there are difficulties enough on land, but it is at sea that the keeper and trainer meets his most trying obstacles, and the owner his heaviest losses.

Animals on board ship are very much like human beings, for while some of them get seasick in bad weather, others of the same kind will endure all the pitching and rolling of the vessel like "old salts." There is nothing quite so disconsolate as a bilious elephant in a gale of wind. There is so very much of him to be seasick.

The worst of it is that the sickness clings to many of the poor beasts after they reach the shore, and not a few of them die on land in consequence of a rough voyage. On the other hand, large collections have been safely carried to distant countries, visiting even such far-off places as Australia.

After his collection is made, the showman's cost and risk begin before the show is set in motion. Trained animals, as they are trained nowadays,

stand for much more than their original cost. They represent time spent in preparation. That means weeks and often months of care and labor, when they were earning nothing, and eating well, and when their keepers were on full pay. Nor do mere "food and attendance" include all the large items of a quadruped savage's board bill. Every menagerie, with enough of capital or success to keep it out of the sheriff's hands, must be provided with ample and permanent "winter quarters," or, in other words, space and buildings for its accommodation during that part of the year when no kind of show would tempt a crowd to spend its time under the cold shelter of a tent.

That, too, is the time of the year when an exposure of tropical beasts and birds to the changes of the weather, the dampness and the cold, would simply entail upon the manager the additional expense of funerals for his costliest curiosities.

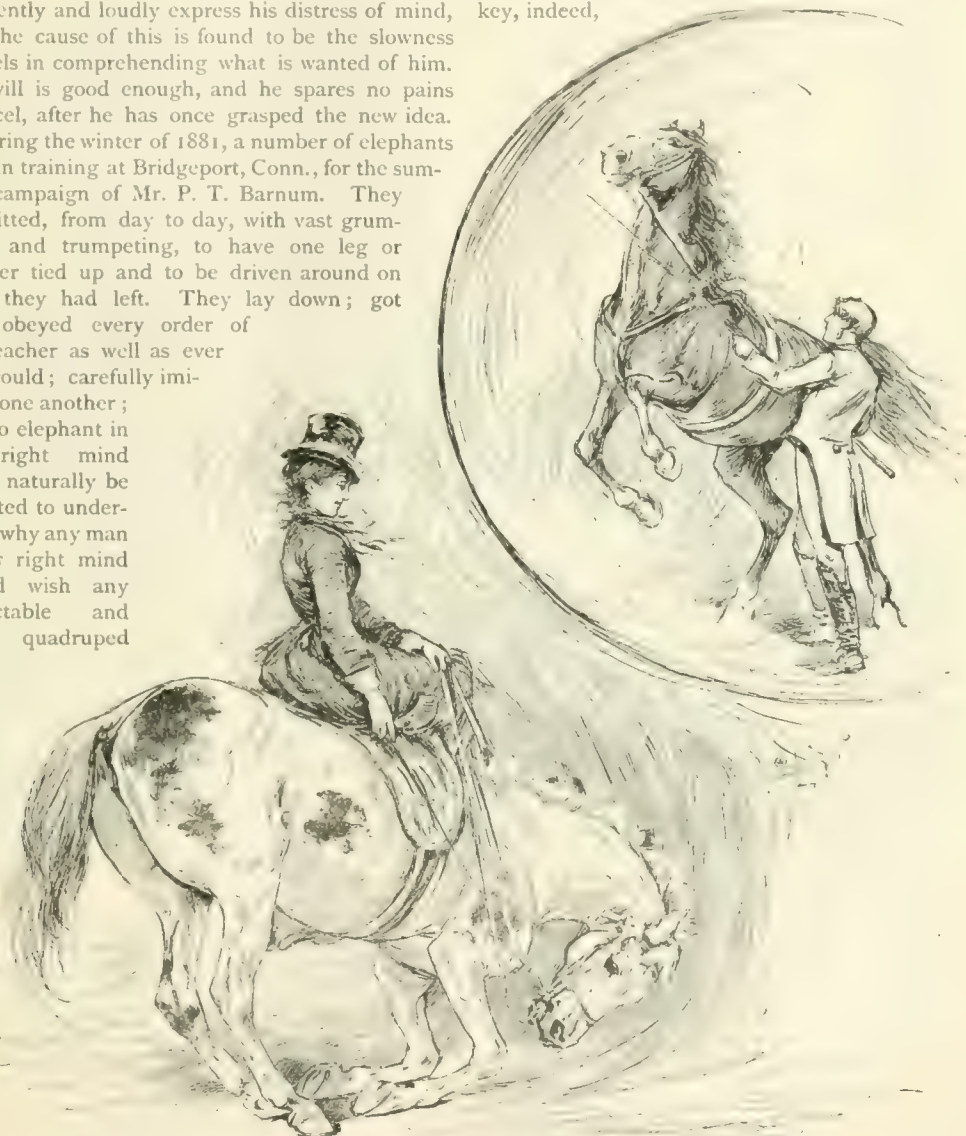
Nevertheless, vacation time is by no means idle time for the showman. Training involves hard and patient toil, and it receives a sort of compensation

from the larger and more intelligent animals, in the dumb earnestness with which many of them will meet their human friends half-way, and strive to learn the lessons set them. The anecdotes of the sagacity of horses, for instance, are innumerable, but there are points at which the elephant may be said to have fairly beaten all animals below man. He is even able to offer a good example to some men, for it is found that the great unwieldy brute is himself desirous of obtaining a liberal education. In the earlier stages of his instruction, while he is studying, so to speak, the "primer" of any given "trick" or duty, he will frequently and loudly express his distress of mind, and the cause of this is found to be the slowness he feels in comprehending what is wanted of him. His will is good enough, and he spares no pains to excel, after he has once grasped the new idea.

During the winter of 1881, a number of elephants were in training at Bridgeport, Conn., for the summer campaign of Mr. P. T. Barnum. They submitted, from day to day, with vast grumbling and trumpeting, to have one leg or another tied up and to be driven around on what they had left. They lay down; got up; obeyed every order of the teacher as well as ever they could; carefully imitated one another; but no elephant in his right mind could naturally be expected to understand why any man in *his* right mind should wish any respectable and heavy quadruped

to stand upon three or two legs, or upon his dignified head. Their great sagacity was shown after the animals were left a little to themselves. The keepers observed them on their exercise ground, with no human teacher near to offer a word of suggestion or explanation, and yet, singly or in pairs, the huge scholars gravely repeated their lessons and did their "practicing" on their own account. This was the secret of the wonderful proficiency they afterward exhibited in the ring.

Up to this time, it seems, no such intelligent self-help can be looked for from any other wild animal. The monkey, indeed,



"TRAINED HORSES."

will "practice" all sorts of things, with more or less understanding, but he is more than likely to select performances not on the programme, and omit those he has been taught. In this, and other doings, the monkey is a queer caricature of humanity.

Special attention must be paid to the health of creatures that have cost so much, and the keeper is a kind of attending physician, with a sharp eye for all doubtful symptoms. Two of Mr. Barnum's wisest elephants, one day last winter, after careless exposure to wet and cold, were found shivering with a sudden chill. Nothing could be more dangerous to their valuable lives. Several gallons of the best whisky were procured as soon as possible, and the gigantic "shakers" were forced to take it. They were then put to bed in their shelter, warmly covered up, and anxiously watched. It was not long before the remedy had its effect, and the half-tipsy patients wanted to get up and stagger around and trumpet the fact that they felt better. The chill was broken, and for a while they felt very well indeed. Next morning, when their keeper approached them, they began, with one accord, to shake all over, as a strong intimation that they

matter how short may be the distance. At the hour for moving, the manager must be sure that he is provided with every man, woman, and child required for every service connected with his advertised performances, and that every one of these knows exactly what to do and when and where to do it. He also must know that he has supplied himself with every van, wagon, car, tent, rope, tool, implement, of whatever kind, which any part of his huge establishment may need, and that all



THE PANTHER QUEEN AND HER PETS.

needed more of that medicine; but the doctor was too sharp for them, and roared at the nearest one: "No, sir. You can't have a drop!"

They understood, and the chill disappeared.

The animals themselves, their care and training, by no means supply all the winter-work of preparing a circus-menagerie for its summer tour. The tent-city must be complete in all its appliances before the day comes for its first transportation, no

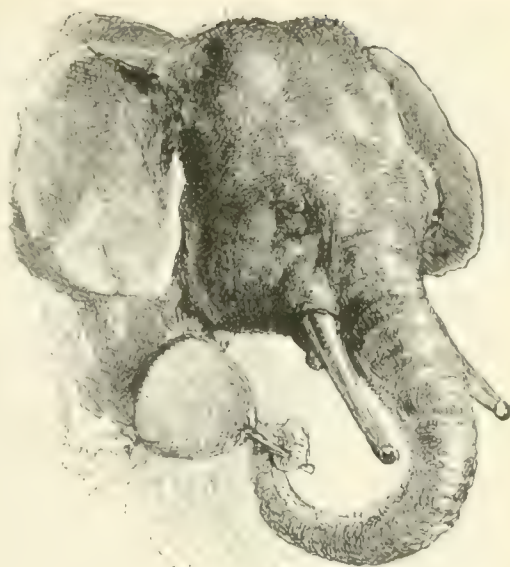
these are in place, ready for instant use when the order to start is actually given.

The circus part of the great show is not less interesting than its "better half," and it is in every way attended with great costs and difficulties. The circus has also its winter quarters, but they are not like those of the menagerie. No troupe of performers comprises just the same persons during two successive exhibition seasons. Its entire membership,

excepting perhaps the managers and a few prime favorites, breaks up and scatters over the country at the close of a season's engagements. Each particular wonder or group of wonders takes care of itself as best it can during the idle months.

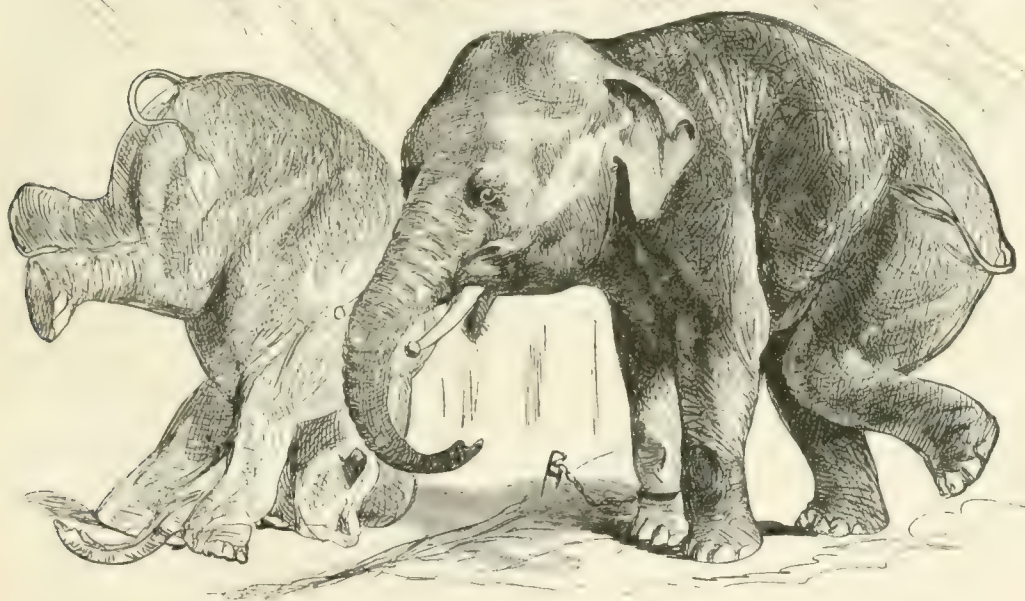
Each season, therefore, the attractions to be offered must be sought, corresponded for, gathered, organized anew. All engagements are made early enough in advance, but not in any case without careful inquiry and inspection by the manager as to the physical and moral condition of the person or persons he is bargaining with. The special abilities of all capable performers, such as riders, acrobats, giants, dwarfs, magicians, clowns, pantomimists, are well known to the trade, and so are all their particular failings. No manager in his senses will engage a performer who has permitted himself or herself to get out of practice or to acquire such bad habits as will endanger the regularity and attractiveness of the season's "appearances."

The human members of the show are scattered, indeed, but they can not be altogether idle, for they must be in perfect training when they come to be inspected by the keen eyes of the man who is to direct their movements, after deciding whether or not they will answer his purposes. He can not afford to hire an intemperate man at any wages.



"THERE! CIRCUS ELEPHANTS ARE WARM WORK!"

ing all the while. Generally, he is at least part owner of the concern he is to manage, or is directly



ELEPHANTS PRACTICING DURING THE TEACHER'S ABSENCE

The manager may be one man, or two or three men acting as one, but he is in anxious train-

interested in its profits and losses, and has therefore a sharp and watchful eye upon every question,

great or small, which the business under his care may present.

His first anxiety, as well as outlay, is in getting his show well together, and right along with the winning of that victory comes a trial which fully tests all his capacity for management and good generalship. All that huge aggregate of animals, tents, wagons, machinery, and appliances must be cut down to the smallest possible weight, the "fat man" and the giant excepted. Then everything, with or without life, must be packed into the smallest possible space for transportation. There can not be employed nor carried one needless man, or boy, or beast, nor can one that will be needed be safely left behind. All are picked and disciplined beforehand. All other requisite things must be provided, since it will not do, even in a great city, to trust to luck, nor to waste precious time in finding the right thing, whether it be a horseshoe-nail or a breakfast.

Time was when small shows, and even some of pretty good size, could depend upon hotels for food, and upon railways and steam-boats for transportation; but it will not do to run any such risks with the monster shows which are brought together nowadays. Hotels and steamers have no spare accommodations for the entertainment of a suddenly arriving "city." On the railways the case is similar, and the very sleeping-cars for the performers are the property of the managers, as also are the baggage-cars and platform cars for all the

over with patient care, for instruction and drill, and each department or section is under a sort of foreman, that the eyes of the master may be multiplied. While a manager is wrestling with his packing problem, he is also dealing with another which is hardly less important. A valuable part of his varied learning is the knowledge he has of the country through which his show is to be carried and exhibited, and of the peculiar tastes and demands of its several local populations. If anybody supposes these requirements to be the same, or nearly so, North, South, East, and West, he is very much mistaken.

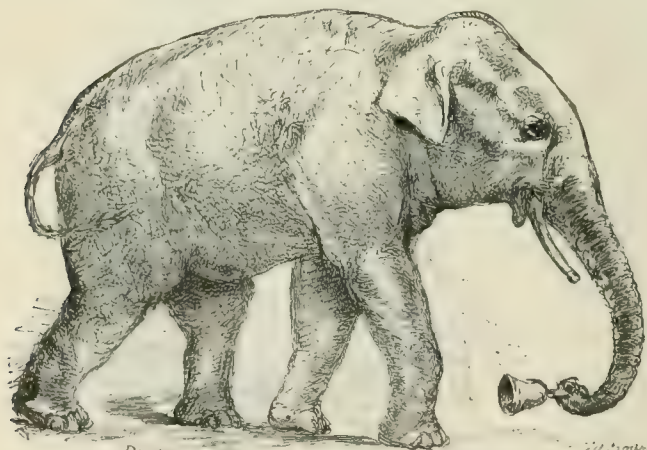
The show which suits one set of people may fail to suit another. As soon as a manager has studied the field of his coming campaign, and decided upon the best tour for just such a show as the one he has prepared, his next business is to send ahead experienced and competent men to prepare the way.

Spaces in which to exhibit have to be contracted for in advance, and the most suitable sites soon become known to all the managers. A tent pitched in some spot difficult of access, or to which the people were unaccustomed, might fail to have any audience under it, no matter what else should be there.

A few energetic men, with due instruction, can attend to this branch of the business, but there are so many other duties to be performed before the arrival of the show, that a great circus has been known to have more than "seventy men sent on ahead," the manager knowing exactly what each man had gone for. For instance, there were supplies of lumber to be procured, and of such other materials as the setting up of the show called for. There is often a good deal of carpenter work required, in addition to all that is carried along or that can be done by the regular carpenters of the concern. There are fresh meat to be obtained for the wild animals, and grain and forage for the tame ones. All must be ready at the hour of arrival, and among the other necessities the heavy "marketing" must be on hand for the uses of the circus cooks. Not one article can be waited for after the train with the show on board pulls up on the switch at its stopping-place. If there were lack of knowledge concerning stock on hand or deficiencies, or failure to send ahead and provide, the tent-city would soon fall to pieces.

One great trial is fairly passed when the railway train with the show on board gets under way for the first time.

(To be concluded next month.)



RINGING THE BELL FOR DINNER.

immense store of material. On these cars, too, every article has its exact place and space, from which it comes, and into which it goes again according to an established rule, and the men in charge know, therefore, where it is when it is wanted. The first "packing" is done over and



THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER IX.

PIGEON POT-PIE.

HAPPY boys and girls that go to school nowadays! You have to study harder than the generations before you, it is true; you miss the jolly spelling-schools, and the good old games that were not half so scientific as base-ball, lawn tennis, or lacrosse, but that had ten times more fun and frolic in them; but all this is made up to you by the fact that you escape the tyrannical old master. Whatever faults the teachers of this day may have, they do not generally lacerate the backs of their pupils, as did some of the old teachers.

At the time of which I write, thirty years ago, a better race of school-masters was crowding out the old, but many of the latter class, with their terrible switches and cruel beatings, kept their ground until they died off one by one, and relieved the world of their odious ways.

Mr. Ball would n't die to please anybody. He was a bachelor, had no liking for children, but taught school five or six months in winter to avoid having to work on a farm in the summer. He had taught in Greenbank every winter for a quarter of a century, and having never learned to win anybody's affection, had been obliged to teach those who disliked him. This atmosphere of mutual dislike will sour the sweetest temper, and Mr. Ball's temper had not been honey to begin with. Year by year he grew more and more severe—he whipped for poor lessons, he whipped for speaking in school, he took down his switch for not speaking loud enough in class, he whipped for coming late to school, he whipped because a scholar made a noise with his feet, and he whipped because he himself had eaten something unwholesome for his breakfast. The brutality of a master produces like qualities in scholars. The boys drew caricatures on the blackboard, put living cats or dead ones into Mr. Ball's desk, and tried to drive him wild by their many devices.

He would walk up and down the school-room seeking a victim, and he had as much pleasure in beating a girl or a little boy as in punishing an overgrown fellow.

And yet I can not say that Mr. Ball was impartial. There were some pupils that escaped. Susan Lanham was not punished, because her father, Dr. Lanham, was a very influential man in the town;

and the faults of Henry Weathervane and his sister were always overlooked after their father became a school trustee.

Many efforts had been made to put a new master into the school. But Mr. Ball's brother-in-law was one of the principal merchants in the place, and the old man had had the school so long that it seemed like robbery to deprive him of it. It had come, in some sort, to belong to him. People hated to see him moved. He would die some day, they said, and nobody could deny that, though it often seemed to the boys and girls that he would never die; he was more likely to dry up and blow away. And it was a long time to wait for that.

And yet I think Greenbank might have had to wait for something like that if there had n't come a great flight of pigeons just at this time. For whenever Susan Lanham suggested to her father that he should try to get Mr. Ball removed and a new teacher appointed, Dr. Lanham smiled and said "he hated to move against the old man; he'd been there so long, you know, and he probably would n't live long, anyhow. Something ought to be done, perhaps, but he could n't meddle with him." For older people forgot the beatings they had endured, and remembered the old man only as one of the venerable landmarks of their childhood.

And so, by favor of Henry Weathervane's father, whose children he did not punish, and by favor of other people's neglect and forgetfulness, the Greenbank children might have had to face and fear the old ogre down to this day, or until he dried up and blew away, if it had n't been, as I said, that there came a great flight of pigeons.

A flight of pigeons is not uncommon in the Ohio River country. Audubon, the great naturalist, saw them in his day, and in old colonial times such flights took place in the settlements on the seaboard, and sometimes the starving colonists were able to knock down pigeons with sticks. The mathematician is not yet born who can count the number of pigeons in one of these sky-darkening flocks, which are often many miles in length, and which follow one another for a whole day. The birds, for the most part, fly at a considerable height from the earth, but when they are crossing a wide valley, like that of the Ohio River, they drop down to a lower level, and so reach the hills quite close to the ground, and within easy gunshot.

When the pigeon flight comes on Saturday, it is

very convenient for those boys that have guns. If these pigeons had only come on Saturday instead of on Monday, Mr. Ball might have taught the Greenbank school until to-day,—that is to say, if he had n't quite dried up and blown off meanwhile.

For when Riley and Ben Berry saw this flight of pigeons begin on Monday morning, they remembered that the geography lesson was a hard one, and so they played "hookey," and, taking their guns with them, hid in the bushes at the top of the hill. Then, as the birds struck the hill, and beat their way up over the brow of it, the boys, lying in ambush, had only to fire into the flock without taking aim, and the birds would drop all around them. The discharge of the guns made Bob Holliday so hungry for pigeon pot-pie, that he, too, ran away from school, at recess, and took his place among the pigeon-slayers in the paw-paw patch on the hill-top.

Tuesday morning, Mr. Ball came in with darkened brows, and two extra switches. Riley, Berry, and Holliday were called up as soon as school began. They had pigeon pot-pie for dinner, but they also had sore backs for three days, and Bob laughingly said that he knew just how a pigeon felt when it was basted.

The day after the whipping and the pigeon pot-pie, when the sun shone warm at noon, the fire was allowed to go down in the stove. All were at play in the sunshine, excepting Columbus Risdale, who sat solitary, like a disconsolate screech-owl, in one corner of the room. Riley and Ben Berry, still smarting from yesterday, entered, and without observing Lummy's presence, proceeded to put some gunpowder in the stove, taking pains to surround it with cool ashes, so that it should not explode until the stirring of the fire, as the chill of the afternoon should come on. When they had finished this dangerous transaction, they discovered the presence of Columbus in his corner, looking at them with large-eyed wonder and alarm.

"If you ever tell a living soul about that, we'll kill you," said Ben Berry.

Will also threatened the scared little rabbit, and both felt safe from detection.

An hour after school had resumed its session, Columbus, who had sat shivering with terror all the time, wrote on his slate:

"Will Riley and Ben B. put something in the stove. Said they would kill me if I told on them."

This he passed to Jack, who sat next to him. Jack rubbed it out as soon as he had read it, and wrote:

"Don't tell anybody."

Jack could not guess what they had put in. It might be coffee-nuts, which would explode harmlessly; it might be something that would give a bad

smell in burning, such as chicken-feathers. If he could have believed that it was gunpowder, he would have plucked up courage enough to give the master some warning, though he might have got only a whipping for his pains. While Jack was debating what he should do, the master called the Fourth-Reader class. At the close of the lesson he noticed that Columbus was shivering, though indeed it was more from terror than from cold.

"Go to the stove and stir up the fire, and get warm," he said, sternly.

"I'd—I'd rather not," said Lum, shaking with fright at the idea.

"Umph!" said Mr. Ball, looking hard at the lad, with half a mind to make him go. Then he changed his purpose and went to the stove himself, raked forward the coals, and made up the fire. Just as he was shutting the stove-door, the explosion came—the ashes flew out all over the master, the stove was thrown down from the bricks on which its four legs rested, the long pipe fell in many pieces on the floor, and the children set up a general howl in all parts of the room.

As soon as Mr. Ball had shaken off the ashes from his coat, he said: "Be quiet—there's no more danger. Columbus Risdale, come here."

"He did not do it," spoke up Susan Lanham.

"Be quiet, Susan. You know all about this," continued the master to poor little Columbus, who was so frightened as hardly to be able to stand. After looking at Columbus a moment, the master took down a great beech switch. "Now, I shall whip you until you tell me who did it. You were afraid to go to the stove. You knew there was powder there. Who put it there? That's the question. Answer, quick, or I shall make you."

The little skin-and-bones trembled between two terrors, and Jack, seeing his perplexity, got up and stood by him.

"He did n't do it, Mr. Ball. I know who did it. If Columbus should tell you, he would be beaten for telling. The boy who did it is just mean enough to let Lummy get the whipping. Please let him off."

"You know, do you? I shall whip you both. You knew there was gunpowder in the fire, and you gave no warning. I shall whip you both—the severest whipping you ever had, too."

And the master put up the switch he had taken down, as not effective enough, and proceeded to take another.

"If we had known it was gunpowder," said Jack, beginning to tremble, "you would have been warned. But we did n't. We only knew that something had been put in."

"If you'll tell all about it, I'll let you off easier; if you don't, I shall give you all the whipping I

know how to give." And by way of giving impressiveness to his threat he took a turn about the room, while there was an awful stillness among the terrified scholars.

I do not know what was in Bob Holliday's head, but about this time he managed to open the western door while the master's back was turned. Bob's desk was near the door.

Poor little Columbus was ready to die, and Jack was afraid that, if the master should beat him as he threatened to, the child would die outright. Luckily, at the second cruel blow, the master broke his switch and turned to get another. Seeing the door open, Jack whispered to Columbus:

"Run home as fast as you can go."

The little fellow needed no second bidding. He tottered on his trembling legs to the door, and was out before Mr. Ball had detected the motion. When the master saw his prey disappearing out of the door, he ran after him, but it happened curiously enough, in the excitement, that Bob Holliday, who sat behind the door, rose up, as if to look out, and stumbled against the door, thus pushing it shut, so that by the time Mr. Ball got his stiff legs outside the door, the frightened child was under such headway that, fearing to have the whole school in rebellion, the teacher gave over the pursuit, and came back prepared to wreak his vengeance on Jack.

While Mr. Ball was outside the door, Bob Holliday called to Jack, in a loud whisper, that he had better run, too, or the old master would "skin him alive." But Jack had been trained to submit to authority, and to run away now would lose him his winter's schooling, on which he had set great store. He made up his mind to face the punishment as best he could, fleeing only as a last resort if the beating should be unendurable.

"Now," said the master to Jack, "will you tell me who put that gunpowder in the stove? If you don't, I'll take it out of your skin."

Jack could not bear to tell, especially under a threat. I think that boys are not wholly right in their notion that it is dishonorable to inform on a school-mate, especially in the case of so bad an offense as that of which Will and Ben were guilty. But, on the other hand, the last thing a master ought to seek is to turn boys into habitual spies and informers on one another. In the present instance, Jack ought, perhaps, to have told, for the offense was criminal; but it is hard for a high-spirited lad to yield to a brutal threat.

Jack caught sight of Susan Lanham telegraphing from behind the master, by spelling with her fingers:

"Tell or run."

But he could not make up his mind to do either,

though Bob Holliday had again mysteriously opened the western door.

The master summoned all his strength and struck him half a dozen blows, that made poor Jack writhe. Then he walked up and down the room awhile, to give the victim time to consider whether he would tell or not.

"Run," spelled out Susan on her fingers.

"The school-house is on fire!" called out Bob Holliday. Some of the coals that had spilled from the capsized stove were burning the floor—not dangerously, but Bob wished to make a diversion. He rushed for a pail of water in the corner, and all the rest, aching with suppressed excitement, crowded around the fallen stove, so that it was hard for the master to tell whether there was any fire or not. Bob whispered to Jack to "cut sticks," but Jack only went to his seat.

"Lay hold, boys, and let 's put up the stove," said Bob, taking the matter quite out of the master's hands. Of course, the stove-pipe would not fit without a great deal of trouble. Did ever stove-pipe go together without trouble? Somehow, all the joints that Bob joined together flew asunder over and over again, though he seemed to work most zealously to get the stove set up. After half an hour of this confusion, the pipe was fixed, and the master, having had time, like the stove, to cool off, and seeing Jack bent over his book, concluded to let the matter drop. It proved, however, to be a matter that would not drop.

CHAPTER X.

JACK AND HIS MOTHER.

JACK went home that night very sore on his back and in his feelings. He felt humiliated to be beaten like a dog, and even a dog feels degraded in being beaten. He told his mother about it—the tall, dignified, sweet-faced mother, very patient in trouble and very full of a high goodness that did not talk much about goodness. She did not keep telling Jack to be good, but she always took it for granted that *her* boy would not do anything mean. She made a healthy atmosphere for a brave boy to grow in. Jack told her of his whipping, with some heat, while he sat at supper. She did not say much then, but after Jack's evening chores were all finished, she sat down by the lamp where he was trying to get out some sums, and questioned him carefully.

"Why did n't you tell who did it?" she asked.

"Because it makes a boy mean to tell, and all the boys would have thought me a sneak."

"It is a little hard to face a general opinion like that," she said.

"But," said Jack, "if I had told, the master would have whipped Columbus all the same, and the boys would probably have pounded him too. I ought to have told beforehand," said Jack, after a pause. "But I thought it was only some coffee-nuts that they had put in. The mean fellows, to let Columbus take a whipping for them! But the way Mr. Ball beats us is enough to make a boy mean and cowardly."

After a long silence, the mother said: "I think we shall have to give it up, Jack."

"What, Mother?"

"The schooling for this winter. I don't want you to go where boys are beaten in that way. In the morning, go and get your books and see what you can do at home."

Then, after a long pause, in which neither liked to speak, Mrs. Dudley said:

"I want you to be an educated man. You learn quickly; you have a taste for books, and you will be happier if you get knowledge. If I could collect the money that Gray owes your father's estate, or even a part of it, I should be able to keep you in school one winter after this. But there seems to be no hope for that."

"But he is a rich man, is n't he?"

"Yes, but not in his own name. He persuaded your father, who was a most kind-hearted man, to release a mortgage, promising to give him some other security the next week. But, meantime, he put his property in such a shape as to cheat all his creditors. I don't think we shall ever get anything."

"I am going to be an educated man, anyhow."

"But you will have to go to work at something next fall," said the mother.

"That will make it harder, but I mean to study a little every day. I wish I could get a chance to spend next winter in school."

"We'll see what can be done."

And long after Jack went to bed that night the mother sat still by the candle with her sewing, trying to think what she could do to help her boy to get on with his studies.

Jack woke up after eleven o'clock, and saw her light still burning in the sitting-room.

"I say, Mother," he called out, "don't you sit there worrying about me. We shall come through this all right."

Some of Jack's hopefulness got into the mother's heart, and she took her light and went to bed.

Wearily, and sore, and disappointed, Jack did not easily get to sleep himself after his cheerful speech to his mother. He lay awake long, making boy's plans for his future. He would go and collect money by some hook or crook from the rascally Gray; he would make a great invention; he would discover a gold mine; he would find some rich

cousin who would send him through college; he would —, but just then he grew more wakeful and realized that all his plans had no foundation of probability.

CHAPTER XL.

COLUMBUS AND HIS FRIENDS.

WHEN he waked up in the morning, Jack remembered that he had not seen Columbus Risdale go past the door after his cow the evening before, and he was afraid that he might be ill. Why had he not thought to go down and drive up the cow himself? It was yet early, and he arose and went down to the little rusty, brown, unpainted house in which the Risdales, who were poor people, had their home. Just as he pushed open the gate, Bob Holliday came out of the door, looking tired and sleepy.

"Hello, Bob!" said Jack. "How's Columbus? Is he sick?"

"Awful sick," said Bob. "Clean out of his head all night."

"Have you been here all night?"

"Yes, I heerd he was sick last night, and I come over and sot up with him."

"You good, big-hearted Bob!" said Jack. "You're the best fellow in the world, I believe."

"What a quare feller you air to talk, Jack," said Bob, choking up. "Air you goin' to school to-day?"

"No. Mother'd rather have me not go any more."

"I'm not going any more. I hate old Ball. Neither's Susan Lanham going. She's in there," and Bob made a motion toward the house with his thumb, and passed out of the gate, while Jack knocked at the door. He was admitted by Susan.

"Oh, Jack! I'm so glad to see you," she whispered. "Columbus has asked for you a good many times during the night. You've stood by him splendidly."

Jack blushed, and asked how Lummy was now.

"Out of his head most of the time. Bob Holliday staid with him all night. What a good fellow Bob Holliday is!"

"I almost hugged him, just now," said Jack, and Susan could n't help laughing at this frank confession.

When Jack passed into the next room, he saw Columbus's mother sitting by his bed, and the poor little fellow with his big head resting on the white pillow. Columbus turned his large eyes on Jack, and then reached out both his puny arms.

"Come, Jack, dear old fellow," he said.

Jack bent over him, while the wan-faced Columbus put the poor little reed-like arms about his neck.

"Jack," he sobbed, "the old master's right over there in the corner all the time, straightening out his ugly long switches. He says he's going to beat me again. But I know you wont let him. Will you, Jack, you dear old fellow?"

"No, he sha' n't touch you."

"Let 's run away, Jack," he said, presently. And so the poor little fellow went on, his great disordered brain producing feverish images of terror from which he continually besought "dear good old Jack" to deliver him.

When at last he dropped into a troubled sleep, Jack slipped away and drove up the Risdale cow, and then went back to his breakfast. He was a boy whose anger kindled slowly; but the more he thought about it, the more angry he became at the master who had given Columbus such a fright as to throw him into a brain fever, and at the "mean, sneaking, contemptible villains," as he hotly called them, who would n't come forward and confess their trick, rather than to have the poor little lad beaten.

"Let us make some allowances," his mother said, quietly.

"That's what you always say, Mother. You're always making allowances."

After breakfast and chores, Jack thought to go again to see his little friend. On issuing from the gate, he saw Will Riley and Ben Berry waiting for him at the corner. Whether they meant to attack him or not he could not tell, but he felt too angry to care.

"I say, Jack," said Riley, "how did you know who put the powder in the stove? Did Columbus tell you?"

"Mind your own business," said Jack, in a tone not so polite as it might be. "The less you say about gunpowder, hereafter, the better for you both. Why did n't you walk up and tell, and save that little fellow a beating?"

"Look here, Jack," said Berry, "don't you tell what you know about it. There's going to be a row. They say that Doctor Lanham's taken Susan, and all the other children, out of school, because the master thrashed Lummy, and they say Bob Holliday's quit, and that you're going to quit, and Doctor Lanham's gone to work this morning to get the master put out at the end of the term. Mr. Ball did n't know that Columbus was kin to the Lanhams, or he'd have let him alone, like he does the Lanhams and the Weathervanes. There is going to be a big row, and everybody'll want to know who put the powder in the stove. We want you to be quiet about it."

"You *do*?" said Jack, with a sneer. "You *do*?"

"Yes, we *do*," said Riley, coaxingly.

"You *do*? You come to *me* and ask me to keep it secret, after letting me and that poor little baby take your whipping! You want me to hide what you did, when that poor little Columbus lies over there sick abed and like to die, all because you, sneaking scoundrels let him be whipped for what you did!"

"Is he sick?" said Riley, in terror.

"Going to die, I expect," said Jack, bitterly.

"Well," said Ben Berry, "you be careful what you say about us, or we'll get Pewee to get even with you."

"Oh, that's your game! You think you can scare me, do you?"

Here Jack grew more and more angry. Seeing a group of school-boys on the other side of the street, he called them over.

"Look here, boys," said Jack, "I took a whipping yesterday to keep from telling on these fellows, and now they have the face to ask me not to tell that they put the powder in the stove, and they promise me a beating from Pewee if I do. These are the two boys that let a poor sickly baby take the whipping they ought to have had. They have just as good as killed him, I suppose, and now they come sneaking around here and trying to scare me into keeping still about it. I didn't back down from the master, and I wont from Pewee. Oh, no! I wont tell anybody. But if any of you boys should happen to guess that Will Riley and Ben Berry were the cowards who did that mean trick, I am not going to say they were n't. It would n't be of any use to deny it. There are only two boys in school mean enough to play such a contemptible trick as that."

Riley and Berry stood sheepishly silent, but just here Pewee came in sight, and seeing the squad of boys gathered around Jack, strode over quickly and pushed his sturdy form into the midst.

"Pewee," said Riley, "I think you ought to pound Jack. He says you can't back him down."

"I did n't," said Jack. "I said *you* could n't scare me out of telling who tried to blow up the school-house stove, and let other boys take the whipping, by promising me a drubbing from Pewee Rose. If Pewee wants to put himself in as mean a crowd as yours, and be your puppy dog to fight for you, let him come on. He's a fool if he does, that's all I have to say. The whole town will want to ship you two fellows off before night, and Pewee is n't going to fight your battles. What do you think, Pewee, of fellows that put powder in a stove where they might blow up a lot of little children? What do you think of two fellows that want me to keep quiet after they let little Lum Risdale take a whipping for them, and that talk about setting you on to me if I tell?"

Thus brought face to face with both parties, to his own home, declaring that he was going
King Pewee only looked foolish and said nothing. to tell everybody in town. But when he entered



"COUSIN S'KEY," SAID LITTLE COLUMBUS, COAXINGLY, "I WANT TO ASK A FAVOR OF YOU." [SEE PAGE 331.]

Jack had worked himself into such a passion the house and looked into the quiet, self-controlled
that he could not go to Risdale's, but returned face of his mother, he began to feel cooler.

"Let us remember that some allowances are to be made for such boys," was all that she said.

"That 's what you always say, Mother," said Jack, impatiently. "I believe you 'd make allowances for Satan himself."

"That would depend on his bringing up," smiled Mrs. Dudley. "Some boys have bad streaks naturally, and some have been cowed and brutalized by ill-treatment, and some have been spoiled by indulgence."

Jack felt more calm after a while. He went back to the bedside of Columbus, but he could n't bring himself to make allowances, as his mother did.

CHAPTER XII.

GREENBANK WAKES UP.

IF the pigeons had not crossed the valley on Monday, nobody would have played truant, and if nobody had played truant on Monday, there would not have been occasion to beat three boys on Tuesday morning, and if Ben Berry and Riley had escaped a beating on Tuesday morning, they would not have thought of putting gunpowder into the stove on Wednesday at noon, and if they had omitted that bad joke, Columbus would not have got into trouble and run away from school, and if he had escaped the fright and the flight, he might not have had the fever, and the town would not have been waked up, and other things would not have happened.

So then, you see, this world of ours is just like the House that Jack Built: one thing is tied to another and another to that, and that to this, and this to something, and something to something else, and so on to the very end of all things.

So it was that the village was thrown into a great excitement as the result of a flock of innocent pigeons going over the heads of some lazy boys. In the first place, Susan Lanham talked about things. She talked to her aunts, and she talked to her uncles, and, above all, she talked to her father. Now Susan was the brightest girl in the town, and she had a tongue, as all the world knew, and when she set out to tell people what a brute the old master was, how he had beaten two innocent boys, how bravely Jack had carried himself, how frightened little Columbus was, and how sick it had made him, and how mean the boys were to put the powder there, and then to let the others take the whipping,—I say, when Susan set out to tell all these things, in her eloquent way, to everybody she knew, you might expect a waking up in the sleepy old town. Some of the people took Susan's side and removed their children from the school, lest they, too, should get a whipping and run home and have brain fever. But many stood up for

the old master, mostly because they were people of the sort that never can bear to see anything changed. "The boys' ought to have told who put the powder in the stove," they said. "It served them right."

"How could the master know that Jack and Columbus did not do it themselves?" said others. "May be they did!"

"Don't tell me!" cried old Mrs. Horne. "Don't tell me! Boys can't be managed without whipping, and plenty of it. 'Bring up a child and away he goes,' as the Bible says. When you hire a master, you want a master, says I."

"What a tongue that Sue Lanham has got!" said Mr. Higbie, Mr. Ball's brother-in-law.

The excitement spread over the whole village. Doctor Lanham talked about it, and the ministers, and the lawyers, and the loafers in the stores, and the people who came to the post-office for their letters. Of course, it broke out furiously in the "Maternal Association," a meeting of mothers held at the house of one of the ministers.

"Mr. Ball can do every sum in the arithmetic," urged Mrs. Weathervane.

"He's a master hand at figures, they do say," said Mother Brownson.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dudley, "I don't doubt it. Jack's back is covered with figures of Mr. Ball's making. For my part, I should rather have a master that did his figuring on a slate."

Susan Lanham got hold of this retort, and took pains that it should be known all over the village.

When Greenbank once gets waked up on any question, it never goes to sleep until that particular question is settled. But it does n't wake up more than once or twice in twenty years. Most of the time it is only talking in its sleep. Now that Greenbank had its eyes open for a little time, it was surprised to see that while the cities along the river had all adopted graded schools,—*de*-graded schools, as they were called by the people opposed to them,—and while even the little villages in the hill country had younger and more enlightened teachers, the county-town of Greenbank had made no advance. It employed yet, under the rule of President Fillmore, the same hard old stick of a master that had beaten the boys in the log school-house in the days of John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson. But, now it was awake, Greenbank kept its eyes open on the school question. The boys wrote on the fences, in chalk:

DOWN WITH OLD BAWL!

and thought the bad spelling of the name a good joke, while men and women began to talk about getting a new master.

Will Riley and Ben Berry had the hardest time. For the most part they staid at home during the excitement, only slinking out in the evening. The boys nicknamed them "Gunpowder cowards," and wrote the words on the fences. Even the loafers about the street asked them whether Old Ball had given them that whipping yet, and how they liked "powder and Ball."

CHAPTER XIII.

PROFESSOR SUSAN.

MR. BALL did not let go easily. He had been engaged for the term, and he declared that he would go on to the end of the term, if there should be nothing but empty benches. In truth, he and his partisans hoped that the storm would blow over and the old man be allowed to go on teaching and thrashing as heretofore. He had a great advantage in that he had been trained in all the common branches better than most masters, and was regarded as a miracle of skill in arithmetical calculations. He even knew how to survey land.

Jack was much disappointed to miss his winter's schooling, and there was no probability that he would be able to attend school again. He went on as best he could at home, but he stuck fast in the middle of the arithmetic. Columbus had by this time begun to recover his slender health, and he was even able to walk over to Jack's house occasionally. Finding Jack in despair over some of his "sums," he said:

"Why don't you ask Susan Lanham to show you? I believe she would; and she has been clean through the arithmetic, and she is 'most as good as the master himself."

"I don't like to," said Jack. "She would n't want to take the trouble."

But the next morning Christopher Columbus managed to creep over to the Lanhams:

"Cousin Sukey," he said, coaxingly, "I wish you 'd do something for me. I want to ask a favor of you."

"What is it, Columbus?" said Sue. "Anything you ask shall be given, to the half of my kingdom!" and she struck an attitude, as Isabella of Castile, addressing the great Columbus, with the dust-brush for a scepter, and the towel, which she had pinned about her head, for a crown.

"You are so funny," he said, with a faint smile. "But I wish you 'd be sober a minute."

"Have n't had but one cup of coffee this morning. But what do you want?"

"Jack ——"

"Oh, yes, it's always Jack with you. But that's right—Jack deserves it."

"Jack can't do his sums, and he wont ask you to help him."

"And so he got you to ask?"

"No, he did n't. He would n't let me, if he knew. He thinks a young lady like you would n't want to take the trouble to help him."

"Do you tell that stupid Jack, that if he does n't want to offend me so that I'll never, never forgive him, he is to bring his slate and pencil over here after supper this evening. And you'll come, too, with your geography. Yours truly, Susan Lanham, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Science in the Greenbank Independent and Miscellaneous Academy. Do you hear?"

"All right." And Columbus, smiling faintly, went off to tell Jack the good news. That evening Susan had, besides her own brother and two sisters, two pupils who learned more arithmetic than they would have gotten in the same time from Mr. Ball, though she did keep them laughing at her drollery. The next evening, little Joanna Merwin joined the party, and Professor Susan felt quite proud of her "academy," as she called it.

Bob Holliday caught the infection, and went to studying at home. As he was not so far advanced as Jack, he contented himself with asking Jack's help when he was in trouble. At length, he had a difficulty that Jack could not solve.

"Why don't you take that to the professor?" asked Jack. "I'll ask her to show you."

"I durs n't," said Bob, with a frightened look.

"Nonsense!" said Jack.

That evening, when the lessons were ended, Jack said:

"Professor Susan, there was a story in the old First Reader we had in the first school that I went to, about a dog who had a lame foot. A doctor cured his foot, and some time after, the patient brought another lame dog to the doctor, and showed by signs that he wanted this other dog cured, too."

"That 's rather a good dog-story," said Susan. "But what made you think of it?"

"Because I 'm that first dog."

"You are?"

"Yes. You 've helped me, but there 's Bob Holliday. I 've been helping him, but he 's got to a place where I don't quite understand the thing myself. Now Bob would n't dare ask you to help him——"

"Bring him along. How the Greenbank Academy grows!" laughed Susan, turning to her father.

Bob was afraid of Susan at first—his large fingers trembled so much that he had trouble to use his slate-pencil. But by the third evening his shyness had worn off, so that he got on well.

One evening, after a week of attendance, he was

missing. The next morning he came to Jack's house with his face scratched and his eye bruised.

"What 's the matter?" asked Jack.

"Well, you see, yesterday I was at the school-house at noon, and Pewee, egged on by Riley, said something he ought n't to, about Susan, and I could n't stand there and hear that girl made fun of, and so I up and downed him, and made him take it back. I can't go till my face looks better, you know, for I would n't want her to know anything about it."

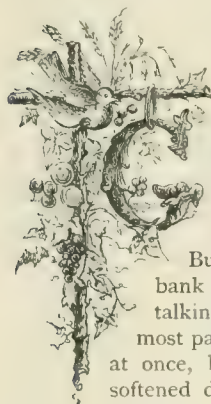
But the professor heard all about it from Joanna, who had it from one of the school-boys. Susan sent Columbus to tell Bob that she knew all about it, and that he must come back to school.

"So you've been fighting, have you?" she said, severely, when Bob appeared. The poor fellow was glad she took that tone—if she had thanked him he would n't have been able to reply.

"Yes."

"Well, don't you do it any more. It's very wrong to fight. It makes boys brutal. A girl with ability enough to teach the Greenbank Academy can take care of herself, and she does n't want her scholars to fight."

"All right," said Bob. "But I'll thrash him all the same, and more than ever, if he ever says anything like that again."



CHAPTER XIV.

CROWING AFTER VICTORY.

GREENBANK was awake, and the old master had to go. Mr. Weathervane stood up for him as long as he thought that the excitement was temporary.

But when he found that Greenbank really was awake, and not just talking in its sleep, as it did for the most part, he changed sides,—not all at once, but by degrees. At first he softened down a little, "hemmed and hawed," as folks say. He said he did not know but that Mr. Ball had been hasty, but he meant well. The next day he took another step, and said that the old master meant well, but he was *often* too hasty in his temper. The next week he let himself down another peg in saying that "may be" the old man meant well, but he was altogether too hot in his temper for a school-master. A little while later, he found out that Mr. Ball's way of teaching was quite out of date. Before a month had elapsed, he was sure that the old curmudgeon ought to be put out, and

thus at last Mr. Weathervane found himself where he liked to be, in the popular party.

And so the old master came to his last day in the brick school-house. Whatever feelings he may have had in leaving behind him the scenes of his twenty-five years of labor, he said nothing. He only compressed his lips a little more tightly, scowled as severely as ever, removed his books and pens from his desk, gave a last look at his long beech switches on the wall, turned the key in the door of the brick school-house, carried it to Mr. Weathervane, received his pay, and walked slowly home to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Higbie.

The boys had determined to have a demonstration. All their pent-up wrath against the master now found vent, since there was no longer any danger that the old man would have a chance to retaliate. They would serenade him. Bob Holliday was full of it. Harry Weathervane was very active. He was going to pound on his mother's bread-pan. Every sort of instrument for making a noise was brought into requisition. Dinner-bells, tin-pails, conch-shell dinner-horns, tin-horns, and even the village bass-drum, were to be used.

Would Jack go? Bob came over to inquire. All the boys were going to celebrate the downfall of a harsh master. He deserved it for beating Columbus. So Jack resolved to go.

But after the boys had departed, Jack began to doubt whether he ought to go or not. It did not seem quite right; yet his feelings had become so enlisted in the conflict for the old man's removal, that he had grown to be a bitter partisan, and the recollection of all he had suffered, and of all Columbus had endured during his sickness, reconciled Jack to the appearance of crowing over a fallen foe, which this burlesque serenade would have. Nevertheless, his conscience was not clear on the point, and he concluded to submit the matter to his mother, when she should come home to supper.

Unfortunately for Jack, his mother staid away to tea, sending Jack word that he would have to get his own supper, and that she would come home early in the evening. Jack ate his bowl of bread and milk in solitude, trying to make himself believe that his mother would approve of his taking part in the "shiveree" of the old master. But when he had finished his supper, he concluded that if his mother did not come home in time for him to consult her, he would remain at home. He drew up by the light and tried to study, but he longed to be out with the boys. After a while, Bob Holliday and Harry Weathervane came to the door and importuned Jack to come with them. It was lonesome at home; it would be good fun to celebrate

the downfall of the old master's cruel rule, so, taking down an old dinner-bell, Jack went off to join the rest. He was a little disgusted when he found Riley, Pewee, and Ben Berry in the company, but, once in the crowd, there was little chance to back out with credit. The boys crept through the back alleys until they came in front of Mr. Higbie's house, at half-past eight o'clock. There was but one light visible, and that was in Mr. Ball's room. Jack dropped behind, a little faint of heart about the expedition. He felt sure in himself that his mother would shake her head if she knew of it. At length, at a signal from Bob, the tin pans, big and little, the skillet-lids grinding together, the horns, both conch-shell and tin, and the big bass-drum, set up a hideous clattering, banging, booming, roaring, and racketing. Jack rang his dinner-bell rather faintly, and stood back behind all the rest.

"Jack's afraid," said Pewee. "Why don't you come up to the front, like a man?"

Jack could not stand a taunt like this, but came forward into the cluster of half-frightened peace-breakers. Just then, the door of Mr. Higbie's house was opened, and some one came out.

"It's Mr. Higbie," said Ben Berry. "He's going to shoot."

"It's Bugbee, the watchman, going to arrest us," said Pewee.

"It's Mr. Ball himself," said Riley, "and he'll whip us all." And he fled, followed pell-mell by the whole crowd, excepting Jack, who had a constitutional aversion to running away. He only slunk up close to the fence and so stood still.

"Hello! Who are you?" The voice was not that of Mr. Higbie, nor that of the old master, nor of the watchman, Bugbee. With some difficulty, Jack recognized the figure of Doctor Lanham. "Oh, it's Jack Dudley, is it?" said the doctor, after examining him in the feeble moonlight.

"Yes," said Jack, sheepishly.

"You're the one that got that whipping from the old master. I don't wonder you came out to-night."

"I do," said Jack, "and I would rather now that I had taken another such whipping than to find myself here."

"Well, well," said the doctor, "boys will be boys."

"And fools will be fools, I suppose," said Jack.

"Mr. Ball is very ill," continued the doctor.

"Find the others and tell them they must n't come here again to-night, or they'll kill him. I would n't have had this happen for anything. The old man's just broken down by the strain he has been under. He has deserved it all, but I think you might let him have a little peace now."

"So do I," said Jack, more ashamed of himself than ever.

The doctor went back into the house, and Jack Dudley and his dinner-bell started off down the street in search of Harry Weathervane and his tin pan, and Bob Holliday and his skillet-lids, and Ben Berry and the bass-drum.

"Hello, Jack!" called out Bob from an alley. "You stood your ground the best of all, did n't you?"

"I wish I'd stood my ground in the first place against you and Harry, and staid at home."

"Why, what's the matter? Who was it?"

By this time the other boys were creeping out of their hiding-places and gathering about Jack.

"Well, it was the doctor," said Jack. "Mr. Ball's very sick and we've 'most killed him; that's all. We're a pack of cowards to go tooting at a poor old man when he's already down, and we ought to be kicked, every one of us. That's the way I feel about it," and Jack set out for home, not waiting for any leave-taking with the rest, who, for their part, slunk away in various directions, anxious to get their instruments of noise and torment hidden away out of sight.

Jack stuck the dinner-bell under the hay in the stable-loft, whence he could smuggle it into the house before his mother should get down-stairs in the morning. Then he went into the house.

"Where have you been?" asked Mrs. Dudley. "I came home early so that you need n't be lonesome."

"Bob Holliday and Harry Weathervane came for me, and I found it so lonesome here that I went out with them."

"Have you got your lessons?"

"No, ma'am," said Jack, sheepishly.

He was evidently not at case, but his mother said no more. He went off to bed early, and lay awake a good part of the night. The next morning he brought the old dinner-bell and set it down in the very middle of the breakfast-table. Then he told his mother all about it. And she agreed with him that he had done a very mean thing.

And so do I, for that matter.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHEW! How cold it is. Are you all dressed warmly, my chicks? And do you know of any little chap who is not? or of any little shivering girl? If you *do*, don't stay here and listen to me, my muffled ones, but run right straight off and talk to Father or Mother about it. See if something can not be done; and when it is settled that the other little body shall be warm, then bring your rosy cheeks and happy eyes here. We've many subjects before us this time. All sorts of things, I may say; but we'll make a beginning with:

THE LAUGHING PLANT.

THIS is not a flower that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travelers are to be believed. A boy-friend writes me that he has just been reading about it. It grows in Arabia, and is called the Laughing Plant, because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing-gas. The flowers, he says, are of a bright yellow, and the seed-pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus-clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing, and laugh most boisterously, and cut the most fantastic capers and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

GOOD TASTE AMONG THE MIGHTY.

THE more I think about elephants the more wonderful they seem to be. The great, clumsy creatures are so very knowing, so very loving, and so like human beings in many of their qualities.

They know their power well, and they also know just when they must not use it. Deacon Green tells me that keepers and trainers of elephants often lie down on the ground and let the huge fellows step right over them; and that they feel perfectly safe in doing so, because they know the elephants will pick their way carefully over the prostrate forms, never so much as touching them, still less treading on them. Yet the mighty creatures can brush a man out of existence as easily as a man can brush away a fly. And what delicate tastes they have—delighted, I'm told, with strawberries, gum-drops, or any little dainty of that kind! They are fond of bright colors, too, and travelers tell wonderful tales of seeing elephants gather flowers with the greatest care, and smell them, apparently with the keenest pleasure.

It is true they *eat* the same flowers afterward, but dear me! I've seen girls do the same thing! Many a time I've watched a little lady pluck a wild rose, look at it a moment, sigh "how lovely!" then open her pretty lips and swallow the petals one by one.

Why should n't an elephant?

A LONG WAGON, A LONG TEAM, AND A
VERY LONG WHIP.

THE birds have brought me a true letter about a very wonderful sort of team, the like of which has never been seen in my meadow. But you shall read the letter yourselves, my chicks, and then let me see who can guess at the length of the entire thing—train, animals, whip, and all:

DEAR JACK: A friend was telling me a few days ago about the kind of wagon they used in Cape Colony, when he was there twenty-two years ago. It was six yards long, and but little over a yard in width; about two feet and a half in depth at the front, but deeper at the back. The canvas tent added five feet to the wagon's height. The "fore-clap" and "after-clap" are the curtains which hung in the front and in the rear of the wagon; they reached to within a few inches of the ground. The vehicle was steered by a pole called the dissel-boom, at the end of which was a long tow-line.

Now, imagine twelve oxen yoked to this wagon, or twenty-six, as my friend often saw when a vehicle was caught in the mire, with a leader at the tow-line, and a driver on the wagon-seat. But the picture is not complete till your mind paints in the driver's whip. The handle of this whip is a bamboo pole more than twenty feet in length: the thong is at least twenty-five feet; to this last is fastened the "after-slock," and to the end of this again is sewed the "fore-slock," which corresponds to the little whip-cord lash of our carriage-whips, or the "cracker." This is at least a yard in length, so that from tip to tip the Cape wagon-whip would measure between fifty and sixty feet. Yet, immense as it is, the driver wields it with dexterity and grace. He establishes, by its reports, as he "cracks" it—and they are as loud as a gun's—a system of signals by which he communicates with the man who is leading at the end of the tow-line. Even when this man is herding the oxen a mile away, the driver's whip will tell him to bring up the beasts to be "in-spanned."—Your friend,

S.

VALELLA SAPHOIDEA.

THIS pretty Latin name means "a little sail, like a boat," and it very exactly describes the tiny, animated boat which spreads its own sail, and steers itself. The small, round, flat sail-boat is only a little valella, or living plate, of a light but firm material, covered with a coat of perfectly transparent jelly. From the upper surface of the plate rises a thin strip of cartilage, which serves as a mast. On this is spread a sail, delicate and gossamer-like enough to make a sail for the Fairy

Queen's own boat. From the lower surface of the plate extend slender tentacles, or threads, like fish-lines, ever on the watch for food; for even a varella, fairy-like as it looks, must eat to live.

GOLDEN WIRE.

A VERY curious thing, I'm told, is a gold wire as fine as a thread of a spider's web, and interesting to see men make it. They cover a gold wire with silver, and then draw it as fine as they can make a wire, which is smaller than a hair, let me tell you. After this they put it into an acid which eats off the silver, and exposes the delicate thread of gold inside, which is exquisitely fine.

Deacon Green says that some writers treat fine ideas in a similar way as to spinning out, but forget to tell you how to find the original golden thread again.

AN EEL THAT CURLED NATURALLY.

THIS eel lived by mistake in a fine river along with a number of very straight pikes and sword-fish, who evidently envied him his curl, for they always were chasing him. But the more they chased him, the more he curled, until one day, becoming rather —

[Eh? How? Oh, is that you, my dear? You beg pardon, but you 'd be glad if I 'd leave off, for this month, and let you print something that has just come in?

Oh, certainly, my dear, with pleasure.]

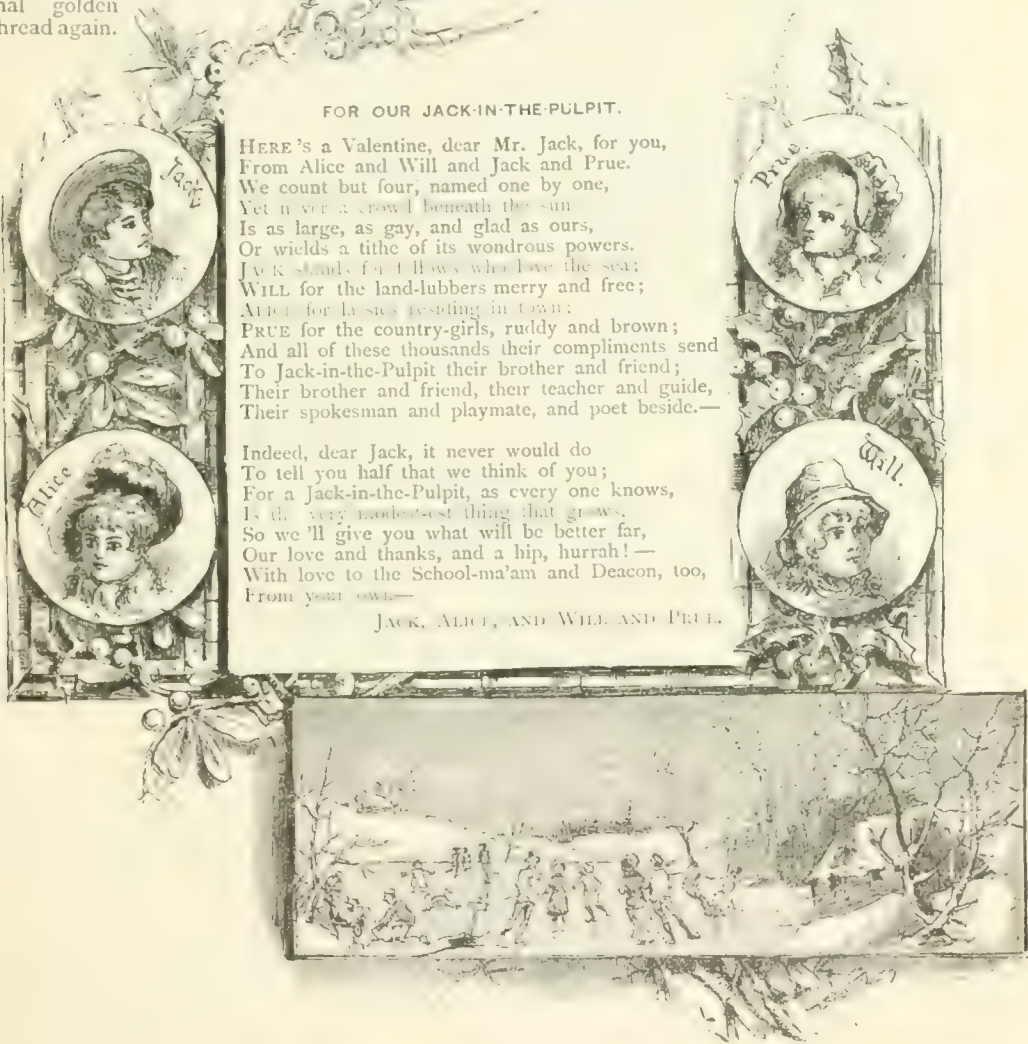
Now, what can it be? I never can refuse that blessed Little School-ma'am anything. So good-bye, my little men and women, till March. Meantime I hope you, one and all, have begun a very happy New Year.

FOR OUR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE'S a Valentine, dear Mr. Jack, for you,
From Alice and Will and Jack and Prue.
We count but four, named one by one,
Yet never a crowd beneath the sun
Is as large, as gay, and glad as ours,
Or wields a tithe of its wondrous powers.
JACK stands for a flow, who love the sea;
WILL for the land-lubbers merry and free;
ALICE for the ladies residing in town;
PRUE for the country-girls, ruddy and brown;
And all of these thousands their compliments send
To Jack-in-the-Pulpit their brother and friend;
Their brother and friend, their teacher and guide,
Their spokesman and playmate, and poet beside.—

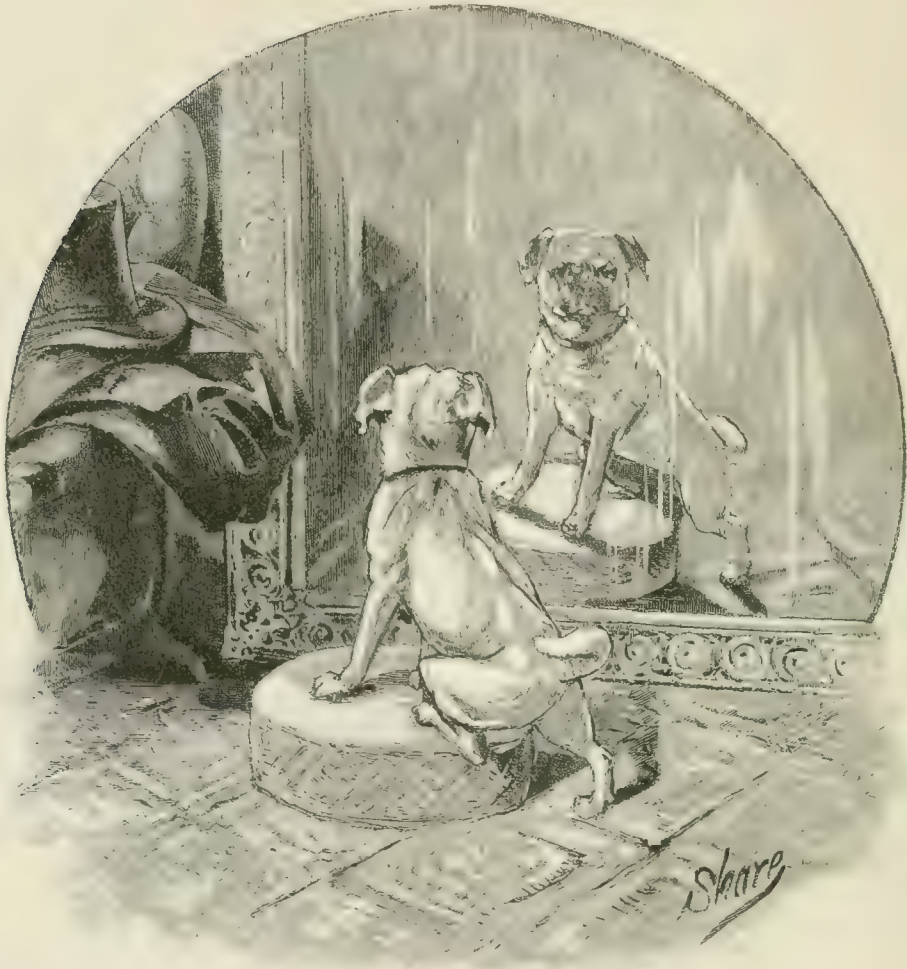
Indeed, dear Jack, it never would do
To tell you half that we think of you;
For a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, as every one knows,
Is the very modestest thing that grows.
So we'll give you what will be better far,
Our love and thanks, and a hip, hurrah! —
With love to the School-ma'am and Deacon, too,
From your own —

JACK, ALICE, AND WILL AND PRUE.



WHAT STRANGE MAN-NERS.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



ONCE a man went in-to a house to make a vis-it, and his lit-tle dog Jack went with him. The man took off his hat and coat and laid them on a chair, and told Jack to wait for him. So the lit-tle dog sat down to wait while his mas-ter went in-to an-oth-er room.

The lit-tle dog had nev-er been in that house be-fore, and aft-er sit-ting ver-y still for a min-ute, he looked a-bout to see what sort of a place it might be. He had been sit-ting on a foot-stool, for he was

rath-er short, and on look-ing a-round he saw an-oth-er lit-tle dog. As Jack was a ver-y po lite dog, he stood up and said: "Good-morn-ing, sir."

The oth-er o-pened his mouth, but did not say a word.

"Good-morn-ing, sir," said Jack a gain, but the oth-er on-ly o-pened his mouth a-gain and did not an-swer.

As Jack was a stran-ger in the house, he thought it best to say no more, so he smiled and wait-ed for the oth-er to speak.

"He may be deaf," said Jack, aft-er a while, "but, dear me! I wish he would say some-thing or sit down. I'm tired of stand-ing." All this he said to him-self, and then he smiled a-gain in a kind way. At once the oth-er dog smiled, too, but still he did not speak.

"It's a beau-ti-ful day," said Jack.

The oth-er o-pened his mouth, as if he meant to say it was tru-ly a love-ly day, but he nev-er said a word.

"If you'll ex-cuse me, I'll sit down," said Jack.

As the oth-er did not speak, Jack sat down on the foot-stool. At once the oth-er dog sat down, too.

"Re-al-ly! He's ver-y strange! I'll stand up," thought Jack.

But, just as Jack rose, up jumped the oth-er dog!

Jack thought, now, that the oth-er dog was mak-ing fun of him, and so he frowned. But the oth-er frowned, too.

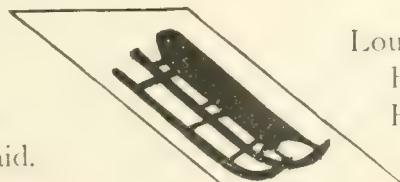
Jack be-gan to be an-gry and walked to-ward the oth-er dog, who be-gan at once to walk to-ward him. "I've a great mind to tell him how rude-ly he be-haves," thought, Jack. "He is a ver-y bad dog, and now he looks ver-y an-gry."

Just then, Jack's mas-ter called him, and, as they left the room, Jack turned and made a face at the oth-er dog. But at the same time the oth-er dog turned a-round and made a face at Jack!

"What strange man-ners!" said Jack, as the door closed. "I'll nev-er come to this house a-gain!"

Fred

Has a sled
Paint-ed red.—
So he said.



Lou

Has one, too;
Hers is blue;
What have you?

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and I want to know if a set of sails made as described in your January number, 1881 (only with a single yard, with a hole in the middle of its length, instead of the compound one described), could be fastened to a mast in the middle of a sled, by having a shoulder on the mast to fit through the hole in the yard. It could be worked more easily, I think, than when on either side.—Yours,
F. K. F.

MR. NORTON, the author of the article on "Skate Sailing," answers F. K. F. as follows:

Never make a hole in a spar when it can possibly be avoided. I have known a mast break at a point where two or three tacks were driven into it. And a hole large enough for the purpose named in your letter would weaken it where it should be strongest. Lash a ring to the spar, or make a lashing with a loop standing out from it, and slip this over your mast.

The middle of the sled is a good place for the mast, but it is more in the way than if placed at the side, as recommended in ST. NICHOLAS (January number), and, moreover, there is nothing to fasten it to, unless you put on a cross-piece near the runners (which would be awkward in case of lumps on the ice), or have a system of braces "on deck"—so to speak—which would be very much in the way. At the side of the sled the mast can be securely stepped, with very little trouble.

HERE is an interesting little letter sent from Fort Omaha, Nebraska, by a little girl of nine years, to her aunt in Connecticut:

DEAR AUNT C.: I want to tell you about a place which we visited before we left Fort McKinney. It is called "Old Fort Phil Kearney," and it is seventeen miles from McKinney. The post was destroyed by the Indians some time ago. It happened in this way: The commanding officer of the post sent a detachment of soldiers up into the mountains to cut wood. When they had enough, they were coming home, when the Indians attacked them; so they sent in one or two of the soldiers to tell that the Indians were upon them. When General Fetterman (who commanded the post) heard this, he got all the troops together, and went after the Indians; but when he got there, the Indians had killed the wood-party, and were pretending to run away, as though they were afraid of them; so they ran up into the mountains, and the troops followed them; but when the Indians got them up far enough, they turned around and killed every person. The Indians wanted to kill some more, but Red Cloud said they had enough blood for one day. The soldiers' graves were in a hollow, and a broken fence around them, and a monument to tell them; but the Indians destroyed everything they could lay hands on.

Mamma brought home a horseshoe, and Mammy [the nurse] found a door-latch. We had a very nice ride, and a long one. Fort Fetterman was named after General Fetterman, who was killed in the fight.

From your niece,

KATY P.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS how to make a pig-a-graph. I made a book out of writing paper, with a brown-paper cover, took it to school, and got a great many girls to draw a pig in it with their eyes shut. It was great fun to see how ridiculous some of the drawings looked. One little girl was so enthusiastic over it that she made a pig-a-graph, a horse-a-graph, and an elephant-a-graph. The elephant did not take as well as the pig and horse, as it is almost impossible to draw an elephant well, even with the eyes open.—Yours truly,
B. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The snow "jack-o'-lantern" I am going to tell you of may be used as the head of a snow-man, or to light a snow-house, such as you told us how to build in February, 1880.

The directions are, first, roll a large snow-ball, and let it freeze so that it will not break while preparing, then cut out the inside, and make the features of a face.

Bits of colored paper will cause the eyes to have a singular effect when the lamp or candle is put in and lighted.

The top should be of wood, because the flame will melt snow.

A hollow snow-pyramid may also serve to light a snow-house. The way to make this is to cut squares of snow-crust during a thaw, each a little smaller than the other, hollow them out, and place one

on the other till you come to the top, then cut small windows on the front and sides. You may put thin, colored paper at the windows, and at the back there should be a hole large enough to put your hand in to light the lamp. The effect is fine; but the pyramid takes a long while to make, and should be sixteen inches wide at base and three feet high.

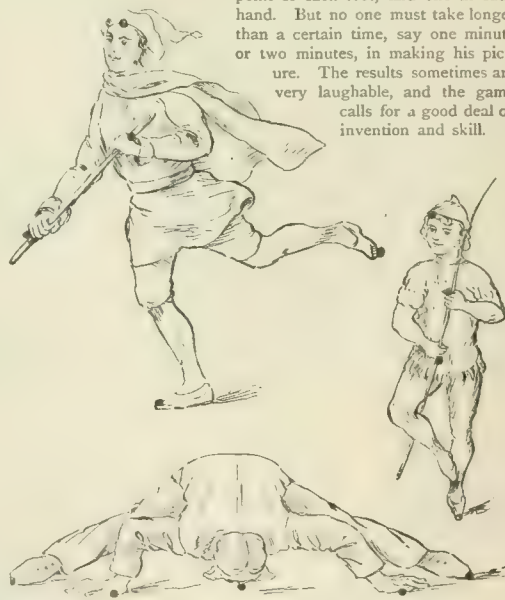
An empty barrel is better than a snow-ball for the door of a fort or snow-house, as the snow-ball is apt to break.—Yours truly,
CHARLES W. JEROME, twelve years.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in a very lonely place and we have no brothers, and so we don't see many boys; we are both afraid of boys; but we have you, and that is a comfort, and one aged sister, who is going to be married. We are all very fond of reading your magazine—it is so interesting. I am studying Spanish, as I am going to spend next winter in Spain; and my sister, who is writing with me, is studying Russian, as she is going to stay all next summer with our uncle in Russia. Good-bye.—From your constant readers,

CLEOPATRA DORCAS OSHKOSK.
WILHELMINA SPIDALE OSHKOSK.

D. J. SENDS some clever drawings, each of which was made in one minute, during a "Five-dot Game"; and, as some of our readers may like to try the pastime, we here give the pictures and an explanation:

Any number can play. Paper and pencils being ready, each player marks five dots in any arrangement on the piece of paper before him, and passes it to his next neighbor at the left hand. He then takes the dotted paper which has been handed to him, and tries to draw on it some human figure in such a posture as to bring one of the five dots at the middle of the top of the forehead, one at the point of each foot, and one at each hand. But no one must take longer than a certain time, say one minute or two minutes, in making his picture. The results sometimes are very laughable, and the game calls for a good deal of invention and skill.



DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You seem like a bunch of Christmas to me every month, and I hope all the good people you meet have had a great, white, rich Christmas. I am glad you think of the Garfield home. The President loved children, I guess. Last fall, about a week before the election, I sent him a funny card. It was a picture of a black man holding up a can of beef, and saying: "De candidate

dat eats dis yob fecter 'an t'is fecter 'an I wrote her a letter to tell her I had fed her the fecter and get de fecter that I had to give her. I was at ten years old. He made me to be a fecter fecter of fecter, with the fecter written name and it. I suppose I ate fecter.

I went with Mamma and Aunt Mr. Whittier and Mr. Longfellow. They told me that Mr. Longfellow said "New York, I was very young when I was with the Continental children and me." I was very young when I was with the Continental children and me, but it is a very young man, and I am not a very young man. The people must have thought Mr. Longfellow large and stout, but he is not at all. Mr. Whittier said "I was very young when I was with the Continental children and me, but it is a very young man, and I am not a very young man. I love him more than any man, most, but Papa. I never saw a fat poet."

Yours truly, Harry M. Kieffer, Jr.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As one of the boys who read your letter in the school that I was in, I want to fill them in the Letter Box. How I enjoyed it!

Three years ago I picked up a beautiful paper of skin, but Mamma would not let me use them, because we have no skating rink in this town, and she was afraid I should get drowned if I should go in the river. I talked to Papa, but Papa said he would not let me go. So I went to the river, and I saw that the water was very cold, and I marked it with a stick. Then I had to keep the snow all around the circle, and just before dark, when it was freezing hard, he had Joe put the hose on the pump and fill the ring with two or three inches of water. The next morning I had a beautiful sheet of ice. And now when it gets cut up we only have to flood it again, and let it freeze, to have the best kind of skating.

Will Sterling and the rest of the boys come over every day, and we had a very good time. Yours truly, Harry M. Kieffer, Jr.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen so many letters from your readers telling of their wonderful pet animals of nearly every kind, that I thought I should like to tell you about our pet. My brother Harry has a dog, a cat, a canary, and a lamb called "Billy." One of the dogs is an Irish setter, the other a Gordon setter; their names are respectively "Shot" and "Beau."

There is also a hen named "Beau." Beautiful, glossy, black. He is very intelligent and very wonderful, we think. Last spring, in the back of his kennel, a hen hatched out a large brood of chicks. Whenever the hen went off the nest, Beau would lie patiently outside the kennel until Mother Hen came back. He was careful of the eggs, and never injured them. Don't you think that was nice of our doggie? He is very uneasy if the roosters fight, and he tries to separate them. Although a bird-dog, he never chases the fowls, but, indeed, tries to watch over them.

Shot is a splendid watch-dog, and Papa has good sport shooting prairie chickens over him each year; for he points beautifully. In winter we harness him to our sled and he drags us (one at a time) all around.

Billy, the lamb, is our next favorite. Although not "as white as snow," he is very pretty, and has a bell tied around his neck. We got him very young. He runs after Harry like a dog, and will follow him everywhere, no rope nor cord on him at all.

It would take too long to tell of the doings of our other pets, excepting to say my canary is seven or eight years old, and is still lively and nimble, and sings sweetly. How long do they usually live? I should like to know.—Yours loving admirer,

Helen M. Haines, eleven years.

In ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1877, there is "A Talk about Canaries," in which Helen will find an answer to her question, besides many pictures, and useful suggestions about caring for these cheerful singing-birds.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I made a riddle-box, with my feet saw, a puzzle square like the one pictured in the October "Riddle-box," and after cutting the pieces apart, I mixed them up and handed them to my little brother to put together again. He was ever so long about it,—for which Ma thanked me afterward privately,—and when he had succeeded, he felt as proud and looked as happy as little Jack Horner when he had picked out the plum and cried, "What a brave boy am I!"—Yours truly, J. L. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can match the incident of a cat being fond of music, which Harry MacCord relates in the August ST. NICHOLAS, for 1881. I live in the South, where there are a great many negroes. I once had a cat that was so fond of music that when she was a little kitten she would lie under the piano when I practiced. One day there was no one at home excepting our old negro servant. When I came home she said: "Law, Honey! I was in your mamma's room and I hear'd, bless your soul, somethin' playin' on the piano. And, law, Honey! I thought it must be a ghost." So I jes' gather up all my courage, and I jes' hold in de por-

lor, and if that little black cat wasn't a runnin' up an' down de piano keys, my name aint Aunt Sarah." C. P.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read with much interest the first two installments of "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," and an intimate acquaintance with the author prompts me to relate to you a most interesting fact, which I know Harry M. Kieffer himself would never mention.

Harry is a member of the class of '70, and all are clergymen. These circumstances appear to me so unusual, perhaps without a parallel in the country, that it may prove interesting to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS to know them.

We were college mates, though not classmates—he of the class of '70, I of '68—at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., and a friendship, born of distant relationship and membership in the same literary society, frequently brought us together at Sunnyside, a delightful place, where he boarded, immediately opposite Wheatland, the residence of the late General B. F. Smith.

Many a pleasant hour we spent together, and many a tale of his army experience he rehearsed as we sat round the fire at Sunnyside, and when I say that no one knows better how to tell a story, I leave your readers to imagine what is in store for them from Harry Kieffer's pen; and though no longer a boy, I always await with impatience the appearance of ST. NICHOLAS to see what Harry has to say.

Very truly, Harry M. Kieffer, Jr.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask if any of your readers can tell us any recipe for marshmallow candy? We should like recipes for any other kinds of confectionery; but particularly for that one.—Yours truly, TWO WESTERN GIRLS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a ship which I cut from a newspaper, and I think it will interest you:

"Taken as a whole, Vienna speaks highly of the courtesy of the royal guests from Italy. Our own country certainly can find no fault in the attention paid by them to its representative. The Ministers Depretis and Mancini called at the American Legation. During their short stay at the royal reception of the diplomatic corps, King Humbert spoke of to Mr. Phelps his personal acquaintance with President Garfield's death, as well as his hearty admiration for America. A pleasing incident of the occasion was when Queen Margherita told Mr. Phelps that he might speak English to her,—the conversation with the King had been in French,—and laughingly told how she had learned it by reading American books to her children. "I read your ST. NICHOLAS to them," said she, "and I like the stories as well as they do." I wonder how many American boys who pore over their ST. NICHOLAS would have believed that its pictures and puzzles and tales brought delight to the nursery of the Roman Court." M. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Are you sure Mr. Hebard, in his complaint of the abuse of Mr. Up in September number, has not misused Mr. Passed and slighted Mr. Adopted in the last sentence of his article? Your humble reader, L. C. M. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At our home we were much interested by the story of "Master Hyrax," in your September number; and I was deputed to write to you some more curious facts about that funny no-tailed creature. Although it is so small, it is related to the gigantic hippopotamus and rhinoceros. Its teeth resemble very closely those of the hippopotamus, and besides, it has no claws; but each of its toes ends in a tiny black hook, the exact shape of the hoof of a rhinoceros. Yet the little rabbit-like animal can climb a ragged tree-trunk without the least difficulty. It is an interesting creature to naturalists, who mention it as the "missing link," uniting the families of its two great relatives; and it is very interesting also to unscientific persons, on account of its being a dainty article of food.—Yours truly, J. L. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would tell you about the way Christmas Eve is celebrated in some parts of northern Germany. They have no Santa Claus there, but a reverend personage whom they name Knecht Rupert. If the village is not large, all the parents in it send the presents they intend for their children to some one man; and on the evening before Christmas Knecht Rupert knocks at the cottage door. The parents go to let him in, and the children peep around doors and corners to catch a glimpse of him.

He is a big, stout person, with a false face that wears a serious look. On his feet are great boots, and he wears a long white robe and long, thick flaxen hair. He is received with great ceremony, and presently he calls for the children, who all stand before him.

Then he asks the parents about the conduct of their little ones during the year, and when handing a present to a child he adds a few words of praise or blame, as the case may be; but the having to give so many nice presents must be such a pleasant task that I suppose he finds it goes against the grain to say anything very severe, even to a really naughty boy or girl, if he should chance to find one.—Yours truly,
A. A. C.

UTRECHT, HOLLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you a little about the peculiar way the lower classes of our country celebrate the St. Nicholas feast. It is on the sixth of December. The children all believe in the good saint; and in very many families a friend or relative dresses up, and comes in, followed by his black servant, who always accompanies the saint. The good children get a great many sweets and presents, which St. Nicholas strews out of a large bag that his servant carries. The naughty children only receive a rod, and are threatened that the black servant will carry them off; at this they are very frightened. This is one way of celebrating the sixth of December; but the following way is still more general:

On the evening of the fifth, each of the children takes his or her "klomp," or wooden shoe, and fills it with fresh, sweet hay. The hay is intended for the saint's horse, which is supposed to be very tired by going around to so many children, and by having traveled so far. (St. Nicholas is supposed to live in Spain.) The parents take out the hay when the little ones are asleep, and they all think that it has been eaten by the horse. The parents then fill the "klomp" with sweets and little presents. Some people, however, content themselves with sending each other numerous anonymous

presents, packed up in the strangest manner; they also arrange funny surprises; for instance, a large basket of potatoes is brought in, and in one of the potatoes a diamond ear-ring is hidden. Of course, then it is a great trouble to find it, as one must cut open every potato to find the present. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.—I remain, your constant reader,
CLARA TWISS, thirteen years.

A FRIENDLY correspondent, who is a great admirer of Daniel Defoe's famous story, "Robinson Crusoe," sends us the map given below. He made it up, he says, by comparing forty-eight passages in the narrative. Besides showing what seems to have been Defoe's idea of the general shape of the island, the map indicates the following interesting landmarks:

1. Where he first came on shore. 2. Where the boat was washed up. 3. The little creek. 4. The cove where he landed his raft. 5. The hill used for an outlook. 6. His house, facing north by west. 7. The brook. 8. The stream, flowing north. 9. The bower and goat-pen. 10. The pole set up for a landmark. 11. The valley where he was lost, with the goat-pen and cave. 12. The point of rocks partly under water. 13. The hill overlooking the sea. 14. The rock out at sea, where the Spanish vessel was wrecked. 15. The cave where he slept all night in his boat. 16. The bay and harbor where he kept his boat. 17. The two grain-fields. 18. The hill where he watched for savages. 19. Where the two Englishmen settled. 20. The cove where he hid his boat from the savages. 21. Where the three Englishmen settled. 22. The point to which the thirty-seven savages were confined.



AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—ELEVENTH REPORT.

IN response to repeated and urgent requests, and according to our promise of last month, we will briefly outline a somewhat systematic course of work for the members of the several Chapters. We have hesitated seriously about doing this, fearing lest our study should in some way slip into a routine of text-book reading.

Nature must be studied out-of-doors. Natural objects must be studied from the specimens themselves. The rocks must be broken open, the flowers must be studied as they grow, and animals must be watched as they live freely in their own strange homes. Listen to quaint old Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of "Paul and Virginia": "Botanists mislead us. They must have magnifying glasses and scales in order to class the trees of a forest! To show me the character of a flower, it is presented to me dry, discolored, and spread out on the leaf of an herbarium. Who can discover the queen of the flowers in a dried rose? In order to its being an object at once of love and of philosophy, it must be viewed when, issuing from the cleft of a humid rock, it shines on its native verdure, when the zephyr sways it, on a stem armed with thorns."

Nothing can take the place of personal contact with Nature. No great naturalist has learned his lessons from books.

Agassiz had learned more about fishes before he ever saw a fish-book, than he found in the book after he got it.

Audubon lived in the woods and learned the voices of all the birds, and could tell them also by their flight.

Thomas Edward, the Scottish naturalist, used to lie in caves all night, watching the habits of each prowling beast.

Gilbert White wrote charming letters about the swallows under his eaves, the cricket on his hearth, and the old tortoise that lived in his kitchen-garden.

W. W. Bailey braves the frosts of winter, and rambles by the icy brooks, or through the snow-carpeted aisles of the naked forest, to see what Nature does when summer is ended. Hear him:

"The pretty little stream is bordered by a fringe of white ice, under which we can see great bubbles press, squeezing themselves into very curious forms. The stream murmurs some pleasant story of the summer violets. On its still pools float leaf-gondolas of curious patterns. Great fern-feathers, unwithered by the frost, droop over the brook, and velvety mosses cushion the shores."

These men have the right notions about Nature. They enter into the spirit of her mighty, throbbing life, and interpret the secrets of her wondrous lore.

But if you have ever known what it is to feel a great love for the

very earthly, that in its meanness was a vast distance from the
and under the fragrant blue sky, a vast distance from the way of
solid ground, the bird was a creature of the air, a creature of the
was a creature of the air, a creature of the air, a creature of the air,
Karl, and wondered what there was beyond the kite, and beyond the

and from a swaying perch in a leafless beech watched the drive.

Remember, then, that our Constitution makes the prime object of our Association the study of natural objects, and not of books. With this warning, I yield reluctantly to a many-voiced request for a "systematic plan."

The Presidents of those Chapters which desire to study the scientific classification of the objects of Nature will do well to follow some such method as this: Consider, first, the three great kingdoms—Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral. Let one meeting be devoted to the study of each as a kingdom. Let all the objects in your collection be classified so far as to determine regarding each whether it belongs to the first, second, or third of these kingdoms. Determine the same regarding a multitude of substances—as air, water, milk, sugar, amber, alcohol, ink, paper, steel, paint, silk, flannel, steam, smoke, coal, kerosene, vinegar, etc.

Next take up the branches into which the several kingdoms are

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| I. Protozoa. | V. Arthropoda. |
| II. Cœlenterata. | VI. Molluscoidea. |
| III. Echinodermata. | VII. Mollusca. |
| IV. Vermes | VIII. Tunicata. |
| | IX. Vertebrata. |

Let these be carefully studied one by one, and thoroughly discussed, and illustrated by specimens, until any animal can readily be referred to its proper branch. If the books which contain this later classification are not at your command, you will do very well with the older divisions after Cuvier, viz.: 1. Vertebrates; 2. Articulatés;

These you will find in ordinary text-books, and I may mention as peculiarly adapted to young people, Tenney's "Zoölogy."

The subdivisions of the Vegetable kingdom are given in Bessey's "Botany," which is one of the best and latest authorities on this subject; and in Gray's various botanical works—the best of which for the general student is his "Lessons and Manual," or for younger ones, "School and Field Botany." These divisions are: Series I., Ferns and Flowering Plants, Series II., Conifers, or Flowerless Plants. These and their further subdivisions should be studied, as in the case of the animals, carefully and patiently. The mineral kingdom is divided into metallic and non-metallic substances, and these again comprise objects which exhibit different degrees of hardness, of fusibility, of specific gravity, etc., regard being had also to their chemical composition and their peculiar forms of crystallization. This is the most difficult kingdom for an unaided student. Dana's "Mineralogy" is a good popular guide, and Brush's "Determinative Mineralogy and Blow-pipe Analysis" is an excellent manual for more advanced students.

The object of this division and subdivision in the several kingdoms is to classify and name objects that we may afterwards determine the precise name of any specimen we may find. The more minute the subdivision, as a rule, the more difficult becomes the analysis made with a view to classification. Thus, it is usually an easy matter to distinguish between an animal and a vegetable. If we find a plant, to determine whether we are examining a *rose* or a *lily*, or if we find an insect, we may presently refer it to the Lepidoptera, and then to the butterflies; but when it comes to distinguishing between the various *vanessas*, with their curious punctuation marks, the matter grows more serious, and we are at least compelled to obtain a book more restricted in scope than any zoölogy, and, indeed, than most entomologies.

As a result of this, it becomes necessary for him who would accurately study any department of Nature to limit himself early

by devoting years to them will become a specialist and an authority in that department. It is the tendency of the times to produce specialists. For one, I confess that I should be unwilling to spend my life in a microscopical investigation of the minute characteristics which cause one spring beetle to differ from another. I had rather range freely over mountain and along stream, and having acquired the power to analyze a flower or determine a mineral, if need be, I had rather leave the one to nod and smile on its dewy stem in undissected beauty, and the other to sparkle in the sunlight, instead of crackling in the reducing flame of a compound blow-pipe. Yet we must have strict scientists, and must honor the men who, for the sake of expanding the world's knowledge, are found willing to confine their researches to a narrow field.

For those, then, who are old enough to pursue a systematic course, we have briefly outlined a plan which may be followed in any department of Natural Science. It consists in first obtaining a general view of the whole field, and then in learning its successive subdivisions, until analysis is complete.

For the rest of you, and especially for you, my little folk of ten years old and under, leave the Latin names unsaid and the big books unopened. Watch the minnows dart about in the crystal water; count the daisy flowers to find whether "he loves you or loves you not"; blow off the dandelion's feathers to see if Mother wants you; test your love for butter by the yellow glimmer of the buttercup beneath your chin; find pretty pebbles by the brook and keep them bright in glasses of water; gather brilliant autumn leaves and press them for the days when their colors will be in the sky; study the beautiful crystals of the snow lightly falling on your sleeve as you plod to school; learn to love the music of the rain, and the singing of the wind, and the moaning of the sea, and remember that

" . . . the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

But, ah me! here is the end of my paper! This will never do. I must give you a chance to be heard. Next month I promise to be as still as a mouse, and let you all chatter away to your hearts' content. You shall tell what you 've been doing, and what exchanges you wish, and what you think of the badge, and what you think of having over 1,600 members already, and anything else you wish.

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

NAME		NAME	
No.	Name	No.	Name
119.	Oskaloosa, Iowa (A).	10.	Miss R. Anna Morris.
120.	Detroit, Mich. (B)		Miss Flora M. Leggett, 1
			Miami ave.
121.	St. Paul, Minn. (A).	15.	Frank Ramaley.
122.	Orono, Maine (A).		A. P. Surrency
123.	Waterbury, Ct. (A).		H. N. Johnson.
124.	Jamaica Plain, Mass.	4.	George W. Wheelwright.
125.	Nashua, N. H. (C)	4.	Charles Howard.
126.	Philadelphia (F)	5.	Raymond Kaighn, 214 Ridge
			ave.
	Beverly, Mass. (A).	11.	Geo. O. Swasey
	Easton, Ct. (A)	10.	William E. Loy (Preble Co.).
129.	Zurich, O. (A)	6.	Miss Lulu Lillibridge.
130.	Champaigne, Ill. (A)	11.	Miss Anna Shattuck.
131.	Nevada City, Cal. (A)	11.	Watson Charles.
132.	Buffalo, N. Y. (B)	8.	Herbert N. Williams, 163
			Delaware st.
133.	Greenwich Lake, N. Y.	7.	Miss L. M. Bedinger.
134.	Le Pere, Wis. (A).	17.	George Marston (Brown Co.).
135.	Jackson, Mich. (A).	13.	Chas. C. Ames, 321 Main st.

NOTES BY MEMBERS.

Professor Agassiz was born just opposite here, on the other side of the lake (Geneva), and we are within half a mile of the college where he taught for twelve years. The upper part of this building is a museum which he started. When Agassiz was young he was very poor. He had a collection of fishes, and wanted to get some book relating to them. At last he managed to get one, when what was his disgust to find that he had more kinds and knew more about fishes than the book did! I send you some Alpine flowers arranged on a card, and if you know of any one who would like to trade

something for cards like it, please give him my address, and ask him to write, telling whether he wants black or white cards, and what he will give in exchange, before he sends me anything. I prefer pressed flowers and small autumn-leaves. Ferns and mosses also desired.

My sister and my mother and I made up this badge. The Swiss cross is appropriate, as Agassiz was a Swiss.

KENNETH BROWN,
7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

[Kenneth's design for a badge commends itself to us as exceedingly appropriate. On the lower arm of the cross is to be engraved the name of the chapter; on the others, either the words "Animal," "Vegetable," and "Mineral," or, perhaps better, a picture of a representative of each kingdom—*e. g.*, a butterfly, a fern-leaf, and a crystal of quartz. The adoption of this as our badge will not at all interfere with the ribbon badge described already, for the Swiss cross can be worn upon the ribbon by those who can afford something a little expensive, while for the rest of us the ribbon serves an excellent purpose. If some artist among us will elaborate this idea, and send us a finished design based upon these hints, we will show it to some good jeweler and obtain his price for manufacturing these crosses in gold and silver.]

Edward Moran writes: The Bat makes an excellent subject in comparative anatomy. The five fingers of each hand are nicely shown in the wing, and there are just five claws at the ends of the legs. For birds I use "Coues's Key to N. A. Birds," and I have never known it to fail.

I find patent porous paper a great success for pressing flowers.
F. M. POLHAMUS, Hot Springs, Ark.

My little sister and I keep caterpillars in boxes, and give them leaves to eat. Their feet are very queer when you look at them through a microscope. They are light yellow, and they have sixteen little red toes that they hook around things when they walk. Our cat catches fish, but she won't eat them. She brings them to the house alive sometimes, and we put them into the fountain with the gold-fish. One day, Mamma saw a fly on the window that had something hanging to its side. The fly was very weak. The thing was a horrid-looking tick. It looked like a crab. It had six claws, and was fastened to the fly. My "Packard's Common Insects" gave a picture of some ticks that looked nearly like it, but there was none that looked exactly like it.

IRENE PUTNAM, Bennington, Vt.

One of my birthday books was about catching and mounting insects, by W. P. Manton. It told how to rout the cabinet insect if he gains possession—*Give the box, insects and all, a good baking in an oven.* ANNIE L. BOSWORTH, Woonsocket, R. I.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE OBSERVATORY,
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., October 3, 1881.

As my report for September I send you the results in barometric hypsometry obtained by me in August, 1881. I send only final results, but I will forward a copy of the observations and reductions if you desire. The altitude of Greylock (the highest mountain in Massachusetts) is the mean of six observations, with a probable error of 3.10 feet; other determinations from single observations.

Station.
Greylock
Bald Mountain
Vista Mountain

Very truly yours,

Above sea level.
3539.6 feet
2596.0 "
2380.6 "

JOHN TATLOCK, JR.

HILLSBORO, ILL., Oct. 1, 1881.

I noticed a green worm at the foot of a tree. The worm was about an inch long. Soon I saw a wasp circle around and get nearer and nearer to it. At last it swung the worm, and straddling it, dragged it along the ground very swiftly. It soon came to a small hole in the ground. The wasp entered and began to drag the worm in. It then ran out and pushed the worm in the rest of the way. The worm fitted the hole exactly. The wasp then filled the top of the hole with dirt. Did the wasp dig the hole to fit the worm? Will the wasp return to eat the worm? Was it a Digger-wasp or not?

WARRICK R. EDWARDS.

Who will answer Warrick?

Here is a report from D. M. Perine, aged twelve:

The cat-bird is one of the commonest birds of North America. Its coloring is not very striking, its back being light slate, crown dark slate, beak black, wings dark slate, tail dark slate, and feet the same. This bird measures nine inches in length. Its nest is built of dead leaves, sticks, pieces of paper, and rags. The inside is lined with dried grass. The nest is generally posed in a briar-bush or a sapling, and sometimes in a vine. The cat-bird lays four or five eggs of a bluish green. [The writer forgot to inclose his address.]

The American woodbine, with which our piazzas are covered, is somewhat infested with a large, handsome green worm. We have found ever so many of them covered with little white things, about the size of kernels of rice. On examining them, we found them to be perfect little cocoons. Will you give some explanation of this?

DELIA M. L. SHERILL, Sandy Hill, N. Y.

St. Louis (B) has a very neat card printed, as follows:

The Agassiz Association,

St. Louis Branch B.

Meetings held at
1522 Carri St. Friday evenings.

Address communications to
H. B. Cruiknell, 1235 N. 21st.

A brave girl writes from a plantation near Baton Rouge:

I can not get up a chapter, as the nearest town is across the river; but will try to do the best I can by myself.

Pansy Smith, of Aurora, Ill., says she is studying botany out of school, and adds:

Before the flowers come, I count the birds'-nests on my way to school. There is an oriole's nest that I want dreadfully, for I am sure it is not occupied, though I understand it is for rent.

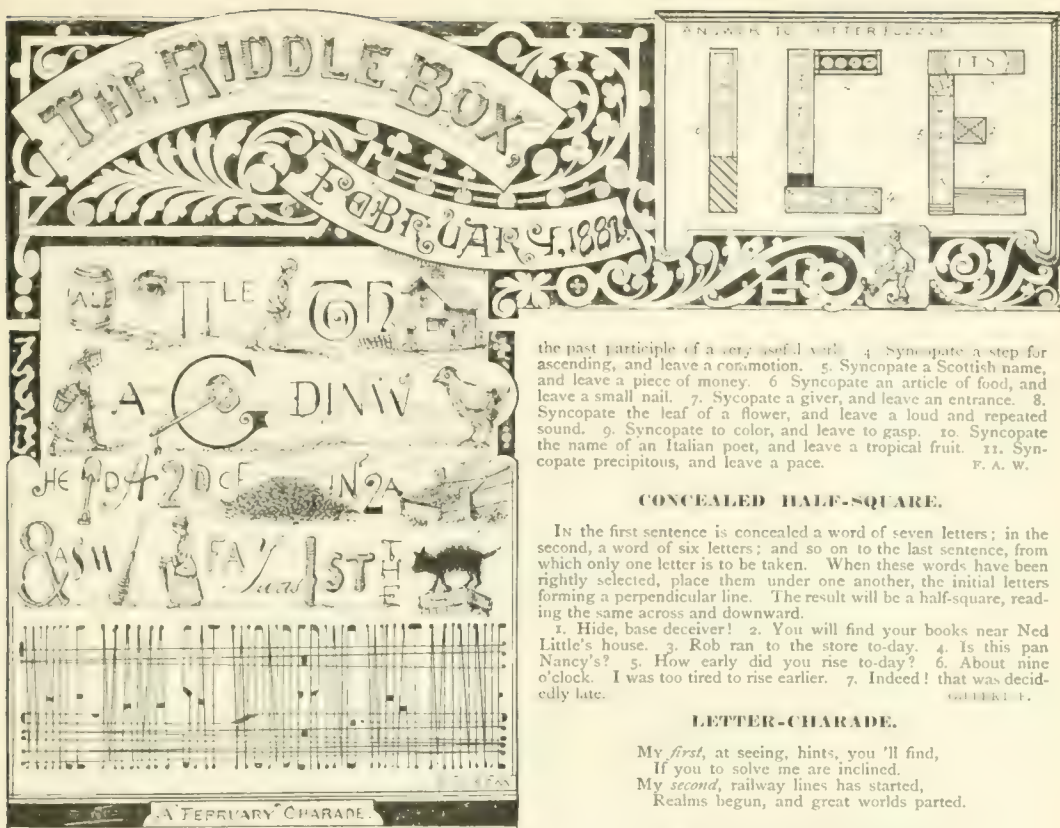
Here is the way a Massachusetts girl goes to work:

I have a small sand-dollar, a sea-urchin, and several kinds of shells. They are all from Cape Ann. In the sea-urchin, the mouth is situated in the hole on the under side, and it has five sharp teeth, all pointing toward the center. It is covered with spines, with little ball-and-socket joints. Besides the spines, long, transparent stems, with knobs at the end, branch out from all parts of the body. I have found all of these in the summer; have made aquaria for them, and watched them all.

MARION E. CROCKER.



WHAT BECAME OF THE LITTLE BOY WHO ATE TOO MUCH JAM (DRAWN BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.)



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

There is a word in the above puzzle is a word of ten letters. To solve this puzzle, first read the pictures as a rhyme. The result will be a four-line stanza, which is the text of the charade.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMA, a daughter of S.H., celebrated for her skill in magic.
FINIS, a daughter of F.H., who married her to stone.
Cross words: 1. The ferryman of the river Styx. 2. The people over whom Boadicea reigned. 3. A kind of florid ornamentation. 4. A subterraneous place of burial. 5. The Muse that presides over wind instrument.

CHARADE.

BORN in the North, where winter rages,
My first the Summer's heat assuages.

If my second you be,
For the doctor you send,
And my third you remain
Till the trouble shall end.

When Summer's near gone,
Of my second and third
The sound, in the grain-field,
Is frequently heard.

My whole, while growing, day by day,
Forever downward takes its way. W. H. A.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

EACH of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of a saint, who was executed by order of the Emperor Claudius, and who is especially brought to mind in February.

1. Syncopate dispatch, and leave aversion. 2. Syncopate a name, and leave a plate of baked clay. 3. Syncopate a number, and leave

the past participle of a very useful verb. 4. Syncopate a step for ascending, and leave a commotion. 5. Syncopate a Scottish name, and leave a piece of money. 6. Syncopate an article of food, and leave a small nail. 7. Syncopate a giver, and leave an entrance. 8. Syncopate the leaf of a flower, and leave a loud and repeated sound. 9. Syncopate to color, and leave to gasp. 10. Syncopate the name of an Italian poet, and leave a tropical fruit. 11. Syncopate precipitous, and leave a pace. F. A. W.

CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.

In the first sentence is concealed a word of seven letters; in the second, a word of six letters; and so on to the last sentence, from which only one letter is to be taken. When these words have been rightly selected, place them under one another, the initial letters forming a perpendicular line. The result will be a half-square, reading the same across and downward.

1. Hide, base deceiver! 2. You will find your books near Ned Little's house. 3. Rob ran to the store to-day. 4. Is this pan Nancy's? 5. How early did you rise to-day? 6. About nine o'clock. I was too tired to rise earlier. 7. Indeed! that was decidedly late.

LETTER-CHARADE.

My first, at seeing, hints, you 'll find,
If you to solve me are inclined.
My second, railway lines has started,
Realms begun, and great worlds parted.

My third, 'mid joys of home and love,
I revel in a joyful dith move.
My last, though head of nations, fain
Must come to naught and end in vain.

Through the rose men have lost their lives—
Though who partakes of me revives—
Than ever died the wide world o'er,
By other care, on any shore.

Industry is advanced by me,
More than by aught on land or sea.
On land, on water, under-ground,
By all who seek I can be found. G. M. D.

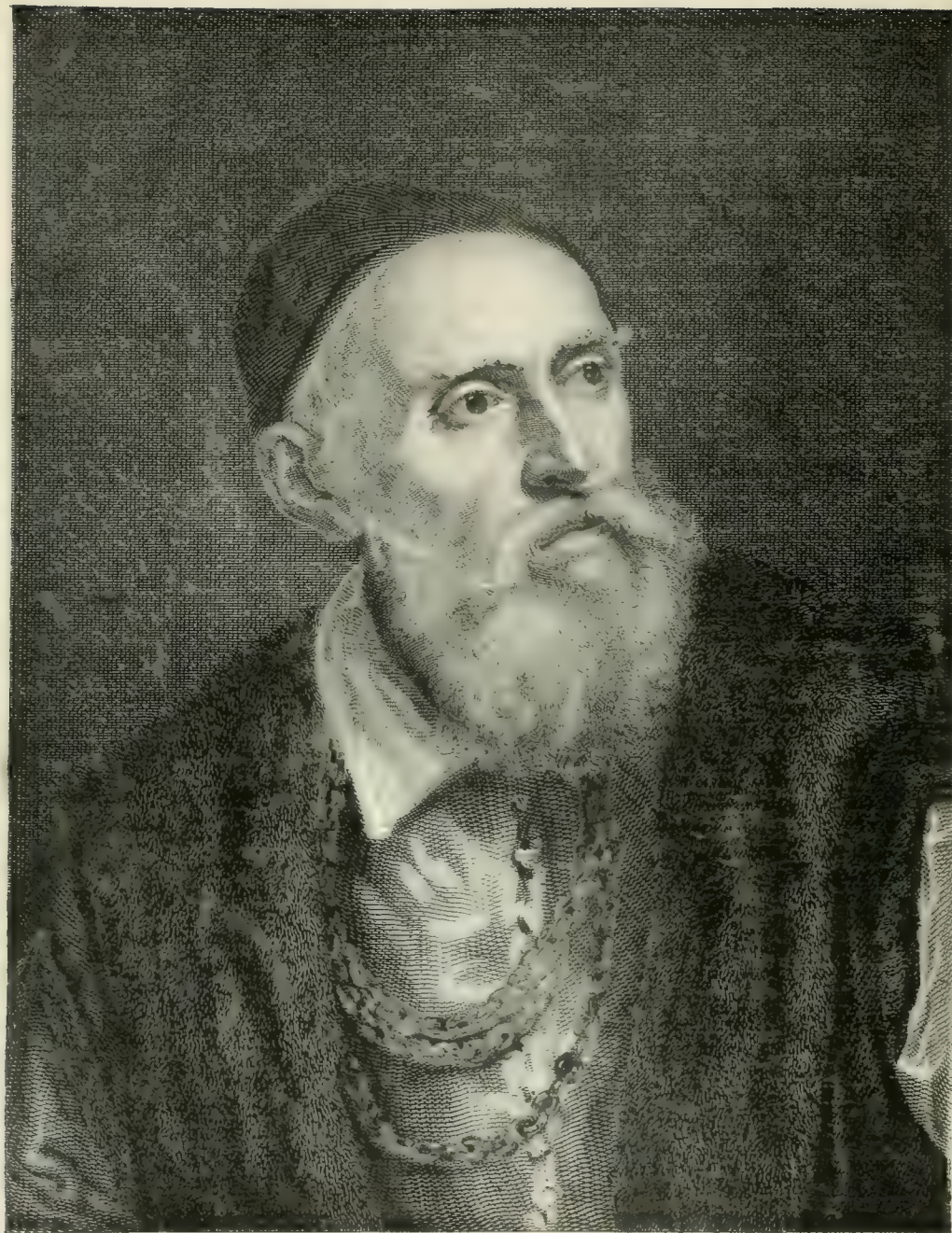
CHANGED HEADS.

FOR each sentence, find a suitable word to fill the first blank, changing only its initial letter for each succeeding blank.

1. Harry's — bore more flowers than any of the others. 2. — was the son of Ham. 3. They stood upon the embankment to see the water — out. 4. The mother laid aside her work, that she might — the baby. The meadow grass was — and green. Anne was naughty, and would not eat her —. 7. A little — will sometimes move a great weight. 8. The sheriff started off with a —, in hope of overtaking the man. 9. " —!" exclaimed the farmer, "I never will believe it." M. C. D.

QUINCUNX.

Across: 1. Lay. 2. To be. 3. Earthly. 4. Chance. 5. Short sleeps. 6. Diagonals, reading downward from left to right, beginning at the lower left-hand letter: 1. In winter. 2. An exclamation. 3. A narrow piece of leather. 4. Lights. 5. The goddess of plenty. 6. In winter. 7. Dye. 8. Annual ensigns.



TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

[See "Stories of Art and Artists," page 406.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 5.

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THE SNOW-FILLED NEST.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

IT swings upon the leafless tree,
By stormy winds blown to and fro;
Deserted, lonely, sad to see,
And full of cruel snow.

In summer's noon the leaves above
Made dewy shelter from the heat;
The nest was full of life and love;—
Ah, life and love are sweet!

The tender brooding of the day,
The silent, peaceful dreams of night,
The joys that patience overpay,
The cry of young delight,

The song that through the branches rings,
The nestling crowd with eager eyes,
The flutter soft of untried wings,
The flight of glad surprise:—

All, all are gone! I know not where;
And still upon the cold gray tree,
Lonely, and tossed by every air,
That snow-filled nest I see.

I, too, had once a place of rest,
Where life, and love, and peace were mine—
Even as the wild-birds build their nest,
When skies and summer shine.

But winter came, the leaves were dead;
The mother-bird was first to go,
The nestlings from my sight have fled;
The nest is full of snow.

"HARD TO HIT!"

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



HE spring weather we sometimes have in March reminds me, especially in the evening, of some days passed so high up in the Rocky Mountains that the summer was left down in the valleys. One such spring-like evening we camped close to the timber-limit, and I made my first trip into the region above, in which no trees grow. Having left the spruce-woods quickly behind, there came some stiff climbing up ledges of broken rocks, standing, cliff-like, to bar the way to the summit. These surmounted, the way was clear, for from the northeast—the side I was on—this mountain presents a smooth, grassy slope to the very top; but the western side of the range is a series of rocky precipices, seamed and shattered. This is true of many mountains in Colorado.

Just above the cliffs grew a number of dwarfed spruces, some of them with trunks six inches in diameter, yet lying flat along the ground, so that the gnarled and wind-pressed boughs were scarcely knee-high. They stood so closely together, and were so stiff, that I could not pass between them; but, on the other hand, they were strong enough to bear my weight, so that I could walk over their tops when it was inconvenient to go around.

Some small brown sparrows, of two or three species, lived there, and they were very talkative. Sharp, metallic chirps were heard, also, as the blue snow-bird flitted about, showing the white feathers on either side of its tail, in scudding from one sheltering bush to another. Doubtless, careful search would have discovered its home, snugly built of circularly laid grasses, and tucked deeply into some cozy hollow beside the root of a spruce.

My pace now became slow, for in the thin air of a place twelve thousand feet above the sea-level, climbing is exhausting work. But before long I came to the top, and stood on the verge of a crag that showed the crumbling action of water and frost. Gaping cracks seamed its face, and an enormous mass of fallen rock covered the broad slope at its foot.

The very moment I arrived there, I heard a most lively squeaking going on, apparently just under the edge of the cliff, or in some of the cracks. It was an odd noise, something between a bark and a scream, and I could think of nothing but young

hawks as the authors of it. So I set at work to find the nest, but my search was vain, while the sharp squeaking seemed to multiply and to come from a dozen different quarters. By this time I had crawled down the rough face of the cliff, and had reached the heaps of fallen rock. There I caught a glimpse of a little head with two black eyes, like a prairie-dog's, peering out of a crevice, and I was just in time to see him open his small jaws and say "skink!"—about as a rusty hinge would pronounce it. I whipped my revolver out of my belt and fired, but the little fellow dodged the bullet and was gone. Echoes rattled about among the rocks, wandered up and down the cañon, and hammered away at half a dozen stone walls before ceasing entirely; but when they had died away, not another sound was to be heard. Every little rascal had hid.

So I sat down and waited. In about five minutes a tiny, timid squeak broke the stillness, then a second a trifle louder, then one away under my feet in some subterranean passage. Hardly daring to breathe, I waited and watched. Finally the chorus became as loud as before, and I caught sight of one of the singers only about ten yards away, head and shoulders out of his hole, doubtless commenting to his neighbor in no complimentary way upon the strange intruder. Slowly lifting my pistol, I pulled the trigger. I was sure he had not seen me, yet a chip of rock flying from where he had stood was my only satisfaction; he had dodged again.

I had seen enough, however, to know that the noisy colony was a community of Little Chief hares (*Lagomys princeps*, as they are named in the text-books), or "conies," as the silver-miners call them. They are related to the woodchucks as well as to the hare, and they live wholly at or above timber-line, burrowing among the fallen and decomposing rocks which crown the summits of all the mountains. Not every peak, by any means, harbors conies; on the contrary, they are rather uncommon, and are so difficult to shoot, that their skins are rare in museums, and their ways are little known to naturalists.

During the middle of the day they are asleep and quiet; but in the evening, and all night when the moon shines, they leave their rocky retreats and forage in the neighboring meadows, meeting the yellow-footed marmot and other neighbors. About the only enemies they have, I fancy, are the rattlesnake and weasel, excepting when a wild-cat may

pounce upon one, or an owl swoop down and snatch up some rambler. In the cold season, of course, their burrows are deep in snow; but then the little fellows are taking their long winter sleep, and neither know nor care what the weather may be.

An Indian will eat a cony,—if he can catch it. He likes to use its fur, also, for braiding his locks into those long plaits which delight his soul; but the lively little rodents are pretty safe from all human foes, even one with a Colt's revolver!



THE VICTORY.

BY BESSIE HILL.

WHY, here 's a blossom! My, how queer!
Is n't it cold, little Flower, out here?
I should think you 'd be 'most frozen, dear!

And yet you look as fresh and gay
As if it were a summer's day.
Let's run a race with the cold, this way:

We 'll stay as long as we can and rest—
(Though, really, I should be warmly dressed)—
And see which can stand the cold the best.

The wind is rushing through my hair:
There must be needles in the air;—
They prick me so! But I don't care.

Somehow my ears begin to ache,
And now my knees begin to shake,
And now,—I tremble—for your sake!

Why don't you shiver? Do begin!
You must be cold! Why, it 's a sin
To keep you here!—Let's both go in!

THE THREE GIFTS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

ONCE upon a time, in the land of Nowhere, there stood, in the center of a wide plain, a high and rocky hill, on top of which was an old castle. In this castle there dwelt a giant named Doubtful. This giant was then poor, although at one time he had been very rich. He had owned the country for miles and miles around, with its mansions, villages, and fertile farms, and had had hundreds of vassals. But, from time to time, his possessions had slipped from his hands, and his vassals had

been transferred to other masters, until he was left with a barren hill, a few sterile acres around it, the old castle, and one serving-man, who would not leave him, though he was not always sure of a meal. The giant might possibly have bettered his fortune by some exertion, but he was always undecided as to what he should do, and so he suffered his life to drift on as it might.

Down at the foot of the hill dwelt a dwarf named Try. He had come a year before, and

asked the giant if he might build himself a hut there on the barren ground. He was a bright, lively little fellow, and the giant took pity on him.

By and by, the giant, because he was lonely in his castle, used to go down and talk with the little man, who had given up wood-chopping, and



"THE DWARF AND THE GIANT PULLED AGAINST EACH OTHER."

"The ground is rocky and poor," said Doubtful, "but if you think you can make anything out of it, you are welcome. I give you an acre of ground, on the edge of my land, to belong to you and yours forever; but I warn you that it is of no value."

Try thanked him, and set to work diligently. With the larger stones on the land he soon built a hut, which he covered with boughs brought from the neighboring forest, and he thatched these with sedge-grass.

Then he easily found work in the forest, for he was a skilled wood-chopper; and, on coming home at night, he toiled for hours on his own plot of ground.

Gradually he cleared the place of loose stones, and with them built a wall around his acre. He brought peat from the bogs, and, by permission of the owners, leaves from the forest, and the giant gave him the ashes from his fire. With these he made a large muck-heap, which he then used to make the land fertile. In the course of time, the giant looked down upon a blooming garden beneath him, and at a stone hut on whose rough walls the blossoming vines clambered; and he admired the perseverance and industry of his little neighbor.

depended on his garden for a living. Try had bought some adjoining acres from the owners, who were glad to get rid of their poor land at a trifle, and this land he improved as he had improved the first, and thus prospered greatly. The giant began to be very fond of this cheery and busy dwarf, and the dwarf returned this fondness; so, the two soon became fast friends.

Now, the dwarf was a generous fellow, and any one who came along in need received from him a day's work and a night's lodging, with plenty to eat, and, at parting, the wages of his labor. But to those who were very old, or very young, or weak, or infirm, he gave the food and lodging without asking for anything in return.

One evening, just at night-fall, there came along an old woman, who craved charity. Try gave her a supper, a night's lodging, and breakfast, and, on her leaving, offered her a small piece of money.

But the old woman said to him: "I always pay for my food and bed in some way, and as I have no money, I offer you this, which I beg you to take, and luck go with it." Then she handed him a necklace of rough stones, strung together.

"But what is this?" asked Try, "and what am I to do with it?"

The old woman replied: "It is the necklace of Strength, and whoever wears it can contend with any one. Travel!" Then she departed without further words.

When the giant came down that day to chat with Try, he saw the stones around the neck of the dwarf, and asked him what they were. Then Try told him, and also from whom he had obtained them.

"They can be tested very readily," said the giant. "Suppose you pull against me, and learn whether they have made you any stronger than you were."

The dwarf and the giant pulled against each other, and, to the astonishment of both, Try dragged Doubtful all over the place with the greatest ease.

"There is something in the necklace, after all," said Doubtful; "and while you were pulling me around, I think I must have pulled you out a little; for yesterday and this morning your head was only as high as my knee, and now, as I stand

That evening, an old man, who carried a long and narrow package, came and begged for food and a bed, both of which Try gave him. The next morning, the dwarf bade his guest godspeed, and gave him some food to take with him.

But the old man said to him: "I am always able to pay my way, although I have no money." Thus saying, he undid the package, from which he took a huge two-handed sword, and this he presented to Try.

"What is this, and what am I to do with it?" asked Try.

The old man replied: "This is the sword of Courage, and with this you may smite through steel and brass, and the solid rock, for nothing can resist it. Travel!"

Having said this, the old man went away.

When the giant came down that day, he saw the sword hanging on the wall, and inquired about it of Try, who told him.

"I doubt very much the power of the weapon," said Doubtful; "but it is easy to test it."



"TRY TAKE FAREWELL TO THE OLD WOMAN, AND SET OUT ON HIS JOURNEY." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

here, I can easily touch your head with my hand, without stooping a bit."

Try found it to be as the giant said.

Try took the sword, and going to the hill, at a place where a crag projected, struck the rock with the sword. It did not seem to be much of a blow,

but the weapon went through as though the stone had been turf, and it shaved off about a half-ton fragment, which fell and rolled over, and half-buried itself in the ground.

"A potent weapon, truly," remarked the giant; "but it seems to me you are growing, or I am getting smaller. Yesterday, I could just touch your head with my hand as I stood erect, and to-day you are nearly up to my waist."

And it was just as he said.

That evening, there came along a small boy, bearing a package, and he asked for something to eat, and for shelter for the night. These Try gave him, and the next morning, seeing that the boy was weak and puny, Try offered him some small coins, and wished him speed.

But the boy replied: "Poor as I am, I intend to always pay for what I get, and get what I pay for. Here in this bundle are the shoes of Ambition, which are of no service to me, and I give them to you in return for what I have had."

"But of what use are they, and what am I to do with them?"

"With these you may go as fast as you will, and not be tired. Wear them, and you can make your way over any road, and even climb up the side of walls, or trees, or steep rocks. Travel!"

And the boy ran off. Try looked after him, and he saw only an old man moving on slowly. Then he looked again, and merely saw an old woman, who at length disappeared.

When the giant came down that day, he soon saw that Try wore a pair of new shoes.

"Those are very handsome, and look to be strong," he said. "What did you pay for them?"

Try told him all about them.

"Have you tried what they can do?" asked Doubtful.

"Not yet, but I will," replied Try.

So he ran along the ground for some distance, and, coming to a huge tree, ran up the trunk, and seated himself among the branches. Then he ran down, and returned.

"They are very convenient," said Doubtful, "and I think I should like a pair from the same shop. But, how you do grow! Yesterday, you were nearly up to my waist, and now you are three inches above it. In fact, you are no longer a dwarf, but a tall, stout young man. But what do you intend to do with the three gifts?"

"To-morrow," said Try, "I intend to set out upon long travels in search of adventures and a fortune."

"I shall miss you very much," said the giant, "but I think I shall go with you, if you will have me for a companion."

And Try agreed to this.

The next day, Try put his garden, and the giant put his castle, in charge of the serving-man. Try girt on his sword, and with his necklace around his throat, and his shoes on his feet, he started out with the giant, who was armed with a huge club, in search of adventures.

After they had traveled for three months, and had found nothing remarkable, Doubtful grew tired, and went back to his castle, despite the persuasion of his comrade; but Try kept right on, and that very night came to a hut in a valley, where he sought shelter. The inmate of this hut was an old woman, who made him welcome. Looking at her closely, he saw she was the same who had given him the necklace of Strength.

"Ah! my good mother," said he, "I have traveled as you told me, and thus far have gained nothing thereby."

"Your journey is not over," said she. "Two days from this you will come to a wide plain, on which stands a high rock, known as Mount Inaccessible. On that rock is a castle of steel, and in that castle lives an Ogre. He has carried off the Princess Graceful, the daughter of King Mikron, and because she will not consent to marry him, he keeps her locked up in a tall tower that overhangs the moat, and feeds her on bread and water. Many knights have tried to rescue her, since her father has promised her hand and the succession to his throne to her deliverer; but the Ogre either has come out and slain them, or, if he thought them too powerful, has shut himself up in his castle, and defied them. The hill is a perpendicular rock, with polished sides, and the Ogre leaves and returns to it by a huge set of brazen stairs, that rise or fall at his pleasure. No one, therefore, has been able to scale the hill, nor would they have gained thereby, since the castle is built of the hardest steel. It is this castle that you must gain, and slay the Ogre, and deliver the Princess of Wonderland."

"How shall I find this castle?"

"To-morrow, when you have gone a mile on your journey, my brother will overtake you, and be your companion for a day. You will lodge with him at night-fall, and he will instruct you further. Eat now, and refresh yourself, and then go to sleep, for you have a long journey before you to-morrow."

Try did as he was told, and early the next morning bade farewell to the old woman, who flung her shoe after him as he set out on his journey. After he had gone a mile, he was overtaken by an old man, whom he recognized as the one who had given him the sword. The old man merely nodded his head, but said nothing, and thus the two traveled together. At night-fall, they reached the old man's hut, where they rested.

In the morning, the old man said: "The Ogre will not come down to you, for it has been foretold to him that he can be overcome only by a man without armor, as you now are. Entice him out of his stronghold. Scale the rock, and enter his stronghold, or wait until he comes out; but let him not see you. When you have gone on from here, and have come within a mile of the edge of the plain wherein the hill of the Ogre stands, my son, who is in the forest, will join you, and instruct you further."

Try thanked his host, and resumed his journey. At a mile beyond the hut, a boy came from the wood, and joined him; and Try knew him to be the same who had given him the shoes of Ambition. The boy, who said his name was Helper, told him all about the princess, of whom he said that she was as good as she was beautiful, and that her father, who loved her tenderly, had laid siege to the castle for a whole year, and finding it impossible to take, had at last raised the siege, and had gone home to wait for the champion who was to deliver her from the Ogre's power.

"But," continued the boy, "now that we have arrived at the plain, I must leave you. Here, in this srip, is food and drink that you may need. Stay here until night-fall, and then go forward in the darkness to the rock which you see yonder. Find some spot where you can mount. The rock is polished, and the shoes of Ambition are useless unless there is some roughness over which they may travel. But there is no armor without a flaw, and some part of the rock, if you look well, may serve your turn."

So the boy left, and Try waited, concealed in the wood, until night-fall, when he made his way to the rock, which he reached at midnight, and finding a hiding-place amid the low growth at the base of the rock, he lay down, and slept until dawn.

As soon as it was light, Try arose and examined the rock, and found it to be polished everywhere. But after having gone nearly around it, he came to a small crevice that extended to the top irregularly, and in this crevice a huge ivy had clambered and fixed itself. Up this, Try readily made his way, and so gained the top. Arrived there, he seemed to be no better off than before, for the walls had apparently no opening but the great gate, and there was a deep moat around the castle, and the draw-bridge was up. So Try sat down under a projecting rock on the surface to consider.

As he sat there, he could see the plain before him, and over it there came a horseman. As he rode nearer, Try could see that it was the old man, mounted on a powerful charger, and bearing a staff in his hand. This he brandished in the air, while loudly defying the Ogre to single combat. But

the Ogre did not hear him, or was not disposed to heed, for he did not come out, and after an hour the old man rode away as he had come.

At high noon, there came a palfrey on which the old woman sat. She rode up to the rock and berated the Ogre soundly, calling him coward, and a number of other offensive names, and daring him to come and talk to her. But the Ogre did not hear, or, hearing, only felt contempt, and so did not leave his stronghold. The old woman, having apparently exhausted her stock of words, and finding no good to come of it all, went her way and was seen no more.

Two hours later, there came some one on a pony, and Try knew him for the boy he had left in the forest. This new-comer had no weapons, but he bore a small horn, and he kept sounding this in a very contemptuous and insulting manner. It appeared as if this excited the anger of the Ogre, for the draw-bridge fell, the gates opened, and the Ogre sallied out, and, as the draw-bridge rose and the gate closed, he made his way to where the brazen stairs lay coiled up and waiting for his will to unroll them.

Try sprang forward, sword in hand, and assailed the Ogre, who defended himself vigorously. He was stout and strong, and cunning of fence; but the sword of Courage was too potent for him. Try clove him in twain at a blow, and then turned to enter the castle.

But here was a new difficulty. The moat was impassable even to the shoes of Ambition; the necklace of Strength was useless where no grip was to be had; and the gate was too far off to receive a blow from the sword of Courage. Try wandered around, and for a while saw nothing but the blank steel walls. At length he came to where a projecting turret overhung the moat, and he saw that it had one window guarded by steel bars. Between these there peered a beautiful face, and so he knew this was the prison of the princess.

As he stood there gazing upward, a ball to which a cord was attached was thrown from the window, and fell at his feet. Try pulled the cord, and a silken ladder followed, the end of which he fastened to the ground, and then he mounted. A few blows with the sword of Courage, and the grating was severed and fell inward. Try entered, and knelt at the feet of the princess, who raised him graciously.

Try had no more than time to take one glance at the beautiful face of the lady, when the door of the chamber was thrown open violently, and the retainers of the Ogre, eager to avenge their master, burst in and assailed him. But the sword of Courage did its office. One by one, Try slew all his antagonists, and then, leading the princess, he



"THE DOOR WAS THROWN OPEN VIOLENTLY, AND THE OGRE'S RETAINERS BURST IN."

descended the stairs to the hall of the castle, opened the gate, and lowered the draw-bridge. They went out to the brazen stairs, that were rolled up, but the spell of the dead Ogre still bound

much a prisoner as before, but with a companion in misfortune. Try forgot about the mode of scaling the rock, and that he might descend, safely bearing the princess, by the way he came. The beauty of Graceful dazzled him.

Suddenly the princess remembered, and bade Try go to the dead body of the Ogre, and remove the ring of Knowledge from his finger, for that would render all parts of the castle obedient to his will; had Try known this earlier, he would have gained entrance by means of the draw-bridge and gate. Try put on the ring, and, at his wish, the great brazen stairs unrolled themselves and stretched to the ground below. These they descended, and found the boy and the pony, and with him were the horse and palfrey that had been ridden by the old man and the old woman. Try set the princess upon the palfrey, mounted the war-horse, and turned to speak to the boy; but he and the pony were gone. In



"TRY AND THE PRINCESS WATCHED THE FAIRY UNTIL SHE FADED FROM SIGHT."

them, and they could not be moved by the utmost power which Try could exert. The young pair stood at gaze, five hundred feet above the plain, and unable to get down. The princess was as

their stead was a floating car to which three swans were harnessed, and in it sat a lady of surpassing beauty, clad in blue and gold.

"Try," said the lady, "I am the Fairy Friendly,

who presided at thy birth, and I have watched over thee for years. I was the boy, and the old man, and the old woman, and from me came the three gifts. I have summoned hither the King Mikron to receive his daughter, and to bestow her on thee in marriage. Thou hast been successful because thou hast persevered. Go forth, meet the king, and be happy."

Saying thus, she smiled, the swans rose in air,

After they reached Wonderland, Try and Graceful were married amid great rejoicing. During the honeymoon, Try bethought him of his friend the giant, and sent to inquire about him. He learned that Doubtful had been obliged to sell his castle, and that he and his serving-man were living upon Try's few acres. Try at once sent for the giant, who came at the summons. But Try, who had been created prince, and was hailed as heir-pre-



TRY WELCOMES THE SHRUNKEN GIANT

and the fairy was borne away in her car. The two watched her until she faded from their sight, and then rode forward to meet the king, whose knights and men-at-arms were debouching into the plain, while he galloped at great speed far in advance. He received them both with tears of joy, and, after the brazen stairs had been made immovable, he placed a garrison in the castle in the name of Try, whom he created Count of Castle Inaccessible.

sumptive, scarcely knew his friend. While Try himself had grown so high that he towered over those around him, Doubtful had shrunk so in his stature as to be little more than a dwarf.

However, Try placed Doubtful near his person, and when, some years after, King Mikron died, and Try, with his Queen Graceful, ascended the throne, he made him a great lord of his court, creating him Baron Uncertain and Count Littlefellow.

A QUESTION OF COLOR.

BY NELLIE L. TINKHAM.

"DEAR me!" said Mrs. Strawberry Jam,
 A-growing very red,
 "What a most unfortunate creature I am:
 I can scarce hold up my head.
 To think that I should live to see
 An insult offered, like this, to me!
 That I should be placed on the very same
 shelf
 (Oh dear! I hardly know myself)
 By the side of that odious Blackberry Jam—
 That vulgar, common, Blackberry Jam!"

So she fumed and fretted, hour by hour,
 Growing less and less contented,
 Till her temper became so thoroughly sour
 That she at last fermented.
 While Mr. Blackberry Jam kept still,
 And let her have her say,—
 Kept a quiet heart, as blackberries will,
 And grew sweeter every day.

One morn there stopped at Dame Smither's fence
 The parson,—to say that he might,
 By the kind permission of Providence,
 Take tea with her that night.
 And the good old lady, blessing her lot,
 Hastened to open her strawberry pot.
 "Oh, what a horrible mess! Dear—dear!
 Not a berry fit to eat is here.
 After all," putting it down with a slam,
 "Nothing will keep like good Blackberry Jam,
 Honest, reliable, Blackberry Jam."

Mrs. Strawberry J. went into the pail;
 Oh my—what a dire disgrace!
 And the pig ate her up, with a twitch of his tail
 And a troubled expression of face.
 While Blackberry J., in a lovely glass dish,
 Sat along with the bread and honey,
 And thought, while happy as heart could wish,
 "Well, things turn out very funny!"



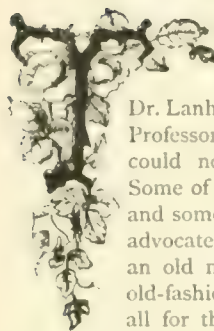
"A QUEER BARBER-SHOP"

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER XV.

AN ATTEMPT TO COLLECT.



THREE TIMES a week the scholars of the "Greenbank Academy" met at the house of Dr. Lanham to receive instruction from Professor Susan, for the school trustees could not agree on a new teacher. Some of the people wanted one thing, and some another; a lady teacher was advocated and opposed; a young man, an old man, a new-fashioned man, an old-fashioned man, and no teacher at all for the rest of the present year, so as to save money, were projects that found advocates. The division of opinion was so great that the plan of no school at all was carried because no other could be. So Susan's class went on for a month, and grew to be quite a little society, and then it came to an end.

One evening, when the lessons were finished, Professor Susan said: "I am sorry to tell you that this is the last lesson I can give."

And then they all said "Aw-w-w-w-w!" in a melancholy way.

"I am going away to school, myself," Susan went on. "My father thinks I ought to go to Mr. Niles's school at Port William."

"I should n't think you'd need to go any more," said Joanna Merwin. "I thought you knew everything."

"Oh, bless me!" cried Susan.

In former days the people of the interior—the Mississippi Valley—which used then to be called "the West," were very desirous of education for their children. But good teachers were scarce. Ignorant and pretentious men, incompetent wanderers from New England, who had grown tired of clock-peddling, or tin-peddling, and whose whole stock was assurance, besides impostors of other sorts, would get places as teachers because teachers were scarce and there were no tests of fitness. Now and then a retired Presbyterian minister from Scotland or Pennsylvania, or a college graduate from New England, would open a school in some country town. Then people who could afford it would send their children from long distances to board near the school, and learn English grammar, arithmetic, and, in some cases, a little Latin, or,

perhaps, to fit themselves for entrance to some of the sturdy little country colleges already growing up in that region. At Port William, in Kentucky, there was at this time an old minister, Mr. Niles, who really knew what he professed to teach, and it was to his school that Dr. Lanham was now about to send Susan; Harvey Collins and Henry Weathervane had already entered the school. But for poor boys like Jack, and Bob Holliday, and Columbus, who had no money with which to pay board, there seemed no chance.

The evening on which Susan's class broke up, there was a long and anxious discussion between Jack Dudley and his mother.

"You see, Mother, if I could get even two months in Mr. Niles's school, I could learn some Latin, and if I once get my fingers into Latin, it is like picking bricks out of a pavement; if I once get a start, I can dig it out myself. I am going to try to find some way to attend that school."

But the mother only shook her head.

"Could n't we move to Port William?" said Jack.

"How could we? Here we have a house of our own, which could n't easily be rented. There we should have to pay rent, and where is the money to come from?"

"Can't we collect something from Gray?"

Again Mrs. Dudley shook her head.

But Jack resolved to try the hard-hearted debtor, himself. It was now four years since Jack's father had been persuaded to release a mortgage in order to relieve Francis Gray from financial distress. Gray had promised to give other security, but his promise had proved worthless. Since that time he had made lucky speculations and was now a man rather well off, but he kept all his property in his wife's name, as scoundrels and fraudulent debtors usually do. All that Jack and his mother had to show for the one thousand dollars with four years' interest due them, was a judgment against Francis Gray, with the sheriff's return of "no effects" on the back of the writ of execution against the property "of the aforesaid Francis Gray." For how could you get money out of a man who was nothing in law but an agent for his wife?

But Jack believed in his powers of persuasion, and in the softness of the human heart. He had never had to do with a man in whom the greed for money had turned the heart to granite.

Two or three days later, Jack heard that Francis

Gray, who lived in Louisville, had come to Greenbank. Without consulting with his mother, lest she should discourage him, Jack went in pursuit of the slippery debtor. He had left town, however, to see his fine farm, three miles away, a farm which belonged in law to Mrs. Gray, but which belonged of right to Francis Gray's creditors.

Jack found Mr. Gray well-dressed and of plausible manners. It was hard to speak to so fine a gentleman on the subject of money. For a minute, Jack felt like backing out. But then he contrasted his mother's pinched circumstances with Francis Gray's abundance, and a little wholesome anger came to his assistance. He remembered, too, that his cherished projects for getting an education were involved, and he mustered courage to speak.

"Mr. Gray, my name is John Dudley."

Jack thought that there was a sign of annoyance on Gray's face at this announcement.

"You borrowed a thousand dollars of my father once, I believe."

"Yes, that is true. Your father was a good friend of mine."

"He released a mortgage so that you could sell a piece of property when you were in trouble."

"Yes, your father was a good friend to me. I acknowledge that. I wish I had money enough to pay that debt. It shall be the very first debt paid when I get on my feet again, and I expect to get on my feet, as sure as I live."

"But, you see, Mr. Gray, while my mother is pinched for money, you have plenty."

"It's all Mrs. Gray's money. She has plenty. I have n't anything."

"But I want to go to school to Port William. My mother is too poor to help me. If you could let me have twenty-five dollars——"

"But, you see, I can't. I have n't got twenty-five dollars to my name, that I can control. But by next New Year's I mean to pay your mother the whole thousand that I owe her."

This speech impressed Jack a little, but remembering how often Gray had broken such promises, he said:

"Don't you think it a little hard that you and Mrs. Gray are well off, while my mother is so poor, all because you won't keep your word given to my father?"

"But, you see, I have n't any money, excepting what Mrs. Gray lets me have," said Mr. Gray.

"She seems to let you have what you want. Don't you think, if you coaxed her, she would lend you twenty-five dollars till New Year's, to help me go to school one more term?"

Francis Gray was a little stunned by this way of asking it. For a moment, looking at the en-

treating face of the boy, he began to feel a disposition to relent a little. This was new and strange for him. To pay twenty-five dollars that he was not obliged by any self-interest to pay, would have been an act contrary to all his habits and to all the business maxims in which he had schooled himself. Nevertheless, he fingered his papers a minute in an undecided way, and then he said that he could n't do it. If he began to pay creditors in that way "it would derange his business."

"But," urged Jack, "think how much my father deranged his business to oblige you, and now you rob me of my own money, and of my chance to get an education."

Mr. Gray was a little ruffled, but he got up and went out of the room. When Jack looked out of the window a minute later, Gray was riding away down the road without so much as bidding the troublesome Jack good-morning.

There was nothing for Jack to do but to return to town and make the best of it. But all the way back, the tired and discouraged boy felt that his last chance of becoming an educated man had vanished. He told his mother about his attempt on Mr. Gray's feelings and of his failure. They discussed the matter the whole evening, and could see no chance for Jack to get the education he wanted.

"I mean to die a-trying," said Jack, doggedly, as he went off to bed.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.



HE next day but one, there came a letter to Mrs. Dudley that increased her perplexity.

"Your Aunt Hannah is sick," she said to Jack, "and I must go to take care of her. I don't know what to do with you."

"I'll go to Port William to school," said Jack. "See if I don't."

"How?" asked his mother. "We don't know a soul on that side of the river. You could n't make any arrangement."

"May be I can," said Jack. "Bob Holliday used to live on the Indiana side, opposite Port William. I mean to talk with him."

Bob was setting onions in one of the onion-patches which abounded about Greenbank, and which were, from March to July, the principal sources of pocket-money to the boys. Jack thought best to wait until the day's work was finished. Then he sat, where Greenbank boys were fond of sitting, on the sloping top-board of a broad fence,

and told his friend Bob of his eager desire to go to Port William.

"I'd like to go, too," said Bob. "This is the last year's schooling I'm to have."

"Don't you know any house, or any place, where we could keep 'bach' together?"

"W'y, yes," said Bob, "if you did n't mind rowing across the river every day, I've got a skiff, and there's the old hewed-log house on the Indianny side where we used to live. A body might stay as long as he pleased in that house, I guess. Judge Kane owns it, and he's one of the best-hearted men in the country."

"It's eight miles down there," said Jack.

"Only seven if you go by water," said Bob. "Let's put out to-morrow morning early. Let's go in the skiff: we can row and cordelle it up the river again, though it is a job."

Bright and early, the boys started down the river, rowing easily with the strong, steady current of the Ohio, holding their way to Judge Kane's, whose house was over against Port William. This Judge Kane was an intelligent and wealthy farmer, liked by everybody. He was not a lawyer, but had once held the office of "associate judge," and hence the title, which suited his grave demeanor. He looked at the two boys out of his small, gray, kindly eyes, hardly ever speaking a word. He did not immediately answer when they asked permission to occupy the old, unused log-house, but got them to talk about their plans, and watched them closely. Then he took them out to see his bees. He showed them his ingenious hives and a bee-house which he had built to keep out the moths by drawing chalk-lines about it, for over these lines the wingless grub of the moth could not crawl. Then he showed them a glass hive, in which all the processes of the bees' housekeeping could be observed. After that, he took the boys to the old log-house, and pointed out some holes in the roof that would have to be fixed. And even then he did not give them any answer to their request, but told them to stay to dinner and he would see about it, all of which was rather hard on boyish impatience. They had a good dinner of fried chicken and biscuits and honey, served in the neatest manner by the motherly Mrs. Kane. Then the Judge suggested that they ought to see Mr. Niles about taking them into the school. So his skiff was launched, and he rowed with them across the river, which is here about a mile wide, to Port William. Here he introduced them to Mr. Niles, an elderly man, a little bent, and a little positive in his tone, as is the habit of teachers, but with true kindness in his manner. The boys had much pleasure at recess time in greeting their old school-mates, Harvey Collins, Henry Weathervane, and, above all, Susan Lan-

ham, whom they called Professor. These three took a sincere interest in the plans of Bob and Jack, and Susan spoke a good word for them to Mr. Niles, who, on his part, offered to give Jack Latin without charging him anything more than the rates for scholars in the English branches. Then they rowed back to Judge Kane's landing, where he told them they could have the house without rent, and that they could get slabs and other waste at his little saw-mill to fix up the cracks. Then he made kindly suggestions as to the furniture they should bring—mentioning a lantern, an ax, and various other articles necessary for a camp life. They bade him good-bye at last, and started home, now rowing against the current and now cordelling along the river shore, when they grew tired of rowing. In cordelling, one sits in the skiff and steers, while the other walks on the shore, drawing the boat by a rope over the shoulders. The work of rowing and cordelling was hard, but they carried light and hopeful hearts. Jack was sure now that he should overcome all obstacles and get a good education. As for Bob, he had no hope higher than that of worrying through vulgar fractions before settling down to hard work.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOUSEKEEPING EXPERIENCES.



RS. DUDLEY having gone to Cincinnati the next day to attend her sister who was ill, Jack was left to make his arrangements for housekeeping with Bob. Each of the boys took two cups, two saucers, two plates, and two knives and forks. Things were likely to get lost or broken, and therefore they provided duplicates. Besides, they might have company to dinner some day, and, moreover, they would need the extra dishes to "hold things," as Jack expressed it. They took no tumblers, but each was provided with a tin cup. Bob remembered the lantern, and Jack put in an ax. They did not take much food; they could buy that, of farmers in Port William. They got a "gang," or, as they called it, a "trot-line," to lay down in the river for catfish, perch, and shovel-nose sturgeon, for there was no game-law then. Bob provided an iron pot to cook the fish in, and Jack a frying-pan and tea-kettle. Their bedding consisted of an empty tick, to be filled with straw in Judge Kane's barn, some equally empty pillow-ticks, and a pair of brown sheets and two blankets. But, with one thing and another, the skiff was well loaded.

A good many boys stood on the bank as they embarked, and among them was Columbus, who had a feeling that his best friends were about to desert him, and who would gladly have been one of the party if he could have afforded the expense.

In the little crowd which watched the embarkation was Hank Rathbone, an old hunter and pioneer, who made several good suggestions about their method of loading the boat.

"But where 's your stove?" he asked.

"Stove?" said Bob. "We can't take a stove in this thing. There 's a big old fire-place in the house that 'll do to cook by."

"But hot weather 's comin' soon," said old Hank, "and then you 'll want to cook out in the air, I reckon. Besides, it takes a power of wood for a fire-place. If one of you will come along with me to the tin-shop, I 'll have a stove made for you, of the best paytent-right sort, that 'll go into a skiff, and that wont weigh more 'n three or four pounds and wont cost but about two bits."

Jack readily agreed to buy as good a thing as a stove for twenty-five cents, and so he went with Hank Rathbone to the tin-shop, stopping to get some iron on the way. Two half-inch round rods of iron five feet long were cut and sharpened at each end. Then the ends were turned down so as to make on each rod two pointed legs of eighteen inches in length, and thus leave two feet of the rod for a horizontal piece.

"Now," said the old hunter, "you drive about six inches of each leg into the ground, and stand them about a foot apart. Now for a top."

For this he had a piece of sheet-iron cut out two feet long and fourteen inches wide, with a round kettle-hole near one end. The edges of the long sides of the sheet-iron were bent down to fit over the rods.

"Lay that over your rods," said Hank, "and you 've got a stove two foot long, one foot high, and more than one foot wide, and you can build your fire of chips, instid of logs. You can put your tea-kettle, pot, pipkin, griddle, skillet, or grid-iron on to the hole"—the old man eyed it admiringly. "It 's good for b'ilin', fryin', or brilin', and all fer two bits. They aint many young couples gits set up as cheap as that!"

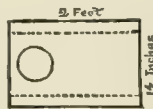
An hour and a half of rowing down-stream brought the boys to the old cabin. The life there

involved more hard work than they had expected. Notwithstanding Jack's experience in helping his mother, the baking of corn-bread, and the frying of bacon or fish, were difficult tasks, and both the boys had red faces when supper was on the table. But, as time wore on, they became skillful, and though the work was hard, it was done patiently and pretty well. Between cooking, and cleaning, and fixing, and getting wood, and rowing to school and back, there was not a great deal of time left for study out of school, but Jack made a beginning in Latin, and Bob perspired quite as freely over the addition of fractions as over the frying-pan.

They rarely had recreation, excepting that of taking the fish off their trot-line in the morning, when there were any on it. Once or twice they allowed themselves to visit an Indian mound or burial-place on the summit of a neighboring hill, where idle boys and other loungers had dug up many bones and thrown them down the declivity. Jack, who had thoughts of being a doctor, made an effort to gather a complete Indian skeleton, but the dry bones had become too much mixed up. He could not get any three bones to fit together, and his man, as he tried to put him together, was the most miscellaneous creature imaginable,—neither man, woman, nor child. Bob was a little afraid to have these human ruins stored under the house, lest he might some night see a ghost with war-paint and tomahawk; but Jack, as became a boy of scientific tastes, pooh-poohed all superstitions or sentimental considerations in the matter. He told Bob that, if he should ever see the ghost which that frame-work belonged to, it would be the ghost of the whole Shawnee tribe, for there were nearly as many individuals represented as there were bones in the skeleton.

The one thing that troubled Jack was that he could n't get rid of the image of Columbus as they had seen him when they left Greenbank, standing sorrowfully on the river bank. The boys often debated between themselves how they could manage to have him one of their party, but they were both too poor to pay the small tuition fees, though his board would not cost much. They could not see any way of getting over the difficulty, but they talked with Susan about it, and Susan took hold of the matter in her fashion by writing to her father on the subject.

The result of her energetic effort was that one afternoon, as they came out of school, when the little packet-steamer was landing at the wharf, who should come ashore but Christopher Columbus, in his best but threadbare clothes, tugging away at an old-fashioned carpet-bag, which was too much for him to carry. Bob seized the carpet-bag and



OLD HANK'S PLAN FOR
A STOVE.

almost lifted the dignified little lad himself off his feet in his joyful welcome, while Jack, finding nothing else to do, stood still and hurrahed. They soon had the dear little spindle-shanks and his great carpet-bag stowed away in the skiff. As they rowed to the north bank of the river, Columbus explained how Dr. Lanham had undertaken to pay his expenses, if the boys would take him into partnership, but he said he was 'most afraid to come, because he could n't chop wood, and he was n't good for much in doing the work.

"Never mind, honey," said Bob. "Jack and I don't care whether you work or not. You are worth your keep, any time."

"Yes," said Jack, "we even tried hard yesterday to catch a young owl to make a pet of, but we could n't get it. You see, we're so lonesome."

"I suppose I'll do for a pet owl, wont I?" said little Columbus, with a strange and quizzical smile on his meager face. And as he sat there in the boat, with his big head and large eyes, the name seemed so appropriate that Bob and Jack both laughed outright.

But the Pet Owl made himself useful in some ways. I am sorry to say that the housekeeping of Bob and Jack had not always been of the tidest kind. They were boys, and they were in a hurry. But Columbus had the tastes of a girl about a house. He did not do any cooking or chopping to speak of, but he fixed up. He kept the house neat, cleaned the candlestick every morning, and washed the windows now and then, and as spring advanced he brought in handfuls of wild flowers. The boys declared that they had never felt at home in the old house until the Pet Owl came to be its mistress. He would n't let anything be left around out of place, but all the pots, pans, dishes, coats, hats, books, slates, the lantern, the boot-jack, and other slender furniture were put in order before school time, so that when they got back in the afternoon the place was inviting and home-like. When Judge Kane and his wife stopped during their Sunday-afternoon stroll, to see how the lads got on, Mrs. Kane praised their housekeeping.

"That is all the doings of the Pet Owl," said Bob.

"Pet Owl? Have you one?" asked Mrs. Kane.

The boys laughed, and Bob explained that Columbus was the pet.

That evening, the boys had a box of white honey for supper, sent over by Mrs. Kane, and the next Saturday afternoon Jack and Bob helped Judge Kane finish planting his corn-field.

One unlucky day, Columbus discovered Jack's box of Indian bones under the house, and he turned pale and had a fit of shivering for a long time afterward. It was necessary to move the box into

an old stable to quiet his shuddering horror. The next Sunday afternoon, the Pet Owl came in with another fit of terror, shivering as before.

"What 's the matter now, Lummy?" said Jack.

"Have you seen any more Indians?"

"Pewee and his crowd have gone up to the Indian Mound," said Columbus.

"Well, let 'em go," said Bob. "I suppose they know the way, don't they? I should like to see them. I 've been so long away from Greenbank that even a yellow dog from there would be welcome."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GHOSTS.



JACK and Bob had to amuse Columbus with stories, to divert his mind from the notion that Pewee and his party meant them some harm. The Indian burying-ground was not an uncommon place of resort on Sundays for loafers and idlers, and now and then parties came from as far as Greenbank, to have the pleasure of a ride and the amusement of digging up Indian relics from the cemetery on the hill. This hill-top commanded a view of the Ohio River for many miles in both directions, and of the Kentucky River, which emptied into the Ohio just opposite. I do not know whether the people who can find amusement in digging up bones and throwing them down-hill enjoy scenery or not, but I have heard it urged that even some dumb animals, as horses, enjoy a landscape, and I once knew a large dog, in Switzerland, who would sit enchanted for a long time on the brink of a mountain cliff, gazing off at the lake below. It is only fair to suppose, therefore, that even these idle diggers in Indian mounds had some pleasure in looking from a hill-top; at any rate, they were fond of frequenting this one. Pewee, and Riley, and Ben Berry, and two or three others of the same feather, had come down on this Sunday to see the Indian Mound and to find any other sport that might lie in their reach. When they had dug up and thrown away down the steep hill-side enough bones to satisfy their jackal proclivities, they began to cast about them for some more exciting diversion. As there were no water-melon patches nor orchards to be robbed at this season of the year, they decided to have an egg-supper, and then to wait for the moon to rise after midnight before starting to row and cordelle their two boats up the river again to Greenbank. The fun of an egg-supper to Pewee's party consisted not so much in the eggs as in the man-

ner of getting them. Every nest in Judge Kane's chicken-house was rummaged that night, and Mrs. Kane found next day that all the nest-eggs were gone, and that one of her young hens was missing also.

About dark, little Allen Mackay, a round-bodied, plump-faced, jolly fellow who lived near the place where the skiffs were landed, and who had spent the afternoon at the Indian Mound, came to the door of the old log-house.

"I wanted to say that you fellows have always done the right thing by me. You've set me acrost oncet or twicet, and you've always been 'clever' to me, and I don't want to see no harm done you. You'd better look out to-night. They's some chaps from Greenbank down here, and they're in for a frolic, and somebody's hen-roost 'll suffer, I guess; and they don't like you boys, and they talked about routing you out to-night."

"Thank you," said Jack.

"Let 'em rout," said Bob.

But the poor little Pet Owl was all in a cold shudder again.

About eleven o'clock, King Pewee's party had picked the last bone of Mrs. Kane's chicken. It was yet an hour and a half before the moon would be up, and there was time for some fun. Two boys from the neighborhood, who had joined the party, agreed to furnish dough-faces for them all. Nothing more ghastly than masks of dough can well be imagined, and when the boys all put them on, and had turned their coats wrong-side out, they were almost afraid of one another.

"Now," said Riley, "Pewee will knock at the door, and when they come with their lantern or candle, we'll all rush in and howl like Indians."

"How do Indians howl?" asked Ben Berry.

"Oh, any way—like a dog or a wolf, you know. And then they'll be scared to death, and we'll just pitch their beds, and dishes, and everything else out of the door, and show them how to clean house."

Riley did n't know that Allen Mackay and Jack Dudley, hidden in the bushes, heard this speech, nor that Jack, as soon as he had heard the plan, crept away to tell Bob at the house what the enemy proposed to do.

As the crowd neared the log-house, Riley prudently fell to the rear, and pushed Pewee to the front. There was just the faintest whitening of the sky from the coming moon, but the large apple-trees in front of the log-house made it very dark, and the dough-face crowd were obliged almost to feel their way as they came into the shadow of these trees. Just as Riley was exhorting Pewee to knock at the door, and the whole party was tittering at the prospect of turning Bob,

Jack, and Columbus out of bed and out of doors, they all stopped short and held their breaths.

"Good gracious! Julius Cæsar! sakes alive!" whispered Riley. "What—wh—what is that?"

Nobody ran. All stood as though frozen in their places. For out from behind the corner of the house came slowly a skeleton head. It was ablaze inside, and the light shone out of all the openings. The thing had no feet, no hands, and no body. It actually floated through the air, and now and then joggled and danced a little. It rose and fell, but still came nearer and nearer to the attacking party of dough-faces, who for their part could not guess that Bob Holliday had put a lighted candle into an Indian's skull, and then tied this ghost's lantern to a wire attached to the end of a fishing-rod, which he operated from behind the house.

Pewee's party drew close together, and Riley whispered hoarsely:

"The house is ha'nted."

Just then the hideous and fiery death's-head made a circuit, and swung, grinning, into Riley's face, who could stand no more, but broke into a full run toward the river. At the same instant, Jack tooted a dinner-horn, Judge Kane's big dog ran barking out of the log-house, and the enemy were routed like the Midianites before Gideon. Their consternation was greatly increased at finding their boats gone, for Allen Mackay had towed them into a little creek out of sight, and hidden the oars in an elder thicket. Riley and one of the others were so much afraid of the ghost that "ha'nted" the old house, that they set out straightway for Greenbank, leaving their boats. Pewee and the others searched everywhere for their boats, and at last sat down and waited for daylight. Just as day was breaking, Bob Holliday came down to the river with a towel, as though for a morning bath. Very accidentally, of course, he came upon Pewee and his party, all tired out, sitting on the bank in hope that day might throw some light on the fate of their boats.

"Hello, Pewee! You here? What's the matter?" said Bob, with feigned surprise.

"Some thief took our skiffs. We've been looking for them all night, and can't find them."

"That's curious," said Bob, sitting down and leaning his head on his hand. "Where did you get supper last night?"

"Oh! we brought some with us."

"Look here, Pewee, I'll bet I can find your boats."

"How?"

"You give me money enough among you to pay for the eggs and the chicken you had for supper, and I'll find out who hid your boats and where the oars are, and it'll all be square."

Pewee was now sure that the boat had been taken as indemnity for the chicken and the eggs. He made every one of the party contribute something until he had collected what Bob thought sufficient to pay for the stolen things, and Bob took it and went up and found Judge Kane, who had just risen, and left the money with him. Then he made a circuit to Allen Mackay's, waked

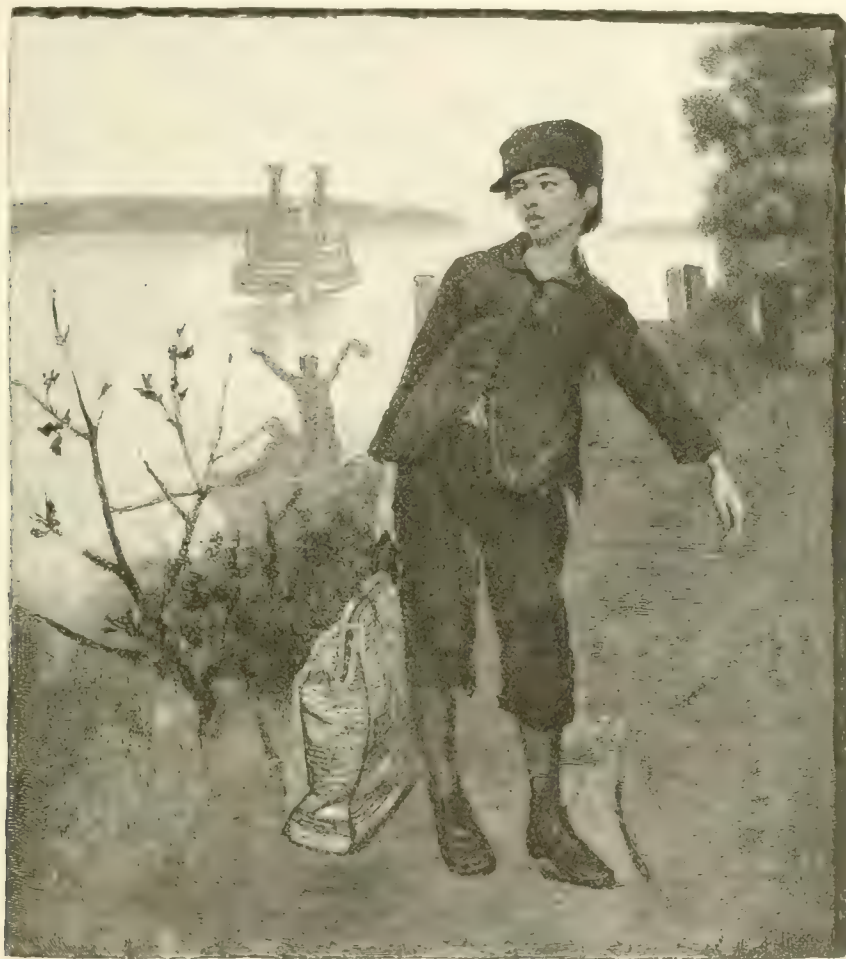
"Why?" asked Jack.

"Because," said Pewee, "I've heard tell that it is ha'nted."

"Ghosts are n't anything when you get used to them," said Jack. "We don't mind them at all."

"Don't you?" said Pewee, who was now rowing against the current.

"No," said Bob, "nor dough-faces neither."



"THE LANDING OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS" [SEE PAGE 108]

him up, and got the oars, which they put into the boats; and pushing these out of their hiding-place, they rowed them into the river, delivering them to Pewee and company, who took them gratefully. Jack and Columbus had now made their appearance, and as Pewee got into his boat, he thought to repay Bob's kindness with a little advice.

"I say, if I was you fellers, you know, I would n't stay in that old cabin a single night."

Even Pewee's dull mind began to guess that Bob and Jack were well acquainted with ghosts, and might know where they came from.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RETURN HOME.

AS MR. NILES'S school-term drew to a close, the two boys began to think of their future.

"I expect to work with my hands, Jack," said Bob; "I have n't got a head for books, as you have. But I'd like to know a *leetle* more before I settle down. I wish I could make enough at something to be able to go to school next winter."

"If I only had your strength and size, Bob, I'd go to work for somebody as a farmer. But I have more than myself to look after. I must help Mother after this term is out. I must get something to do, and then learning will be slow business. They talk about Ben Franklin studying at night and all that, but it's a little hard on a fellow who has n't the constitution of a Franklin. Still, I'm going to have an education, by hook or crook."

At this point in the conversation, Judge Kane came in. As usual, he said little, but he got the boys to talk about their own affairs.

"When do you go home?" he asked.

"Next Friday evening, when school is out," said Jack.

"And what are you going to do?" he asked of Bob.

"Get some work this summer, and then try to get another winter of schooling next year," was the answer.

"What kind of work?"

"Oh, I can farm better than I can do anything else," said Bob. "And I like it, too."

And then Judge Kane drew from Jack a full account of his affairs, and particularly of the debt due from Gray, and of his interview with Gray.

"If you could get a few hundred dollars, so as to make your mother feel easy for a while, living as she does in her own house, you could go to school next winter."

"Yes, and then I could get on after that, somehow, by myself, I suppose," said Jack. "But the few hundred dollars is as much out of my reach as a million would be, and my father used to say that it was a bad thing to get into the way of figuring on things that we could never reach."

The Judge sat still, and looked at Jack out of his half-closed gray eyes for a minute in silence.

"Come up to the house with me," he said, rising.

Jack followed him to the house, where the Judge opened his desk and took out a red-backed memorandum-book, and dictated while Jack copied in his own handwriting the description of a piece of land on a slip of paper.

"If you go over to school, to-morrow, an hour earlier than usual," he said, "call at the county clerk's office, show him your memorandum, and find out in whose name that land stands. It is timber-land five miles back, and worth five hundred dollars. When you get the name of the

owner, you will know what to do; if not, you can ask me, but you'd better not mention my name to anybody in this matter."

Jack thanked Mr. Kane, but left him feeling puzzled. In fact, the farmer-judge seemed to like to puzzle people, or at least he never told anything more than was necessary.

The next morning, the boys were off early to Port William. Jack wondered if the land might belong to his father, but then he was sure his father never had any land in Kentucky. Or, was it the property of some dead uncle or cousin, and was he to find a fortune, like the hero of a cheap story? But when the county clerk, whose office it is to register deeds in that county, took the little piece of paper, and after scanning it, took down some great deed-books and mortgage-books, and turned the pages awhile, and then wrote "Francis Gray, owner, no incumbrance," on the same slip with the description, Jack had the key to Mr. Kane's puzzle.

It was now Thursday forenoon, and Jack was eager on all accounts to get home, especially to see the lawyer in charge of his father's claim against Mr. Gray. So the next day at noon, as there was nothing left but the closing exercises, the three boys were excused, and bade good-bye to their teacher and school-mates, and rowed back to their own side of the river. They soon had the skiff loaded, for all three were eager to see the folks at Greenbank. Jack's mother had been at home more than a week, and he was the most impatient of the three. But they could not leave without a good-bye to Judge Kane and his wife, to which good-bye they added a profusion of bashful boyish thanks for kindness received. The Judge walked to the boat-landing with them. Jack began to tell him about the land.

"Don't say anything about it to me, nor to anybody else but your lawyer," said Mr. Kane; "and do not mention my name. You may say to your lawyer that the land has just changed hands, and the matter must be attended to soon. It won't stand exposed in that way long."

When the boys were in the boat ready to start, Mr. Kane said to Bob:

"You would n't mind working for me this summer at the regular price?"

"I'd like to," said Bob.

"How soon can you come?"

"Next Wednesday evening."

"I'll expect you," said the Judge, and he turned away up the bank, with a slight nod and a curt "Good-bye," while Bob said: "What a curious man he is!"

"Yes, and as good as he's curious," added Jack.

It was a warm day for rowing, but the boys were

both a little homesick. Under the shelter of a point where the current was not too strong the two rowed and made fair headway, sometimes encountering an eddy which gave them a lift. But whenever the current set strongly toward their side of the river, and whenever they found it necessary to round a point, one of them would leap out on the pebbly beach and, throwing the boat-rope over his shoulder, set his strength against the stream. The rope, or *cordelle*,—a word that has come down from the first French travelers and traders in the great valley,—was tied to the rowlocks. It was necessary for one to steer in the stern while the other played tow-horse, so that each had his turn at rest and at work. After three hours' toil, the wharf-boat of the village was in sight, and all sorts of familiar objects gladdened their hearts. They reached the landing, and then, laden with things, they hurriedly cut across the commons to their homes.

As soon as Jack's first greeting with his mother was over, she told him that she thought she might afford him one more quarter of school.

"No," said Jack, "you've pinched yourself long enough for me; now it's time I should go to work. If you try to squeeze out another quarter of school for me you'll have to suffer for it. Besides, I don't see how you can do it, unless Gray comes down, and I think I have now in my pocket something that will make him come down." And Jack's face brightened at the thought of the slip of paper in the pocket of his roundabout.

Without observing the last remark, nor the evident elation of Jack's feelings, Mrs. Dudley proceeded to tell him that she had been offered a hundred and twenty dollars for her claim against Gray.

"Who offered it?" asked Jack.

"Mr. Tinkham, Gray's agent. May be Gray is buying up his own debts, feeling tired of holding property in somebody else's name."

"A hundred and twenty dollars for a thousand! The rascal! I would n't take it," broke out Jack, impetuously.

"That's just the way I feel, Jack. I'd rather wait forever, if it was n't for your education. I can't afford to have you lose that. I'm to give an answer this evening."

"We won't do it," said Jack. "I've got a memorandum here," and he took the slip of paper from his pocket and unfolded it, "that'll bring more money out of him than that. I'm going to see Mr. Beal at once."

Mrs. Dudley looked at the paper without understanding just what it was, and, without giving her any further explanation, but only a warning to secrecy, Jack made off to the lawyer's office.

"Where did you get this?" asked Mr. Beal.

"I promised not to mention his name—I mean the name of the one who gave me that. I went to the clerk's office with the description, and the clerk wrote the words 'Francis Gray, owner, no incumbrance.'"

"I wish I had had it sooner," said the lawyer. "It will be best to have our judgment recorded in that county to-morrow," he continued. "Could you go down to Port William?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack, a little reluctant to go back. "I could if I must."

"I don't think the mail will do," added Mr. Beal. "This thing came just in time. We should have sold the claim to-night. This land ought to fetch five hundred dollars."

Mr. Tinkham, agent for Francis Gray, was much disappointed that night when Mrs. Dudley refused to sell her claim against Gray.

"You'll never get anything any other way," he said.

"Perhaps not, but we've concluded to wait," said Mrs. Dudley. "We can't do much worse if we get nothing at all."

After a moment's reflection, Mr. Tinkham said:

"I'll do a little better by *you*, Mrs. Dudley. I'll give you a hundred and fifty. That's the very best I *can* do."

"I will not sell the claim at present," said Mrs. Dudley. "It is of no use to offer."

It would have been better if Mrs. Dudley had not spoken so positively. Mr. Tinkham was set a-thinking. Why would n't the widow sell? Why had she changed her mind since yesterday? Why did Mr. Beal, the lawyer, not appear at the consultation? All these questions the shrewd little Tinkham asked himself, and all these questions he asked of Francis Gray that evening.

CHAPTER XX.

A FOOT-RACE FOR MONEY.



THEY'VE got wind of something," said Mr. Tinkham to Mr. Gray, "or else they are waiting for you to resume payment,—or else the widow's got money from somewhere for her present necessities."

"I don't know what hope they can have of getting money out of me," said Gray, with a laugh. "I've tangled everything up, so that Beal can't find a thing to levy on. I have but one piece of property exposed, and that's not in this State."

"Where is it?" asked Tinkham.

"It's in Kentucky, five miles back of Port William. I took it last week in a trade, and I have n't yet made up my mind what to do with it."

"That 's the very thing," said Tinkham, with his little face drawn to a point,—“the very thing. Mrs. Dudley's son came home from Port William yesterday, where he has been at school. They 've heard of that land, I 'm afraid; for Mrs. Dudley is very positive that she will not sell the claim at any price.”

"I 'll make a mortgage to my brother on that land, and send it off from the mail-boat as I go down to-morrow," said Gray.

"That 'll be too late," said Tinkham. "Beal will have his judgment recorded as soon as the packet gets there. You 'd better go by the packet, get off, and see the mortgage recorded yourself, and then take the mail-boat."

To this, Gray agreed, and the next day, when Jack went on board the packet "Swiftsure," he found Mr. Francis Gray going aboard also. Mr. Beal had warned Jack that he must not let anybody from the packet get to the clerk's office ahead of him,—that the first paper deposited for record would take the land. Jack wondered why Mr. Francis Gray was aboard the packet, which went no farther than Madison, while Mr. Gray's home was in Louisville. He soon guessed, however, that Gray meant to land at Port William, and so to head him off. Jack looked at Mr. Gray's form, made plump by good feeding, and felt safe. He could n't be very dangerous in a foot-race. Jack reflected with much hopefulness that no boy in school could catch him in a straight-away run when he was fox. He would certainly leave the somewhat puffy Mr. Francis Gray behind.

But in the hour's run down the river, including two landings at Minuit's and Craig's, Jack had time to remember that Francis Gray was a cunning man, and might head him off by some trick or other. A vague fear took possession of him, and he resolved to be first off the boat before any pretext could be invented to stop him.

Meantime, Francis Gray had looked at Jack's lithe legs with apprehension. "I can never beat that boy," he had reflected. "My running days are over." Finding among the deck passengers a young fellow who looked as though he needed money, Gray approached him with this question:

"Do you belong in Port William, young man?"

"I don't belong nowhere else, I reckon," answered the seedy fellow, with shuffling impudence.

"Do you know where the county clerk's office is?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Yes, and the market-house. I can show you the way to the jail, too, if you want to know, but I s'pose you 've been there many a time," laughed the "wharf-rat."

Gray was irritated at this rudeness, but he swallowed his anger.

"Would you like to make five dollars?"

"Now you 're talkin' interestin'. Why did n't you begin at that eend of the subjick? I 'd like to make five dollars as well as the next feller, provided it is n't to be made by too much awful hard work."

"Can you run well?"

"If they 's money at t' other eend of the race I can run like sixty *fer a spell*. 'T aint my common gait, howsumever."

"If you 'll take this paper," said Gray, "and get it to the county clerk's office before anybody else gets there from this boat, I 'll give you five dollars."

"Honor bright?" asked the chap, taking the paper, drawing a long breath, and looking as though he had discovered a gold mine.

"Honor bright," answered Gray. "You must jump off first of all, for there 's a boy aboard that will beat you if he can. No pay if you don't win."

"Which is the one that 'll run ag'in' me?" asked the long-legged fellow.

Gray described Jack, and told the young man to go out forward and he would see him. Gray was not willing to be seen with the "wharf-rat," lest suspicions should be awakened in Jack Dudley's mind. But after the shabby young man had gone forward and looked at Jack, he came back with a doubtful air.

"That 's Hoosier Jack, as we used to call him," said the shabby young man. "He an' two more used to row a boat across the river every day to go to ole Niles's school. He 's a hard one to beat,—they say he used to lay the whole school out on prisoners' base, and that he could leave 'em all behind on fox."

"You think you can't do it, then?" asked Gray.

"Gimme a little start and I reckon I 'll fetch it. It 's up-hill part of the way and he may lose his wind, for it 's a good half-mile. You must make a row with him at the gang-plank, er do somethin' to kinder hold him back. The wind 's down stream to-day, and the boat 's shore to swing in a little aft. I 'll jump for it and you keep him back."

To this, Gray assented.

As the shabby young fellow had predicted, the boat did swing around in the wind, and have some trouble in bringing her bow to the wharf-boat. The captain stood on the hurricane-deck calling to the pilot to "back her," "stop her," "go ahead on her," "go ahead on yer labberd," and "back on yer stabberd." Now, just as the captain was backing the starboard wheel and going ahead on his larboard, so as to bring the boat around right, Mr. Gray turned on Jack.

"What are you treading on my toes for, you impudent young rascal?" he broke out.

Jack colored and was about to reply sharply, when he caught sight of the shabby young fellow, who just then leaped from the gunwale of the boat amidships and barely reached the wharf. Jack guessed why Gray had tried to irritate him,—he saw that the well-known "wharf-rat" was to be his competitor. But what could he do? The wind held the bow of the boat out, the gang-plank which had been pushed out ready to reach the wharf-boat was still firmly grasped by the deck-hands, and the farther end of it was six feet from the wharf, and much above it. It would be ten minutes before any one could leave the boat in the regular way. There was only one chance to defeat the rascally Gray. Jack concluded to take it.

He ran out upon the plank amidst the harsh cries of the deck-hands, who tried to stop him, and the oaths of the mate, who thundered at him, with the stern order of the captain from the upper deck, who called out to him to go back.

But, luckily, the steady pulling ahead of the larboard engine, and the backing of the starboard, began just then to bring the boat around, the plank sank down a little under Jack's weight, and Jack made the leap to the wharf, hearing the confused cries, orders, oaths, and shouts from behind him, as he pushed through the crowd.

"Stop that thief!" cried Francis Gray to the people on the wharf-boat, but in vain. Jack glided swiftly through the people, and got on shore before anybody could check him. He charged up the hill after the shabby young fellow, who had a decided lead, while some of the men on the wharf-boat pursued them both, uncertain which was the thief. Such another pell-mell race Port William had never seen. Windows flew up and heads went out. Small boys joined the pursuing crowd, and dogs barked indiscriminately and uncertainly at the heels of everybody. There were cries of "Hurrah for Long Ben!" and "Hurrah for Hoosier Jack!" Some of Jack's old school-mates essayed to stop him to find out what it was all about, but he would not relax a muscle, and he had no time to answer any questions. He saw the faces of the people dimly; he heard the crowd crying after him, "Stop, thief"; he caught a glimpse of his old teacher, Mr. Niles, regarding him with curiosity as he darted by; he saw an anxious look in Judge Kane's face as he passed him on a street corner. But Jack held his eyes on Long Ben, whom he pursued as a dog does a fox. He had steadily gained on the fellow, but Ben had too much the start, and, unless he should give out, there would be little chance for Jack to overtake him. One thinks quickly in such moments. Jack remembered that there were two ways of reaching the

county clerk's office. To keep the street around the block was the natural way,—to take an alley through the square was neither longer nor shorter. But by running down the alley he would deprive Long Ben of the spur of seeing his pursuer, and he might even make him think that Jack had given out. Jack had played this trick when playing hound and fox, and at any rate he would by this turn shake off the crowd. So into the alley he darted, and the bewildered pursuers kept on crying "stop thief" after Long Ben, whose reputation was none of the best. Somebody ahead tried to catch the shabby young fellow, and this forced Ben to make a slight curve, which gave Jack the advantage, so that just as Ben neared the office, Jack rounded a corner out of an alley, and entered ahead of him, dashed up to the clerk's desk and deposited the judgment.

"For record," he gasped.

The next instant the shabby young fellow pushed forward the mortgage.

"Mine first!" cried Long Ben.

"I'll take yours when I get this entered," said the clerk, quietly, as became a public officer.

"I got here first," said Long Ben.

But the clerk looked at the clock and entered the date on the back of Jack's paper, putting "one o'clock and eighteen minutes" after the date. Then he wrote "one o'clock and nineteen minutes" on the paper which Long Ben handed him. The office was soon crowded with people discussing the result of the race, and a part of them were even now in favor of seizing one or the other of the runners for a theft, which some said had been committed on the packet, and others declared was committed on the wharf-boat. Francis Gray came in, and could not conceal his chagrin.

"I meant to do the fair thing by you," he said to Jack, severely, "but now you'll never get a cent out of me."

"I'd rather have the law on men like you, than have a thousand of your sort of fair promises," said Jack.

"I've a mind to strike you," said Gray.

"The Kentucky law is hard on a man who strikes a minor," said Judge Kane, who had entered at that moment.

Mr. Niles came in to learn what was the matter, and Judge Kane, after listening quietly to the talk of the people, until the excitement subsided, took Jack over to his house, whence the boy walked home that evening, full of hopefulness.

Gray's land realized as much as Mr. Beal expected, and Jack studied Latin hard, all summer, so as to get as far ahead as possible by the time school should begin in the autumn.

(To be continued.)

OUT OF BOUNDS.

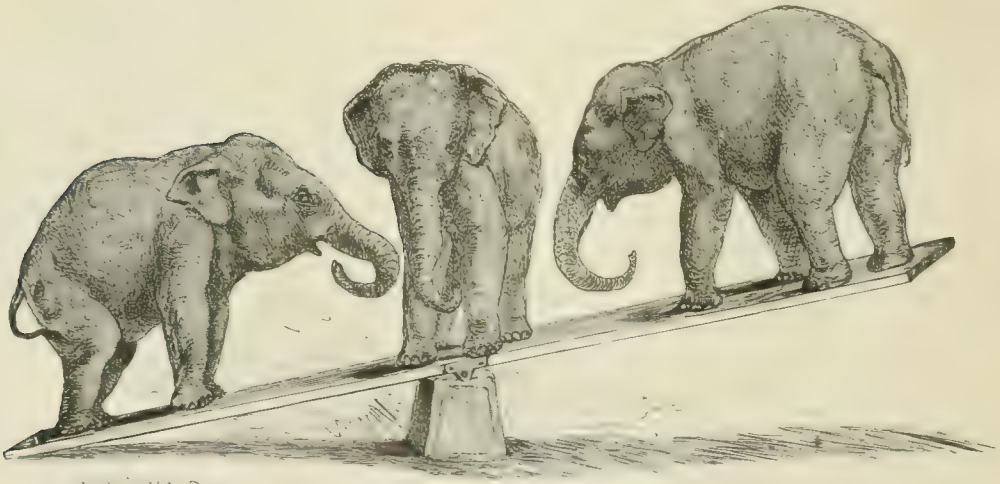
A FROG leaped his way up a tree.
 "I can sing," said he,— "listen to me;"
 So he uttered a shout,
 And an owl found him out,
 And no more a musician was he.

Said a tiger, "I'll walk through the clover,
 Yea, verily, yes, and moreover;"
 But the bees who were there
 Sadly ruffled his hair,
 When they battled this tropical rover.

A baboon once said, "I can swim;"
 So he dived from the end of a limb,
 And a crocodile there
 Quickly rose from its lair,
 And there was n't a surplus of him.

MEN-AND-ANIMAL SHOWS, AND HOW THEY
ARE MOVED ABOUT.—CONCLUDED.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



PERFORMING ELEPHANTS PLAYING SEE-SAW.

THE railway train that carries a modern American show contains all sorts of cars and trucks, and is well laden. Indeed, it has so many cars that it is divided into several sections, each section equal to an ordinary train, and drawn by its own engine. These trains—including a dozen Pullman "sleepers" and the elephant cars, in each of which five of the huge beasts are stowed—bear along about five hundred men and three hundred horses, besides the other show animals and the miscellaneous freight.

The "trick-horses," of course, are few in number, and often they are the private property of the

men and women who perform with them. All the "great artists" prefer to appear in the ring with the animals with which they have done their own training, if these are good ones. The horses, too, are artists in their way, and not a few of them have world-wide reputations of their own in the business, won under a long succession of famous riders. The actual work of a trick-horse is not very severe, but he requires to be kept up to his full training, in season and out of season. Upon the perfection of his performance may depend not only the applause of the spectators, but even the life of his rider.

Most of the other horses of the circus are mere

draught animals, but they need to be both good and good-looking. Any lack of horses, or any misbehavior on their part, might ruin the impression of the "grand procession" which regularly convinces the staring multitudes of the unusual size of each "mammoth show."

As for the men and women, only a few of these are actual performers in the "ring"; but if the rank and file of the circus army is deficient in the

show a heavy loss in the manager's accounts. The wages of all the human beings employed, and the eating and drinking done by them and by the animals, wild and tame, with nearly all other current expenses, go right along whether or not the big tent is up and money is coming in for tickets.

The book-keeping, cash taking, and cash paying of such a business require as perfect training as almost any other part of it. A separate van is



WASHING THE DISHES.

performance of its share of the work in hand, the prosperity of the tent-city will come to grief on its first morning out of winter quarters.

All things are generally so arranged and the movements so timed that circus traveling and transportation may be done by night, since any day wasted without giving an exhibition would

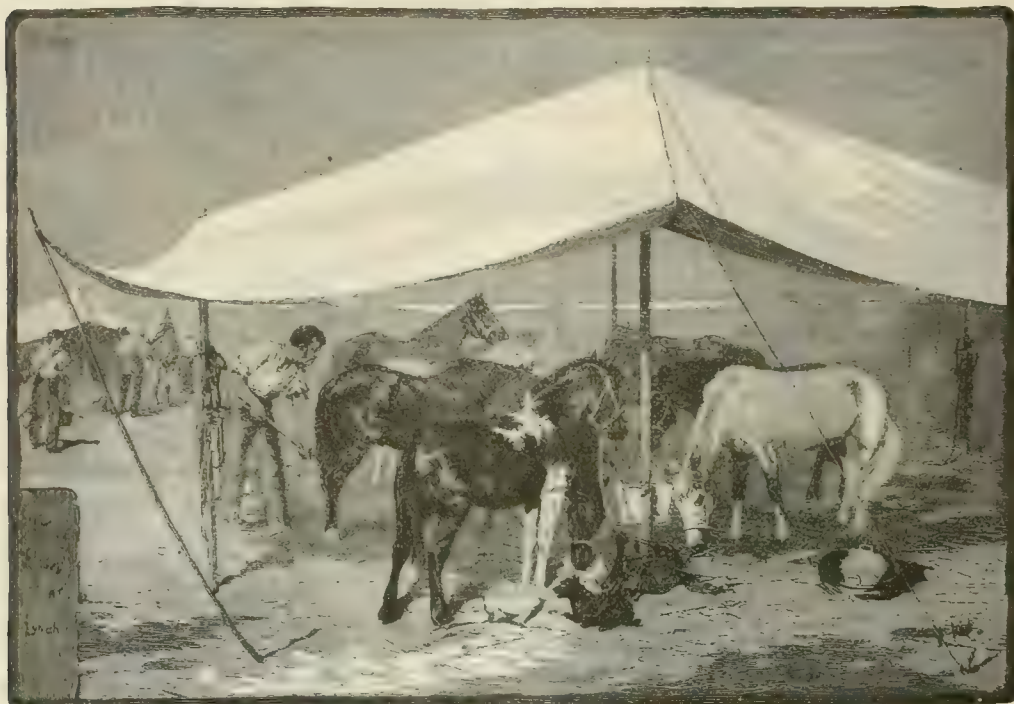
be arranged and fitted up as a business office, with safes and desks and clerks, and when the "cash is settled" at the close of each day's work, it is well known in that van how much has been made or lost. The cashier's van is one of the first things to be pulled ashore, so to speak, on any arrival, for the paying out of money begins right away, rain or shine.

When a circus train has arrived in an exhibition town, and has arranged its odd-looking cars upon the side tracks, where they are to be unloaded, the very first duty to be attended to is the care of the horses, since all these must be fed and groomed before the grand procession can start.

Off rolls the first wagon, a large one, loaded with hay and straw. A team is hitched to it, and it is hurried away to the spot where the tents are to go up. Sometimes, indeed, the men who were "sent ahead" have already delivered sufficient forage

upon the ground. Other wagons are rolled off, hitched up, and driven away, for all their cargoes are ready-packed upon them. Groups of spare animals follow, and as many of these as can, be-

and it seems but a few moments before the long, low-crowned stable-tents are up, the bedding for the horses is pitched around in place, and the animals themselves are quietly feeding, with a look



THE TENT FOR THE PONIES

gin work upon their breakfasts before the canvas stables are set up.

The exhibition ground is pretty sure to be an open space, well situated for the purpose and often used for circuses, but it rarely is in perfect condition or clear of rubbish.

Experienced men, with gangs of helpers, are instantly at work with tape-lines and pennoned marking-pins, laying off the exact places and dimensions of the areas to be occupied by the tents, and designating the spots where poles are to stand and stakes to be driven. Almost as fast as a spot is marked, a tent-stake is dropped beside it, for cargoes after cargoes of material, with men who know what to do with it all, are constantly arriving from the cars. They start and travel and come in regular order, and yet hardly anything reaches the grounds many minutes before it is wanted. Gangs of strong-armed fellows with sledge-hammers follow close behind the stake-droppers, and the stakes are driven in firmly, while other gangs clear loose rubbish from the surface. Every one minds his business earnestly,

of quiet contentment, as if they were saying, "Here we are, gentlemen, all at home at last."

The next tent to these, in point of time, is the one under which such important people as elephants and camels are to take their morning hay; but the "traveling hotel" for the human beings is hardly less essential, and it is sure to be ready a very short time after the head-cook and his assistants have started their fires. The cooks are "experts," every one, and they will generally be prepared to offer their hungry fellow-travelers hot coffee and a capital breakfast in from twenty to thirty minutes after the unloading of their ingenious "portable range" upon the grounds.

The cooking-tents and the canvas dining-rooms are quite enough to put any old soldier in mind of his campaigns. But the rations furnished are of the best. All the work is done by exact rules, but it is not every man who has genius of the kind required to set up a hotel in half an hour and feed five hundred guests the first morning. They are apt to be a hungry set, indeed, and it may be noteworthy that P. T. Barnum's present head-

cook is an ex-lion-king, and has passed much of his life in hourly peril of being eaten up.

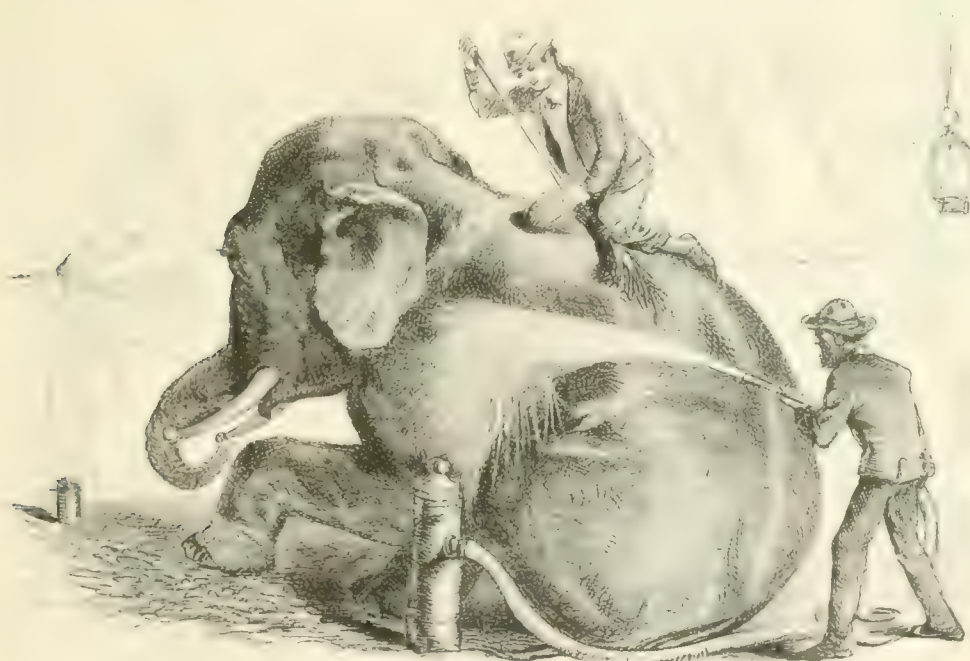
Not all the motley inhabitants of the tent-city will take their meals in the same room nor at the same table. There is a strong caste feeling between the skilled performers of different callings and varied fame, and the living curiosities have a pride all their own. For instance, it could not be expected that a lady weighing half a ton, more or less, should have a small opinion of herself, nor that a giant should fail to look down upon almost anybody else. There is no confusion in the management of the dining-room, but there is no long lingering at table, for all the guests have work before them, and as fast as one swarm flits away another settles in the places left empty.

With three hundred horses of all sorts to care for, there is constant need of the services of a blacksmith, and the smithy, forge and all, must be promptly in working order. The smith, indeed, must be ready with his hammer and fire before he gets his breakfast, for there is much iron-work about the tools, wagons, tent gear, and housekeeping apparatus, as well as upon the feet of the horses.

evidence that the washerman is at work. Every day in the week is washing-day, and there is no time to spare, even then.

The minor tents go up rapidly, but the raising of the "exhibition tent" and its adjoining canvases is no small affair. That is, there is nothing apparently difficult about it in the hands of the circus men, but twice their number of untrained workers, say two full companies of militia, would make many trials at it before succeeding. Every peg and stake is driven, and every rope is in its place; the center-poles grandly rise in the air; the side-poles or stretchers are lifted, one by one, and their stays are hauled upon till all are taut and firm, and then the great central canvas "skin" of the vast fabric is skillfully slipped on and stretched to unwrinkled smoothness. The whole operation is an example of the marvelous results to be obtained by discipline and concert of action; and it is performed every few days, often daily, throughout the exhibiting season.

If the entire circus-menagerie, when packed for transportation, should be compared to a chest of tools, the collection of implements appears, when



THE ELEPHANT'S BATH.

Neither is it to be supposed that the people of the tent-city preserve the beauty of their linen without the aid of a laundry; and the tub, the wringer, and the clothes-line speedily offer ample

unpacked for use, altogether too large to be again reduced to the space it occupied. Applied as are those tools, however, to one perpetually recurring job, and all being numbered and fitted to their

places in the box, or rather boxes, they come out and return again, time after time, without crowding. However, they do not all have to be brought into use upon every exhibition of the show, for no two days present precisely the same job to the workmen. No two consecutive exhibition-grounds, in the first place, present the same features of size, shape, surface, or character of soil, and all these points must be taken into consideration. Neither are any two towns or cities alike, nor are the expected audiences the same in size or tastes or character. The performances must be varied with



THE CLOWN "MAKING-UP."

some reference to all these things, and even in the neighborhood of large cities, it is sometimes impossible to obtain a large enough space for the full presentation of all the show's attractions. Here comes in a demand upon the manager for good judgment, promptly used. He must instantly decide what part of his programme he will cut out and what he must leave in, and he must succeed in performing this delicate duty so that all the crowds of persons who may be gathered shall leave the tents with a satisfied feeling that they have had the full worth of their money.

The most important business, after the tents are up, is the formation of the "ring" and the setting up of the gymnastic machinery for the performances of the acrobats.

The "ring" is generally a little more than forty feet in diameter, and it looks like a rude enough affair, but its preparation calls for both care and skill. The ground for it is leveled with nicety. The barrier, a circular mound of earth of about one hundred and twenty-five feet inside circumference, is raised to a height of somewhat over twenty inches on its inner face. It must be thick, firm, and strong, to bear the hard blows of a horse's feet or the sudden leaning upon it of an elephant. It must, therefore, be banked, and pounded with sledge-hammers, until no strain to which it can be subjected will break it down, and it must retain no looseness nor unevenness, to trip a horse or endanger the life of a rider. It is the work of a few hours only, but there is a man busy upon almost every square yard of it while it is rising.

As to the machinery for the acrobats, simple as is the appearance of the uprights and cross-bars, they must be set up with especial care, so as to leave no possibility of their breaking down. The performer using them must be able to trust his appliances absolutely, or he could never have the nerve and confidence to delight the crowd at the risk of his neck. All his feats of skill and daring, moreover, have relation to the exact distances at which he has practiced them, and there must be no variation from those precise measurements in the daily adjustment of his machinery. He, or she, as the case may be, is sure enough to meet with what are called "accidents." When a "great show" recently came to the city of Brooklyn, a family group of three persons sat down together in the breakfast-tent. They were acrobats of unsurpassed agility and skill. A sad-faced woman, a young man of middle size, a girl just entering her teens. There had been four of them prior to a recent performance, but the "star," an older girl, the most daring of them all, had "missed her motion" in a feat of uncommon peril, and had fallen upon the receiving net. "She was but slightly injured," all were told who cared or thought to ask, but the little group at the table knew that she was dying. They performed their parts, that day, as skillfully as ever, though with so much more weight than usual to carry, but when the evening exhibition was over there were, indeed, but three of them. The fourth had gone forever.

Such an "accident" may come to the best-trained and most experienced performer, and yet it is a mistake to suppose that acrobats are necessarily a short-lived race. The constant exercise, the enforced temperance, the out-of-doors life, amount, in fact, to a careful observance of well-known laws of health. If a professional athlete escapes the more serious disasters which are continually

possible to him, it is his own fault if he does not remain for many years a man of comfortable body. are kept on hand every kind of gymnastic apparatus for the development of activity and muscular strength. These latter vary, of course, with the nature of the lessons the pupil is learning, and at last he is confronted with the very things he is to employ in the presence of watching crowds.



REPAIRING DAMAGE.

His worst perils do not come to him in the "ring," but during the long months when he is necessarily unemployed, and when he has no immediate and pressing need for careful training. For, in this interval, he is in danger of relaxing his habits of careful living, and a very little over-indulgence will put out of order that wonderful machine,—his body,—on the perfect condition of which depends his power to do the feats required of him.

The actual term of service as a practical acrobat can not, indeed, be a long one. The public is capricious, and has a rooted prejudice against the appearance of elderly men and women in exhibitions of physical agility and strength. Even the star performers must sooner or later drift into other callings.

When, at the beginning of an exhibition season, after passing the manager's inspection, an athlete of any kind gets into the ring, he represents a vast amount of hard and thoughtful labor and instruction. He has been in "winter quarters," of some kind, but he has also been at "school," and the younger he is, the more he has had to endure from exacting and often severe teachers.

The larger shows and more enterprising showmen often set up "schools" of their own, connected, it may be, with the establishments wherein they keep and train their quadruped performers.

In every such school of the circus there is a good deal of machinery, as well as an experienced professor of the art of doing impossible things. There

By the pitiless severity meted out to all needless failures made in the presence of his exacting trainer, the "school-master," he is made to understand at an early day that he must never make a failure in the presence of paying spectators.

The trainer represents the keen-eyed public, and also the demands of his employer, the manager, and he must give a good account of the time and money expended upon the school. If any boy should be seized with a "fever" to distinguish himself in the "ring," nothing would be so likely to cure him as a week or so under a careful and faithful teacher in a winter school for the circus. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the scholar would forever afterward be contented to remain outside the rope circle.

The "grand procession" is a good advertisement, but it serves other practical purposes. It keeps the crowds away from the grounds until the



THE LAUNDRY.

preparations are completed, and besides it gives the animals their morning exercise, after their stiffen-

ing ride on the cars. When it returns, there is work for all hands. The grooms and riders are busy with the horses. The performers are in the

comes an hour of excitement and amusement,—to everybody who does not belong to the circus-menagerie. The show people are busy with the



THE SNAKE-CHARMER TAKES THE BOX OUT OF ITS CAGE.

“greenroom” tent, looking over their wardrobes, repairing damages, and generally getting all things in readiness for the opening. The elephants, returning from their long, hot, dusty promenade, expect some attention to their own toilet, and it is something of a task to give one of the thick-skinned monsters a bath and a broom shampoo.

The setting-up of the seats of the amphitheater, all around the vast inclosure, employs a number of men for hours, and must be done with care. A disaster to any part of the crowd upon those seemingly fragile structures would be all but ruinous to the show. Hundreds of dollars are often spent in strengthening them before the weight of the spectators and the fortunes of the manager can be trusted upon them.

When at last all things are finished, and the hour has arrived for the band to strike up, and the guests of the tent-city have gathered to witness the results of all this outlay and care and toil, there

hard, anxious work of making fun for the visitors. Quick eyes among them are watching every rope and wire and stake. The exact condition of every horse and human being is known, and just what and how much each can be safely called upon to do at that day and hour. There must be no failure, no blunder, no accident, and if one of these by any means occurs, it must be instantly covered, hidden, and carried beyond the knowledge of the public. The perfect smoothness, promptness, clock-like regularity attained by practice and sharp discipline make an indispensable feature and attraction of the entire performance.

There is one other attraction, born of an evil taste in the popular mind, the secret of which is a sore temptation to all managers. There still lurks among us, in spite of all our civilization, a relic of the coarse and morbid appetite which made the heathenish, savage populace of Rome clamor for the bloody shows of the arena. We are still un-

civilized enough, many of us, to be drawn to gaze upon a performance which seems to be full of danger. It is a disgraceful appetite, but every manager caters to it, more or less. The provision for it begins with the wild animals in their dens. Unfortunately, some people love to see a man or woman in among the ferocious brutes, and in constant, deadly peril of strong teeth and rending claws. The fascination, to the crowd, of the snake-charmer's exhibition is the supposed danger he is in, with his hideous pets twisted around him. The shuddering folk who stare at the dreadful folds of the boa constrictor, with the doomed pigeons perched upon them, do not know how safe the pigeons are,

three months. He is more likely to call for a meal at the end of six months or a year, and then to be satisfied with a few doves or chickens—permission being given him to swallow them alive, or he will not eat them at all. If an elephant has the reputation of being "dangerous" and has to be chained up, he will have knots of people staring at him who otherwise would pass him almost contemptuously. If a grizzly bear or a lion can be said to have eaten a keeper or two, and to have a tendency to burst his prison-bars and eat everybody, an important class of circus-ticket buyers will flock to shiver in the near presence of the monster. No manager leaves that class entirely out of his calculations.



READY TO BE CALLED INTO THE RING.

but they enjoy their shudder all the same. The "big serpent" in captivity, whatever he may do in freedom, never eats oftener than once in two or

The danger element of attraction by no means ceases at the door of the menagerie. The ring itself is full of it. The ordinary feats of bare-

back horsemanship answer well enough for the demands of many, and they are only not perilous because of the great skill of the horses and

do their human associates, and the elephants seem to be eager for the duty before them. The last touches are given to the performers' finery, the last

instructions are received, the applause outside tells of a completed "act" of the performance, the band strikes up, the ring-manager raises his hand, and the green-room sends forth the next installment of the show.

The telegraph, railway, printing-press, and even the "weather-bureau" itself, are the regular and constant servants of the traveling show.

Such trades as are not actually represented on its weekly pay-roll are not there only because their work was done be-

fore it set out upon its travels, or can be better done elsewhere than under the tents.

As for the weather-bureau and its prophets, the farmer in wheat harvest is not more anxious concerning their accuracy than is the circus manager. There is no law, in spring, summer,

or autumn, which compels bad weather to come at night or on Sundays. A few days or a week of storms and rains will sometimes make a doleful hole in the calculations for an exhibition season, not only in the mere prevention of specific performances, advertised beforehand, but in the consequent disarrangement of others set for days yet farther on. There must be postponements and omissions and disappointments, and a danger that the show will get a bad name for not being "on hand." If a hurricane or a broken bridge prevents the setting up of the tents in Bungtown on Wednesday, and the performance is therefore given at that place on Thursday, the expectant people of Scrabbleville can not be gratified on that same Thursday, nor can Catamount Centre be delighted on Friday. The weather, therefore, has much to do with the success of a great show, and any manager would be glad to have the control of it, so far as his list of performances is concerned.

The experiences of any great show bring to it one more great trial, constantly recurring under all sorts of circumstances of locality, weather, and weariness. There is one hour which, more than any other, tests to the uttermost the temper, skill, and discipline of the force under the command of



THE HUMAN CURIOSITIES AT DINNER.

their riders. The spectators know very well that every now and then a "champion" or a "queen of the ring" meets with a terrible fall in one of those swift circlings and graceful leaps. They will respond with enthusiastic cheering to some specially sensational spring or plunge.

The perilous and the impossible are especially demanded of the acrobats, and the only limit set them may be said to be in the kindlier sensibilities of another large class of ticket-buyers who "will not go to look at such dreadful things." There is, therefore, a constant effort made to steer a middle course and satisfy all comers.

The public will endure a considerable degree of danger to the performers, but it is very sensitive on its own account, and it is rare indeed that it is called upon to face any genuine peril. Discomforts will sometimes come, such as sudden rainstorms and cold winds, and the great tent is but an imperfect shelter after all, even though it requires a terrible gale to bring it down.

While one set of performers is in the ring, at work, the next is in the greenroom-tent getting ready, and that is a part of the "show" which is not shown, but is very interesting. The very horses wait and watch for the signal as anxiously as

the circus manager. It is the hour when the tents must be "struck," or taken down, and the vast establishment packed up for removal to its next stopping-place.

Slowly the audience has leaked away through the narrow entrance, though some of its younger members linger until it is necessary to scare them out. The preparations for departure began long ago. Every article of dress taken off was instantly packed for travel. Every animal has been fed and cared for. Every tool is in its place, for present use or for transportation, as the case may be. There are miles and hours of traveling to be done, and every minute is precious. The least confusion or mismanagement would surely bear bad fruit on the morrow.

The experts of all sorts—acrobats, animal trainers, keepers—are caring for their wardrobes or themselves, or for the precious beasts in their charge. The horses in their canvas stables know that their time is up, and meet their grooms as if prepared to go. The cook and his assistants have fed their last "boarder," and already have packed their pots and crockery, and the fire is dead in the portable range. Every man who has not com-

of orders, but scores of men are taking their positions by stakes and ropes, knowing exactly what to do and where and when to do it. There are, perhaps (to give the exact size of one big tent), one hundred and sixty-eight thousand square yards of canvas to come down, with all that held it up. The huge, hollow interior is empty at last, with the exception of a few loiterers who hurry out in great alarm, as they hear a loud shout of "Let go!" from the manager. The shout was meant to scare them out, and not a man looses his hold upon a rope. It is a plan which always clears away the loiterers.

The immense space is clear, but vaguely shadowy and dim, for the lights are out and there is nothing there to "show."

Another order, another, another, follow in quick succession; ropes are hauled upon or let go; the canvas steadily pulls away, and the center poles and stays, all the airy skeleton of the tent, stand as bare as when they were first lifted there. These, too, come down in regular order, rapidly and without a sign of hesitation or confusion. Thus every peg and pole and board is removed from the tent-area to its proper place on its own wagon.



BREAKING UP AT NIGHT, AND STARTING AWAY

pleted his task is working at it with all his might, but the center of interest is the great tent and its appliances. There is comparatively little shouting

More than a quarter of a million square yards of "duck," and every flag, rope, pole, and pennon, are neatly folded and packed away in the

wagons. And all this has been done in less than twenty minutes! Not a rope is mislaid, nor a tool lost sight of, and the secret of it is that some one person has been made personally responsible for each of all those numberless items of duty. Not too much has been laid upon any one, but mercilessly strict will be the inquiry concerning the least short-coming.

The general crowd of spectators hurries home at once, all the sooner if the night is dark or rainy, or if it be the last performance and the tents are coming down. The latest to depart are invariably the boys, to whom the show presents a world of weird, strange fascination. It is almost hard upon them that their attachment is not reciprocated. Neither the manager nor his corps of trained workers has any use for boys. The former "does not want 'em around." He would not have them at any price, although hundreds are sure to offer, continually, with their heads full of dime-novel ideas of circus life, its "adventures," and its "glories." They know nothing at all of the hard work, the patient training beforehand, neither do they think of the experience and thorough knowledge of at least some one trade required by every member of the manager's army of helpers. Even the "bill-stickers" must know how to do their work, and work hard in doing it, but boys with the circus-fever are after something which will enable

them to wear tights and spangles. They seldom if ever think of the hard work, severe training, wearying repetitions, and terrible risks of injury and life-long maiming that must be undergone before a manager will allow a performer to appear in public. For instance, in learning circus feats of but one kind—riding on bareback horses—severe falls are always likely to happen. To lessen the danger, however, almost every large circus-school has a derrick with a long arm. Through a pulley in the end of this arm is passed a rope which is fastened to the learner's belt, the other end being held by a watchful attendant, who secures it whenever the rider loses his balance. A second man keeps the arm revolving just above the pupil as he rides around the ring, and the instructor leads the horse by a lariat. Thus, three men are needed in teaching one to ride bareback, and each new lesson has to be repeated a great many times in the same wearisome round.

It is likely that most of the youngsters who so eagerly volunteer are in a kind of mental fog. They could hardly say, if they were asked, whether they prefer to be hired as owner, manager, clown, "king of the ring," or to train and handle the elephants. A few days of practical experience might teach them wisdom, or it might, indeed, set them at a solemn consideration of the whole matter, in some such doleful attitude as this:



THE PRETTY PURITAN.

BY CELIA FRANKER.

LIGHT she trips across the snow—
Downcast eyes and cheeks that glow,
While her golden hair escapes
O'er the daintiest of capes.

Berries of the holly bright,
Which she holds with clasp so light!
Her red lips have stolen from you
Tint as fresh as morning dew.

Fairer picture ne'er was seen
The bare wintry boughs between!
Like some rich and lovely flower
Blooming in a frosty hour.

All alight with color sweet,
Beautiful from head to feet.
'Neath her quiet lids demure
Hide her glances shy and pure.

Thoughts like lilies, snow-drops, daisies,
Look forth when those lids she raises.
Happy little maiden she,
Gentle rose of modesty!



DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XI.—JACK.

THE faithful reader will remember that Jack and Nero had just entered the library, where Mr. Reed and Eben Slade sat waiting.

Jack's entrance had a peculiar effect upon Eben Slade. It gave him a drowsy appearance. Some men have that look when they are specially on their guard.

"Did you want me, Capt'n?" asked Jack, after standing a few seconds and receiving no orders.

"No, I want you," spoke up Eben Slade, in an uncasy yet bold tone. "Let's see if you can answer a few plain questions."

Jack glanced inquiringly at Mr. Reed; then, brightening, replied to Slade as to one not at all worthy of his respect:

"Questions? P'raps. Reel 'em out."

It was plain from the start that, if the sailor-coachman could have his own way, Eben Slade would get but little information out of him. He had despised the fellow as a "skulker," from the

moment he had seen him sneaking about the grounds like a spy, as he truly suspected him to be.

"So," began the questioner grandly, as if to awe his man into a becoming deference, "you are the person who, according to Mr. Reed, rescued the twins? How, I mean in what way, by what means, did you save them?"

"Mostly by tryin', your honor," replied Jack, sullenly.

Eben Slade looked vexed, but he returned blandly:

"Undoubtedly so. But I want the details of the saving. Let us hear from the beginning."

"There war n't any beginning," growled Jack. "The first we knew about it, it was all over."

"Well, but you had some part in the wreck, had n't you? What was it?"

"I did n't have no part in it, bless you," replied Jack, with grim humor. "It did itself."

"Clever tar!" exclaimed Mr. Slade, in mock admiration, inwardly resolved to conciliate the man by letting him have his own way for awhile. "Well, I was on the wrong tack, as you sailors would say. Now, to start fair, can you tell me what happened after the first shock of the shipwreck was over. Which of the children did you pick up first?"

"Sorry I can't oblige you," said Jack, "but you see it was night, and, besides, I 'd forgot my specs."

"Have you any recollection whatever on that point, Jack?" asked Mr. Reed, as though he well knew what the answer must be.

"No, sir," replied Jack, respectfully; but instantly throwing a tone of pathetic appeal into his voice. "Why, Capt'n, look a' here! It 's hard seein' any diff'rence between young babbies in broad sunlight and a smooth sea; but down in the ragin' waves, an' in the night time, now? It taint in reason."

Mr. George nodded, and Slade, after thinking a moment, came out with a mild:

"Did you happen to know any of the passengers, Jack?"

"When a cove hails from the forecandle, your honor, he aint apt to be over intimate in the cabins; but I knew one lady aboard, if I do say it."

"Ah," exclaimed Eben Slade, "now we have it! You knew one lady aboard. Which of the ladies was this?"

"It was the stewardess, sir, and she was drowned."

"And you knew no other lady, eh?"

"Can't say, sir. Opinions differ as to knowin'—what some might call bein' acquainted, another might call otherwise;" said Jack, with a scrape, and a light touch at his forelock.

"Right!" pursued Eben Slade. "Now, did you happen to be 'acquainted or otherwise' with either Mrs. Reed or Mrs. Robertson?"

"I was 'otherwise,' your honor, with every lady on the ship, exceptin' the party I told you was drowned."

"Then you did n't know Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Robertson apart, I understand?" asked Slade, sharply.

"Can't say, sir. Never saw 'em apart."

"Ah! They were always together, then; now we're getting it. Could you tell which was the mother of the twins?"

Here Jack turned toward Mr. George, with a doleful:

"Now, Capt'n, hear that! Could I tell which was the mother of the twins? Why, man,"—turning angrily toward Slade again,—"'boxin' the compass back'ard would be nothin' compared to that. All I can tell you is we was 'most all hove out into the sea, high and low together."

"I 'd have you hove out again if you were my man, or make you keep a civiler tongue in your head," was Eben's savage retort. "Now, sir, will you or will you not tell me how you saved the two babies, and what became of the other one?"

"I will not," answered Jack, doggedly; then seeing that Mr. George was about to reprove him, he added, in an altered tone: "As for the saving, that 's my business; but the other poor little critter went down in the boat with its poor mother. I see that myself."

Eben leaned forward, and asked with some gentleness:

"How did you know it was the mother?"

"Because—well, by the way the poor soul screamed for it,—when they were letting her and the rest down into the boat,—and down in the sea she quieted when she got it again,—that 's how."

"And where was the other mother?"

Jack turned an imploring glance toward Mr. Reed. *Must* he go on humoring the fellow?—but Mr. Reed's expressive nod compelled him to reply:

"The other mother? I don't know where she was. One instant we men was all obeyin' orders, the next everything was wild. It was dark night, women screamin', men shoutin', the ship sinkin', some hollerin' she was afire, and every one savin' himself an' others as best he could. Perhaps you aint awar' that folks don't gen'rally sit down and write out their observations at such times for future ref'rence."

"Did you see Mr. Robertson?" asked Slade, loftily. "Was he with the lady in the boat?"

"Now, Capt'n, hear that. Was he with the lady in the boat? Did I see him? Why man," turning toward Slade again, "out of all that ship-

load, only a dozen men and wimen ever saw the sun rise again; and Mr. Robertson, no nor his wife, nor the babby, nor t' other poor lady, warnt amongst them, as the master here can tell you, and none on 'em could n't make us any the wiser about the babbies. An' their mothers was n't hardly ever on deck; 'most like they was sick in their state-rooms, for they was born ladies, both of 'em, and that 's all you 'll learn about it, if I stand here till daylight. Now, Capt'n, shell I pilot the gentl'-man out?"

"Yes, you may," cried Eben, rising so suddenly that Jack's eyes blinked, though, apart from that, not a muscle stirred. "I 'll have a talk with you outside."

"Jest my idee!" said Jack, with alacrity, holding wide the door. "No place like the open sea for a collision——" Again his glance questioned Mr. Reed. He was in the habit of studying that face, just as in times past he had studied the sky, to learn the weather. But the stern answer he found there this time disappointed him, and "saved Eben Slade from bein' stove in an' set beam-end in less than no time," as Jack elegantly remarked to himself, while Mr. George rose and bade his visitor a stiff "good evening."

CHAPTER XII.

A DAY IN NEW YORK.

ON the next morning, when Donald and Dorothy were advised by their uncle not to go to the Danbys' for the present, Dorry exclaimed, tragically:

"Not even to the Danbys', Uncle! Why, what have *they* done?"

His smiling reply was far from satisfactory to the young lady.

"Done? Nothing at all, my girl. We 'll not keep you in close confinement very long, so you must try to bear your captivity with fortitude. There are worse things, Dot, than being obliged to stay within one's own domain for a few days."

"I know it, Uncle!" said Dorry; then, resolving to be brave and cheerful, she added, with a mischievous laugh: "Would n't it be a good plan to tether us in the lot with Don's pony?"

"Excellent!" replied Uncle. "But, by the way, we need not tether you quite yet. I have business in town to-morrow, and if you and Donald say 'yes,' it shall be a party of three."

"Oh, indeed, we say yes," cried the now happy Dorry. "Shall we be there all day, Uncle?"

"All day."

"Good! good!" and off she ran to tell the glad news to Liddy. "Only think, Liddy! Donald and I are to be all day in New York. Oh, we 'll have

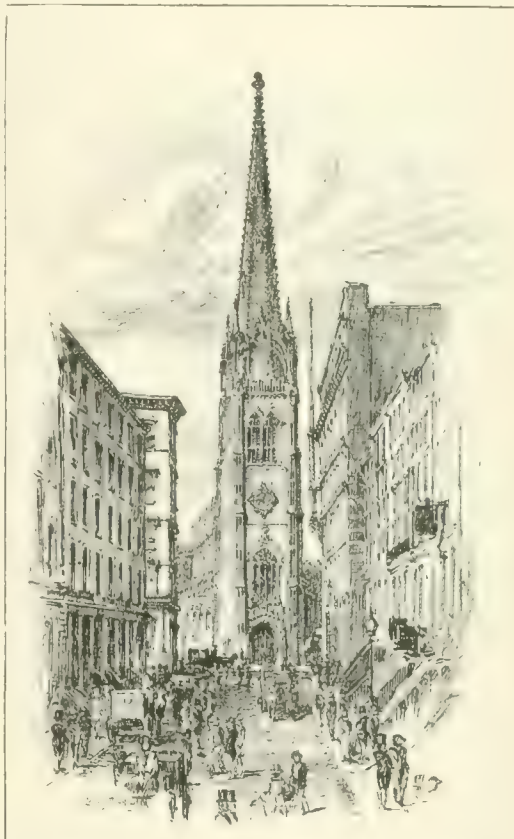
such a nice time! and I 'll buy you the prettiest white apron you ever wore in all your life!"

The new morning, tripping across the sparkling lake, climbed up to Dorry's window and wakened her with its sunny touch.

"Get up, Don," she called, tapping briskly on her wall at the same time. "It 's a glorious day!"

No answer. She tapped again.

A gruff, muffled sound was the only response. In a few moments, however, Dorry heard Don's win-



TRINITY CHURCH AND THE HEAD OF WALL STREET.

dow-blinds fly open with spirit, and she knew that her sisterly efforts had not been in vain.

Uncle George was fond of pleasant surprises, so when at last they all three were comfortably settled in the rail-cars, he remarked carelessly to Dorothy that he thought her idea an excellent one.

"What idea, please, Uncle?"

"Why, don't you remember expressing a wish that you and Donald could make Dr. Lane a nice present before his departure?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle; but I did n't know that you heard me."

Well, they talked the matter over quite confidentially under the friendly racket of the train, and finally it was decided to present to their good tutor a nice watch, with "Donald and Dorothy" engraved on the inside of the case. Donald had proposed a seal-ring, but Mr. Reed said heartily that while they were about it they might as well make it a watch; and Dorry, in her delight, longed to jump up and hug her uncle before all the passengers. It is true, she afterward expressed a wish that they could give Dr. Lane the price of the watch instead; but, finally, they agreed that a gift of money might hurt his feelings, and that after so many months of faithful service some sort of souvenir would be a more fitting token of respect and affection. Yes, all things considered, a watch would be best.

"He has n't any at all, you know," said Dorry, earnestly, looking from one to the other, "and it must be an awful—I mean, a *great* inconvenience to him—especially now when he'll have to be taking medicines every two hours or so, poor man."

Donald smiled; the remark was so like Dorry! But he looked into her grave yet bright young face, with his heart brimful of love for her.

The day in town passed off pleasantly indeed. As Uncle George's business took him to a banker's in Wall street, the D's enjoyed a walk through that wonderful thoroughfare where fortunes are said to come and go in an hour, and where every one, in every crowded room of every crowded building, and on almost every foot of the crowded sidewalk, thinks, speaks, and breathes "Money, money, money!" from morning till night. But Uncle's business was soon dispatched; the anxious crowds and the "clerks in cages," as Dorry called the busy workers in the banks, were left behind. Then there were fresh sights to be seen, purchases to be made, and, above all, the watch to be selected—to say nothing of a grand luncheon at Delmonico's, where, under their busy appetites, things with Italian and French names became purely American in an incredibly short space of time.

Uncle George delighted in the pleasure of the D's. The more questions they asked, the better he liked it, and the more sure he became that his Don and Dot were the brightest, most intelligent pair of young folk under the sun. In fact, he seemed to enjoy the holiday as heartily as they did, excepting toward the latter part of the afternoon, when Dorothy surprised him with a blank refusal to go nearly three hundred feet above the street.

You shall hear all about it.

They were homeward bound,—that is to say, they were on their way to the down-town ferry-boat that would carry them to the railroad station,—when Donald suddenly proposed that they should stay over till a later train.

"And suppose we walk on down to Wall street, Uncle," he continued, "and go into Trinity Church? There's a magnificent view from the steeple."

"Yes," was his uncle's rather frightened comment. "But the steeple is more than two hundred and eighty feet high. What are you going to do about that?"

"Why, climb up, sir, of course. You know there's a good stair-way nearly all the way, perhaps all the way. Anyhow, we can get to the top, I know, and Ed. Tyler says the view is perfectly stupendous."

"So I've heard," said Uncle, half-ready to yield; "and the climb is stupendous, too."

"Yes, but you can look down and see the city, and the harbor, and all the shipping, and the East River, and everything. There's an hour to spare yet. We can take it easy. What say you, Uncle?"

"Well, I say, yes," said Uncle, with forced heartiness, for he dearly loved to oblige the twins.

Then they turned to Dorry, though it seemed hardly necessary; she always was ready for an adventure. To their surprise she came out with an emphatic:

"And I say, please let me wait somewhere till Uncle and you come down again. I don't care to go up."

"Why, Dot, are you tired?" asked her uncle, kindly.

"Oh, no, Uncle, not a bit. But whenever I stand on a high place I always feel just as if I *must* jump off. Of course, I would n't jump, you know, but I don't wish to have the feeling. It's *so* disagreeable."

"I should think as much," said Donald; but Mr. Reed walked on toward the ferry, silently, with compressed lips and a flushed countenance; he did not even mention the steeple project again.

Meantime the noble old church on Broadway stood calmly overlooking the bustle and hurry of Wall street, where the "money, money, money" chorus goes on day after day, ceasing only on Sundays and holidays and when the clustering stars shed their light upon the spire.

"Uncle thinks I'm a goose to have such silly notions," pondered Dorry, taking very long steps so as to keep up with her companions, who, by the way, were taking very short steps to keep pace with Dorry. "But I can't help my feelings. It really is true. I hate to stand on high places, like roofs and precipices." Finally, she spoke:

"Uncle, did n't you ever hear of other persons having that feeling?"

"What feeling, Dorothy?"

How sternly Mr. Reed said it! Surely he could not blame the poor girl for asking so natural a question as that? No. But the incident had saddened him strangely, and he was unconscious of the severity of his tone until Dorothy's hesitating manner changed the current of his thoughts. And then, awaiting her reply, he cheered her with a look.

"Why—why the—" she began, adding: "Oh, it does n't matter, Uncle. I suppose I am foolish to ask such questions. But Don is ever so much steadier-headed than I am—are n't you, Don? I

and a firm belief that Uncle George enjoyed it exceedingly.

And all the while he was thinking:

"Strange! Every day something new. Now it's this dread of standing on high places. What will it be to-morrow? And yet, as the child herself intimates, many other persons have the same feeling. Now I think upon it, it's the commonest thing in the world."

CHAPTER XIII.

DONALD AND DOROTHY ENTERTAIN FANDY.

In a few days after the visit to town, Mr. Reed received a letter, very dingy on the outside and



THE GARRET BEFORE FANDY'S ARRIVAL. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

do believe he 'd like to stand on the top of that telegraph-pole if he could get there."

"There 's no 'if' about that," said Donald, jokingly. "It 's a mere question of time. If a fellow can climb a pole at all, a little more height makes no difference. Why, if I had n't on my crack suit, I 'd ask you and Uncle to wait and let me have a try at it."

"Oho!" laughed Dorry: 'crack' suit is slang; so is 'have a try.' Five cents apiece. That 's ten cents fine for you, sir! Well, we ought to be thankful he has n't on his old clothes, Uncle! Ahem! The 'crack' would be in the head then, instead of the suit, I 'm afraid."

"Poor joke!" retorted Don; "ten cents fine for you, young lady."

And so they walked on, the light-hearted D's bantering each other with many laughing sallies,

very remarkable within. It was brought by one of the little Danby boys, and read as follows:

"GEORGE REED ESQ."

"Don't say I like my pen to say that the border left yesterday without notis owin us fur the hole time. He hadent a portmanter nor any luggage except paper collars, which enabeled him to go off without suspition. A tellygram which he forgot and my wife afterwad pokt it up said for him to go night to Persepolis. Ed Spur Hinson was dying. It was from a party calling him or Jan on K. The border as I aught to enform you has told my children inclooding Francis Ferdinand who bares this letter a cockanbull story about bein related to your honered self by witch we know he was an imposture. I write insted of calling at the house as I am laim from cuttin my foot with an ax yesterday and it dont apsar quite consistent to send you a verble message.

"Your respec. servent

"FRASER D'ANBY

"SATURDAY"

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Reed, drawing a deep sigh of relief as he folded the missive. Then, conscience-smitten at his indifference to the Danby

interests, and resolved that, in the end, Mr. Danby should be no loser by "the border," he looked toward Master Danby. That young gentleman, dressed in a made-over Sunday suit, still stood hat in hand in the library door-way.

"Is your father badly cut, my little man?"

"No, sir," replied Fandy rapidly, and with a solemn countenance. "His thick boot saved him. The ax fell and cut through down to his skin, and it bled a sight, and 'Mandy 'most fainted, and Ma bandaged it up so tight he hollered a bad word."

"WHAT?"

"Yes, sir. He said 'blazes!' And Ma said for him not to forget hisself if he *was* hurt, and he said he would n't again. And Ma devised him, as Sunday was comin' so soon, to take Saturday, and so give his foot two days to heal, and he 's doin' it."

"But 'blazes' is n't a very, very bad word, is it?"

"No, sir, not very wickedly bad. But Pa and Ben mean it instead of swearin' words, and Ma 's breaking them of it. Ma 's very particular."

"That 's right," said Mr. Reed. "So, Master Francis Ferdinand," referring to the letter, "the boarder told you that he was a relation of mine, did he?"

"Yes, sir, but we knew better. He was a bad lot, sir."

"A very bad lot," returned Mr. Reed, much amused.

"Ma said I could stay, sir, if I was asked."

"Very well," said Mr. Reed, smiling down at the little midget. "You probably will find Donald and Dorothy up in the garret."

"Yes, sir!" and off went Fandy with nimble dignity through the hall; then soberly, but still lightly, up the stair-way to the landing at the first turn; then rapidly and somewhat noisily across the great square hall on the second story to the door of the garret stair-way, and, finally, with a shrill "whoop!" leaping up two steps at a time, till he found himself in the open garret, in the presence of—the family cat!

No Donald or Dorothy was to be seen. Only the cat; and she glared at him with green eyes. Everything up there was as still as death; grim shadows lurked in the recesses and far corners; the window was shaded by some lank garments hanging near it, and now stirring drearily. Fandy could chase angry cattle and frighten dogs away from his little sisters, but lonely garrets were quite another matter. Almost any dreadful object could stalk out from behind things in a lonely garret! Fandy looked about him in an awe-struck way for an instant, then tore, at a break-neck speed, down the stairs, into the broad hall, where Donald, armed like a knight, or so it seemed to the child, met him with a hearty: "Ho, is that you, Fandy

Danby? Thought I heard somebody falling. Come right into my room. Dorry and I are practicing."

"Praxin' what?" panted the relieved Fandy, hurrying in as he spoke, and looking about him with a delighted:

"Oh my!"

Dorothy was a pretty girl at any time, but she certainly looked very pretty indeed as she turned toward the visitor—her bright hair tumbled, her face flushed with exercise, her eyes sparkling merrily. She held a fencing-mask in one hand and a foil, lightly upraised, in the other.

"Oh, Fandy!" she said, "you are just the one we want. Don is teaching me to fence, and I can't half see how he does it, because I have to wear the mask. Here, let me put it on you—that 's a good boy," and she suited the action to the word, laughing at the astonished little face which Fandy displayed through the wire net-work.

"Here, take the foil now!—No, no. In your right hand, so." Then, addressing Donald, she added: "Now he 's ready! Fall to, young man!"

"Yes! fall to-o!" shouted Fandy, striking an attitude and catching the spirit of the moment, like the quick little fellow he was. "Fall to-o!"

Donald laughingly parried the small child's valiant but unscientific thrusts, while Dorry looked on in great satisfaction, sure that she now would catch the idea perfectly.

No knight in full armor ever appeared braver than Fandy at this moment.

Fortunately, cats can tell no tales.

A very active youngster of eight, with a long foil in his strong little hand, striking right and left regardless of consequences, and leaping from the ground when making a thrust at his opponent's heart, or savagely attempting to rival the hero of Chevy Chase who struck off his enemy's legs, is no mean foe. Donald was a capital fencer; and, well skilled in the tricks of the art, had a parry for every known thrust; but Fandy's thrusts were unknown. Nothing more original or unexpected could be conceived, and every time Dorry cried "foul!" he redoubled his strokes, taking the word as a sort of applause. For a while, Donald laughed so much that he scarcely could defend himself; but, whenever he found himself growing short of breath, he would be in earnest just long enough to astonish his belligerent foe. At the moment when that lively young duelist flattered himself that he was doing wonders, and pressing his enemy hard, Donald would stop laughing for a second, make a single sudden pass toward Fandy, with a quick turn of his wrist, and, presto! the eight-year-old's foil, much to his amazement, left his hand

as if by magic, and went spinning across the floor. But Fandy, utterly unconscious that this unaccountable accident was a stroke of art on Donald's part, was not in the least disconcerted by it.

"Hello!" he would shout, nothing daunted, "I've dropped my sword! Wait a minute. Don't hit me yet!" And then, picking up his weapon, he would renew the attack with all his little might.

At last Donald, wearying of the sport, relieved himself of his mask and consulted his watch, a massive but trusty silver affair, which had been worn by his father when a boy.

Was Fandy tired? Not a bit. Practice had

"But this is n't a tiger, nor even a wild-cat. It's tame. It's our Nan!"

"Let him go try," spoke up Donald. "He'll get the worst of it."

"Indeed I'll not let him try, either," cried Dorry, still holding her position.

But Fandy already was beginning to cool down. Second thoughts came to his rescue.

"I don't believe in hurtin' tame animals," said he. "It taint right," and the foil and mask were laid carefully upon the table.

"Who taught you to fight with these things?" he asked Donald in an off-hand way, as though he and Don were about equal in skill, with the great



FANDY'S FIRST FENCING-MATCH.

fired his soul. "Come on, Dorothy!" he cried. "Pull to-o! I mean, fall to-o!"

But Dorry thanked him and declined, whereat a thought struck the young champion. His expression grew fierce and resolute as, seizing the foil with a sterner grip, he turned to Donald.

"There's a cat upstairs. I guess it's a wild-cat. D'you want it killed?"

"Oh, you little monster!" cried Dorry, rushing to the door and standing with her back against it. "Would you do such a thing as that?"

"I would to d'fend myself," said Fandy, stoutly. "Don't hunters kill tigers?"

difference that his own power came to him by nature, while Donald's undoubtedly was the result of severe teaching.

"Professor Valerio."

"Oh, did he? I've heard 'Manda talk about *him*. She says he's the—the—somethingest man in the village. I forget now what she called him. What's those things?" Here the visitor pointed to Don's boxing-gloves.

At any other time Don would have taken them from the wall and explained their use, but it was nearly three o'clock, and this was his fencing-lesson day. So he merely said: "They're boxing-gloves."

"Do you *wear* 'em?" asked Fandy, looking in a puzzled way, first at the huge things, then at Donald's hands, as if comparing the sizes.

"Yes, when I'm boxing," returned Donald.

"What will you do about your fencing-lesson, Don?" said Dorry. "Do you think Uncle will let you go? We're prisoners, you know."

"Of course he will," replied Donald, taking his hat (he had a mask and foil at the professor's) and preparing to go downstairs. "I'm to call for Ed. Tyler at three. We'll have rare times to-day; two fellows from town are to be there,—prime fencers, both of them,—and we are to have a regular match."

"You'll beat," said Dorry. "You always do. Ed. Tyler says you are the finest fencer he ever saw, excepting Professor Valerio, and he says you beat even the professor sometimes."

"Nonsense!" said Donald, severely, though his face betrayed his pleasure. "Ed. Tyler himself's a match for any one."

"What a mutual admiration society you two are!"

Dorry said this so good-naturedly that Donald could not resent it, and *his* good-nature made her add:

"Well, I don't care. You're *both* splendid, if I do say it; and, oh, is n't the professor handsome! He's so straight and tall. Uncle says he's a standing argument against round shoulders."

Dorry had taken a photograph from the table, and had been talking partly to it and partly to Donald. As she laid the picture down again, Fandy stepped up to take a look.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It's Professor Valerio, Don's fencing-master."

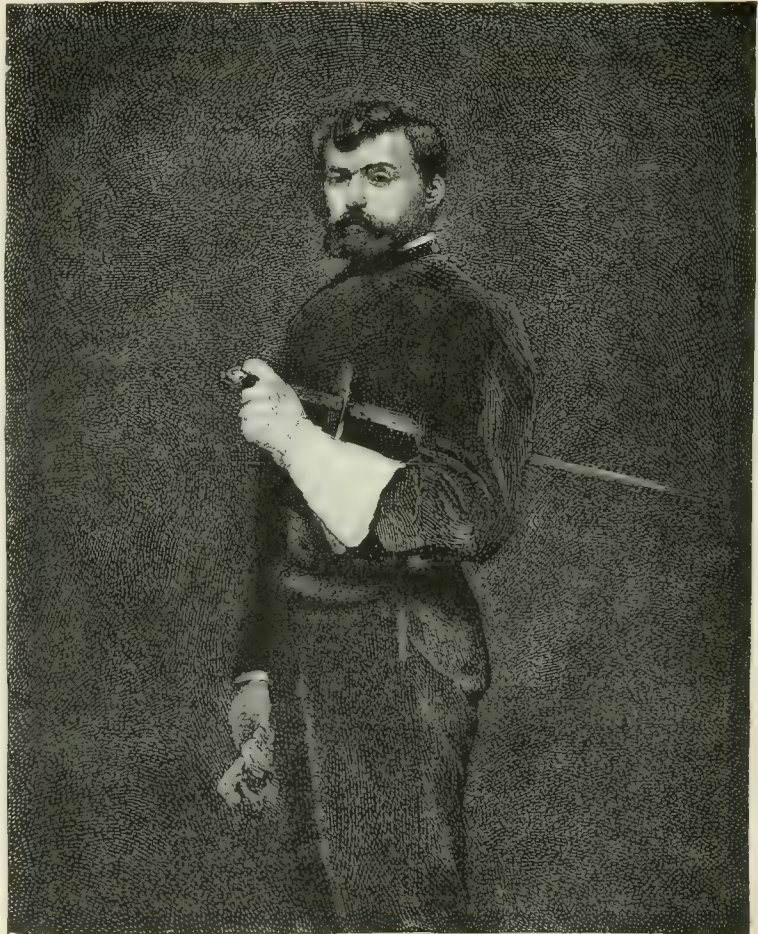
"Whew! See his sword!" exclaimed the small boy, looking at the picture in great admiration. "My, would n't I like to fight *him*!"

Here Dorry looked out of the window.

"There goes Don," she said. "Uncle must have consented."

"Consented!" echoed Fandy. "Why, can't Donald go out 'thout askin'? Ben can, and Dan David, too; so can 'Mandy and—Hello, Charity, I'm a-comin'."

This last remark was shouted through the open window, where Dorothy now stood waving her hand at the baby.



THE FENCING-MASTER.

"Can you come up, Charity?" she called out.

"No, thank you. Mother said I must hurry back. She wants Fandy."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH UNCLE GEORGE PROPOSES SOMETHING DELIGHTFUL.

DR. LANE, made proud and happy in the affection shown him by his bright young pupils, as well

as by their beautiful gift, bade Mr. Reed and the D's good-bye, with repeated promises to write in due time and tell them how he liked the sunny South, and how it fared with him.

"I shall like it, I know," he assured them, "and the climate will make me strong and well. Good-bye once more, for you see" (here he made a playful show of consulting his watch as he took it proudly from his vest-pocket) "it is precisely six and three-quarter minutes after three, and I must catch the 4.20 train to town. Good-bye."

But there were more good-byes to come, for Jack had brought the Rockaway to the door, and Donald and Dorothy insisted upon driving with him and Dr. Lane to the station.

Upon their return, they found their uncle and Liddy engaged in consultation.

The evening came on with change of wind and all the signs of a long storm.

"I have been thinking," remarked Mr. Reed, while he and the D's were waiting for supper, "that it would be a good idea to have a little fun between times. What say you, my dears?"

The dears looked at each other, and Don asked: "Between what times, Uncle?"

"Why, between the going of our good friend Dr. Lane and the coming of that awful, yet at present unknown personage, the new tutor."

"Oh, yes, Uncle!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands, "I'm ready for anything. But then," she added, half-playfully, half-dolefully, "you forget we're prisoners, like the princes in the tower!"

"Not prisoners at all," he exclaimed, "unless the storm should prove your jailer. You are free as air. Let me see," he went on, taking no notice of the D's surprise at this happy turn of affairs, and speaking slowly and deliberately — just as if he had not settled the matter with Liddy some days ago! — "Let me see. What shall it be? Ah, I have it. A house-picnic!"

"What's that, Uncle?" asked Dorry, half-suspiciously.

"You don't know what a house-picnic is!" was the surprised rejoinder. "Well, upon my word!"

"Now, Uncle, do — don't!" coaxed Dorry, and Don echoed, laughingly: "Yes, Uncle, do — don't!" But he was as eager as she to hear more.

"Why, my dears, a house-picnic means this: It means the whole house thrown open from ten in the morning till ten at night. It means fun in the garret, music and games in the parlor, story-telling in odd corners, candy-pulling in the kitchen, sliding curtains, tinkling bells, and funny performances in the library; it means almost any right thing within bounds that you and about thirty

other youngsters choose to make it, with the house thrown open to you for the day."

"No out-of-doors at all?" asked Donald, doubtfully, but with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, yes, a run or two when you wish, for fresh air's sake; but there'll be drizzling days all the week, I suspect, and that will make your house-picnic all the pleasanter."

"So it will! How splendid!" cried Dorry. "Jack can take the big covered wagon and go for the company, rain or not, while Don and you and I plan the fun. We'll try all sorts of queer out-of-the-way things. Good for the house-picnic!"

"Good for the house-picnic!" shouted Donald, becoming almost as enthusiastic as Dorry.

"Oh, Uncle," she went on, "you are too lovely! How *did* you happen to think of it?"

"Well, you see," said Uncle, with the glow-look, as Liddy called it, coming to his face, "I thought my poor princes in the tower had been rather good and patient under the persecutions of their cruel Uncle Gloucester, and so Liddy and I decided they should have a little frolic by way of a change."

"Has *he* gone from the neighborhood, I wonder?" thought Donald (strange to say, neither he nor Dorry had known of the Danbys' boarder); but he said aloud: "We're ever so glad to hear it, Uncle. Now, whom shall we invite?"

"Oh, *do* hear that 'whom'!" exclaimed Dorry, in well-feigned disgust, while Don went on gayly:

"Let's have plenty of girls this time. Don't you say so, Dorry?"

"Oh, yes, I say for fifteen girls and fifteen boys. Let's invite all the Danbys; may we, Uncle? It would be such a treat to them; you know they never have an opportunity to go to a party."

"Just as you please, my girl; but will not ten of them be rather a large proportion out of thirty?"

"Mercy, no, Uncle dear. They can't *all* come — not the very littlest ones, any way. At any rate, if Don's willing, I'd like to ask them."

"Agreed!" assented Don.

"The ayes have it!" said Uncle George. "Now let's go to supper."

Dorry ran on ahead so as to have a word with Liddy on the delightful subject of house-picnics; but Don, lingering, startled his uncle with a whispered:

"I say, Uncle, has Jack thrashed that fellow?"

"I have heard nothing to that effect," was the reply. "He was called away suddenly."

"Oh," said Donald, in a disappointed tone, "I hoped you had given him his walking papers."

"I have, perhaps," returned Mr. Reed, smiling gravely, "but not in the way you supposed."

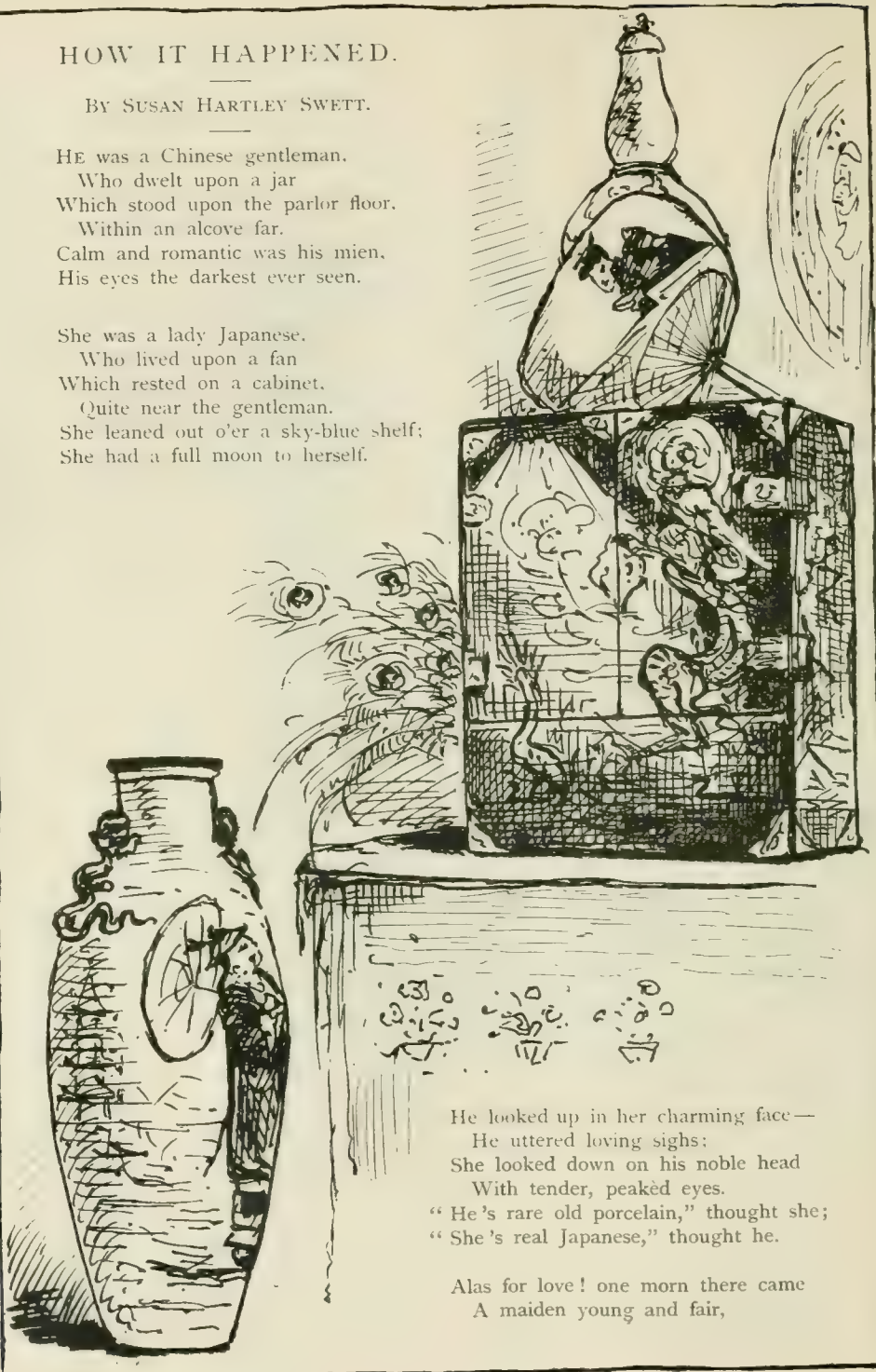
Don looked up, eagerly, hoping to hear more, but his uncle merely led the way into the supper-room.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

HE was a Chinese gentleman,
 Who dwelt upon a jar
 Which stood upon the parlor floor,
 Within an alcove far.
 Calm and romantic was his mien,
 His eyes the darkest ever seen.

SHE was a lady Japanese,
 Who lived upon a fan,
 Which rested on a cabinet,
 Quite near the gentleman.
 She leaned out o'er a sky-blue shelf;
 She had a full moon to herself.



He looked up in her charming face—
 He uttered loving sighs;
 She looked down on his noble head
 With tender, peaked eyes.
 "He's rare old porcelain," thought she;
 "She's real Japanese," thought he.

Alas for love! one morn there came
 A maiden young and fair,

With decoration in her eye,
Stern purpose in her air,
"This jar, I rather think," said she,
"Would better grace the library."

"And this" she paused a little space,
Her gaze upon the fan
Oh, what a look the lady gave
Her loving gentleman!
"Is just the thing to fasten o'er
That dull, gray picture by the door."

And then, ere many moments passed,
The lady Japanese





Was hung so very high,
she looked
A red blotch on the
frieze;
While her fond lover—O
regret!—
Adorned a distant cabinet!

“My own, my love, what
cruel fate
Has borne you far apart?
No other lady on a fan
Can ever win my heart!”
He cried, that Chinese gen-
tleman,
When evening brought its
shadows wan.





The jar lay broken by the
door,
The fan was shattered on
the floor.

"Who broke these works of
art?" she cried;
No answer reached her
ears.
She did not see the shep-
herdess,
Upon a screen, shed
tears;
And to this day she is in
doubt
How such disaster came
about.

THE END.

PUSSY AND THE CHIPMUNK.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR FIRST DAY IN "THE WILDERNESS."

AT last the long winter, with its deep snows and intense cold, was gone, and on May 4, 1864, at four o'clock in the morning, we broke camp. In what direction we should march, whether north, south, east, or west, none of us had the remotest idea; for the pickets reported the Rapidan River so well fortified by the enemy on the farther bank, that it was plainly impossible for us to break their lines at

any point there. But in those days we had a general who had no such word as "impossible" in his dictionary, and under his leadership we marched that May morning straight for and straight across the Rapidan, in solid column. All day we plodded on, the road strewn with blankets and overcoats, of which the army lightened itself now that the campaign was opening; and at night we halted, and camped in a beautiful green meadow.

Not the slightest suspicion had we, as we slept quietly there that night, of the great battle, or rather series of great battles, about to open on the

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following day. Even on that morrow, when we took up the line of march and moved leisurely along for an hour or two, we saw so few indications of the coming struggle that, when we suddenly came upon a battery of artillery in position for action by the side of the road, some one exclaimed:

"Why, hello, fellows: that looks like business!"

Only a few moments later, a staff-officer rode up to our regiment and delivered his orders:

"Major, you will throw forward your command as skirmishers for the brigade."

The regiment at once moved into the thick pine-woods, and was lost to sight in a moment, although we could hear the bugle clanging out its orders "deploy to right and left," as the line forced its way through the tangled and interminable "Wilderness."

Ordered back by the Major into the main line of battle, we drummer-boys found the troops massed in columns along a road, and we lay down with them among the bushes. How many men were there we could not tell. Wherever we looked, whether up or down the road, and as far as the eye could reach, were masses of men in blue. Among them was a company of Indians, dark, swarthy, stolid-looking fellows, dressed in our uniform and serving with some Iowa regiment, under the command of one of their chiefs as captain.

But hark!

"Pop! Pop! Pop-pop-pop!" The pickets are beginning to fire, the "ball is going to open," and things will soon be getting lively.

A venturesome fellow climbs up a tall tree to see what he can see, and presently comes scrambling down, reporting nothing in sight but signal-flags flying over the tree-tops, and beyond them nothing but woods and woods for miles.

Orderlies are galloping about and staff-officers are dashing up and down the line, or forcing their way through the tangled bushes, while out on the skirmish line is the ever-increasing rattle of the musketry,—

"Pop-pop! Pop-pop-pop!"

"Fall in, men! Forward, guide right!"

There is something grand in the promptitude with which the order is obeyed. Every man is at his post. Forcing its way as best it can through the tangled undergrowth of briars and bushes, across ravines and through swamps, our whole magnificent line advances, until, after a half-hour's steady work, we reach the skirmish line, which, hardly pressed, falls back into the advancing column of blue as it reaches a little clearing in the forest. Now we see the lines of gray in the edge of the woods on the other side of the little field; first their pickets behind clumps of bushes,

then the solid column appearing behind the fence, coming on yelling like demons, and firing a volley that fills the air with smoke and cuts it with whistling lead. Sheltered behind the trees, our line reserves its fire, for it is likely that the enemy will come out on a charge, and then we'll mow them down!

With bayonets fixed, and yells that make the woods ring, here they come, Boys, through the clearing, on a dead run! And now, as you love the flag that waves yonder in the breeze, up, Boys, and let them have it! Out from our Enfields flashes a sheet of flame, before which the lines of gray stagger for a moment; but they recover and push on, then reel again and quail, and at length fly before the second leaden tempest, which sweeps the field clear to the opposite side.

With cheers and shouts of "Victory!" our line, now advancing swiftly from behind its covert of the trees, sweeps into and across the clearing, driving back the enemy into the woods from which they had so confidently ventured.

The little clearing over which the lines of blue are advancing is covered with dead and dying and wounded men, among whom I find Lieutenant Stannard, of my acquaintance.

"Harry, help me, quick! I'm bleeding fast. Tear off my suspender or take my handkerchief, and tie it as tight as you can draw it around my thigh, and help me off the field."

Ripping up the leg of his pantaloons with my knife, I soon check the flow of blood with a hard knot—and none too soon, for the main artery has been severed. Calling a comrade to my assistance, we succeed in reaching the woods, and make our way slowly to the rear in search of the division hospital.

Whoever wishes to know something of the terrible realities of war should visit a field hospital during some great engagement. No doubt the boys of ST. NICHOLAS imagine war to be a great and glorious thing, and so, indeed, in many regards it is. It would be idle to deny that there is something stirring in the sound of martial music, something strangely uplifting and intensely fascinating in the roll of musketry and the loud thunder of artillery. Besides, the march and the battle afford opportunities for the unfolding of manly virtue, and as things go in this disjointed world, human progress seems to be almost impossible without war.

Yet still, war is a terrible, a horrible thing. If the boys of ST. NICHOLAS could have been with us as we helped poor Stannard off the field that first day in "the Wilderness"—if they could have seen the surgeons of the first division of our corps as we saw them, when passing by with the Lieuten-

ant on a stretcher, they would, I think, agree with me that if war is a necessity, it is a *dreadful* necessity. There were the surgeons, busy at work, while dozens of poor fellows were lying all around on stretchers, awaiting their turns.

"Hurry on, Boys! Hurry on! Don't stop here. I can't stand it," groaned our charge.

So, we pushed on with our burden, until we saw our Division colors over in a clearing among the pines, and on reaching this we came upon a scene that I can never adequately describe.

longer any hope for him,—and down yonder, about a row of tables, each under a fly,* stood groups of them, ready for their dreadful and yet helpful work.

To one of these groups we carried poor Stan-nard, and I stood by and watched; the sponge saturated with chloroform was put to his face, rendering him unconscious while the operation of tying the severed artery was performed. On a neighboring table was a man whose leg was being taken off at the thigh, and who, chloroformed into



A PART OF THE FIELD-HOSPITAL.

There were hundreds of the wounded already there; other hundreds, perhaps thousands, were yet to come. On all sides, within and just without the hastily erected hospital-tents, were the severely and dangerously wounded, while great numbers of slightly wounded men, with hands or feet bandaged or heads tied up, were lying about the sides of the tents or out among the bushes. The surgeons were everywhere busy,—here, dressing wounds, there, alas! stooping down to tell some poor fellow, over whose countenance the pallor of death was already spreading, that there was no

unconsciousness, interested everybody by singing at the top of his voice, and with a clear articulation, five verses of a hymn to an old-fashioned Methodist tune, never once losing the melody nor stopping for a word. I remember seeing another poor fellow with his arm off at the shoulder, lying on the ground and resting after the operation; he appeared to be very much amused at himself, "because" (he said, in answer to my inquiry as to what he was laughing at) "he had felt a fly on his right hand, and when he went to brush it off with his left there was no right hand there any more!"

* A piece of canvas stretched over a pole and fastened to tent-pins by long ropes; having no walls, it admits light on all sides.

I remember, too, seeing a tall prisoner brought in and laid on the table,—a magnificent specimen of physical development, erect, well-built, and strong looking, and with a countenance full of frank and sturdy manliness,—and the surgeon said, as the wounded prisoner was stretched out on the table:

"Well, Johnny, my man; what is the matter with you, and what can we do for you to-day?"

"Well, doctor, your people have used me rather rough to-day. In the first place, there 's something down in here," feeling about his throat, "that troubles me a good deal."

Opening his shirt-collar, the surgeon found a deep blue mark an inch or more below the "Adam's apple." On pressing the blue lump a little with the fingers, out popped a "Minié" ball which had lodged just beneath the skin.

"Lucky for you that this was a 'spent ball,' Johnny," said the surgeon, holding the bullet between his fingers.

"Give me that, doctor—give me that ball; I want it," said Johnny, eagerly reaching out his left hand for the ball; then he carefully examined it, and put it away into his jacket-pocket.

"And now, doctor, there 's something else, you see, the matter with me, and something more serious, too, I 'm afraid. You see, I can't use my right arm. The way was this: we were having a big fight out there in the woods. In the bayonet-charge I got hold of one of your flags, and was waving it, when all on a sudden I got an ugly clip in the arm here, as you see."

"Never mind, Johnny. We shall treat you just the same as our own boys, and though you are dressed in gray, you shall be cared for as faithfully as if you were dressed in blue, until you are well and strong again."

We had carried Stannard into a tent, and laid him on a pile of pine-boughs, where, had he only been able to keep quiet, he would have done well enough. But he was not able to keep quiet. A more restless man I never saw. Although his wound was not considered necessarily dangerous, yet he was evidently in great fear of death, and for death, I grieve to say, he was not at all prepared. He had been a wild, wayward man, and now that he thought the end was approaching, he was full of alarm. As I bent over him, trying my best, but in vain, to comfort and quiet him, my attention was called to a man on the other side of the tent, whose face I thought I knew, in spite of its unearthly pallor.

"Why, Smith," said I, "is this you? Where are you hurt?"

"Come turn me around and see," he said.

Rolling him over carefully on his side, I saw a great, cruel wound in his back.

My countenance must have expressed alarm when I asked him, as quietly as I could, whether he knew he was very seriously wounded and might die.

Never shall I forget the look that man gave me, as, with a strange light in his eye, he said:

"I am in God's hands; I am not afraid to die."

Two or three days after that, while we were marching on rapidly in column again, we passed an ambulance-train filled with wounded, on their way to Fredericksburg. Hearing my name called by some one, I ran out of line to an ambulance, in which I found Stannard.

"Harry, for pity's sake, have you any water?"

"No, Lieutenant. I 'm very sorry, but there 's not a drop in my canteen, and there 's no time now to get any."

It was the last time I ever saw him. He was taken to Fredericksburg, submitted to a second operation, and died—and I have always believed that his death was largely owing to want of faith.

Six months, or may be a year, later, Smith came back to us with a great white scar between his shoulders, and I doubt not he is alive and well to this day.

And there was Jimmy Lucas, too. They brought him in about the middle of that same afternoon, two men bearing him on their arms. He was so pale that I knew at a glance he was severely hurt. "A ball through the lungs," they said, and "he can't live." Jimmy was of my own company, from my own village. We had been school-fellows and playmates from childhood almost, and you may well believe it was sad work to kneel down by his side, and watch his slow and labored breathing, looking at his pallid features, and thinking—ah, yes, that was the saddest of all—of those at home. He would scarcely let me go from him a moment, and when the sun was setting he requested every one to go out of the tent, for he wanted to speak a few words to me in private. As I bent down over him, he gave me his message for his father, and mother, and a tender good-bye to his sweetheart, begging me not to forget a single word of it all if ever I should live to see them; and then he said:

"And, Harry, tell Father and Mother I thank them now for all their care and kindness in trying to bring me up well and in the fear of God. I know I have been a wayward boy, sometimes, but I can trust in the Forgiving Love."

When the sun had set that evening, poor Jimmy had entered into rest. He was buried somewhere among the woods that night, and no flowers are strewn over his grave on "Decoration Day" as the years go by, for no head-board marks his resting-place among the moaning pines.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE FRONT AT PETERSBURG.

"ANDY, let's go a-swimming."

"Well, Harry, I don't know about that. I'd like to take a good plunge; but, you see, there's no telling how soon we may move."

It was the afternoon of Tuesday, June 14, 1864. We had been marching and fighting almost continually for five weeks and more, from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania, over the North Anna, in at Cold Harbor, across the Pamunky and over the

We had not gone far when we discovered a mule tied up in a clump of bushes, with a rope around his neck. And this long-eared animal, somewhat "gothic" in his style of architecture, we decided, after a solemn council of war, to declare contraband, and forthwith we impressed him into service, intending to return him, after our bath, on our way back to camp. Untying Bucephalus from the bush, we mounted, Andy in front and I on behind, each armed with a switch, and we rode along gayly enough, with our feet dangling among the corn-stalks.



"BETTER GUESS 'N' DAT DAR MULE."

Chickahominy to the banks of the James River, about a mile and a half from which we were now lying, along a dusty road. We were sun-burned, covered with dust, and generally used up, so that a swim in the river would be a refreshment indeed.

Having learned from one of the officers that the intention evidently was to remain where we then were until the entire corps should come up, and that we should probably cross the river at or somewhere near that point, we resolved to risk it.

So, over a corn-field we started at a good pace.

For a while all went well. We fell to talking about the direction we had come since leaving the Pamunky; and Andy, who was usually such an authority on matters geographical and astronomical that on the march he was known in the company as "the compass," confessed to me as we rode on that he himself had been somewhat turned about, in that march over the Chickahominy swamp.

"And as for me," said I, "I think this is the awfulest country to get turned about in that I ever

did see. Why, Andy, while we were lying over there in the road it seemed to me that the sun was going down in the east. Fact! But when I took my canteen and went over a little ridge to the rear to look for water for coffee, I found, on looking up, that on that side of the ridge the sun was all right. Yet when I got back to the road and looked around, judge of my surprise when I found the whole thing had somehow swung around again, and the sun was going down in the east. And you may judge still further of my surprise, Andy, when, on going and walking back and forth across that ridge, I found one particular spot, from which, if I looked in one direction, the sun was going down all right in the west; but if in the opposite direction, he was going down all wrong, entirely wrong, in the east!"

"Whoa dar! Whoa dar! Whar you gwine wid dat dar mule o' mine? Whoa, Pete!"

The mule stopped stock-still as we caught sight of the black head and face of a darkey boy peering forth from the door of a tobacco-house that we were passing. Possibly, he was the owner of the whole plantation now, and the mule Pete might be his only live-stock.

"Where are we going, Pompey? Why, we're going 'on to Richmond!'"

"On ter Richmon'! An' wid dat dar mule o' mine! 'Clar to goodness, sodgers, can't git along widout dat mule. Better git off 'n dat dar mule!"

"Whip him up, Andy!" shouted I.

"Come up, Bucephalus!" shouted Andy.

And we both laid on right lustily. But never an inch would that miserable mule budge from the position he had taken on hearing the darkey's voice, until all of a sudden, and as if a mine had been sprung under our feet, there was such a striking out of heels and such an uncomfortable elevation in the rear, the angle of which was only increased by increased cudgelling, that at last, with an enormous spring, Andy and I were sent flying off into the corn.

"Yi! yi! yi! Did n' I say better git off 'n dat dar mule o' mine? Yi! yi! yi!"

Laughing as heartily as the darkey at our misadventure, we felt that it would be safer to make for the river afoot. We had a glorious plunge in the waters of the James, and returned to the regiment at sunset, greatly refreshed.

The next day we crossed the James in steam-boats. There were thousands of men in blue all along both shores; some were crossing, some were already over, and others were awaiting their turn. By the middle of the forenoon we were all well over, and it has been said that, had we pushed on without delay, the story of the siege of Petersburg would have read quite differently. But we waited,

—for provisions, I believe,—and during this halt the whole corps took a grand swim in the river. We marched off at three o'clock in the afternoon, over a dusty road and without fresh water, and reached the neighborhood of Petersburg at midnight, but did not get into position until after several days of hard fighting in the woods.

It would be impossible to give a clear and interesting account of the numerous engagements in which we took part around that long-beleagured city, where for ten months the two great armies of the North and South sat down to watch and fight each other until the end came. For, after days and days of maneuvering and fighting, attack and sally, it became evident that Petersburg could not be carried by storm, and there was nothing for it but to sit down stubbornly, and, by cutting off all railroad supplies and communications, starve it into surrender.

It may be interesting, however, to tell something of the every-day life and experience of our soldiers during that great siege.

Digging becomes almost an instinct with the experienced soldier. It is surprising how rapidly men in the field throw up fortifications, how the work progresses, and what immense results can be accomplished by a body of troops in a single night. Let two armies fight in the open field one evening—by the next morning both are strongly intrenched behind rifle-pits and breastworks, which it will cost either side much blood to storm and take. If spades and picks are at hand when there is need of fortifications, well; if not, bayonets, tin cups, plates, even jack-knives, are pressed into service until better tools arrive; and every man works like a beaver.

Thus it was that although throughout the 18th of June the fighting had been severe, yet, in spite of weariness and darkness, we set to work, and the morning found us behind breastworks; these we soon so enlarged and improved that they became well-nigh impregnable. At that part of the line where my regiment was stationed, we built solid works of great pine-logs, rolled up, log on log, seven feet high and banked with earth on the side toward the enemy, the whole being ten feet through at the base. On the inside of these breastworks we could walk about perfectly safe from the enemy's bullets, which usually went singing harmlessly over our heads.

On the outside of these works were further defenses. First, there was the ditch made by throwing up the ground against the logs; then, farther out, about twenty or thirty yards away, was the abatis—a peculiar means of defense, made by cutting off the tops and heavy limbs of trees, sharpening the ends, and planting them firmly in

the ground in a long row, the sharpened ends pointing toward the enemy, the whole being so close and so compacted together with telegraph-wires everywhere twisted in, that it was impossible for a line of battle to get through it without being cut off to a man. Here and there, at intervals, were left gaps wide enough to admit a single man, and it was through these man-holes that the pickets passed out to their pits beyond.

of a little pine-brush erected overhead, or in front of the pit as a screen. There the picket lay, flat on his face, picking off the enemy's men whenever he could catch sight of a head or even so much as a hand; and right glad would he be if, when the long-awaited relief came at length, he had no wounds to show.

But later on, as the siege progressed, this murderous state of affairs gradually disappeared.

Neither side found it pleasant, nor profitable, and nothing was gained by it. It decided nothing, and only wasted powder and ball. And so, gradually, the pickets on both sides began to be on quite friendly terms. It was no unusual thing to see a Johnny picket—who would be posted scarcely a hundred yards away, so near were the lines—lay down his gun, wave a piece of white paper as a signal of truce, walk out into the neutral ground between the picket-lines, and meet one of our own pickets, who, also dropping his gun, would go out to inquire what Johnny might want to-day.

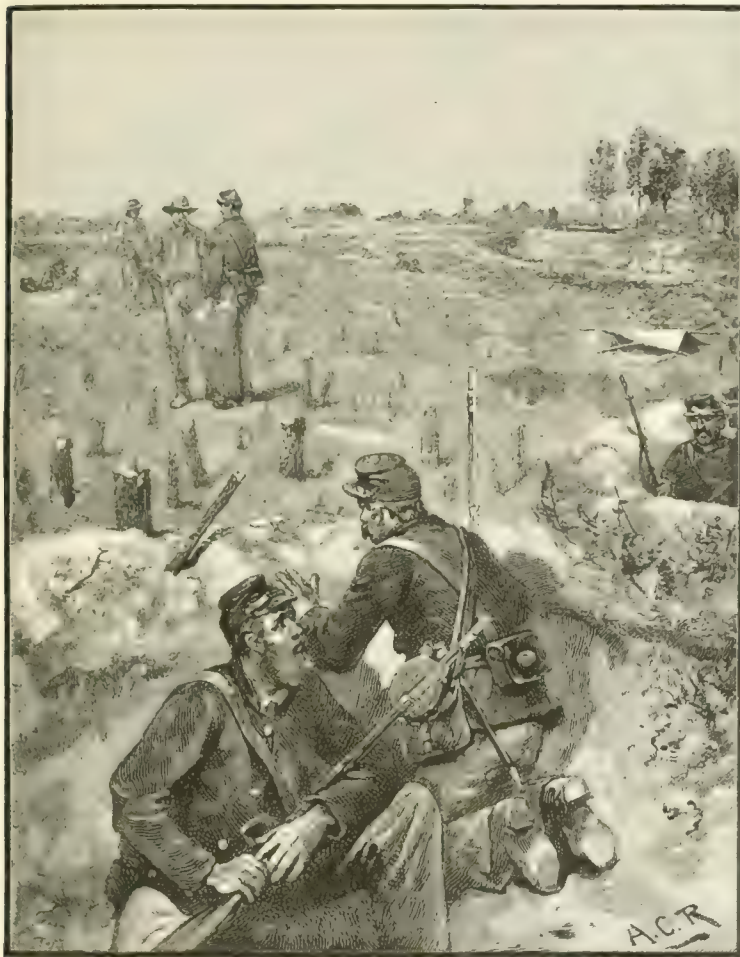
"Well, Yank, I want some coffee, and I'll trade tobacco for it."

"Has any of you fellows back there some coffee to trade for tobacco? 'Johnny Picket,' here, wants some coffee."

Or, may be he wanted to trade papers, a *Richmond Enquirer* for a *New York Herald* or *Tribune*, "even up and no odds." Or, he only wanted to talk about the news of the day—how "we 'uns whipped you 'uns

up the valley the other day"; or how, "if we had Stonewall Jackson yet, we 'd be in Washington before winter"; or may be he only wished to have a friendly game of cards!

There was a certain chivalrous etiquette developed through this social intercourse of deadly foemen, and it was really admirable. Seldom was there breach of confidence on either side. It would have gone hard with the comrade who should

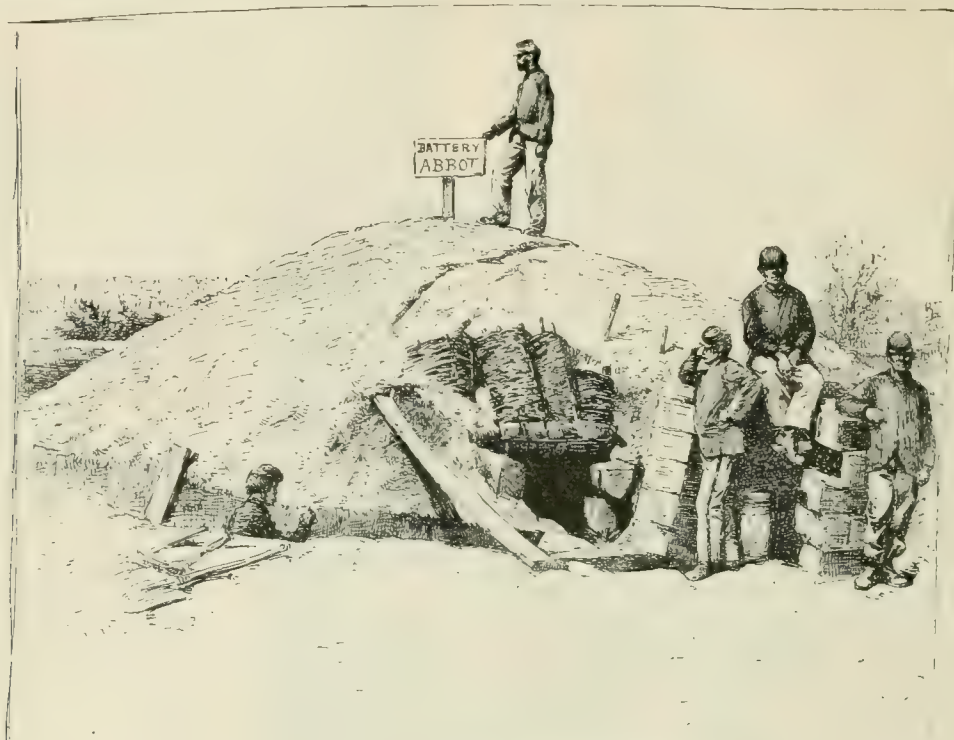


SCENES AMONG THE RIFLE-PITS BEFORE PETERSBURG

Fifty yards in front of the abatis the pickets were stationed. When first the siege began, picketing was dangerous business. Both armies were bent on fight, and picketing meant simply sharp-shooting. As a consequence, at first the pickets were posted only at night, so that from midnight to midnight the poor fellows lay in their rifle-pits under a broiling July sun, with no protection from the intolerable heat, excepting the scanty shade

have ventured to shoot down a man in gray who had left his gun and come out of his pit under the sacred protection of a piece of white paper.

twenty feet in height, with rows of gabions* and sand-bags arranged on top of the embankment, and at intervals along the sides embrasures or port-



"THE MAGAZINE WHERE THE POWDER AND SHELLS WERE STORED."

If disagreement ever occurred in bartering, or high words arose in discussion, shots were never fired until due notice had been given. And I find mentioned in one of my old army letters that a general fire along our entire front grew out of some disagreement on the picket-line about trading coffee for tobacco. The two pickets could n't agree, jumped into their pits, and began firing, the one calling out: "Look out, Yank, here comes your tobacco." Bang!

And the other replying: "All right, Johnny, here comes your coffee." Bang!

Great forts stood at intervals all along the line as far as the eye could see, and at these the men toiled day and night all summer long, adding defense to defense, and making "assurance doubly sure," until the forts stood out to the eye of the beholder, with their sharp angles and well-defined outlines, formidable structures indeed. Without attempting to describe them in technical military language, I will simply ask you to imagine a piece of level ground, say two hundred feet square, surrounded by a bank of earth about

holes, at which the great cannon were planted,—and you will have some rough notion of what one of our forts looked like. Somewhere within the inclosure, usually near the center of it, was the magazine, where the powder and shells were stored. This was made by digging a deep place, something like a cellar, covering it over with heavy logs, and piling up earth and sand-bags on the logs, the whole, when finished, having the shape of a small, round-topped pyramid. At the rear was left a small passage, like a cellar-way, and through this the ammunition was brought up. If ever the enemy could succeed in dropping a shell down that little cellar-door, or in otherwise piercing the magazine, then good-bye to the fort and all and everybody in and around it!

On the outside of each large fort there were, of course, all the usual defenses of ditch, abatis, and *chevaux-de-frise*, to render approach very dangerous to the enemy.

The enemy had fortifications like ours—long lines of breastworks, with great forts at commanding positions; and the two lines were so near that,

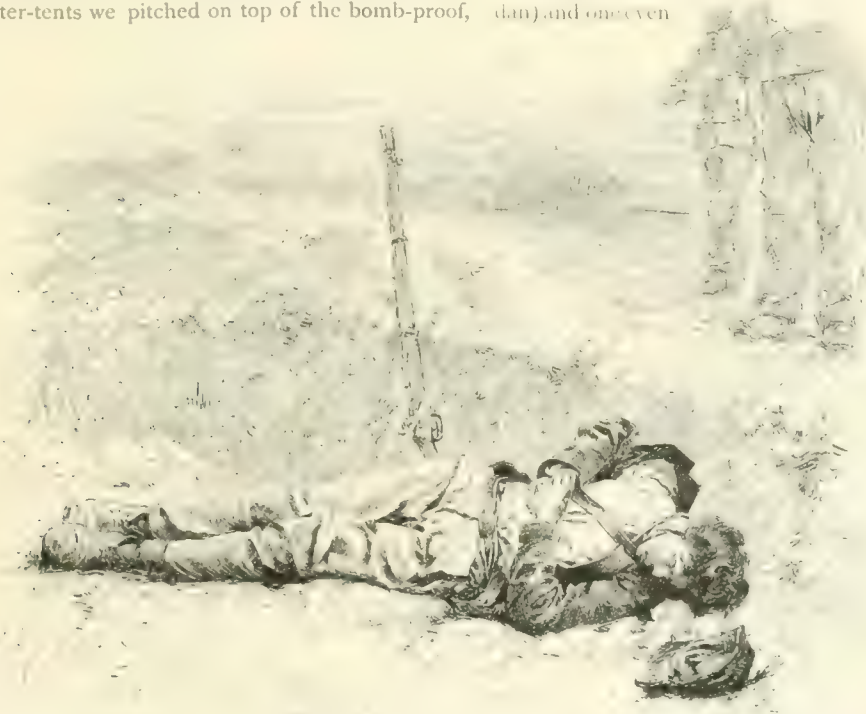
* Bottomless wicker baskets, used to strengthen earthworks.

standing in one of our forts, I could have carried on a conversation with a man in the fort opposite. I remember, while on the picket-line one evening, watching a body of troops moving along the edge of a wood within the enemy's works, and quite easily distinguishing the color of their uniforms.

I have said already that, inside of our breastworks, one was quite secure against the enemy's bullets. But bullets were not the only things we had to look out for—there were the shell, the case-shot, and I know not what shot besides. Every few hours these would be dropped behind our breastworks, and often much execution was done by them. To guard against these missiles, each mess built what was called a "bomb-proof," which consisted of an excavation about six feet square by six deep, covered with heavy logs, the logs covered with earth, a little back cellar-way being left on the side away from the enemy. Into this bomb-proof we could dart the moment the shelling began, and be as safe as in our own mother's kitchen. Our shelter-tents we pitched on top of the bomb-proof,

Familiarity breeds contempt—even of danger; and sometimes we were caught. Thus, one day, when there had been no shelling for a long time and we had grown somewhat careless, and were scattered about under the trees, some sleeping and others sitting on top of the breastworks to get a mouthful of fresh air, all of a sudden the guns of one of the great forts opposite us opened with a rapid fire, dropping shells right among us. Of course there was a "scatteration" as we tried to fall into our pits pell-mell; but, for all our haste, several of us were severely hurt. There was a boy from Philadelphia,—I forget his name,—sitting on the breastworks writing a letter home; a piece of shell tore off his arm with the pen in his hand. A lieutenant received an iron slug in his back, while a number of other men were hurt. And such experiences were of frequent occurrence.

A great victory had been gained by our cavalry somewhere (I think by Sheridan) and one even



FINDING A WOUNDED REBEL IN A REFUGIUM.

and in this upper story we lived most of the time, dropping down occasionally into the cellar.

Bang! bang! bang!

"Fall into your pits, boys!" and in a trice there was n't so much as a blue coat in sight.

ing an orderly rode along the line to each regimental head-quarters, distributing dispatches containing an account of the victory, with instructions that the papers be read to the men. Cheers were given all along the line that night,

and a shotted salute was ordered at daylight the next morning.

At sunrise every available gun from the Appomattox to the Weldon Railroad must have been brought into service and trained against the enemy's works, for the noise was terrific. And still further to increase the din, the Johnnies, supposing it to be a grand assault along the whole line, replied with every gun they could bring to bear, and the noise was so great that you would have thought the very thunders of doom were rolling. After the firing had ceased, the Johnnies were informed that "we have only been giving three iron

cheers for the victory Sheridan has gained up the valley lately." There was, I presume, some regret on the other side over the loss of powder and shot. At all events, whenever, after that, similar iron cheers were given, and this was not seldom the case, the enemy preserved a moody silence.

After remaining in our works for about a month, we were relieved by other troops and marched off to the left in the direction of the Weldon Railroad, which we took after severe fighting. We held it, and at once fortified our position with a new line of works, thus cutting off one of the main lines of communication between Petersburg and the South.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY.

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES.



SHE is sitting very silent in her little crimson chair,
With the flicker of the firelight on her pretty golden hair;
And all pleasant things surround her, but her thoughts are elsewhere.

For these little lads and lasses have a country of their own,
Where, without the older people, they can wander off alone,
Into dim and distant regions, that were never named or known.

They are wearied with the questions, and the running to and fro,
For some one is always saying, "You must come," or "You must go."
"You must speak and write correctly, sitting, standing, thus and so."

So they turn at any moment from the figures on their slates;
And the names of all the islands, and the oceans, and the States

Are forgotten in a moment when they see the shining gates

Of their own delightful country, where they wander as they please

On the great enchanted mountains, or beneath the forest trees,

With a thousand other children, all entirely at their ease.

Oh, the happy, happy children! do they wish for anything,
Book or bird, or boat or picture, silken dress or golden ring?
Lo! a little page will hasten, and the treasure straight will bring.

It is strange the older people can not find this land at all;
If they ever knew its language, it is lost beyond recall,
And they only, in their dreamings, hear its music rise and fall.

Oh, the riches of the children with this country for their own!
All the splendor of its castles, every flower and precious stone,
Until time itself is ended, and the worlds are overthrown.

THIN ICE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

MORT HUBBARD was a hero among the Pondville boys that winter morning.

He was a good deal more than that, for he had been a traveler, and so now he was a curiosity; and a round half-dozen of the boys were making a study of him.

He had spent Christmas and New Year's Day at his grandfather's, a hundred miles away, and his school-fellows had not seen an inch of him for more than three weeks. He must have changed a good deal in so long a time as that! Of course they could hardly suspect him of having a beard yet, for his twelfth birthday had come only a little before Christmas; but he might have had two beards for all they could see of his face.

"Here, I say, Mort," remarked Penn Landers, "where did you get so much tippet? Your head's all done up in it."

(The making of that tippet must have used a great deal of wool, of wonderful dyes.)

Mort's muffled reply was:

"Christmas."

"Look at his boots!" said Dorr Hopkins. "He can tuck his trousers 'way down. New mittens, too!"

These village chums of his had never seen Mort come out of his front gate in such style before; but he had been holding the gate open for something that was coming out behind him, and now he gave a shout that had a triumphant sound, in spite of coming through so much tippet.

"Christmas! Look at that sled, will you?"

It was a great thing—to go a hundred miles to your grandfather's, and stay there so long, and come home with such a sled as that. The like of it had never been seen in Pondville!

It was long; it was low on its runners; it curved up gracefully in front; it was wider than common; it was strong; it was brand-new. The only places not painted were the faces of the runner-irons, and they were as smooth as glass. There was only one thing about it that puzzled the group of gazers, and that was the name, which shone in gold letters all along the top of the sled.

"C-e-n-t-i-p-e-d-e!—Centipede!" exclaimed Penn. "Who ever heard of a sled with such a name as that?"

"It means a hundred thousand legs," said Mort, "and that sled 'll run away from anything."

"We 'll see!"

"Fancy sleds never run well."

"There's good coasting on the hill. Just you come and try it now."

"But the ice in the river's awfully thin," said Dorr. "The old ice went out in the January thaw, and the new ice won't bear a dog."

The boys were already on their way down to the old bridge, across the little river, beyond which was a short strip of level road, and then the hill began. It was a splendid hill for coasting, with three roads that went up and up, till no boy would care to drag a sled farther. As the little group reached the bridge, every boy with his sled behind him, and two or three of them were remarking how wide the river looked, just there, and how smooth and "glary" the ice was, and all were wishing it would freeze a little harder,—suddenly they all shouted pretty nearly the same thing at the same moment:

"Sam Smith's broken in!"

Even Mort Hubbard started on a run with the rest, but they dropped their sled-ropes while he kept a firm grip of his.

For a moment all that could be seen was a bunch of fiery-red hair, in the middle of a big patch of water; and the mouth that belonged to it was wide open in a long, shivering, astonished yell.

"He's a-sitting down on his sled!"

"Broken through, sled and all!"

It was nearly thirty feet from shore, but the moment Sam stood up in the water they all knew just how deep it was.

"It can't drown him."

"He's coming ashore."

"Saved his sled, too."

"Oh, but is n't he wet!"

"What made you break in, Sam?" asked Penn.

"I—I—I—just w-w-went on t-t-to try the i-i-ice," shivered poor Sam. "It's t-t-too thin."

"It must be even thinner out there."

"I'm g-g-going home!"

"I think you'd better; but what 'll your folks say?"

"Should n't w-wonder if Aunt B-B-Betsy would give me a w-w-warmin'."

Sam was the boy who made most of the blunders that were made in Pondville, and it was generally known that Aunt Betsy was determined to do her duty by him.

The other boys at once made up their minds that they would wait for another frost before

they would try that ice; and Mort Hubbard remarked, loftily: "We had better ice than that where I've been. You could skate all over it."

"Did you get any new skates?"

"No; but I got some new straps for the old ones. They 'll stay on now."

steepest, and Mort insisted on climbing higher than any boys had ever before cared to drag sleds.

"This is n't any kind of a hill," he remarked.

"You ought to see the hill they have where I've been. It's as steep as the roof of a house, and they keep it slippery all winter."



"MORT WAS HOLDING BACK THE GATE."

"Skating 's nothing to coasting, anyhow. Only you must have a sled that 'll run."

"I 'll show you one. I 'm going to run clear over the bridge."

"No, you wont; not if your sled had a hundred million thousand legs."

"You 'll see. We had better coasting than this where I've been. You could slide for twice as far, and there was n't any thin ice in the river."

On they went, up the north road, for that was the

"Oh, but it is n't of any use to have a good hill unless your sled 's good for something. Look at mine, now. She can just 'buzz'!"

Every sled was then stood up on end to show

how brilliantly its runner-irons were polished, and Mort was fairly overwhelmed by the severe criticisms upon his "fancy sled."



"I dare say Sam Smith wishes he had n't tried the ice," chuckled Dorr, just as they all were out of breath, and had decided that they had climbed high enough.

"No doubt he does," said Mort. "But you ought to see the river where I've been. If he'd broken through into that, his head would n't have stuck out. Not if he'd been standing on a whole stack of sleds like his."

"It's deep, is it?—Can you steer with those new boots on?"

Mort made no reply, for just at that moment he was arranging himself on the gorgeous level of the "Centipede," and it appeared to him as if the white slope before him had never until then seemed so long, so smooth, and so wonderfully steep.

"Some of us 'll run over you, most likely," said Dorr.

"You ought to see how they run over things up where I've been,"—began Mort; but at that instant Penn Landers gave him a little push, and the "Centipede" shot away with him down the hill.

"Hurrah, boys! Catch him!"

"Follow my leader!"

"Clear the track!"

One after another, in rapid succession, the Pondville boys darted on behind the "fancy sled" that Mort Hubbard had brought home from "up where he'd been."

Catch him? They might as well have tried to catch a barn-swallow.

Mort was a good coaster, and he had been all ready to start when Penn pushed him, but he had never dreamed of going down any hill as swiftly as he was now going. All the hills he had looked upon during his visit at his grandfather's grew smaller and smaller when he tried to remember them, and this present slide grew more and more terrific. He did not dare put the heels of his new boots down upon the snow any harder than was needed to do a very little steering. The sled was not likely to need much, for it was running in the track made by the sleighs of the farmers from beyond the hill.

Fences, trees, houses went by quickly and more quickly. Joe Benham's yellow dog was at the side of the road, half-way down the hill, and Mort saw his mouth open, but the bark did not catch up with the "Centipede" until the dog was ten rods behind it.

"The river!"

He was going too fast to say anything, but he thought of it; for he knew there was no stopping the "Centipede" yet awhile.

"It 'll carry me up



THE TOG UPHILL.

and over the bridge, after all, and nobody ever did that before in all the world." He gave a look back, to see how far behind him were all the other

boys, and when he turned his head again—his teeth began to chatter.

There was a whole drove of cattle coming upon the bridge!

It was easy enough for him to turn out of the road, but the long, sloping hollow at the side went straight down to the river! Wagon-drivers used to go along it in summer, and when the water was low they would let the horses drink in mid-stream.

"No use! I can't stop her! I wish I dared tumble off!"

How that sled did slip along! It was just as if it knew where the river was, and meant to try the strength of the ice; for, before Mort could think again of anything in particular, the sled skimmed out of the road into the hollow, and the ox in advance of the drove gave a stupid bellow as the "Centipede" shot out upon the thin, dark, "glary" new ice.

It came to Mort, like a flash, that he was not breaking in. "I'm going too fast! The ice has n't any time to break. I shall go clear across!"

And he might have gone clear across if it had not been for Sam Smith's blunder, and if he could have steered the "Centipede" on the ice.

On she whizzed, over all the deepest part of the little river. And then Mort must have found his breath, for it came out in a yell as loud as Sam's.

It ought to have been every bit as loud, for he was sousing into the same cold water, and through the same hole in the ice.

Then he heard shout after shout behind him, for all the boys on the other sleds had been quite able to stop in time, and they all would have been slipping over the bridge if it had n't been for the cattle that were crowding on it.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shivered poor Mort. "The ice is n't anything like as thin as that up where I've been. The w-water is n't so c-c-cold neither. Oh! oh! oh! how cold it is!"

He was wading ashore as fast as he could, and the "Centipede" was following at the end of her rope. It was too bad! And he could hear Dorr Hopkins, on the other side of the stream, shouting to him:

"I should think you'd better go home! Did you get as wet as that up where you've been?"



"MORT CAME SOUSING THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE ICE."

Poor Mort could not have kept his teeth apart long enough to tell him, so he hurried home. But he had beaten everything on the hill that morning, and that was something to be proud of.

REMINDING THE HEN.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

- "It's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddie, his face all aglow;
"For what do you think, Mamma, happened?
You never will guess it, I know.
- "The little brown hen was there clucking;
'Cut-cut!' she'd say, quick as a wink,
Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower;
And then she would stop short and think.
- "And then she would say it all over,
She *did* look so mad and so vexed;
For Mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten
The word that she ought to cluck next.
- "So I said 'Ca-daw-cut,' 'Ca-daw-cut,'
As loud and as strong as I could.
And she looked 'round at me very thankful;
I tell you, it made her feel good.
- "Then she flapped, and said, 'Cut-cut—ca-daw-cut';
She remembered just how it went, then.
But it's well I ran into the garden,—
She might never have clucked right again!"

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.—SEVENTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

ONORATA RODIANA.

THERE is a very interesting story told of an artist of Cremona,—Onorata Rodiana,—who, while still a young maiden, acquired such fame as a painter that she was summoned by the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo, called the "Tyrant of Cremona," to decorate some rooms in his palace.

One day, as Onorata was mounted on a ladder, working at a wall-painting, a young courtier passing through the room began to tease her; but, his banter degenerating into rudeness, she came down from the ladder and tried to run away from him. He pursued her, however, and caught her, when, in her fright, she drew a dagger from her belt and stabbed him fatally. Seeing what she had done, and fearing the wrath of the Marquis Fondolo, she hastened to put on the disguise of a boy's dress, and fled to the mountains. She there fell in with a

band of *condottieri*: the life of these men, half-soldier and half-brigand in its character, so fascinated Onorata that she at once consented to become one of their number, glad of the chance afforded her to make herself acquainted with the grand mountain scenery and the careless jollity of life in its wilds. She soon showed so much daring and skill, that she was made an officer in the band and held a post of command.

When the "Tyrant of Cremona" heard of the affray between the courtier and the maiden, and of her crime and flight, he was furious, and threatened to hunt her to the very death; but so skillfully had she concealed her identity as to baffle all his efforts to track her. After a time, as he could find no other suitable artist to complete the paintings which Onorata Rodiana had begun, he declared a full pardon for her if she would return to the palace and finish her works. The news of

this pardon was spread throughout the surrounding country, and when Onorata heard of it, she gladly laid aside her sword to resume her palette and brushes. She completed her task, but the exciting life she had led among the mountains had taken such a hold upon her fancy, that she returned to it and to the outlawed companions who had learned to respect and love her.

Again and again she left them, only to return each time, for her heart and life were divided between her beloved art and her romantic soldiering. At last, when her native village of Castelleone, near Cremona, was laid siege to, Onorata led her band to its relief, and drove away the enemy. But she rescued her birthplace at the cost of her life; for she was mortally wounded in the conflict, and died soon after, within sight of the home of her childhood. I believe that she is the only woman who has ever been successful as both an artist and a soldier; and I am sorry that I can find no work of hers of which a picture may be given here. Her story is well authenticated in history, and she died about the year 1472.

TITIAN.

THE great painter whom we call Titian was named Tiziano Vecelli. Sometimes Cadore is added to this, because his native place was the village of that name, situated in the Friuli, a district lying north of Venice. The family of Vecelli was of noble rank, and its castle of Lodore was surrounded by an estate on which were small houses and cottages; and in one of these last, which still is carefully preserved, Titian was born, in 1477.

As a child, Titian was passionately fond of drawing, and so much was he in love with color also, that instead of using charcoal or slate for his pencils, he pressed the juices from certain flowers to make colors, and with these he painted the figure of a Madonna while he was still very young. When he was nine years old he was taken to Venice to study painting, and from that time he was called a Venetian. Each great center of art then had what was called a "school of art" of its own, and this expression occurs frequently in books about art; it means the peculiar characteristics of the artists of the city or country spoken of. For example, "the Roman school" means such a style of design and color as is seen in the works of Raphael, who is called the head of that school. So Titian came to be the head of the Venetian school of painting. He is also called by some writers the most excellent portrait-painter of the world.

At first, in Venice, the boy was in the school of Sebastian Zuccato, a painter and worker in mo-

saics; next he was a pupil of the Bellini, and formed an intimate friendship with his fellow-pupil, Giorgione, who also came to be a great painter.

I am sure that every boy and girl must know how much it sweetens study and makes one quick to understand and patient to work, to have a loving and sympathetic school-fellow,—one to whom we can talk freely, feeling sure that we are understood, and who will be glad for us and proud of us when we make any advance. Such was the relation between Titian and Giorgione, and they lived in the same studio and worked together—Titian with his golden tints, and Giorgione with his more glowing colors. This happy time was when they were just coming to manhood, and were filled with bright hopes for the future.

The name Giorgione means "Great George," and it was given to the artist because he was very handsome and had a noble figure and bearing.

At length, when Titian was about thirty years old, the two friends were employed in the decoration of the "Fondaco dei Tedeschi," which was a hall of exchange for the German merchants in Venice; here the work of Titian was more admired than that of Giorgione, and from this cause such a jealousy arose that they ceased to live together, and we have reason to believe that they never were good friends again; yet, after the early death of Giorgione, his former companion completed the pictures he had left unfinished; and there is no doubt that Titian grieved over his death, which must have lessened greatly his pleasure in the fact that he himself was then left without a rival in all Venice.

One of the most interesting pictures painted by Titian is "The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," which is now in the Academy of Venice. There are many pictures of this subject, but none is so famous as this one. The legends of the life of the Virgin Mary relate how carefully her mother, St. Anna, watched over her infancy; and when the child was but three years old, it was decided to present her at the temple of the Lord; so her father, Joachim, said:

"Let us invite the daughters of Israel, and they shall take each a taper or a lamp and attend her, that the child may not turn back from the temple of the Lord."

And being come to the temple, they placed little Mary on the first step, and she ascended alone all the steps to the altar; and the high-priest received her there, kissed her, and blessed her, saying:

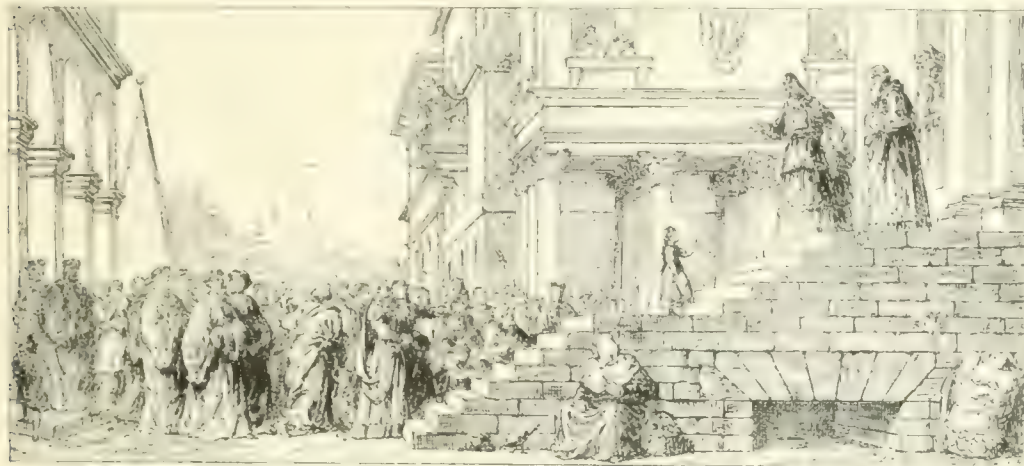
"Mary, the Lord hath magnified thy name to all generations, and in thee shall be made known the redemption of the children of Israel."

Then the little Mary danced before the altar, and all her friends rejoiced with her and loved her;

and her parents blessed God because she had not turned away from the temple.

Titian's picture of this presentation was painted for the Church of the Brotherhood of Charity; this is called in Italian, "*La Scuola della Carità*," and it is this church which is now the Academy of Art of Venice. The picture is gorgeous in color,

are other portraits of her by Titian, and even in our day her story is of interest to artists, for, not long ago, a German painter, Hans Makart, painted a large picture called "*Venice Doing Homage to Caterina Cornaro*," for which the Prussian Government paid about \$12,500; the painting is now in the National Gallery at Berlin.



SKETCH OF TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

and has a great deal of life and action in it. It is said that the priest who stands behind the high-priest is a portrait of Cardinal Bembo; Titian himself is standing, looking up, and some of his friends are near him.

A very interesting portrait, by Titian, is that of Caterina Cornaro. This young Venetian lady was so very beautiful that when her uncle, who had been exiled to Cyprus, showed her portrait to the young Prince Lusignan, the youth fell madly in love with her, and, as soon as he became king of Cyprus, asked her to marry him; the Republic of Venice solemnly adopted Caterina as its daughter, and gave her to the king, with a very rich dowry. In two years, her husband and her infant son both died, and she reigned alone over Cyprus during fourteen years; then she resigned her crown and returned to Venice, about two years after Titian went there to study. She was received with grand ceremonies, and even the "*Bucentaur*," the ship of the state, was sent out to meet her and bear her to the city—an honor which was never accorded to any other woman in all the history of Venice. At this scene of pomp the boy artist was present, and it must have made a deep impression on his mind. His portrait of this beautiful lady is in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence; it represents her in a full Greek dress, with a gemmed crown upon her head, while near her is placed the wheel, the symbol of her patron saint, St. Catherine. There

In the same gallery with the portrait of Caterina is also the lovely "*Flora*," and near by, in the Pitti Palace, hangs one which is called "*La Bella di Tiziano*" (the beautiful lady of Titian). These two pictures are often copied.

The fame of Titian spread throughout Italy and all over Europe, and the Duke Alphonso I., of Ferrara, invited him to come to that city. Titian remained a long time at the court of this duke and made many fine pictures for him; among them was the famous "*Bacchus and Ariadne*" which is now in the National Gallery in London. The mythological story of Ariadne is, that she had been deserted by her husband, Theseus, and left upon the island of Naxos; Bacchus, the beautiful young god of wine and pleasure, saw Ariadne there, and thought her so lovely that he married her, and placed the marriage crown which he gave her among the stars. In Titian's picture, the car of Bacchus, drawn by leopards, has halted, and the god leaps out to pursue Ariadne; satyrs, fauns, and nymphs come in a gay troop out of a grove, and all dance about the car with wild, careless grace.

While in Ferrara, Titian also painted a second mythological picture, which represents a statue of Venus surrounded by more than sixty children and cupids; some of them are climbing trees, some flutter in the air, while others shoot arrows, or twine their arms about each other. This picture is now in Madrid.

Titian was next invited by the Pope, Leo X., to go to Rome, but he longed for his home in Venice and for the visit which he was in the habit of making each year to his dear Cadore; he was weary, too, with the ceremony and pomp of court life, and so he declined to go to Rome and hastened home to Venice.

Titian had married a lady named Cecilia, who died about 1530; he had two sons, Pomponio and Orazio, and a daughter called Lavinia. After the death of Titian's mother, his sister Orsa came from Cadore to live with him and care for the three little ones;—we shall say more of them all, further on.

In the same year, 1530, the Emperor Charles V. and Pope Clement VII. met at Bologna; all the most brilliant men of Germany and Italy were gathered there, and Titian was summoned to paint the portraits of the Pope and the Emperor, and also those of Ippolito dei Medici and many other notable men. When Titian returned again to Venice, he was a great man; he had honors, titles, and riches, and no longer lived in the simple

the wide canal, which at night was filled with gay gondolas bearing parties of ladies and their attendants, and the Murano, which was like another city with its graceful domes and towers, and beyond all the Friuli Alps, with their snow-peaks rising to the heavens, made up the lovely panorama upon which Titian continually gazed, and its effects are seen in the landscape portions of his works. At Berigrande he enjoyed society, and entertained at his table the wise and witty men and women of Venice, and those who were visitors in that city. On one occasion, when a cardinal and others invited themselves to dine at his house, which was called "Casa Grande," he flung a purse to his steward, and said:

"Now prepare a feast, since all the world dines with me."

While living in Casa Grande he spent "the most glorious years of a glorious life," and all great people, both ladies and gentlemen, desired to have their portraits from his hand; if a collection of these portraits could be made, it would include nearly all the men of his time in Europe whose



GROUP FROM TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

manner of his earlier years; he now had a house at Berigrande, opposite the island of Murano; the garden and the views from it were very beautiful;

names have lived until now. The only man of note whom he did not paint was Cosmo I., grand duke of Florence, who refused to sit for him.

After he was sixty years old, Titian went the second time to Ferrara, Urbino, and Bologna, and again made a portrait of Charles V.; this time the Emperor had a favorite dog by his side. At length, in 1545, Titian accepted an invitation from Pope Paul III., and went to Rome; a portrait of this Pope with his two grandsons, painted at this time by Titian, is in the Museum of Naples, and is a remarkable work. While at Rome he painted several fine pictures. The artist was sixty-nine years old when he left that city.

During the winter of 1548, Titian went to Augsburg, where Charles V. again required his services; the Emperor had become very fond of the artist, and treated him with the greatest respect and consideration. While on this visit, it happened one day that Titian dropped his pencil, and the Emperor picked it up and returned it to him; court etiquette forbade that the sovereign should do such a service for any one, and Titian was much embarrassed. Charles, seeing this, said: "Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar." ("Cæsar" was one of the titles of the Emperor.)

At Augsburg the painter was made a count, and received a yearly pension of two hundred gold ducats.

Some writers have said that Titian visited Spain; this does not now appear to be true, but it is certain that Charles V. continued through life his favors to him, and when the Emperor resigned his crown and went to live in the monastery of Yuste, he took with him nine pictures by Titian; one of these was a portrait of the Empress Isabella, upon which Charles gazed when on his death-bed; it is now in the Museum of Madrid. After Charles had given up his crown to his son Philip II., the new monarch patronized the artist as his father had done, and many fine works by the master are now in Madrid.

It is wonderful that Titian continued to paint well when very aged; he was eighty-one years old when he finished his picture of "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," for the Church of the Jesuits, in Venice.

St. Lawrence is a prominent saint in the Roman Catholic Church, and it is historically true that he lived, and that he died the dreadful death which is related in his legend. He was a Spaniard, but went to Rome when quite young, and was found so worthy in his life that Sixtus II., who was then the bishop of Rome, trusted him greatly, and made him the keeper of the treasures

of the church. When Sixtus was led away to his death, because he was a Christian, Lawrence clung to him and wished to die also; but Sixtus



THE HIGH PRIEST, FROM TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

told him that he would live three days longer, and commanded him to give the church treasures to the poor. So Lawrence went through the city, and gave much comfort to the sick and suffering. Very soon, however, he was summoned before the tyrant, and when he could not show him the treasures of the church, he was condemned to be put to death by being stretched on an iron bed,

with bars like a gridiron, and then roasted by a fire placed under him. He suffered this cruel death with great courage, and blessed God with his last breath.

Titian has painted this martyrdom as a night-scene, and the wonderful effect of the lights he has used makes it a very remarkable work. Above is a star, from which shoots a ray of heavenly glory on the face and form of St. Lawrence, who is gazing up at it; beneath is the light from the fire, and, besides these, there are two pans of burning pitch, the light from them casting a red glow over all.

It is a true pleasure to watch the effects of all sorts of lights and shadows, and I am sure that many of you do it, although you may not think about it on every occasion; but you find pleasure when you do think of it. The beauty of the sunshine that appears to flow out of the blue sky is made more beautiful in contrast with the deep shadows thrown on the grass by trees and other large objects. How much prettier are the light and shadow together, than all brightness or all shadow could be! It is by the study of these things, and the representation of them, that painters give us so much pleasure.

Now, in the picture of St. Lawrence, the face is not an agonized one, and it is lighted by the glory from above, rather than by the deep, bright lights which the wicked men about him have made. Some of the spectators are terrified by the calmness with which St. Lawrence suffers, and they turn to flee; others are hardened by the sight; only one appears to be unaffected by the scene.

Although Titian had enjoyed much prosperity, he had also suffered much; his wife and his dear sister Orsa had died; his son Pomponio had been a worthless fellow, and had made his father very unhappy; his daughter Lavinia had married, and the old artist was left alone with Orazio, who, however, was a dutiful son. But Titian had then reached such an age that most of the friends of his middle life had died, and he was a lonely old man.

He had painted many pictures of Lavinia, who was very beautiful; one of these, at Berlin, shows her in a rich dress holding up a plate of fruit, and it is one of the best of all his works.

Orazio was an artist, but he usually painted on the same canvas with his father, and his works can not be spoken of separately. Many pupils from all parts of Europe gathered about Titian in his latest years, and it is said that toward the close of his life, when he was at work upon an "Annunciation," some one told him that it did not resemble his former works; this made him very angry, and he seized a pencil and wrote upon the painting, "*Tizianus fecit fecit*,"—by which he meant to say, "Titian truly did this!"

When Titian had become ninety-six years old, Henry III. of France visited Venice, and waited upon him in his house; the king was attended by a train of princes and nobles. The aged master entertained His Majesty with princely hospitality, and when the king wished to know the price of some pictures, Titian presented them to him with an ease and grace of bearing which excited the admiration of all.

Finally, in 1576, the plague broke out in Venice, and both Titian and Orazio were attacked by it. It was impossible for the father, who was now ninety-eight years old, to recover. It was hoped that Orazio might live, and he was taken away to a hospital, and his father, over whom he had so tenderly watched, was left to die alone. But the care taken of Orazio was of no avail, as he also died.

When plagues and dreadful maladies prevail, wicked people often become more wicked and lose every feeling of humanity; so it was in Venice at this time; and while the old master still lived, some robbers entered his apartment and carried off his money, his jewels, and some of his pictures.

Titian died on the twenty-seventh of August, 1576, and all Venice mourned for him. There was a law that no person who died of the plague should be buried within the city, but an exception was made in this instance, and Titian was borne to the church of Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari, and there buried. This church is usually called simply "the Frari"—it is the same for which he had painted his great picture "The Assumption," now removed to the Academy of Venice. Another work of his, called the Pesaro altar-piece, still remains, not far from his grave.

The spot where he is buried is marked by a simple tablet, on which is inscribed in Italian: "Here lies the great Tiziano di Vecelli, rival of Zeuxis and Apelles." (Both these Grecian painters were spoken of in the first article of this series.)

In 1794, about two centuries and a quarter after his death, the citizens of Venice determined to erect a monument to Titian, and the sculptor Canova made a design for it; but the political troubles which soon after occurred, prevented the carrying out of the plan; and it was not until 1852 that the Emperor Ferdinand I., of Austria, erected a costly monument to Titian's memory. It is near his grave, and consists of a Corinthian canopy, beneath which is a sitting statue of the painter; several allegorical statues are added to increase its magnificence. This monument was dedicated with imposing ceremonies, and it is curious to remark that not far away, in the same church, the sculptor Canova is buried, and his own monument is made from the design which he had drawn for that of Titian.*

* For list of extant paintings by Titian, see "Letter-box," page 418.



THE VIRGIN, FROM TITIAN'S PAINTING, "THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE."

THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

THE Treasure-box offers you, this month, young friends, two short pieces from the works of a poet whose writings may be said to contain something appropriate to almost every age of life. For you will find in the poems of William Wordsworth * many simple and plain-worded songs that are already familiar to you through the pages of your early school-readers (what boy or girl does not know by heart his pretty verse-story, "We are Seven" ?)—and you will also find poems that are the admiration and the solace of wise and learned men. Wordsworth is held in high reverence as one of

the greatest of English poets ; but we should advise you not to undertake the reading of his longest and most thoughtful writings now, but to wait until you are nearer the age of men and women, when the experiences of added years shall have made you able to enjoy thoroughly the beauty and poetic power of his best works.

The first of the pieces selected for the Treasure-box is a beautiful sonnet, giving us the poet's thoughts when he stood upon one of the bridges of London in the early morning, and enjoyed the view over the great city.

MORNING IN LONDON.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

LUCY GRAY ; OR, SOLITUDE.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night,—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father, will I gladly do;
'T is scarcely afternoon,—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band.
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe—
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept,—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet";—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the foot-marks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the low stone-wall;

* Born, at Cockermouth, England, April 7, 1770. Died, at Rydal Mount, England, April 23, 1850.

And then an open field they crossed—
The marks were still the same—
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those foot-marks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

AND here, quite surprised, no doubt, to find itself in a modern Treasure-box, is a rare bit of old English writing which well may be read by all our boys who love accounts of great battles and warlike deeds, and who are inspired with the thought of one day taking command,—as well as by all patriotic girls who know such boys, or are likely some day to be personally interested in generals—or, better still, in the kind of men of which good generals are made. We copy it from an elegant old leather-bound volume with an elaborate title-page, containing the words "Animadversions of Warre, by Robert Ward, gentleman and commander, London. Printed by John Dawson, 1639." These are inclosed in a shield-like frame, set against a large pedestal, on the summit of which prances a superb horse, bearing

a plumed knight in full armor. Robert Ward dedicates his book to his "most dread sovereigne, his Royall Majestie King Charles." Whether the "most dread sovereigne" appreciated the compliment of this gentleman and commander or not, we may fitly honor the author for his true sense of manliness and military dignity. Robert Ward's spelling and his three-page dedication are out of date, but manliness and honest bravery are always in fashion, and one need not be a soldier, either, to wear them.—Patriotic American boys and girls may find an added interest just now in Robert Ward's ideal "character of a generall," since it has been as nearly exemplified by our own Washington as by any other man in history, and these pages will reach our readers about the time of the anniversary of Washington's birthday.

The Character of a Generall, with such excellent properties, both of body and mind, which he ought to be indued withall, declared; and also the chiefest circumstances belonging to his high and weighty Office.

—A GENERALL over an Army, must be ever trusty, faithfull and dutifull; indued with excellent judgement, reason, and resolution; well studied in the liberall Arts; of a fierce disposition, yet qualified with justice, and clemency; not rash in undertaking, yet as free from cowardise, as cruelty; talke little, and bragge lesse, in speech ready, and eloquent, faithfull of his word, constant and strong in the prosecution of his purposes, bountifull and honouring due deserts; of a good ability of body; in his countenance a stately terror, yet in private affable and pleasant; naturally disposed to abhorre vice; of a naturall strength and hardinesse to undergoe all extremities, either in travell, or want; in armes expert and adventurous; his invention subtile, full of inward bravery and fiercenesse, in his execution resolute; alwayes forward, but never dismayed; in counsell sudden and wise, of a piercing insight to foresee dangers, ingenious, decent, and in performance a man; or as Sr. R. Dallington specifies in his Aphorismes, to be five things required in a Generall; knowledge, valour, foresight, authority, and fortune; he that is not renowned for all or most of these vertues, is not

to be reputed fit for this charge; nor can this glory be purchast, but onely by practice and prooffe; for the greatest Fencer, is not alwayes the best Fighter, nor the fairest Tilter the ablest Souldier, nor the greatest Favourite in Court the fittest Commander in a Campe: that Prince therefore is ill advised that conferres this charge upon his Minion, either for his Courtship or what other respects, neglecting those more requisite and more noble parts.

Wherefore, a Generall ought to be excellently qualified in the reall knowledge of his Office, and every circumstance belonging unto it, before he shall adventure to take so weighty a charge upon him; and farre be it from any man to undertake this honourable burthen, having the speculative and practick part of his Office to learne, when occasion calles for performance; for many Armyes hath beene subdued by this one thing; for he that will be fortunate and desires to achieve to honour, must be infinitely chary, lest he be seduc'd by the traines* of time; and the preservation of his honour must be his chiefest aime, next the love and feare he owes to God, having an especiall care that the Christian Religion be had in due reverence in his Army, causing such Ministers of Gods word, as shall follow to instruct the Army, to retaine their dignities, and to be reverenc'd of his souldiers; by this meanes an Army shall be kept in marvellous obedience and order, and the Almighty Lord of Hostes will be ever assisting to worke him honourable victories.

* "Traines": —traps, or enticements.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"There are people who always come in like a child with a piece of good news. It was said of Lord Holland that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some signal good-fortune."

THERE, my dears! There's a hint from one of your American pen-folk that can be of good service to you, whenever, in the whole course of your lives, March weather befalls you. Take the text to heart, my hearers. On every morning or occasion when ill winds blow and your plans are dashed, just remember that the people around you have rights you are bound to respect,—rain or shine,—and greet them in the style of Lord Holland. Sensible man, that, says your Jack,—and a gentleman. Now, let's talk about

COASTING-SLEDS MADE OF ICE.

I'M told that sometimes, when an Esquimau wants a sledge in haste, he cuts one in a short time out of ice. He hollows it like a bowl, and smoothly rounds it at the bottom. Next a groove is thawed around the upper edge, in which is fixed a thong. Then the dogs are harnessed to this, the fur-clad driver lays a warm skin in the "bowl" and takes his seat, and away he speeds over the weird, wintry lands, sure that never a sled could be finer than his.

TURKISH ENVELOPES.

THE Deacon happens to be getting a great many letters just now. Some of them are very neat, and others are clumsy affairs that look more like little bundles than letters. And this reminds me that the Deacon once received a letter from Turkey, and, very naturally, it was inclosed in a Turkish envelope. This was very unlike the American envelopes that the Deacon generally receives. It was shaped like ours, but was open at each end

and sealed with two seals. It was quite as odd on the upper side, where the address was written, not lengthwise, as on ours, but across one end.

A ROSE-BOY.

AND who do you suppose sent this Turkish letter to Deacon Green? It was from a young Turkish lad who called himself a rose-boy, because his business is to gather roses for his father! I shall mention in this connection, however, that his father's business is to distill the costly perfume known as the Attar of Roses, which is worth so much a drop. I forget the exact price.

Do you happen to know of any American boy who makes his living by gathering roses for his father?

THE CANARY THAT WOULD N'T GO, AND THE CANARY THAT WOULD N'T STAY.

DEAR JACK: I know a lady who has a canary-bird that really prefers his cage to his liberty. When she slides up the wire door for him to fly out, he waits until her back is turned, then slams down the door with all his might, and then he flies up to his swing and sings a loud song of triumph. He seems to think that his mistress wishes to turn him out of house and home, and he takes this way of showing that he is too sharp for her.

The same lady had another canary, who was very fond of perching about the plants in her open window, and singing his best songs for her. He seemed to understand everything that she said to him.

One day she did n't feel well, and was low in her spirits. So she replied to his concert with a troubled:

"Oh, do stop that noise! I can't stand it."

The bird put his head on one side and considered. Then, deciding it was better not to take any notice of such impolite remarks, he sang louder than ever, putting in all his extra trills and shakes in his best style. Then the lady shook her finger at him and said:

"Silence, I tell you!"

The bird looked at her so sadly and inquiringly with his little round eyes, that she repeated: "Yes, Jip, I really mean what I say! Just you go! I can't bear to hear you!"

The next moment the bird flew away, and he has never, never come back again; and oh, how she longs to see him and to beg his pardon for her unkind words!

But, as the Turks say, a bad word is carried so quickly by the wind that many horses can not bring it back.—Your friend,

LIZZIE HATCH.

BUTTERED TEA.

DID you ever hear of this strange dish? It is very common in Thibet, and is made by putting slices of butter into the tea. That is not the only queer thing Thibetans do. I'm told they actually make their tea thick with oatmeal! Deacon Green says the natives of America sometimes thicken coffee very strangely, though he can't say that they use oatmeal. He says they generally thicken it by not making it thin. But that's out of my line.

CATCH-ALL POCKETS.

TOMMY, or Johnny, or Ben need not look up and think that I mean their pockets, though I believe that these often hold a little of everything. I was thinking of the pockets of the monkeys. Not pockets in the little coats that organ-men sometimes compel them to wear, but in their cheeks.

When these pockets are empty they are not observable, but when they are filled you can easily see them. Monkeys, I'm sorry to say, are naturally thievish, and they use their pockets to hide the little articles they have stolen.

A bird has told me of a little pet monkey named Hag, a creature no larger than a big guinea-pig;

and in his cheek-pockets his master once found a steel thimble, his own gold finger-ring, a pair of pearl sleeve-links, a farthing, a button, a shilling, and a bit of candy.

FAIRY RINGS.

YOU 'VE seen fairy rings? They are circles of brown and dry-looking grass, with green grass inside, and the country people say they are made by fairies dancing on the sward.

The wise men have been examining these rings, however, and have found out that they are made by a sort of moss or fungus, which sends out its growth in every direction from the central plant, and at the point where it forms its seeds it chokes the grass. It grows under the surface, and therefore is not seen.

A FEW WORDS FROM DEACON GREEN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: To the great regret of Brother Plunkett, the Little School-ma'am, the rest of the Committee, and myself, we find it utterly impossible to announce in the March St. Nicholas the award of prizes for straightening the "Historical Pi." To be sure we did not promise to announce it this month, but as the time for receiving answers was up on January 10th, we felt pretty sure we could examine them all and report before the March St. Nicholas would be given to the printers. Well, it has n't proved so. In order to get enough magazines printed, bound, and sent out to supply every St. Nicholas boy and girl in Christendom, the editors have to complete the number during the last week in January—and here it is upon us, and hundreds of Pi-letters not read yet! Whew! how those letters have been pouring in! Long before Christmas they began to arrive—first two by two, like the animals in the ark, then by dozens, then by scores, then by hundreds—all crying "Read me!" "read me!" "read me!" at the tops of their voices—so to speak—and not one could be overlooked nor slighted in the least.

The Little School-ma'am and I have done our best, but we're not through yet. As soon as we are, we'll show all the good ones to the Committee, the hundred prizes shall be awarded, and a brand-new crisp dollar-bill shall be sent *at once* to each winner, though their names can not be announced

till the publication of the Committee's report in next month's St. Nicholas.

Now, perhaps many of you will like to hear what the Little School-ma'am is doing in the matter. Well, here is a letter just received from that dear little woman, which will give you quite a clear notion as to how things are working:

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM, 10th January.

DEAR DEACON: I have just had your latest card, and hasten to inform you that I have received 2725 solutions to your "Historical Pi." I have examined about two thousand; they are all creditable to the youngsters, and I wish you had \$2000 in greenbacks "crisp and fresh" and could send one to each of the young writers. But of course such pleasure as that is not to be thought of. The contest will be very close; probably nothing with more than three mistakes will come in for the prizes.

Thus far, a dozen or more are absolutely correct, a greater number have but one error each, and sometimes that is merely a slip in the spelling—then more have but two, three, and four mistakes. Those with five errors will certainly not have any chance at all.

There is a good spirit shown in the letters and headings sent in by the children—jokes about the "pi" being "mince": one boy says, "It is better than the pies my mother makes, and that is saying a good deal." Almost all think the exercise and information gained

worth more than the dollar to them, even if they fail to win. A wonderful degree of interest is shown. One Dakota boy writes that he walked five and a half miles to the post-office to send off his solution, the thermometer being two degrees above zero (Dakota, January 2d). There's a plucky little fellow for you! Let me assure you, my dear Deacon, that when I thought there was a possibility of getting through in time for the March number, I worked late into the night for more than a week. Bright girls and boys in Ireland, Scotland, England, Nova Scotia, Canada, and every State and Territory of our own country, have forwarded responses. Besides these, I learn from the letters that a very large number of young folk have corrected the Pi "for the fun of the thing," as they say, but have not ventured to offer their work in competition. I will close with the remark of one of your admirers, who sends word that "the Deacon ought to be classed with the great inventors, hereafter."—Yours truly,

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

In conclusion, let me say that I am a proud and happy man, though slightly overwhelmed when I look at your heaps and heaps of "answers" to the Historical Pi, and I don't wonder my friend Jack-in-the-Pulpit is so sure there never was a finer set of young folk than this royal St. Nicholas crowd. You may expect to have a clear report next month, with the names of the hundred winners. Meanwhile, one and all, please accept the best wishes and cordial thanks of

Yours to command,
SILAS GREEN.

New York, Jan. 24, 1882.



GUSTAVE'S FIRST RIDE.

GUS-TAVE's fa-ther came a-cross the sea to this coun-try with his wife, his daugh-ters, and his lit-tle son, and went to live on a small farm. Gus-tave still wore the same wood-en shoes and queer cap that he had worn where he lived be-fore. He was ver-y fond of hor-ses, and oft-en asked his fa-ther to buy him a horse; but this could not be done, as his fa-ther was quite poor.

One day, Mr. Green, a friend of Gus-tave's fa-ther, came rid-ing up to the house on a large farm-horse. He was go-ing to a small town, a few miles a-way, and stopped to have a talk with the farm-er.

"I wish I had a horse," said the lit-tle boy, who stood near.

"What would you do with him, if you had one?" asked Mr. Green.

"I should ride him to town," said the lit-tle boy.

"You can ride this one to town," said Mr. Green, "if your fa-ther will put you up be-hind me."

Then Gus-tave's fa-ther lift-ed his lit-tle boy and set him on the horse, be-hind Mr. Green.

Fran-cine, Gus-tave's eld-est sis-ter, came out of the house and looked through the gate-way to see her broth-er take his first ride. Gus-tave was ver-y proud as the big horse trot-ted off, and he would have waved his cap to Fran-cine if he had not been a-fraid to let go of Mr. Green's coat, which he grasped tight-ly with both hands.

Be-fore long, Mr. Green saw a man in a field, and got off his horse to walk up and speak to him.

"Now, keep sit-ting just as you are, my boy," said Mr. Green to Gus-tave, "and if you do not take hold of the rein, nor kick the horse with your feet, he will stand quite still."

When Mr. Green had gone, Gus-tave sat still for a whole min-ute; then he said to him-self: "If I do take hold of the rein, and do kick him with my feet, I sup-pose he will move. I should like so much to ride a horse all by my-self." So he took hold of the rein which hung over the sad-dle, and kicked the horse a lit-tle. The horse start-ed off, and be-gan to walk a-long the road. Gus-tave jerked the rein, and kicked the horse hard. Then the horse be-gan to trot, even fast-er than when Mr. Green was on him. Gus-tave did not like this, for it jolt-ed him. He tried to stop the horse by pull-ing on the rein, but the great creat-ure did not seem to feel his pulls, and trot-ted on as fast as ev-er. Gus-tave be-came fright-ened, and called for help, but there was no-bod-y

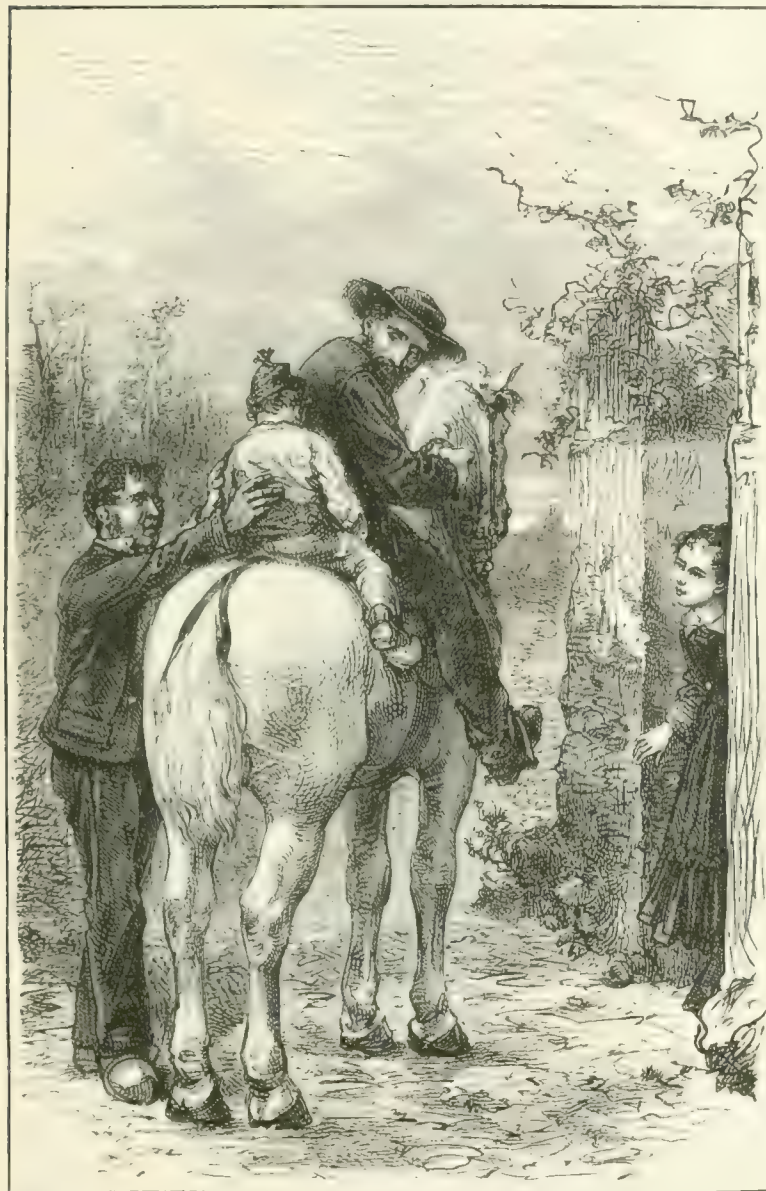
to stop the horse. At last the horse saw a pail of water by the road, and he stopped to drink. A man came out of a house near by, and Gus-tave called to him, "Oh, sir, take this horse from under me!"

The man looked up and said, laugh-ing, "I can not ver-y well take

the horse from under you, but I will take you from up-on the horse," and he lift-ed Gus-tave to the ground. At this ver-y moment Mr. Green came up, walk-ing ver-y fast.

Gus-tave went up to him at once. "I jerked the rein, sir," he said, "and I kicked the horse. I want-ed to ride a horse all by my-self. But I did not like it, and I think I shall nev-er want to ride a-gain."

"I am glad you told the truth," said Mr. Green, "and I will not scold you. But you will have to ride." So he got up-on the horse a-gain, and the oth-er man put Gus-tave up be-hind.



The horse now went slow-ly and eas-i-ly, and did not jolt at all.

"I think I shall like to ride a-gain," said Gus-tave. "It is ni-cer to ride when you are do-ing right than when you are do-ing wrong."

THE LETTER-BOX.

Our thanks are due to Mr. P. T. Barnum for the courtesy extended to the St. NICHOLAS artists and to the author of the article "Men-and-Animal Shows," concluded in the present number. Not only were these gentlemen allowed to examine every detail of his great show, but all needed information was freely given. Even the wild beasts themselves seemed to understand that they must submit to have their portraits taken for the benefit of our young readers. So, if ever you see any of them, especially the elephants, be sure to let them feel that you appreciate their friendly conduct. We wish our artist had given you a picture of these elephants bathing in the grand *warm-water pond* which Mr. Barnum has had constructed for his sea-lions and hippopotamuses in the wonderful Winter Quarters at Bridgeport, where all his wild animals are lodged in great houses of their own. But you can imagine the scene for yourselves. And you can imagine, too, how the swimming elephants would feel if they should happen, by any unaccountable accident, to stub their little toes against the steam-pipes by which the pond is heated.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I made the little house out of matches, from the directions given in the November number of your magazine, as a Christmas present for my sister.

We think it is quite a success, and are much pleased with it. I did not follow the directions exactly, being obliged sometimes, from lack of the right materials, to use what I had. Y. K.

HENRY L. M. AND OTHERS: Any one is at liberty to send puzzles to the "Riddle-box," but we can not promise to return those which prove to be unavailable unless postage stamps for the purpose are sent with them.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell about a little fox we had. One night the overseer had some ducks caught by a fox, and so he was very anxious to kill it. One day he found the fox's den, with some little foxes in it. While trying to catch the mother fox she got away with two young foxes. The overseer caught two little foxes and gave one to us. It had n't its eyes open. We got a box and put it in. We had a cat with a kitten, and the next morning we thought we would put it with the cat and see what she would do. She thought it was a kitten, and we put it on the floor, and she tried to pick it up and carry it back to the box. We had no more trouble with it then; the cat took care of it. When it got bigger we taught it how to eat. At first we gave it bread and milk, but when it got bigger we used to give it most anything. Everybody said it would eat up all our chickens as soon as it got big; but we had no small chickens near the house, so we did not think there would be any danger. The fox was very pretty—a reddish brown, with black nose and paws, and a gray breast. Under the back steps there are two big holes that go beneath the house, and he had his den under the house. We named him "Hero," but we always called him "Foxy." If you called him he would come and let you pet him. He would play with the kittens and dogs. One day, when Mr. Fox was about half-grown, we saw him catch a little turkey; and we missed several hens after he had gone. One day, shortly after he caught the turkey, we turned him out in the woods, and we never have heard nor seen Mr. Fox since, although some said he would come back. We were very sorry he had to go; he was so pretty and bright. A. R. R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having seen in your May number for 1878 (in Jack-in-the-Pulpit) a short article about the Stormy Petrel or Mother Carey's chickens, I thought I would give your readers a little more information concerning them.

My father is a sea-captain and I sail the ocean with him,—I am writing this at sea,—so I have seen many of these pretty little birds. They follow our vessel many, many miles around the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, through the trade-winds as far as the tropics. We have them in our wake again in the northern trade-winds, and enjoy throwing food on the water for them; it is pleasant to hear them chatter and strive when some little fellow tries to fly away with an unusually large piece.

In the article I spoke of, the writer did not know why they were called "Mother Carey's chickens."

This is what an old sailor told me when I was wondering at sea-birds having that name:

"A long time ago, an English emigrant ship, bound for Australia, was cast away on the Scilly Isles, and only one person was saved; this was an old woman called Mother Carey. She was washed ashore on the rocks, by some high wave, during the storm. She lived there for several months upon the birds' eggs and the food which they brought to her. They were tame and grew very fond of her. When she was taken off by a passing ship, myriads of the birds followed her, coming right on board, alighting on her head, shoulders, hands, and lap. The sailors of the vessel laughingly named them Mother Carey's chickens."

Wishing some of the readers of this were with me to enjoy the many wonders of the sea, and of the foreign countries I visit, I remain your friend and sincere admirer,
ALICE MORRISON.

A CURIOUS PANEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Knowing the fondness of your readers for all sorts of rare and wonderful things, I send you a representation of a strange freak of nature that occupies a panel in the wainscot of a corridor leading to the Governor's room in the State Capitol at Albany, New York. The panel is of reddish marble, and came in a rough state from Germany. It was smoothed and polished in



America, and its surface, when made flat, developed the curious kneeling figure quite naturally, without the aid of art. For some reason the workmen began to call it St. Jacob; perhaps because the figure was thought to resemble some picture of that saint. It still bears that name, and some persons are inclined to look at it with a feeling of awe. No one who sees the magnificent State House fails to visit St. Jacob.
JAMES C. BEARD.

Boys who are interested in bicycles will enjoy reading the following letter:

GILBERTSTONE HALL, BICKENHILL, NR. BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would like to tell you about a little dog we have called Gip. It is an Italian greyhound.

One day, when we first had it, it ran away. I will tell you how. We had taken it for a walk, and presently we fastened its chain and it went jumping along all right. When we had nearly got to the house it ran and I ran, until it got off the side path into the road. I called a gentleman and he ran after it, but he did not catch it. Some men in a cart were calling the dog to follow them. But at last the gentleman saw some boys on bicycles, and he cried, "Ten shillings to him who brings that little terrier dog back to me!" So the boys went after it on their "bikes," as we call them here, and at last they brought back my pet, and I was glad. It sprang out of windows and tries to run away again, you know, but we soon catch it—I remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS,

ELSIE GERTRUDE TANGVE.

AS THERE was not space on page 410 to speak of the paintings by Titian, that still are preserved, we shall mention them here; but these works are so many that it is impossible to give an exact list of them; again, large numbers are in private galleries, and others in churches, where so little light falls on them that they can not be seen to advantage; therefore, the following list names only the most important works in galleries usually visited by travelers.

The Pitti Palace, Florence: Marriage of St. Catherine, The Magdalen, and several portraits.

Uffizi Gallery, Florence: Five Madonnas, Venus, and several portraits.

The Ambrosiana, Milan: The Adoration of the Shepherds.

The Brera, Milan: St. Jerome in the Desert.

Museum, Naples: Danae, Portrait of Paul III. Portrait of King Philip II., and others.

Capitol Museum, Rome: Sated and Artless Love, Virgin and Child, and the Three Ages.

The Vatican, Rome: Madonna and Child, with saints; Portrait of a Doge of Venice.

Academy of Fine Arts, Venice: The Assumption of the Virgin, The Entombment (begun by Titian, finished by Palma Giovane), The Visitation, St. John in the Desert, The Presentation in the Temple.

Museum, Berlin: Lavinia, Titian, and several other portraits.

Gallery at Dresden: The Tribute Money, Venus and Cupid, Holy Family, and five portraits.

Pinakothek, Munich: Venus, Holy Family, Jupiter and Antiope, The Crowning with Thorns, and portraits.

Belvedere, Vienna: A large collection of many subjects.

Museum, Madrid: A collection of more than twenty fine pictures.

The Louvre, Paris: A collection of fifteen pictures.

Gallery at Hampton Court: Three portraits.

National Gallery, London: Bacchus and Ariadne, Venus and Adonis, and four other pictures.

The Hermitage, St. Petersburg: A collection of ten pictures.

AS EVERY word in the following story begins with the same alphabetic character, we have decided to thus save the compositor the trouble of setting up the initial letters; for we think the omission will not make it difficult to read the story.

THE RUCULENT HUG.

heophrastus, he olerated yrant, old he ribes o ramp o he heophy-lactean heater. hey, he urbulent hrong, rudged hither hankfully. heopes, he ruculent hug, ramping hither, antalizingly aunted he urbulent hrong, witted he olerated yrant, heophrastus, o ether he ruant ask-master.

hereupon, he ask-master elemachus, he brasher, ripped hrough he hrong o ry o hrash he ruculent hug. hreateningly old he ruculent hug o ry o ackle erific yphoon.

herewith, he ruculent hug ore hrough he hrong o hump he ask-master horoughly; hen hey ackled, hen hey umbled, hen rounced, hen humped ogether remendously. he ruculent hug hrottled he horough-bred ask-master.

hen, he olerated yrant, heophrastus, old ecles, he imid inker, o ry o hrow he ruculent hug. ecles, rembling, ottered oward he ussle,—he horough-bred ask-master, ruculent hug, wisting, wirling, humping remendously. hen he imid inker hreatened o rounce he ruculent hug.

he ruculent hug wittering, old he imid inker o "ry o ouch reacherous orpedo."

he imid inker houghtfully urned, hrew erene etragons oward he hug, rippingly hwacked he ruculent hug wice. hen he imid inker urned o end o he ask-master.

he ruculent hug urned, rippingly hrew imid inker, hen aking he wo, hrew hem oward he heater erifically.

hereupon he umultuous hrong ittered erribly. hen he olerated

yrant, heophrastus, old he amborine ender, headosia, o ap he amborine. headosia, aking he amborine, apped remendously. hus erminated he ussle.

J. E. NEWKIRK.

HERE are some verses from a girl of California, where spring comes in almost like the summer of the Eastern States.

The beautiful spring is coming,
The busy bees are humming,
And the old banjo is tumming.

The merry birds are singing,
The tinkling bells are ringing,
And the dear little girls are swinging.

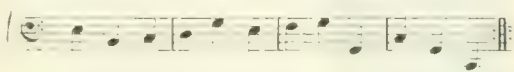
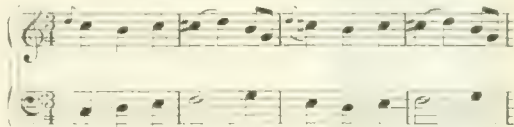
The gentle cows are lowing,
The ripest hay they're mowing,
And now I'm through and going.

LITTLE MINNETT (10 YEARS)

THE following little piece of music was sent to us exactly as here printed, but we have no positive proof that it was originally written by Mozart. It may have been composed by him when very young, and written out by his father. A short account of Mozart is given in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1875:

MINUET.

Written by MOZART at 4 years of age



MR. LEFANON, SYRIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading about "How to stock and keep a fresh-water aquarium." I should like to make one very much indeed, but the trouble is, there are no little brooks and ponds away out here in Syria; even the rivers are so shallow that there are no fish in them (at least in Beirut), this is such a dry place. But I have the sea, and if it would do to make a salt-water aquarium, I should be much obliged to some one of your readers to tell me how to proceed.

I have a kitten and two canary-birds. Winkie has a great admiration for the two canary-birds, and is always trying to get a chance to become intimate with them, but she has n't made much of a friendship yet, for I keep them well out of the way. I suppose she would soon make love to the fishes too, if I should let her. But I like her very much, all the same; she is very pretty—white, with black spots on her back and a black tail. She has a pink ribbon around her neck. I don't think she likes it much.

A. P.



AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWELFTH REPORT.

SNOW CRYSTALS.

THE interest manifested in snow-crystals by members has not been so great as we expected. This must be because few persons are aware of their beauty, and variety, or is it because the snow is late in coming this season? We present on these two pages, however, a few common forms, such as any boy or girl may readily observe with a small hand-glass.

The crystals should be caught on a dark cloth, and examined and drawn as soon as possible, care being taken to keep the glass cold. The group of six, shown on page 422, was drawn by Corwin Linson, of Buffalo. The figures show the temperature at the time of the snow-fall. If we had five hundred similar drawings from different parts of the country, with a record of the temperature and wind at the moment of catching the flakes, we should be able to deduce many facts regarding crystallization. We hope all these specimens will so charm you, that you will give them your best attention on their next visit. There is no other topic concerning which our members have not grown enthusiastic.

But we must now let you speak for yourselves.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

WATERBURY, CONN.

We have had five meetings this month, one being a special meeting. We have bought a cabinet and a scrap-book. We have admitted two new members.

WM. CARTER.

DAYTON, OHIO.

A few of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS in this little city have become so interested in the accounts of the "A. A." that we have determined to form a chapter of our very own, and see if it will not wake us up to the beauties all around us. Our society numbers ten girls and eight boys, besides two teachers. We shall diligently search ST. NICHOLAS for in-

formation and suggestions. It is wonderful how many little things we have found.

ABBIE I. DYER.

GREENWOOD LAKE, KENTUCKY.

We held our first meeting November 18. Vinnie gave us a sketch of the formation and manner of growth of leaves, with the names of the plants bearing the largest and smallest leaves. [We should all like to know the names.] Lex and Julia gave the names of plants bearing winged seeds. We have already collected a snake-skin, a humming-bird's nest made of gray lichens, and more than two hundred fossils of the Silurian period. We find many little rings, sometimes fastened together like stems, sometimes separate. They are marked with a figure resembling a five-petaled flower. Are they the stems of the Encrinite?

LILLIE BEDINGER.

[They are probably Encrinite stems, as you suggest. We should like to have one or two for our cabinet.]

MILFORD, MASS.

If you will put us in communication with members interested in mineralogy you will confer a favor.

JOHN R. ELDRIDGE.

NASHUA, N. H.

November 9 was the anniversary of the organization of our Chapter. We have resolved to have our officers hold office for a year. At a good friend's advice, we have honorary members, among whom is a mineralogist. We have received four or five new members, and now number seventeen. We have debates or papers at every meeting. Both are very interesting. A good many people said that our club would not last six months. I leave you to judge how much they have been mistaken.

F. W. GREELEY.

[Officers ought, if possible, to hold office for the whole year, and it is well for the secretary to be permanent. The idea of having debates is excellent. A great many croakers have been surprised at the rapid growth and continued prosperity of the Agassiz Association. Well done, Nashua!]

EATON, OHIO.

We live on rocks which contain many trilobites. They are found in great abundance both in the stratified rocks and in the "local drift rocks." In the Clinton rocks, a short distance south of us, a stone was found a few years ago, by Professor Claypole, which has gone far to prove the existence of large land plants in the upper Silurian time. We should like to correspond with other Chapters.

WILLIAM E. LOY.

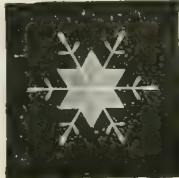
EMBREVILLE, CHESTER CO., PA.

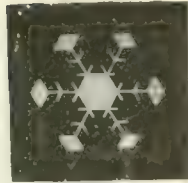
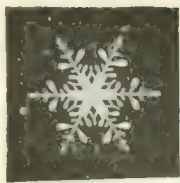
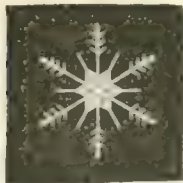
Mamma and my sisters and I would like to form a chapter of the "A. A.," called the Orchard Farm Chapter. I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and am very much interested in your reports. This year I am collecting birds' eggs. I take only one from a nest, and am very careful not to disturb the birds. I have a Wood Fly-catcher's nest, which is made of grass, wound so tightly around the limb that you have to break the limb to get it off.

HUGH E. STONE.

NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA.

We are very anxious to become a chapter of the "A. A.," and are eager to begin work. We have a great many of the back numbers





of St. Nicholas, from which we have read and enjoyed your report. We have a fine collection of crystals, and are exchanging them for very interesting natural history.

[Our chapter has sent a thing which I found in little water stream, and I found it a long time before it died. We made a great many things, but I have not time to tell you. We will tell you of the things in our next issue, representing the birth of the largest tree in the world, and what was it.]

AUBURN, N. Y.
We have seven members, but expect to have five boys join us soon. Last week I gave them the subject of "coral" to study, and they each read quite an interesting paper to-day. I have assigned them "Silk-worms" as the subject for next week, and hope they will have a delightful time.

SAMUEL E. K.

WE have four new members in Chapter 106. We have found the answer to your first question. There are three kingdoms in nature, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. The sponge is an animal, snow and ice are minerals.

R. M. R.

244 RIDGE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 10.
We are slowly growing. We have three new members. We have about seventy specimens of ores, and a few shells. We also have had a show. A great many of our friends were there, and thought we were doing very well. In the evening we had a large lantern exhibition. Many of our friends kindly lent us things to exhibit. One of our members also played the banjo. We have decided to have debates.

WILLIAM O. HENRY.

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA, Dec. 10.
We have added several to our list of members. The pointed ends of the silk badge, illustrated in the December St. NICHOLAS, are apt to curl up and unravel. A gold cord on the top, and a gold fringe on the bottom edge, will obviate this.

FRANK ELIE.

[The same trouble has been noticed by others, and the same excellent remedy has been suggested by Pansy Smith.]

214 RIDGE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 10.
We are getting along very nicely, and expect to have additional members very soon. We wish to exchange after January 1. We shall send in our drawings of snow-crystals as soon as the snow comes.

RAYMOND P. KADDER.

GLENCOE, ILL.
Our Chapter started in February, 1881, with five members. We now have seventeen, all young people. We have a cabinet nearly finished. We have taken very broad natural divisions on which to report, some taking Vertebrates, others Mollusks, others Botany, etc. We have gold, silver, and copper ore, petrified wood, shells, eggs, sea-beans, a sea-fan, two teeth of a buffalo, etc. We have made a floor for killing butterflies, and we have several little snakes.

O. M. HOWARD.

55 PROSPECT STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
We have two new members in Hartford B. We have all been away, and brought some specimens from places where we have been. Some of them are copper ore from the Cape Rosier mines, horse-tail rush from Bethlehem, N. H., a string of sea-weed and some diamonds from Cape May, N. J., several wasps' and birds' nests from East Haddam, Conn., a large horseshoe crab from near Sag Harbor, and a crow's skull from Gardiner's Island.

FRANCIS PARSONS.

NEWCASTLE, MASS.

We have continued our reading, and have had a few reports; two on horses by Josiah Hale and Alice Northend, and one on insectivorous plants from Sable Land. We have found an insectivorous plant near here, and next Summer we hope to get some.

ANDREWS ALLEN.

OSAGE CITY, KANSAS.

Our Chapter is prospering. We have nineteen members.

J. E. A. MULLER.

11 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, N. Y.

Our club has continually increased in interest, and has been doing some very good work. Our herbarium for the year is completed, and is inclosed in a neat and serviceable cover. Our boys have almost finished a cabinet, made according to the plan suggested in St. NICHOLAS. Our insects are arranged in order in large cases. Minerals are catalogued. Every Friday evening one of our members reads an original essay, after which a general discussion follows. One source from which we all derive much pleasure and profit is our so-called Observation Books. Each member has a note-book, in which, during the week, he jots down a note of any natural phenomenon or fact which he may observe. These notes often provoke much discussion.

Not long ago we had a debate on the subject, "Are all Animals useful to Mankind?" The whole evening was devoted to the subject, but each remained firmly convinced that his side alone was right.

FRANCIS F. HABERSTADT.

[This report has valuable suggestions for all members.]

10 OAKWOOD AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

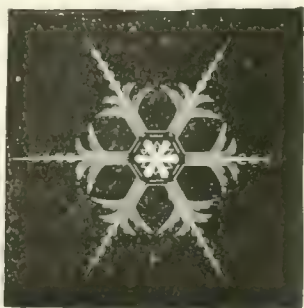
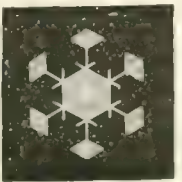
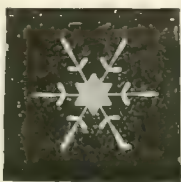
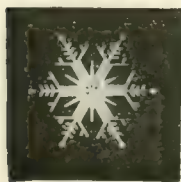
During this month we have collected shells from all parts of the earth, from California, Maine, Isthmus of Panama, Florida, Gulf of Mexico, India, Long Island, and many other places.

CHAS. W. SPRAGUE.

AUBURN, N. Y.

We have made quite an interesting study of sponges, corals, silk-worms, bees, and spiders, and have learned a great deal about each. This is our first month, and I hope to have a more interesting report next time.

FEORA DANGERFIELD.





SIX SNOW-CRYSTALS. DRAWN BY CORWIN LINSON.

1336 ELEVENTH ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.
We have a gorgeous beetle which came from Brazil. Its abdomen has five segments, and shines like changeable silk. It has six legs and two compound eyes, but no wings that we could see. At a late meeting we could not do much, for one of our members acted very badly and overturned our boxes. We had a spider under our microscope, but it looked so disgusting and hairy that we could not stand it. We next learned about caterpillars and butterflies. We read that the former had thirteen segments, and the next caterpillar I find I am going to count its segments. It also said they had eight pairs of legs, three of which turned into butterfly's legs, while the other five were lost in the moultings of the skin.

EMILY K. NEWCOMB.

[The wings of a beetle are hidden, while he is at rest, under thick wing-cases or *clytra*. The determination to "count" the segments of the caterpillar shows the true scientific spirit. You will *know* after you have counted.]

SYCAMORE, ILL., Dec. 27, 1881.

During the summer I collected and mounted more than 120 different species of insects. I took up botany during the vacation, and can analyze some easy wild-flowers. Whenever I see a new variety of bird or animal, I look it up in Tenney's Manual of Zoology. I can distinguish some birds by their song alone. Lillie Trask, of the Aurora Chapter, caught the "bug fever," but her insects were picked to pieces by a little four-year-old cousin, and the poor child gave up in despair. I wish the "A. A." reports were longer, I enjoy them so much.

PANSY SMITH.

[Has any member collected more insects in one season? Miss Lillie must not be discouraged. Capture the mischievous cousin for a specimen, and begin again. Thomas Edward lost all his valuable collection several times; but he never gave up.]

CANTON, OHIO.

Can caterpillars live under water? In the bottom of a pool I found one curled up. It appeared to have been there quite a while. I put it under a stove on a piece of paper. Pretty soon it began to move its head, and then crawled about. It is now as well as ever.

WILLIE B. FREER.

[Has any one else found caterpillars under water?]

REQUESTS FOR EXCHANGES.

Very nice goodies for marine curiosities. I will pay express one way.—L. L. Goodwin, Waverly, Bremer Co., Ohio.

Marine specimens, garnets, jasper, mica, fossils (some, as *Eurip-terus*, very rare).—Herbert U. Williams, 163 Delaware street, Buffalo.

Fossil shells and corals.—John B. Playter, Bristow, Iowa.

Cocoons of *exochia* for insects, shells, or woods.—Charles S. Brown, 117 Park Avenue, Chicago.

Birds' eggs, minerals, and ferns.—Edward Cox, Belpre, Ohio.

Sea-shells, sea-urchins, star-fish, for cotton in the pod, minerals, or fossils.—Andrews Allen, Newburyport, Mass.

Minerals.—G. O. Levassey, Beverly, Mass.

Woods. Correspondence.—Maude Smith, Nevada City, Cal.

A Chinese coin, for insects. Correspondence.—Henry Brown, Geneseo, Ill.

Labeled fossil shells for minerals, wood, and sea-shells.—Venie Price, Greene, Iowa.

Fossils of the lower Silurian for anything equally rare.—Lillie Bedinger, Greenwood Lake, Ky.

Coins, stamps, and Alpine flowers for pressed autumn-leaves and ferns.—Kenneth Brown, 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France, care Messrs. Munroe & Co.

General correspondence with a view to exchanges.—George S. Morley, Clyde, Wayne Co., N. Y.

Copper ore for a sand-dollar; and trap-rock for tin ore.—Walter Hohmes, Waterbury, Conn.

QUESTIONS.

1. What are dragon-flies like before they have wings? Do they come from the water?
2. What is the hardest wood in the world?
3. How can poison ivy be distinguished?
4. How shall I prepare specimens of wood?

The best answers to the first three questions will be published. We give the following letter in answer to the fourth:

COPENHAGEN, N. Y.

Cut boards five by eight inches and a quarter of an inch thick. Season, and plane smooth. Varnish one half. Then cut from a sapling, two or three inches in diameter, some pieces one-quarter of an inch thick. Saw these in a square miter-box. Saw off several,



SPECIMEN OF WOOD.

as some may warp or split. In summer, the pieces will season without a fire. In winter, a fire is needed, but the wood should not be put too near it. When the end sections are seasoned, smooth one side carefully with a rasp, so as not to mar the bark. Finish with fine sand-paper. Varnish, being careful not to varnish the bark. When dry, fasten with small screws, from the back, to the center of the boards previously described. I will send two specimens to show my way of finishing to any one who will send me ten cents to pay for postage and packing.

L. L. LEWIS.

[We have some of Mr. Lewis's fine work, and recommend all who are interested in woods to accept his generous offer. We prefer oil or polish to varnish.]

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
136.	Columbia, Pa.	6.	Alex. R. Craig.
137.	Clyde, N. Y.	25.	Geo. S. Morley.
138.	Warren, Me.	17.	Miss J. L. Crocker.
139.	St. Paul, Minn. (B.)	6.	Sidney E. Farwell.
140.	Germantown, Pa.	14.	Edliston J. Perot.
141.	Titusville, Pa.	5.	C. G. Carter.
142.	Leavenworth, Kan.	14.	Wm. L. Burrell, 327 Delaware street.

The whole membership is now (January) 1700. It probably will be 2000 by next month.

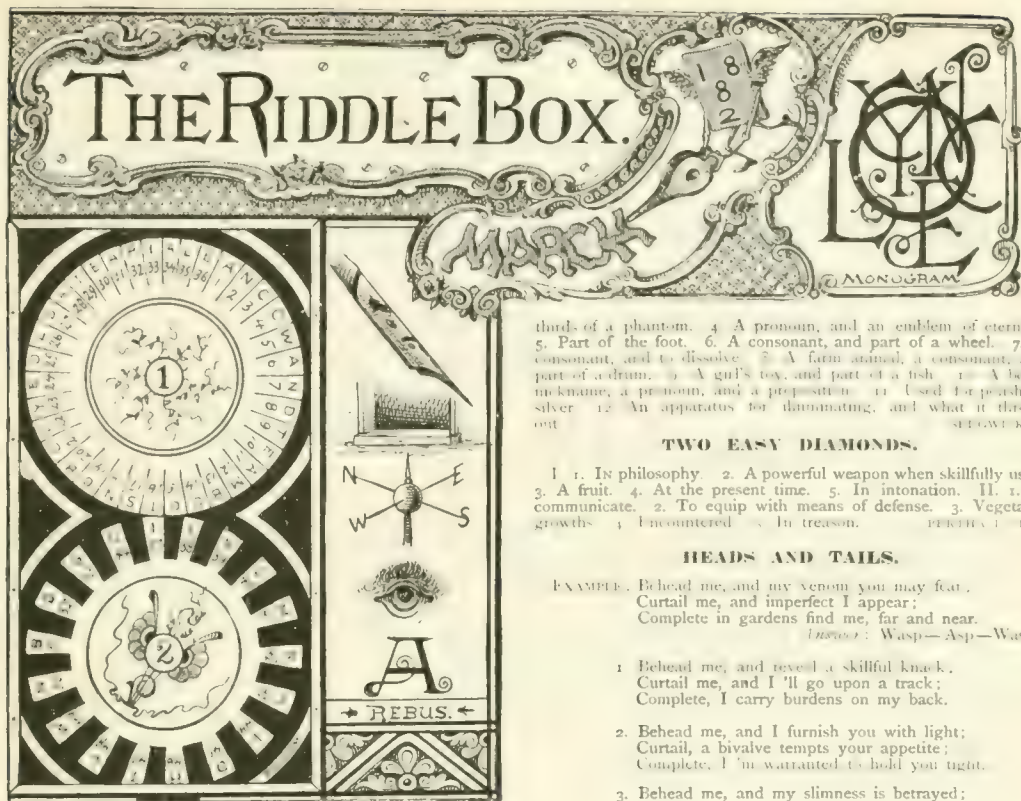
AN ASSOCIATION ALBUM.

The President of the Agassiz Association has decided to take for his special department the highest class of vertebrates, and he desires to make a collection of the photographs of all members of the Association, to be kept in one large album. He thinks this will be quite as interesting as birds and butterflies. Will you not all help him?

ANOTHER PRIZE.

We will give a copy of the book entitled "Insect Lives" to the member who will send us the finest collection of six insects (collected, labeled, and mounted by the sender), by August 1, 1882. Address all communications respecting the Association to the President,

H. H. BALLARD, Lenox, Mass.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

CIRCULAR PUZZLE.

MAKE TWO CIRCLES OF ANY SIZE YOU PLEASE, COPYING EXACTLY THE DIAGRAMS GIVEN. Each circle has thirty-six sections, but every alternate section in No. 2 is cut away. Now lay No. 2 over No. 1 in such a manner as to make the letters show a new reading of an old proverb. The numbers are a guide to the placing of the circles.

EASY REBUS.

THE ANSWER IS THE NAME OF A STATE IN WHICH MANY PERSONS FIND THEMSELVES.

MONOGRAM.

THREE LETTERS FORM A WORD WHICH NAMES A DISTURBANCE MUCH DREADED IN MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD.

LADDER PUZZLE.



EACH SIDE OF THE LADDER IS FORMED BY THE NAME OF A PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Cross-words (beginning at the top): 1. A girl's name. 2. Fixed allowance. 3. Part of a bird. 4. At a distance. 5. Half of a celebrated diamond. 6. A precious stone.

M. H. ANDER.

A KETTLE OF FISH.

EACH OF THE FOLLOWING PUZZLES MAY BE ANSWERED BY THE NAME OF A FISH. Example: A consonant and a defeat. Answer: Trout.

1. A measure of distance. 2. An ancient weapon. 3. Two

thirds of a phantom. 4. A pronoun, and an emblem of eternity. 5. Part of the foot. 6. A consonant, and part of a wheel. 7. A consonant, and to dissolve. 8. A firm animal, a consonant, and part of a drum. 9. A girl's toy, and part of a fish. 10. A boy's nickname, a pronoun, and a preposition. 11. Used for perishing silver. 12. An apparatus for illuminating, and what it throws out.

SEE GATE.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In philosophy. 2. A powerful weapon when skillfully used. 3. A fruit. 4. At the present time. 5. In intonation. II. 1. In communicate. 2. To equip with means of defense. 3. Vegetable growth. 4. Encountered. 5. In treason.

PERFECT.

HEADS AND TAILS.

EXAMPLE: Behead me, and my venom you may fear.

Curtail me, and imperfect I appear;

Complete in gardens find me, far and near.

ANSWER: Wasp—Asp—Was.

1. Behead me, and reveal a skillful knave;
Curtail me, and I'll go upon a track;
Complete, I carry burdens on my back.
2. Behead me, and I furnish you with light;
Curtail, a bivalve tempts your appetite;
Complete, I'm warranted to hold you tight.
3. Behead me, and my slenderness is betrayed;
Curtail me, and I'm of an inky shade;
Complete, with costly woods I'm oft inlaid.
4. Behead me, and I am to authors dear;
Curtail, I may be gained, 't is very clear
Complete, I do connive, it will appear.
5. Behead me, and an angry passion find;
Curtail, I am a tree oft tossed by wind;
Complete, I'm terrible, but also kind.
6. Behead, and I'm a solemn-looking bird;
Curtail, you'll find me grazing with a herd;
Complete, in convents 't is a common word.

EEN-LEON.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE INITIALS SPELL THE NAME OF A WELL-KNOWN NOVEL; THE FINALS SPELL THE PSEUDONYM OF THE AUTHOR.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The surname of the hero of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. 2. To obstruct. 3. The foundress of Carthage. 4. Misfortune. 5. A heavy piece of timber. 6. To instruct. 7. A collection of wild beasts. 8. A naval officer of the highest rank. 9. A biblical word meaning a master. 10. A precious stone carved in relief. 11. Prince of Denmark.

F. A. W.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in catch, but not in toss;
My second in vine, but not in moss;
My third is in root, but not in leaf;
My fourth is in rock, but not in reef;
My fifth is in union, but not in strife;
My sixth is in cutlass, but not in knife;
When on fun or frolic the boys are bent,
At my whole you often will find them intent.

PHYLLIS.

DEFECTIVE PROVERB.

REPLACE THE STARS BY THE PROPER LETTERS, AND A PROVERB WILL BE FORMED.

'ec* *hing* *o* *eve* *ear* *n* *o* *il* *in* *se* *o* *he*.

G. J.



AN APRIL GIRL.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

APRIL, 1882.

NO. 6.

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AN APRIL GIRL.

THE girl that is born on an April day
Has a right to be merry, lightsome, gay;
And that is the reason I dance and play
And frisk like a mote in a sunny ray,—
 Would n't you
 Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

The girl that is born on an April day
Has also a right to cry, they say;
And so I sometimes *do* give way
When things get crooked or all astray,—
 Would n't you
 Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

The girls of March love noise and fray;
And sweet as blossoms are girls of May;
But I belong to the time mid-way,—
And so I rejoice in a sunny spray
Of smiles and tears and hap-a-day,—
 Would n't you
 Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

Heigho! and hurrah! for an April day,
Its cloud, its sparkle, its skip and stay!
I mean to be happy whenever I may,
And cry when I must; for that's my way.
 Would n't you
 Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?



A LITTLE OLD BACHELOR.

BRIGHAM, THE CAVE-DOG.

By H. C. HOVEY.

MANY a dog will bravely go through tangled forests, swollen streams, and mountain ravines; but when it comes to following his master down into a dark and silent cave—that is another matter! Never, until recently, have I known one that did not plainly regard it as a very solemn performance.

Jack, the old house-dog, the volunteer escort of visitors to Mammoth Cave, is no exception to this rule. He watches the negro guides trim the lamps and bunch them on canes ready for distribution. When the bell rings, he leads the company among the tall trees to the mouth of the cavern. On he goes, under the bright cascade, and beneath the black ledges, as far as the Iron Gate. He peers a moment between the bars, as if overcome by his awe of the unknown. Then, when the gate is unlocked and all have gone in, his duty is done, and he trots home again, absolutely refusing to go beyond the last glimpse of daylight!

But Jack has a companion in his old age, a common yellow cur, the hero of this true story. William—a wag, as well as a first-rate guide—explained to me the odd name given to the new dog: “We call him *Brigham*—’cause he’s *young*, you know!”

This creature is remarkable for but one thing, and that is his fondness for life below ground. He seems at home among the elves and gnomes, and appears to have no fear of darkness. The two dogs trot, side by side, as far as the Iron Gate. But there they part. Jack, as usual, returns to the hotel; but Brigham advances, pushing ahead of the guides, choosing his own path, digressing now and then, yet always returning in safety to the light of the lamps.

Brigham and I became fast friends, during my fortnight’s stay at Mammoth Cave, last summer. The gentle dignity with which he sought to aid my

under-ground researches was very amusing. How sedately he examined each of the huge saltpeter vats, three in the Rotunda and eight in the Amphi-

while the guide told the melancholy story of the Consumptive's Cottage. This is a stone building, nearly a mile within the cave, and is one of fifteen

huts in which several invalids, tempted by the great purity of the cave atmosphere, and the uniformity of temperature (just fifty-four degrees, Fahrenheit, at all seasons), sought to regain their health—alas! in vain. They every one died, like the shrubs they planted about their abodes.

I suppose Brigham did not understand all this; but probably he was affected by the deserted and desolate appearance of the place, or by the lugubrious tones of the guide.

Brigham was a great favorite with the manager of the cave, who particularly warned us not to lose him; for it was feared the dog would be unable to find his way out again. Other curs that had been left behind invariably staid in the place where they had become lost, not daring

theater! It really seemed but an act of common politeness to explain to him that these were historical relics; and that the saltpeter made here was carried by oxen and pack-mules to Philadelphia, to be used in making gunpowder, during the war with Great Britain in 1812.

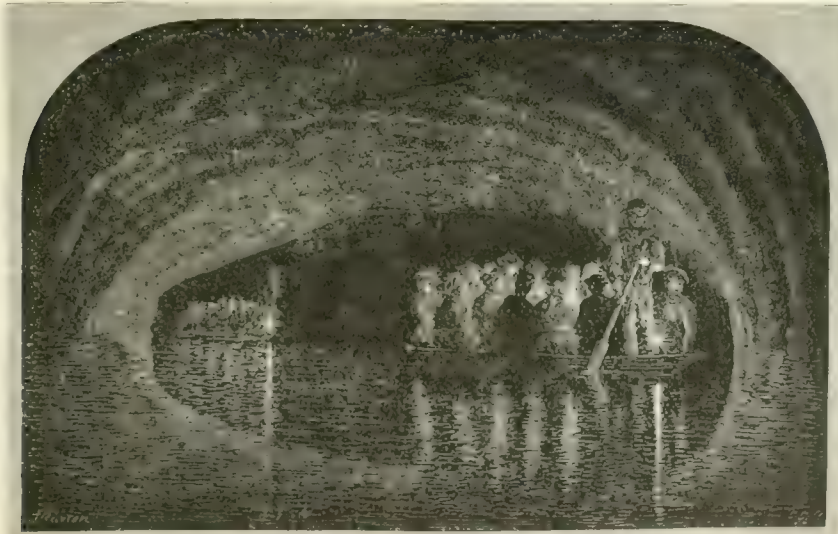
Each striking object—the grotesque stalactites,

to stir, but yelping and howling till help came.

The dreaded accident happened at last. We went one day on what is called the Long Route, to the end of the cave, said to be nine miles from the entrance; and Brigham went with us. We left the main cave at the Giant's Coffin, by an arched way, leading among some pits, the most famous



THE SALTPETER VATS.



BOATING ALONG THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

the uncouth rocks, the mysterious Star chamber—commanded the dog's attention as well as our own.

Usually a silent observer, he howled piteously

of which has long been known as the Bottomless Pit. My guide, however, measured it, and found that it was exactly one hundred and five feet deep.'

There are six pits in all at this place, two of them lately discovered. We named them Scylla and Charybdis—because, in trying to keep out of one, you are in danger of falling into the other. These



"THE CORKSCREW." [SEE PAGE 43.]

we measured, finding them to be more than two hundred feet deep.

Brigham did not like the pits very well. It was only by much coaxing that we led him across the narrow bridge thrown over the Bottomless Pit. But, indeed, we all were glad to get away from that dangerous place.

Our path next led us down still farther, among great rocks, into such a crooked labyrinth that I think it will puzzle some of my readers to trace it on the map, although this is correctly drawn.

We went through the "Fat Man's Misery," and entered River Hall, where there are several deep lakes. Presently we came to Echo River, about thirty feet deep, from twenty to two hundred feet wide, and three-fourths of a mile long. Getting into a small boat, we paddled our way over the clear, cold water, waking the echoes from the steep, rocky walls, Brigham helping with some lively barking. Presently, we landed on a nice sandy beach at the farther end. Thence we went on, by widening avenues not marked on the map, to the terminus of the Long Route; and then we started back again.

Poor Brigham became very tired, and cared less for the lovely arches of flower-like crystals than for some cozy nook where he might curl down for a nap. At length, after taking lunch with us in Washington Hall, he started in chase of a cave-rat, and probably availed himself of the chance to take his siesta. At all events, he disappeared, and made no answer to our calls.

"Perhaps he has gone ahead to Echo River," said I, "and is waiting for us there."

"Like enough," said William, the guide. "I had n't thought of that."

But no bounding form nor joyful bark welcomed our approach. The echoes answered our calls, until it seemed as if a thousand voices were crying, "Brigham, Brigham!" in every conceivable tone, from the softest whisper to the deepest bass; and our whistling was, in like manner, repeated, until it seemed as if all the spirits of the cave had been let loose for an Æolian concert.

Plainly, the dog was lost. William thought Brigham might track us as far as the river; but that on reaching the water he surely would lose the scent, and would not try to swim across. Lighting a freshly filled lamp, William set it on a ledge, so that in case the dog should come thus far he might not feel too lonely.

Sadly we returned to the hotel, where our announcement of the loss caused a sensation; the ladies especially declaring it "perfectly dreadful to leave the poor thing alone in that horrible cave all night,"—as if it were darker there at midnight than at noon!

Early the next morning, a party of explorers crossed Echo River, and were met by Brigham. The guide reasoned with him, as one might reason with a runaway child, and tenderly took him in his arms aboard the boat.

Alas, the warnings were wasted! For, almost as soon as we had landed, that capricious cave-dog

disappeared again ; and, as before, refused to obey our loudest summons. Compassion was now mixed with indignation, and we left him to his fate.

Nothing was seen of him all that day ; and this

the bars ; and there the dogs stood, wagging their tails, and apparently exchanging the news !

Our curiosity led us to examine Brigham's tracks, to see by what route he had found his way back.

Beginning at the Echo River, we had no difficulty in seeing that he had, step by step, followed our trail ; his only guide, of course, being the sense of smell. Here, his tracks were deeply printed in soft mud, and there, more sharply defined on the mellow banks of nitrous earth, less distinctly along ridges of sand, or over heaps of stone, or up steep stair-ways.

Thus Brigham had followed us, through darkness deeper than that of midnight, along the narrow beach of Lake Lethe,

across the treacherous natural bridge spanning the River Styx, up to the galleries overhanging the Dead Sea, through the wild confusion of Bandit's Hall, and by many a spot where one misstep

time, of deliberate choice, he remained a second night underground.

And now comes, perhaps, the strangest part of my story. On the following morning, Jack, too, was



A DINNER-PARTY IN "WASHINGTON HALL"



A WEDDING IN THE "GOTHIC CHAPEL" [SEE PAGE 431]

missing. The guides had to dispense with their customary canine escort. On arriving, however, at the Iron Gate, three hundred yards within the cave, they found Jack just outside, and Brigham behind

would have sent the poor, lonely creature plunging downward in darkness to inevitable death.

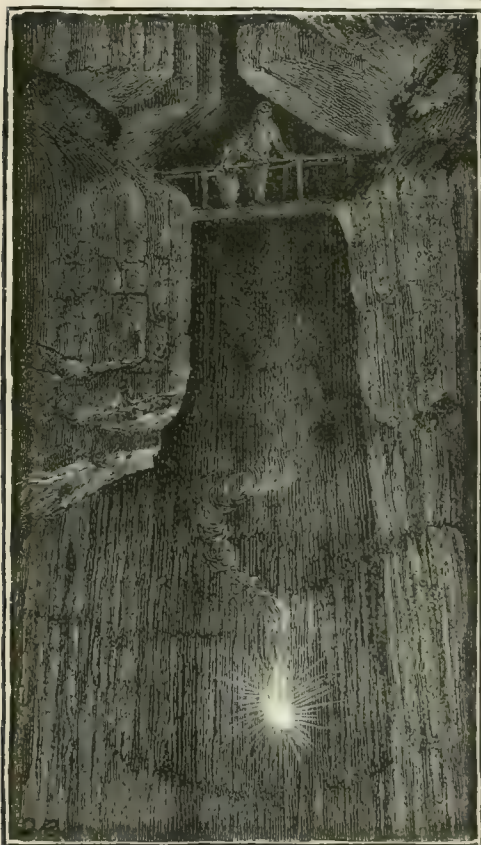
It will be remembered that we had gone *in* past the Giant's Coffin, by the arched way among the

deep pits, and through the mazes leading to River Hall. But we had come *out* by a newly discovered mode of exit, through an intricate set of fissures, known, on account of its winding nature, as "The Corkscrew." We preferred this, because it saved a mile and a half of travel. Our four-footed friend, pursuing the freshest scent, went, of course, up the Corkscrew. The opening is too irregular to be called a pit, or shaft. Yet it winds upward for a distance, vertically, of about one hundred and fifty feet; but fully five hundred feet, as one climbs, creeping through crevices, twisting through "auger-holes," and scaling precipitous rocks scattered in the wildest confusion imaginable. Three ladders have to be mounted in threading this passage. One emerges, at last, on the edge of a cliff

smoothly along to the Iron Gate, a quarter of a mile distant.

Only think of it! Through all this intricate and hazardous pass, where, without a guide, we should

BRIGHAM THE CAVE DOG



"THE BOTTOMLESS PIT." [SEE PAGE 427.]

overlooking the main cave, and down which he clammers to the level floor, where the road runs



"AT THE IRON GATE."

have found it difficult to make our way, even with lamps and a map of the cave, that yellow dog had safely gone alone! He offered no explanation of his proceedings, nor told us what motive prompted his independent explorations. But that was his affair, not ours. We honored him as a hero, and obtained for him, from the manager, Mr. Francis Klett, the freedom of the cave for the rest of his life.

The fact should be mentioned, by contrast with this perfect and fearless operation of instinct, that expert cave-hunters find themselves nearly helpless, if left alone far within the cave and destitute of a light. The rule for any one so unfortunately situated is for him to stay where he is, as contentedly as he can, until assistance comes, which is sure to be within a few hours.

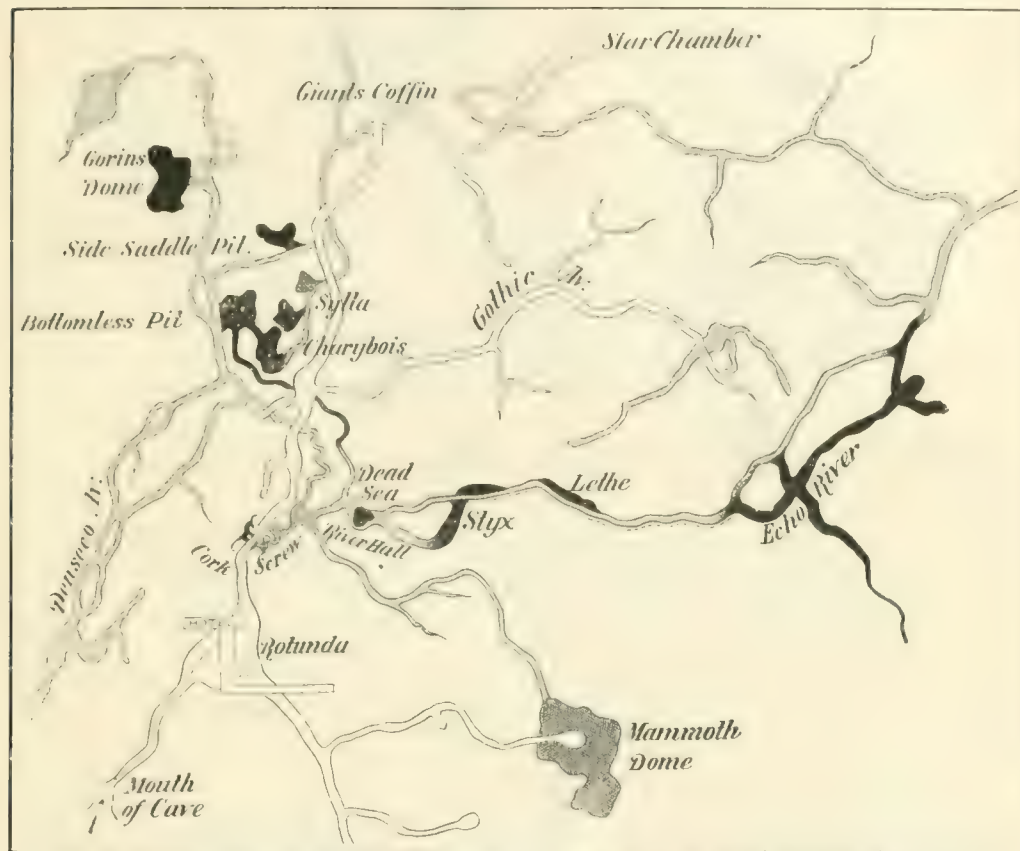
Several tales are told of persons whose reason has been lost under such circumstances; and, although I know of no instance in which life itself has been sacrificed, it can readily be seen that it might be imperiled. The stories one occasionally

reads of novices finding their way out unaided by lights, are to be discredited. An exploit of that nature would tax the resources of the most expert guide. The cases are extremely rare in which it has been done, even by the guides themselves.

One of the most thrilling stories I ever heard was told to me by "Old Matt," a colored man, who has

ter part of valor," and accordingly he hid in a crevice, put his lamp out, and quietly waited for the revelers to pass by. On coming forth from his hiding-place he found that he had no matches, and therefore could not relight his lamp.

The hour was late, and the next day was Sunday. He feared lest a long time might elapse be-



PART OF MAMMOTH CAVE. (BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER.) THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS BRIGHAM'S RETURN PATH.

served as guide for more than forty years, and who is supposed to know every nook and corner of the explored parts of Mammoth Cave.

There had been a marriage in the Gothic Chapel, a grand, rocky chamber far within the cave. A maiden, who had promised her mother "never to marry any man on the face of the earth," had kept the letter of her pledge, and yet, in this underground spot, had wedded the man of her choice.

After the wedding there was wine, and then some of the young men took a ramble through the cave. Old Matt was at work in the vicinity of the great pits, when he heard them coming with song and with shout. Those were Ku-Klux times, and the ex-slave thought that "discretion was the bet-

fore help should come, and therefore determined to make his way out in the dark. Feeling cautiously along with his staff, he went safely until it suddenly dropped into a pit of unknown depth. Brave as Matt is known to be, he fell in a swoon, and lay, no one knows how long, on the very edge of that horrible chasm. On coming to, he collected his wits as well as he could, and felt with his hands for the path. He presently found it and proceeded on his perilous journey, making his way finally to the surface.

Old Matt told me this story himself, as he and Brigham and I sat side by side on the brink of the abyss where the faithful guide so narrowly escaped finding a tomb. And, as I listened, I was glad that the lamps were burning brightly.

THE following tribute to a very accomplished dog forms a fitting postscript to the account of Brigham's remarkable journey. The pictures of Schneider here given are authentic portraits of him as he appears when "performing" at his master's bidding.



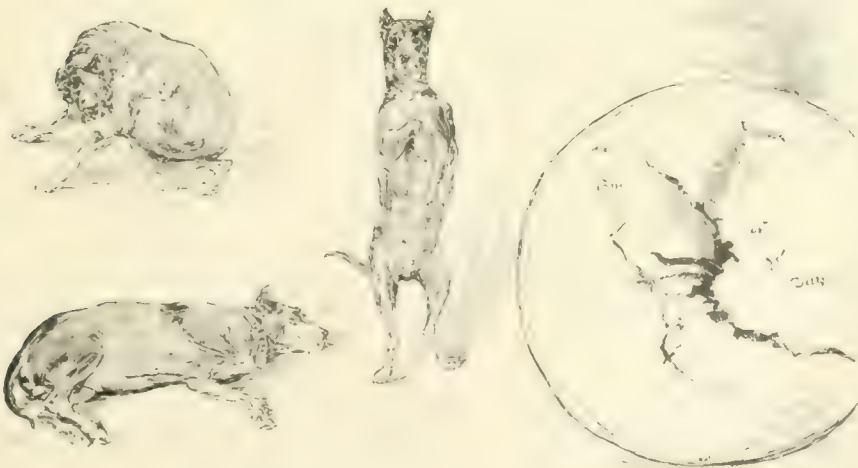
BY W. A. BIRCH.

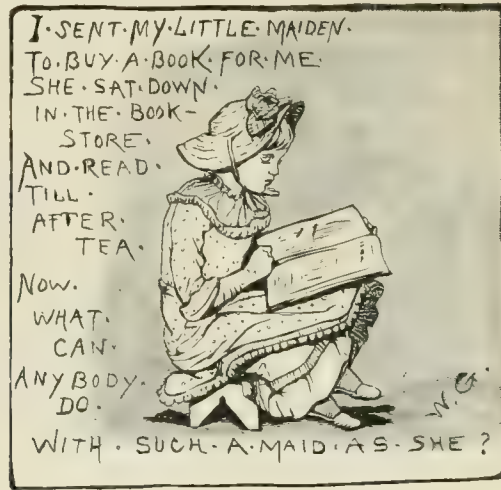
OUR Schneider is—like Schneider famed in Rip Van Winkle's trip—
A dog,—though not so sad a one as either he' or Rip.
When young he was a merry pup, and bright, as you shall see;
He learned his lessons cheerfully, and took a high degree.
Now, since he's passed his schooling days and come to dog's estate,
Some few of many things he does I'll truthfully relate.

He'll walk a plank two inches wide, without a balance-pole—
Which shows his head is firmly set and level, on the whole.
He'll pick a pocket deftly, and catch sugar off his nose;
Leap burning hoops, a hand-spring turn, and dance on his hind toes.
He'll fetch and carry,—take a note and knock against the door
Till some one comes, then give the note—not drop it on the floor.
He'll stop a car, he'll pay the fare, and—though 't is passing strange,
'T is really true—he'll wait until Conductor gives the change.
He'll play at base-ball famously,—I've nothing seen to match it,—
For if you throw and cry "foul ball," he's almost sure to catch it.
At meetings he will take the chair! With dignity unshaken,
In this position, once, he sat to have his "photo" taken.
In manners, too, he's been well drilled; to Chinese he'll "chin-chin,"
By jerking both his paws at once, while John will stand and grin.
To white men he will make a bow in quite another way:
He'll raise one paw beside his head, and so salute good-day.
His hand-embrace is as polite as any in the land;
He'll give a gentleman's a shake, but kiss a lady's hand.
He'll smoke a pipe, if smoke he must,—but never likes to smoke.
He deems a passing tread on toes beyond a passing joke;
But let a jester purposely claim place where Schneider is,
And if a toe gets badly pinched—I know it is n't *his*.

He never seeks a quarrel, nor makes war for grievance slim;
 He scorns to hurt a little dog, that snarls or snaps at him;
 But if a dog, however big, should force him to a fight,
 Then, plucky, brave, and gallant, he goes in with all his might.
 And often, too, much stronger dogs are beaten by his grit;
 For though he 's last to enter in, he 's always last to quit.
 That he 's an economic dog, is proven by this feat:
 He 'll take his tail between his teeth, and so make both ends meet.
 If one shouts "Dead!" he straightway falls, as if he had been shot,
 Nor whistling, calling by his name, will make him move a jot;
 Though tossed around, he lies as if he 'd left this world of pain,—
 But whisper "Pound-man!" in his ear, and he 's all life again!
 And scores of other tricks he 'll do, too many here to name,—
 The half of which, done half as well, would give his brothers fame.
 Once, though, he surely came to grief—in crossing o'er the plains,
 From San Francisco to New York. (He might have lost his brains.)
 For when the train was at full speed, he took 't into his head
 To jump the window, which he did, and straight for home he sped.
 But Schneider was beloved on board,—the passengers cried out;
 The cord was pulled, Conductor came, and then was such a rout!
 The whistle blew, the brakes went down, the driver, rough and grim,
 With kindly heart, reversed the wheels *the train put back for him!*
 The good conductor, Robert N., soon spied him on the track,
 And in his arms, 'neath broiling sun, he brought the truant back.
 The driver put on extra steam, to bring to time his train;
 A whistle—puff—three hearty cheers, and all went right again!

But Schneider now is getting gray, his eyes are growing dim;
 Old Time wont spare our clever pet because we dote on him.
 And when he goes, for well we know all things must have an end,
 The tear we then let fall might flow for some less worthy friend!
 And when we say the last good-bye, and lay him to his rest,
 We 'll leave this moral over him—"He did his level best!"



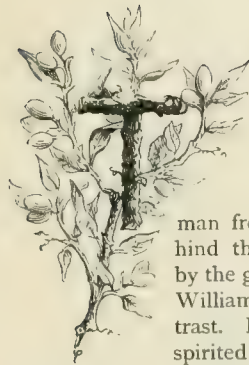


THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NEW TEACHER.



HE new teacher who was employed to take the Greenbank school in the autumn was a young man from college. Standing behind the desk hitherto occupied by the grim-faced Mr. Ball, young Williams looked very mild by contrast. He was evidently a gentle-spirited man as compared with the old master, and King Pewee and his crowd were gratified in noting this fact. They could have their own way with such a master as that! When he called the school to order, there remained a bustle of curiosity and mutual recognition among the children. Riley and Pewee kept up a little noise by way of defiance. They had heard that the new master did not intend to whip. Now he stood quietly behind his desk, and waited a few moments in silence for the whispering group to be

still. Then he slowly raised and leveled his finger at Riley and Pewee, but still said nothing. There was something so firm and quiet about his motion—something that said, "I will wait all day, but you must be still"—that the boys could not resist it.

By the time they were quiet, two of the girls had got into a titter over something, and the forefinger was aimed at them. The silent man made the pupils understand that he was not to be trifled with.

When at length there was quiet, he made every one lay down book or slate and face around toward him. Then with his pointing finger, or with a little slap of his hands together, or with a word or two at most, he got the school still again.

"I hope we shall be friends," he said, in a voice full of kindness. "All I want is to —"

But at this point Riley picked up his slate and book, and turned away. The master snapped his fingers, but Riley affected not to hear him.

"That young man will put down his slate." The master spoke in a low tone, as one who expected to be obeyed, and the slate was reluctantly put upon the desk.

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"When I am talking to you, I want you to hear," he went on, very quietly. "I am hired and paid to teach you. One of the things I have to teach you is good manners. You," pointing to Riley, "are old enough to know better than to take your slate when your teacher is speaking, but perhaps you have never been taught what are good manners. I'll excuse you this time. Now, you all see those switches hanging here behind me. I did not put them there. I do not say that I shall not use them. Some boys have to be whipped, I suppose,—like mules,—and when I have tried, I may find that I can not get on without the switches, but I hope not to have to use them."

Here Riley, encouraged by the master's mildness and irritated by the rebuke he had received, began to make figures on his slate.

"Bring me that slate," said the teacher.

Riley was happy that he had succeeded in starting a row. He took his slate and his arithmetic, and shuffled up to the master in a half-indolent, half-insolent way.

"Why do you take up your work when I tell you not to?" asked the new teacher.

"Because I did n't want to waste all my morning. I wanted to do my sums."

"You are a remarkably industrious youth, I take it." The young master looked Riley over, as he said this, from head to foot. The whole school smiled, for there was no lazier boy than this same Riley. "I suppose," the teacher continued, "that you are the best scholar in school—the bright and shining light of Greenbank."

Here there was a general titter at Riley.

"I can not have you sit away down at the other end of the school-room and hide your excellent example from the rest. Stand right up here by me and cipher, that all the school may see how industrious you are."

Riley grew very red in the face and began to cipher, holding his book in his hand.

"Now," said the new teacher, "I have but just one rule for this school, and I will write it on the blackboard that all may see it."

He took chalk and wrote:

DO RIGHT.

"That is all. Let us go to our lessons."

For the first two hours that Riley stood on the floor he pretended to enjoy it. But when recess came and went and Mr. Williams did not send him to his seat, he began to shift from one foot to the other and from his heels to his toes, and to change his slate from the right hand to the left. His class was called, and after recitation he was sent back to his place. He stood it as best he

could until the noon recess, but when, at the beginning of the afternoon session, Mr. Williams again called up his "excellent scholar" and set him up, Riley broke down and said:

"I think you might let me go now."

"Are you tired?" asked the cruel Mr. Williams.

"Yes, I am," and Riley hung his head, while the rest smiled.

"And are you ready to do what the good order of the school requires?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; you can go."

The chopfallen Riley went back to his seat, convinced that it would not do to rebel against the new teacher, even if he did not use the beech switches.

But Mr. Williams was also quick to detect the willing scholar. He gave Jack extra help on his Latin after school was out, and Jack grew very proud of the teacher's affection for him.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHASING THE FOX.



ALL the boys in the river towns thirty years ago—and therefore the boys in Greenbank, also—took a great interest in the steam-boats which plied up and down the Ohio. Each had his favorite boat, and boasted of her speed and excellence. Every one of them envied those happy fellows whose lot it was to "run on the river" as cabin-boys. Boats were a common topic of conversation—their build, their engines, their speed, their officers, their mishaps, and all the incidents of their history.

So it was that from the love of steam-boats, which burned so brightly in the bosom of the boy who lived on the banks of that great and lovely river, there grew up the peculiar game of "boats' names." I think the game was started at Louisville or New Albany, where the falls interrupt navigation, and where many boats of the upper and lower rivers are assembled.

One day, as the warm air of Indian summer in this mild climate made itself felt by the evergreen "blue-grass," the boys assembled, after the snack at the noon recess, to play boats' names.

Through Jack's influence, Columbus, who did not like to play with the A B C boys, was allowed to take the handkerchief and give out the first name. All the rest stood up in a row like a

spelling-class, while little Columbus, standing in front of them, held a knotted handkerchief with which to scourge them when the name should be guessed. The arm which held the handkerchief was so puny that the boys laughed to see the feeble lad stand there in a threatening attitude.

"I say, Lum, don't hit too hard, now; my back is tender," said Bob Holliday.

"Give us an easy one to guess," said Riley, coaxingly.

Columbus, having come from the back country, did not know the names of half a dozen boats, and what he knew about were those which touched daily at the wharf of Greenbank.

"F——n," he said.

"Fashion," cried all the boys at once, breaking into unrestrained mirth at the simplicity that gave them the name of Captain Glenn's little Cincinnati and Port William packet, which landed daily at the village wharf. Columbus now made a dash at the boys, who were obliged to run to the school-house and back whenever a name was guessed, suffering a beating all the way from the handkerchief of the one who had given out the name, though, indeed, the punishment Lum was able to give was very slight. It was doubtful who had guessed first, since the whole party had cried "Fashion" almost together, but it was settled at last in favor of Harry Weathervane, who was sure to give out hard names, since he had been to Cincinnati recently, and had gone along the levee reading the names of those boats that did business above that city, and so were quite unknown, unless by report, to the boys of Greenbank.

"A——A——s," were the three letters which Harry gave, and Ben Berry guessed "Archibald Ananias," and Tom Holcroft said it was "Amanda Amos," and at last all gave it up; whereupon Harry told them it was "Alvin Adams," and proceeded to give out another.

"C——A——P——x," he said next time.

"Caps," said Riley, mistaking the x for an s; and then Bob Holliday suggested "Hats and Caps," and Jack wanted to have it "Boots and Shoes." But Johnny Meline remembered that he had read of such a name for a ship in his Sunday-school lesson of the previous Sunday, and he guessed that a steam-boat might bear that name.

"I know," said Johnny, "it's Castor——"

"Oil," suggested Jack.

"No——Castor and P, x,—Pollux——Castor and Pollux——it's a Bible name."

"You're not giving us the name of Noah's ark, are you?" asked Bob.

"I say, boys, that is n't fair a bit," growled Pewee, in all earnestness. "I don't hardly believe that Bible ship's a-going now." Things were

mixed in Pewee's mind, but he had a vague notion that Bible times were as much as fifty years ago. While he stood doubting, Harry began to whip him with the handkerchief, saying, "I saw her at Cincinnati, last week. She runs to Maysville and Parkersburg, you goose."

After many names had been guessed, and each guesser had taken his turn, Ben Berry had to give out. He had just heard the name of a "lower country" boat, and was sure that it would not be guessed.

"C——p——r," he said.

"Oh, I know," said Jack, who had been studying the steam-boat column of an old Louisville paper that very morning, "it's the—the—" and he put his hands over his ears, closed his eyes, and danced around, trying to remember, while all the rest stood and laughed at his antics. "Now I've got it,—the 'Cornplanter'!"

And Ben Berry whipped the boys across the road and back, after which Jack took the handkerchief.

"Oh, say, boys, this is a poor game; let's play fox," Bob suggested. "Jack's got the handkerchief, let him be the first fox."

So Jack took a hundred yards' start, and all the boys set out after him. The fox led the hounds across the commons, over the bars, past the "brick pond," as it was called, up the lane into Moro's pasture, along the hill-side to the west across Dater's fence into Betts's pasture; thence over into the large woods pasture of the Glade farm. In every successive field some of the hounds had run off to the flank, and by this means every attempt of Jack's to turn toward the river, and thus fetch a circuit for home, had been foiled. They had cut him off from turning through Moro's orchard or Betts's vineyard, and so there was nothing for the fleet-footed fox but to keep steadily to the west and give his pursuers no chance to make a cut-off on him. But every now and then he made a feint of turning, which threw the others out of a straight track. Once in the woods pasture, Jack found himself out of breath, having run steadily for a rough mile and a half, part of it up-hill. He was yet forty yards ahead of Bob Holliday and Riley, who led the hounds. Dashing into a narrow path through the underbrush, Jack ran into a little clump of bushes and hid behind a large black-walnut log.

Riley and Holliday came within six feet of him, some of the others passed to the south of him and some to the north, but all failed to discover his lurking-place. Soon Jack could hear them beating about the bushes beyond him.

This was his time. Having recovered his wind, he crept out southward until he came to the foot

of the hill, and entered Glade's lane, heading straight for the river across the wide plain. Pewee, who had perched himself on a fence to rest, caught sight of Jack first, and soon the whole pack were in full cry after him, down the long, narrow elder-bordered lane. Bob Holliday and Riley, the fleetest of foot, climbed over the high stake-and-rider fence into Betts's corn-field, and cut off a diagonal to prevent Jack's getting back toward the school-house. Seeing this movement, Jack, who already had made an extraordinary run, crossed the fence himself, and tried to make a cut-off in spite of them; but Riley already had got in ahead of him, and Jack, seeing the boys close behind and before him, turned north again toward the hill, got back into the lane, which was now deserted, and climbed into Glade's meadow on the west side of the lane. He now had a chance to fetch a sweep around toward the river again, though the whole troop of boys were between him and the school-house. Fairly headed off on the east, he made a straight run south for the river shore, striking into a deep gully, from which he came out panting upon the beach, where he had just time to hide himself in a hollow sycamore, hoping that the boys would get to the westward and give him a chance to run up the river shore for the school-house.

But one can not play the same trick twice. Some of the boys stationed themselves so as to intercept Jack's retreat toward the school-house, while the rest searched for him, beating up and down the gully, and up and down the beach, until they neared the hollow sycamore. Jack made a sharp dash to get through them, but was headed off and caught by Pewee. Just as Jack was caught, and Pewee was about to start homeward as fox, the boys caught sight of two steam-boats racing down the river. The whole party was soon perched on a fallen sycamore, watching first the "Swiftsure" and then the "Ben Franklin," while the black smoke poured from their chimneys. So fascinated were they with this exciting contest that they staid half an hour waiting to see which should beat. At length, as the boats passed out of sight, with the "Swiftsure" leading her competitor, it suddenly occurred to Jack that it must be later than the school-hour. The boys looked aghast at one another a moment on hearing him mention this: then they glanced at the sun, already declining in the sky, and set out for school, trotting swiftly in spite of their fatigue.

What would the master say? Pewee said he did n't care,—it was n't Old Ball, and they would n't get a whipping, anyway. But Jack thought that it was too bad to lose the confidence of Mr. Williams.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.



SUCCESSFUL hounds, having caught their fox, ought to have come home in triumph; but, instead of that, they came more like dogs that had been killing sheep, their heads hanging down in a guilty and self-betraying way.

Jack walked into the school-house first. It was an hour and a half past the time for the beginning of school. He tried to look unconcerned as he went to his seat. There stood the teacher, with his face very calm but very pale, and Jack felt his heart sink.

One by one the laggards filed into the school-room, while the awe-stricken girls on the opposite benches, and the little A B C boys, watched the guilty sinners take their places, prepared to meet their fate.

Riley came in with a half-insolent smile on his face, as if to say: "I don't care." Pewee was sullen and bull-doggish. Ben Berry looked the sneaking fellow he was, and Harry Weathervane tried to remember that his father was a school-trustee. Bob Holliday could n't help laughing in a foolish way. Columbus had fallen out of the race before he got to the "brick-pond," and so had returned in time to be punctual when school resumed its session.

During all the time that the boys, heated with their exercise and blushing with shame, were filing in, Mr. Williams stood with set face and regarded them. He was very much excited, and so I suppose did not dare to reprove them just then. He called the classes and heard them in rapid succession, until it was time for the spelling-class, which comprised all but the very youngest pupils. On this day, instead of calling the spelling-class, he said, evidently with a great effort to control himself: "The girls will keep their seats. The boys will take their places in the spelling-class."

Riley's lower jaw fell—he was sure that the master meant to flog them all. He was glad he was not at the head of the class. Ben Berry could hardly drag his feet to his place, and poor Jack was filled with confusion. When the boys were all in place, the master walked up and down the line and scrutinized them, while Riley cast furtive glances at the dusty old beech switches on the wall, wondering which one the master would use, and Pewee was trying to guess whether Mr. Williams's arm was strong, and whether he "would make a fellow take off his coat" or not.

"Columbus," said the teacher, "you can take your seat."

Riley shook in his shoes, thinking that this certainly meant a whipping. He began to frame excuses in his mind, by which to try to lighten his punishment.

But the master did not take down his switches. He only talked. But such a talk! He told the boys how worthless a man was who could not be trusted, and how he had hoped for a school full of boys that could be relied on. He thought there were some boys, at least—and this remark struck Jack to the heart—that there were some boys in the school who would rather be treated as gentlemen than beaten with ox-gads. But he was now disappointed. All of them seemed equally willing to take advantage of his desire to avoid whipping them; and all of them had shown themselves *unfit to be trusted*.

Here he paused long enough to let the full weight of his censure enter their minds. Then he began on a new tack. He had hoped that he might have their friendship. He had thought that they cared a little for his good opinion. But now they had betrayed him. All the town was looking to see whether he would succeed in conducting his school without whipping. A good many would be glad to see him fail. To-day they would be saying all over Greenbank that the new teacher could n't manage his school. Then he told the boys that while they were sitting on the trunk of the fallen sycamore looking at the steam-boat race, one of the trustees, Mr. Weathervane, had driven past and had seen them there. He had stopped to complain to the master. "Now," said the master, "I have found how little you care for me."

This was very sharp talk, and it made the boys angry. Particularly did Jack resent any intimation that he was not to be trusted. But the new master was excited and naturally spoke severely. Nor did he give the boys a chance to explain at that time.

"You have been out of school," he said, "one hour and thirty-one minutes. That is about equal to six fifteen-minute recesses—to the morning and afternoon recesses for three days. I shall have to keep you in at those six recesses to make up the time, and in addition, as a punishment, I shall keep you in school half an hour after the usual time of dismissal, for three days."

Here Jack made a motion to speak.

"No," said the master, "I will not hear a word, now. Go home and think it over. To-morrow I mean to ask each one of you to explain his conduct."

With this, he dismissed the school, and the boys went out as angry as a hive of bees that have been

disturbed. Each one made his speech. Jack thought it "mean that the master should say they were not fit to be trusted. He would n't have staid out if he'd known it was school-time."

Bob Holliday said "the young master was a blisterer," and then he laughed good-naturedly.

Harry Weathervane was angry, and so were all the rest. At length it was agreed that they did n't want to be cross-questioned about it, and that it was better that somebody should write something that should give Mr. Williams a piece of their mind, and show him how hard he was on boys that did n't mean any harm, but only forgot themselves. And Jack was selected to do the writing.

Jack made up his mind that the paper he would write should be "a scorcher."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN APOLOGY.



OF COURSE, there was a great deal of talk in the village. The I-told-you-so people were quite delighted. Old Mother Horne "always knew that boys could n't be managed without switching. Did n't the Bible or somebody say: 'Just as the twig is bent the boy's inclined'? And if you don't bend your twig, what 'll become of your boy?'"

The loafers and loungers and gad-about and gossips talked a great deal about the failure of the new plan. They were sure that Mr. Ball would be back in that school-house before the term was out, unless Williams should whip a good deal more than he promised to. The boys would just drive him out.

Jack told his mother, with a grieved face, how harsh the new master had been, and how he had even said they were *not fit to be trusted*.

"That's a very harsh word," said Mrs. Dudley, "but let us make some allowances. Mr. Williams is on trial before the town, and he finds himself nearly ruined by the thoughtlessness of the boys. He had to wait an hour and a half with half of the school gone. Think how much he must have suffered in that time. And then, to have to take a rebuke from Mr. Weathervane besides, must have stung him to the quick."

"Yes, that's so," said Jack, "but then he had no business to take it for granted that we did it on purpose."

And Jack went about his chores, trying to think of some way of writing to the master an address which should be severe, but not too severe. He

planned many things but gave them up. He lay awake in the night thinking about it, and, at last, when he had cooled off, he came to the conclusion that, as the boys had been the first offenders, they should take the first step toward a reconciliation. But whether he could persuade the angry boys to see it in that light, he did not know.

When morning came, he wrote a very short paper, somewhat in this fashion :

MR. WILLIAMS,

We are very sorry for what we did yesterday, and for the trouble we have given you. We are willing to take our punishment, for we think we deserve it; but we hope you will not think that we did it on purpose, for we did not, and we don't like to have you think so.

"Respectfully submitted."

Jack carried this in the first place to his faithful friend Bob Holliday, who read it.

"Oh, you've come down, have you?" said Bob.

"I thought we ought to," said Jack. "We *did* give him a great deal of trouble, and if it had been Mr. Ball, he would have whipped us half to death."

"We should n't have forgot and gone away at that time if Old Ball had been the master," said Bob.

"That's just it," said Jack; "that's the very reason why we ought to apologize."

"All right," said Bob, "I'll sign her," and he wrote "Robert M. Holliday" in big letters at the top of the column intended for the names. Jack put his name under Bob's.

But when they got to the school-house it was not so easy to persuade the rest. At length, however, Johnny Meline signed it, and then Harry Weatherwane, and then the rest, one after another, with some grumbling, wrote their names. All subscribed to it excepting Pewee and Ben Berry and Riley. They declared they never would sign it. They did n't want to be kept in at recess and after school like convicts. They did n't deserve it.

"Jack was a soft-headed fool," Riley said, "to draw up such a thing as that. I'm not afraid of the master. I'm not going to knuckle down to him, either."

Of course, Pewee, as a faithful echo, said just what Riley said, and Ben Berry said what Riley and Pewee said; so that the three were quite unanimous.

"Well," said Jack, "then we'll have to hand in our petition without the signatures of the triplets."

"Don't you call me a triplet," said Pewee; "I've got as much sense as any of you. You're a soft-headed triplet yourself!"

Even Riley had to join in the laugh that followed this blundering sally of Pewee.

When the master came in, he seemed very much

troubled. He had heard what had been said about the affair in the town. The address which Jack had written was lying on his desk. He took it up and read it, and immediately a look of pleasure and relief took the place of the worried look he had brought to school with him.

"Boys," he said, "I have received your petition, and I shall answer it by and by."

The hour for recess came and passed. The girls and the very little boys were allowed their recess, but nothing was said to the larger boys about their going out. Pewee and Riley were defiant.

At length, when the school was about to break up for noon, the master put his pen, ink, and other little articles in the desk, and the school grew hushed with expectancy.

"This apology," said Mr. Williams, "which I see is in John Dudley's handwriting, and which bears the signature of all but three of those who were guilty of the offense yesterday, is a very manly apology, and quite increases my respect for those who have signed it. I have suffered much from your carelessness of yesterday, but this apology, showing, as it does, the manliness of my boys, has given me more pleasure than the offense gave me pain. I ought to make an apology to you. I blamed you too severely yesterday in accusing you of running away intentionally. I take all that back."

Here he paused a moment, and looked over the petition carefully.

"William Riley, I don't see your name here. Why is that?"

"Because I did n't put it there."

Pewee and Ben Berry both laughed at this wit.

"Why did n't you put it there?"

"Because I did n't want to."

"Have you any explanation to give of your conduct yesterday?"

"No, sir; only that I think it's mean to keep us in because we forgot ourselves."

"Peter Rose, have you anything to say?"

"Just the same as Will Riley said."

"And you, Benjamin?"

"Oh, I don't care much," said Ben Berry.

"Jack was fox, and I ran after him, and if he had n't run all over creation and part of Columbia, I should n't have been late. It is n't any fault of mine. I think Jack ought to do the staying in."

"You are about as old a boy as Jack," said the master. "I suppose Jack might say that if you and the others had n't chased him, he would n't have run 'all over creation,' as you put it. You and the rest were all guilty of a piece of gross thoughtlessness. All excepting you three have apologized in the most manly way. I therefore remove the punishment from all the

others entirely hereafter, deeming that the loss of this morning's recess is punishment enough for boys who can be so manly in their acknowledgments. Peter Rose, William Riley, and Benjamin Berry will remain in school at both recesses and for a half-hour after school every day for three days—not only for having forgotten their duty, but for having refused to make acknowledgment or apology."

Going home that evening, half an hour after all the others had been dismissed, the triplets put all their griefs together, and resolved to be avenged on Mr. Williams at the first convenient opportunity.

CHAPTER XXV.

KING'S BASE AND A SPELLING-LESSON.



THE three who usually gave the most trouble on the playground, as well as in school, were now in detention at every recess, the boys enjoyed greatly their play during these three days.

It was at this time that they began to play that favorite game of Greenbank, which seems to be unknown almost everywhere else. It is called "king's base," and is full of all manner of complex happenings, sudden surprises, and amusing results.

Each of the boys selected a base or goal. A row of sidewalk trees were favorite bases. There were just as many bases as boys. Some boy would venture out from his base. Then another would pursue him; a third would chase the two, and so it would go, the one who left his base latest having the right to catch.

Just as Johnny Meline was about to lay hold on Jack, Sam Crashaw, having just left *his* base, gave chase to Johnny, and just as Sam thought he had a good chance to catch Johnny, up came Jack, fresh from having touched his base, and nabbed Sam. When one has caught another, he has a right to return to his base with his prisoner, unmolested. The prisoner now becomes an active champion of the new base, and so the game goes on until all the bases are broken up but one. Very often the last boy on a base succeeds in breaking up a strong one, and, indeed, there is no end to the curious results attained in the play.

Jack had never got on in his studies as at this time. Mr. Williams took every opportunity to show his liking for his young friend, and Jack's quickened ambition soon put him at the head of

his classes. It was a rule that the one who stood at the head of the great spelling-class on Friday evenings should go to the foot on Monday, and so work his way up again. There was a great strife between Sarah Weathervane and Jack to see which should go to the foot the oftenest during the term, and so win a little prize that Mr. Williams had offered to the best speller in the school. As neither of them ever missed a word in the lesson, they held the head each alternate Friday evening. In this way the contest bade fair to be a tie. But Sarah meant to win the prize by fair means or foul.

One Friday morning before school-time, the boys and girls were talking about the relative merits of the two spellers, Joanna maintaining that Sarah was the better, and others that Jack could spell better than Sarah.

"Oh!" said Sarah Weathervane, "Jack is the best speller in school. I study till my head aches to get my lesson, but it is all the same to Jack whether he studies or not. He has a natural gift for spelling, and he spends nearly all his time on arithmetic and Latin."

This speech pleased Jack very much. He had stood at the head of the class all the week, and spelling did seem to him the easiest thing in the world. That afternoon he hardly looked at his lesson. It was so nice to think he could beat Sarah Weathervane with his left hand, so to speak.

When the great spelling-class was called, he spelled the words given to him, as usual, and Sarah saw no chance to get the coveted opportunity to stand at the head, go down, and spell her way up again. But the very last word given to Jack was *sacrilege*, and, not having studied the lesson, he spelled it with *e* in the second syllable and *i* in the last. Sarah gave the letters correctly, and when Jack saw the smile of triumph on her face, he guessed why she had flattered him that morning. Hereafter he would not depend on his natural genius for spelling. A natural genius for working is the best gift for man or boy—and for woman or girl, too, for that matter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNCLAIMED TOP-STRINGS.

WITH a sinking heart, Jack often called to mind that this was his last term at school. The little money that his father had left was not enough to warrant his continuing; he must now do something for his own support. He resolved, therefore, to make the most of his time under Mr. Williams.

When Pewee, Riley, and Ben Berry got through with their punishment, they sought some way of revenging themselves on the master for punishing them, and on Jack for doing better than they had

done, and thus escaping punishment. It was a sore thing with them that Jack had led all the school his way, so that, instead of the whole herd following King Pewee and Prime Minister Riley into rebellion, they now "knuckled down to the master," as Riley called it, under the lead of Jack, and they even dared to laugh slyly at the inseparable "triplets."

The first aim of Pewee and company was to get the better of the master. They boasted to Jack and Bob that they would fix Mr. Williams some time, and gave out to the other boys that they

teacher, thought that it would be fun to watch the conspirators and defeat them. So, when they saw Mr. Williams going to Dr. Lanham's, they stationed themselves in the dark alley on the side of the street opposite to Riley's and took observations. Mr. Williams had a habit of leaving Dr. Lanham's at exactly nine o'clock, and so, just before nine, the three came out of Riley's yard, and proceeded in the darkness to the fence of Lanham's door-yard.

Getting the trunk of one of the large shade-trees between him and the plotters, Jack crept up



BOB HOLLIDAY CARRIES HOME HIS FRIEND.

knew where the master spent his evenings, and they knew how to fix him.

When Jack heard of this, he understood it. The teacher had a habit of spending an evening, now and then, at Dr. Lanham's, and the boys no doubt intended to play a prank on him in going or coming. There being now no moonlight, the village streets were very dark, and there was every opportunity for a trick. Riley's father's house stood next on the street to Dr. Lanham's; the lots were divided by an alley. This gave the triplets a good chance to carry out their designs.

But Bob Holliday and Jack, good friends to the

close enough to guess what they were doing and to overhear their conversation. Then he came back to Bob.

"They are tying a string across the sidewalk on Lanham's side of the alley, I believe," whispered Jack, "so as to throw Mr. Williams head foremost into that mud-hole at the mouth of the alley."

By this time, the three boys had finished their arrangements and retreated through the gate into the porch of the Riley house, whence they might keep a lookout for the catastrophe.

"I'm going to cut that string where it goes around the tree," said Bob, and he crouched low

on the ground, got the trunk of the tree between him and the Riley house, and crept slowly across the street.

"I'll capture the string," said Jack, walking off to the next cross-street, then running around the block until he came to the back gate of Lanham's yard, which he entered, running up the walk to the back door. His knock was answered by Mrs. Lanham.

"Why, Jack, what's the matter?" she asked, seeing him at the kitchen door, breathless.

"I want to see Susan, please," he said, "and tell Mr. Williams not to go yet a minute."

"Here's a mystery," said Mrs. Lanham, returning to the sitting-room, where the teacher was just rising to say good-night. "Here's Jack Dudley, at the back door, out of breath, asking for Susan, and wishing Mr. Williams not to leave the house yet."

Susan ran to the back door.

"Susan," said Jack, "the triplets have tied a string from the corner of your fence to the locust-tree, and they're watching from Riley's porch to see Mr. Williams fall into the mud-hole. Bob is cutting the string at the tree, and I want you to go down along the fence and untie it and bring it in. They will not suspect you if they see you."

"I don't care if they do," said Susan, and she glided out to the cross-fence which ran along the alley, followed it to the front, and untied the string, fetching it back with her. When she got back to the kitchen door she heard Jack closing the alley gate. He had run off to join Bob, leaving the string in Susan's hands.

Dr. Lanham and the master had a good laugh over the captured string, which was made of Pewee's and Riley's top-strings, tied together.

The triplets did not see Susan go to the fence. They were too intent on what was to happen to Mr. Williams. When, at length, he came along safely through the darkness, they were bewildered.

"You did n't tie that string well in the middle," growled Pewee at Riley.

"Yes, I did," said Riley. "He must have stepped over."

"Step over a string a foot high, when he did n't know it was there?" said Pewee.

"Let's go and get the string," said Ben Berry.

So out of the gate they sallied, and quickly reached the place where the string ought to have been.

"I can't find this end," whispered Pewee by the fence.

"The string's gone!" broke out Riley, after feeling up and down the tree for some half a minute.

What could have become of it? They had

been so near the sidewalk all the time that no one could have passed without their seeing him.

The next day, at noon-time, when Susan Lanham brought out her lunch, it was tied with Pewee's new top-string,—the best one in the school.

"That's a very nice string," said Susan.

"It's just like Pewee's top-string," cried Harry Weatherwane.

"Is it yours, Pewee?" said Susan, in her sweetest tones.

"No," said the king, with his head down;

"mine's at home."

"I found this one, last night," said Susan.

And all the school knew that she was tormenting Pewee, although they could not guess how she had got his top-string. After a while, she made a dive into her pocket, and brought out another string.

"Oh," cried Johnny Meline; "where did you get that?"

"I found it."

"That's Will Riley's top-string," said Johnny.

"It was mine. He cheated me out of it by trading an old top that would n't spin."

"That's the way you get your top-strings, is it, Will? Is this yours?" asked the tormenting Susan.

"No, it is n't."

"Of course it is n't yours. You don't tie top-strings across the sidewalk at night. You're a gentleman, you are! Come, Johnny, this string does n't belong to anybody; I'll trade with you for that old top that Will gave you for a good string. I want something to remember honest Will Riley by."

Johnny gladly pocketed the string, and Susan carried off the shabby top, to the great amusement of the school, who now began to understand how she had come by the two top-strings.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL, AND THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE STORY.

It was the last day of the spring term of school. With Jack this meant the end of his opportunity for going to school. What he should learn hereafter he must learn by himself. The money was nearly out, and he must go to work.

The last day of school meant also the expiration of the master's authority. Whatever evil was done after school-hours on the last day was none of his business. All who had grudges carried them forward to that day, for thus they could revenge themselves without being called to account by the

master the next day. The last day of school had no to-morrow to be afraid of. Hence, Pewee and his friends purposed to square accounts on the last day of school with Jack Dudley, whom they hated for being the best scholar, and for having outwitted them more than once.

It was on the first day of June that the school ended, and Mr. Williams bade his pupils good-bye. The warm sun had by this time brought the waters of the Ohio to a temperature that made bathing pleasant, and when the school closed, all the boys, delighted with liberty, rushed to the river for a good swim together. In that genial climate one can remain in the water for hours at a time, and boys become swimmers at an early age.

Just below the village a raft was moored, and from this the youthful swimmers were soon diving into the deep water like frogs. Every boy who could perform any feat of agility displayed it. One would turn a somersault in the water, and then dive from one side of the raft to another, one could float, and another swim on his back, while a third was learning to tread water. Some were fond of diving toes downward, others took headers. The "little fellows" who could not swim kept on the inside of the great raft and paddled about with the aid of slabs used for floats. Jack, who had lived for years on the banks of the Wildcat, could swim and dive like a musquash.

Mr. Williams, the teacher, felt lonesome at saying good-bye to his school; and to keep the boys company as long as possible, he strolled down to the bank and sat on the grass watching the bathers below him, plunging and paddling in all the spontaneous happiness of young life.

Riley and Pewee—conspirators to the last—had their plans arranged. When Jack should get his clothes on, they intended to pitch him off the raft for a good wetting, and thus gratify their long-hoarded jealousy, and get an offset to the standing joke about dough-faces and ghosts which the town had at their expense. Ben Berry, who was their confidant, thought this a capital plan.

When at length Jack had enjoyed the water enough, he came out and was about to begin dressing. Pewee and Riley were close at hand, already dressed, and prepared to give Jack a farewell ducking.

But just at that moment there came from the other end of the raft, and from the spectators on the bank, a wild, confused cry, and all turned to hearken. Harry Weathervane's younger brother, whose name was Andrew Jackson, and who could not swim, in dressing, had stepped too far backward and gone off the raft. He uttered a despairing and terrified scream, struck out wildly and blindly, and went down.

All up and down the raft and up and down the bank there went up a cry: "Andy is drowning!" while everybody looked for somebody else to save him.

The school-master was sitting on the bank, and saw the accident. He quickly slipped off his boots, but then he stopped, for Jack had already started on a splendid run down that long raft. The confused and terrified boys made a path for him quickly, as he came on at more than the tremendous speed he had always shown in games. He did not stop to leap, but ran full tilt off the raft, falling upon the drowning boy and carrying him completely under water with him. Nobody breathed during the two seconds that Jack, under water, struggled to get a good hold on Andy and to keep Andy from disabling him by his blind grappling of Jack's limbs.

When at length Jack's head came above water, there was an audible sigh of relief from all the on-lookers. But the danger was not over.

"Let go of my arms, Andy!" cried Jack. "You'll drown us both if you hold on that way. If you don't let go I'll strike you."

Jack knew that it was sometimes necessary to stun a drowning person before you could save him, where he persisted in clutching his deliverer. But poor frightened Andy let go of Jack's arms at last. Jack was already exhausted with swimming, and he had great difficulty in dragging the little fellow to the raft, where Will Riley and Pewee Rose pulled him out of the water.

But now, while all were giving attention to the rescued Andy, there occurred with Jack one of those events which people call a cramp. I do not know what to call it, but it is not a cramp. It is a kind of collapse—a sudden exhaustion that may come to the best of swimmers. The heart insists on resting, the consciousness grows dim, the will-power flags, and the strong swimmer sinks.

Nobody was regarding Jack, who first found himself unable to make even an effort to climb on the raft; then his hold on its edge relaxed, and he slowly sank out of sight. Pewee saw his sinking condition first, and screamed, as did Riley and all the rest, doing nothing to save Jack, but running up and down the raft in a vain search for a rope or a pole.

The school-master, having seen that Andy was brought out little worse for his fright and the water he had swallowed, was about to put on his boots when this new alarm attracted his attention to Jack Dudley. Instantly he threw off his coat and was bounding down the steep bank, along the plank to the raft, and then along the raft to where Jack had sunk entirely out of sight. Mr. Williams leaped head first into the water and made what the

boys afterward called a splendid dive. Once under water he opened his eyes and looked about for Jack.

At last he came up, drawing after him the unconscious and apparently lifeless form of Jack, who was taken from the water by the boys. The teacher dispatched two boys to bring Dr. Lanham, while he set himself to restore consciousness by producing artificial breathing. It was some time after Dr. Lanham's arrival that Jack fully regained his consciousness, when he was carried home by the strong arms of Bob Holliday, Will Riley, and Pewee, in turn.

And here I must do the last two boys the justice to say that they called to inquire after Jack every day during the illness that followed, and the old animosity to Jack was never afterward revived by Pewee and his friends.

On the evening after this accident and these rescues, Dr. Lanham said to Mrs. Lanham and Susan and Mr. Williams, who happened to be there again, that a boy was wanted in the new drug-store in the village, to learn the business, and

to sleep in the back room, so as to attend night-calls. Dr. Lanham did not know why this Jack Dudley would n't be just the boy.

Susan, for her part, was very sure he would be; and Mr. Williams agreed with Susan, as, indeed, he generally did.

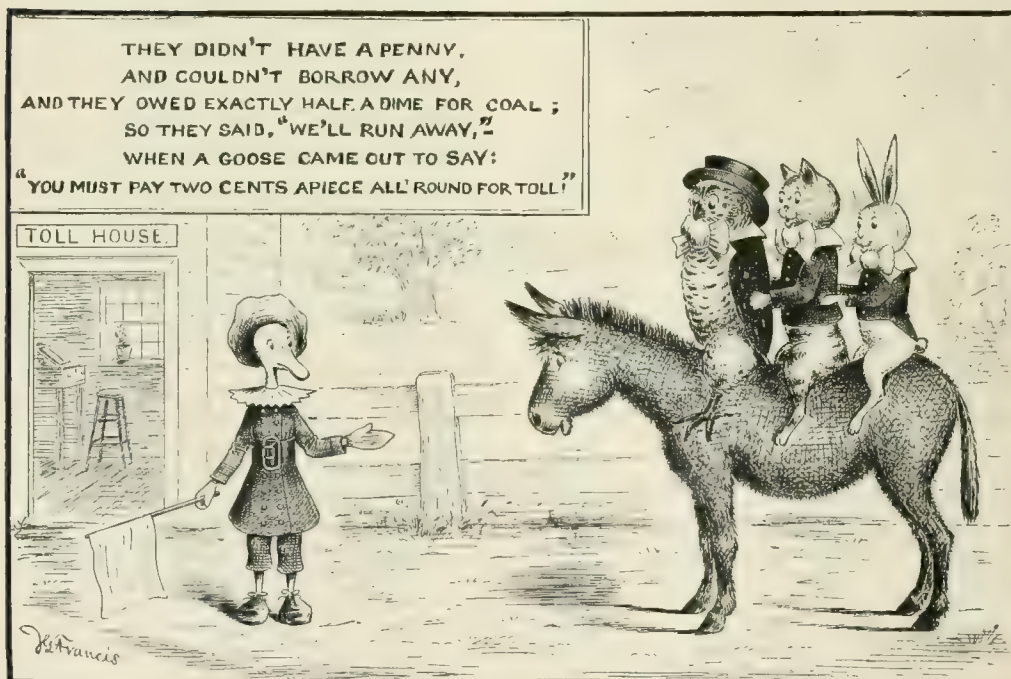
Dr. Lanham thought that Jack might be allowed to attend school in the day-time in the winter season, and if the boy had as good stuff in him as he seemed to have, there was no reason why he should n't come to something some day.

"Come to something!" said Susan. "Come to something! Why, he'll make one of the best doctors in the country yet."

And again Mr. Williams entirely agreed with Susan. Jack Dudley was sure to go up to the head of the class.

Jack got the place, and I doubt not fulfilled the hope of his friends. I know this, at least, that when a year or so later his good friend and teacher, Mr. Williams, was married to his good and stanch friend, Susan Lanham, Jack's was one of the happiest faces at the wedding.

THE END.



MR. WEATHERCOCK.

BY MRS. FANNY BARROW.

IT was at Pau, a beautiful little city in the south of France, where the roses grow out in the open air all winter, that I met with a funny old fellow, who was very fond of children. Whenever he appeared in the "Haute Plante," which means the "Upper Park," the children would seem to drop down from the trees, or creep out from under the seats, rushing toward him in every direction, and piling up on the old fellow till the group looked like a pyramid, and then there was no peace unless he began immediately to tell them a story.

Here is one I heard him tell. Of course it was in French:

Once upon a time, at a great château or castle, there was a pretty black Spanish hen, that had a large family of children—a baker's dozen.

One of the hen's children was a deformed, dismal little rooster. He had only one eye, one leg, one wing, one ear, half of a nose, and less than half of a tail. Pretty badly off, was n't he?

But the Spanish hen loved this demi, semi, poor little rooster better than all the rest of her children put together. She scratched all the peas-pods, bits of meat and crumbs of bread for him. If the other chickens danced up and tried to snatch anything away, she would fly at them with a squawk, which tumbled them over on their backs with fright; and if they managed to run off without a good pecking, they were fortunate.

But her petting was the ruin of poor Jacquot; for our one-legged, one-eyed friend soon believed that he was the most elegant, the boldest, and the handsomest rooster in all the world.

One fine day, Jacquot observed to his mother:

"Really, it is very stupid here. I shall pack a cabbage-leaf full of snails, just for a relish on the way, and go to court to see the Emperor and Empress."

"Oh, kuk-a-tuk-ti-raw-ki!" exclaimed his fond mother. "What has put such an idea into your head? Your father, Don Moustachio, has never been to court, and where will you hear so melodious a crow as his? And look at your brothers and sisters; they are elegant young cocks and hens, with the true Spanish strut. Are they not?"

"No, they are fat, stupid, country boobies. Their legs are thick, and their tail-feathers thin, and they whirl around so, that to look at them makes me dizzy. They are common-looking things!"

"Oh, kuk-a-tuk-a-tuk! my son, did you ever

look at yourself in the pond? Don't you know that you have but one leg, and one——"

"Well, that 's more your fault than mine," interrupted this undutiful child, "and I shall go, whether you advise it or not. People admire me as I am." And Jacquot shook the thin scarlet comb on the top of his half-head.

When the poor mother heard this, she gave a sigh, and proceeded to pick up some snails and put them into a big cabbage-leaf. And she said nothing more, but helped her naughty son, well knowing that he would heed no advice of hers, but hoping, with an anxious heart, that Jacquot would not meet with some terrible misfortune on his travels.

When all was ready for his departure, she addressed to him a few last words: "Oh, ruk-a-tuk-a-tuk-ta-raw-ki!" said she. "Son, attend to this warning. There is a class of men and women in the world called cooks. Oh, ruk-a-tuk! beware of them! They are our mortal enemies. They would snatch you up and twist your head off in a jiffy if you should offend them. Remember this, my son. Farewell; may good luck attend you."

Jacquot turned around after this tender good-bye, and, without the least emotion, hopped off down the road. He hopped along contentedly enough until he came to the banks of a little river. It was midsummer, and the stream was nearly dry. Some fish lay dead on the shelving bank, and a great tree which had fallen across the stream choked it so that it could hardly creep along, much less dance and sing, as it always did in the spring.

The moment the little stream saw Jacquot, she whispered, in a weak voice, for her strength was gone: "Oh, my dear friend! I am in very great distress. I can not push away this great dead tree, which chokes me so. It tires me dreadfully to creep around it. Will you help me a little by separating the branches with your beak? Do, I entreat you, and if you are thirsty, drink in this cool, dark corner; and when the kind rain from heaven restores my strength, I will devote it to your service if ever you require me."

"Oh, don't trouble me," cackled Jacquot, just like a cross old hen. "Do you think I am going to stay here all day, working and scrambling and scratching over those old dried sticks for *you*? A servant to a muddy little brook, indeed! I am going to visit the Emperor and Empress."

"You will be sorry for this unkindness, and

remember it when you think it least likely," sighed the poor little stream.

"Fiddlesticks! What can a puddle do to *me*? You must think yourself quite a deluge! Good-bye. Give my compliments to the Moon the next time she looks at your shrunken face."

So he flapped his one wing and hopped on, and soon came to Mr. Wind, who was lying quite breathless on the ground.

"O Jacquot, dear Jacquot!" he said; "the world has come to a stand-still. At least, I have. Look at me. Dying of the dog-days! Oh, do just fan me with your wing, and kindly raise me only two inches from the ground, so that I can fly to one of my caverns, where there is no end of whirlwinds and torn clouds waiting to be mended up for winter use. To think that I should be brought to such a pass! I, who have blown down great trees, and raised up great waves, and scuttled off with boys' hats and umbrellas and sign-posts——"

"Yes, and blown my tail-feathers almost off," interrupted Jacquot, in a malicious tone; "and pushed me behind until I tumbled head-over-claws against the barn-door, because I could not balance myself against you, on my one leg. And you set every squawking old hen, and winking, blinking chicken, a-laughing at me! No, sir! It is my turn now. Adieu, Señor Wind."

Then he crowed at the very top of his voice, and hopped off with immense self-satisfaction.

He pushed through hedges, hopped over ditches, and presently came to a field, which the farmer had tried to set on fire so as to burn off the stubble. But it did not burn well; only one thin little column of smoke was to be seen.

Jacquot hopped up to look at the smoke, and saw a faint little Spark of fire among the ashes.

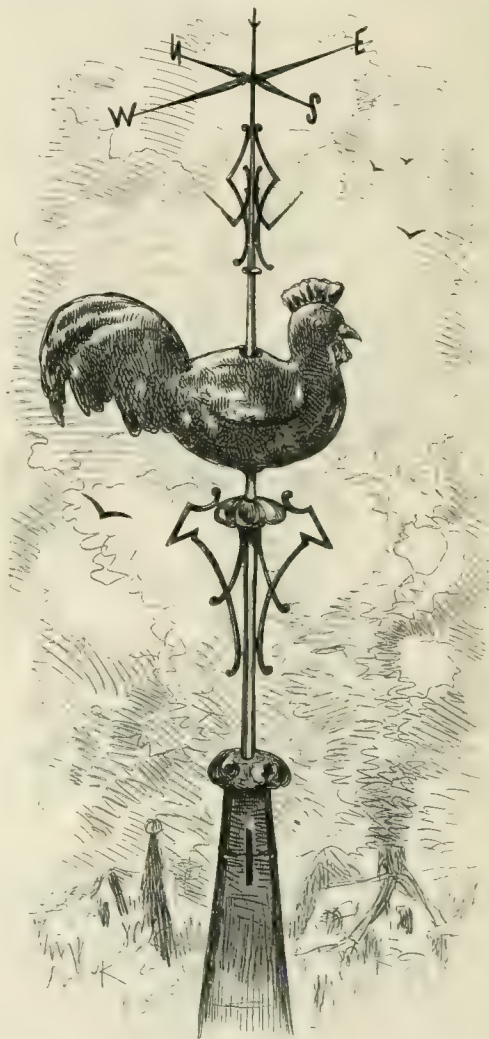
"Oh, if you are a friend," said the Spark, "come and help me! Bring me a few straws, please, to keep me alive."

"Well, that's a good joke! What do I care whether you live or die? What good are you to me, pray?"

"We can all help or hinder one another in this world," said the poor little Spark. "An old aunt of mine, who lives in the kitchen of the farmhouse yonder, and with whom I was living till the farmer brought me out here to die,—my old aunt told me a story of a little mouse who saved the life of a great lion. I may some day be able to show my gratitude if you save my life now."

"Oh, hold your tongue!" cried the ugly rooster, whose heart seemed to have been altogether left out of his one-sided body. "I sha' n't help you at all. Take that!" With this, he scratched and kicked a heap of ashes over the poor little Spark, and hopped away, crowing loudly.

After traveling some time longer, he at last reached the capital city, and very soon arrived at the palace of the Emperor and Empress. He was hopping boldly in, but the sentinels poked at him with their bayonets, and he was glad to hop out again. Still, determined to enter somehow, he hopped around to the back door, and passed into



a large room, where a great many persons were hurrying to and fro.

"Who are all those common-looking creatures?" he inquired of a guinea-fowl.

"They are His Majesty's cooks," said she. "Beware of them. Come back! Come back!"

"Oh, cock-a-doodle-do! nobody cares for them," said the silly rooster, and entirely forgetting his

mother's warning, he raised his red comb, stuck his beak high in the air, made an elegant arch of his tail, and hopped into the very midst of them.

"Hello! What's this?" cried a scullion.

"What a ridiculous looking bird!" said another.

"A sort of one-eyed gunner," said a third.

"Or a one-legged tailor," said a fourth.

"Wring his neck," said a fifth.

"I'll do it," said a cook, who caught him, and twisted his head in the twinkling of an eye—for cooks are used to this kind of business.

"Now, then," he added, "we'll pop you into some boiling water, and have your feathers off."

"Oh! oh! oh!" screamed Jacquot. "Don't! oh, don't scald me! Dear Water, be careful—have pity on me!"

"Had you pity on me, when I begged you to move the dead tree out of my way?" answered the Water, boiling and bubbling up with rage. "I said you should remember me." And the Water drenched him from comb to spurs, till all his feathers came off at the least pull. Yes, indeed, you may be sure that the cook did not leave one on his body.

And then they thrust a cruel, sharp spit through him, one end of which rested on a forked stand and the other entered a box, in which was clock-work. The cook wound up the clock-work, placed the whole thing before a bright fire, put a pan under poor Jacquot, and went away to prepare other things for His Majesty's dinner. Then the spit began slowly to turn round and round.

"Oh, Fire! Fire!" cried the miserable Jacquot. "Have pity! Have pity! Oh, do not burn me!"

"Rascal!" cried the Fire; "how dare you ask me for pity—you who threw the ashes upon me in the field? Wait a bit, Monsieur—one good

turn deserves another;" and he blazed away with all his might, and not only roasted Jacquot but burned him as black as a coal.

When the cook came to see how the roast was coming on, he was so disgusted at the black-looking, dried-up object that he took him off the spit and, catching him by his one leg, threw him out of the window.

As it happened, the Wind was having a high frolic outside just then, and, passing at the moment, he caught up Jacquot.

"Oh, Monsieur Wind!" cried the miserable thing, "have pity enough to let me drop down at my old home! Let me see my poor mother. Dear Mr. Wind, good Mr. Wind, have pity!"

"Pity!" roared the Wind, turning him around and around like a ball. "Not I, while I have a breath left. Remember my prayer to you when you found me on the ground! Hey! Hurrah!"

Instantly, poor Jacquot was twisted this way and that; he was whirled around and around; he was caught as he was falling down, and driven up again; he was frisked and whisked in a mad and terrible dance, till suddenly the cruel, furious Wind drove him high—high—higher, and then dashed him down on the sharp top of a church-steeple with such force as to fix him there firmly.

There he has remained ever since—sometimes black, at other times with gilding put on to cover the terrible roasting he got, but always thin and featherless—his one leg, one eye, one nose, and one wing exposed to every gaze.

And now the sun scorches him, the rain pelts him without pity, and the wind still pushes him about just as it pleases. The poor rooster always turns away his tail; and thus, by observing which way his head points, we know from what quarter the wind comes.





BY A. WOLHAUPTER.

Dried Cat-tail.

"I 'M right glad to see you, dear old friend;
And would give your hand a shake;
But I 'm paralyzed in every limb;
If I move, I 'll surely break.

"I 've longed to hear of the dear old swamp,
And the comrades waving there;
I 've longed to hear their garments stir
In the balmy April air.

"Oh, for some news of the lovely bog,
And the loved ones of my youth!
Do they know I am dried so stiff and
stark?
Alack! 't is a bitter truth!"

* * * * *



Fresh Cat-tail.

" The swamp is as charmingly damp, dear,
As when you were drooping there,
When you thought it caused malaria,
And longed for some drier air.

" And so my heart rejoiced for you,
When I saw you carried off,
For I felt that a season in town, my dear,
Would cure your racking cough."

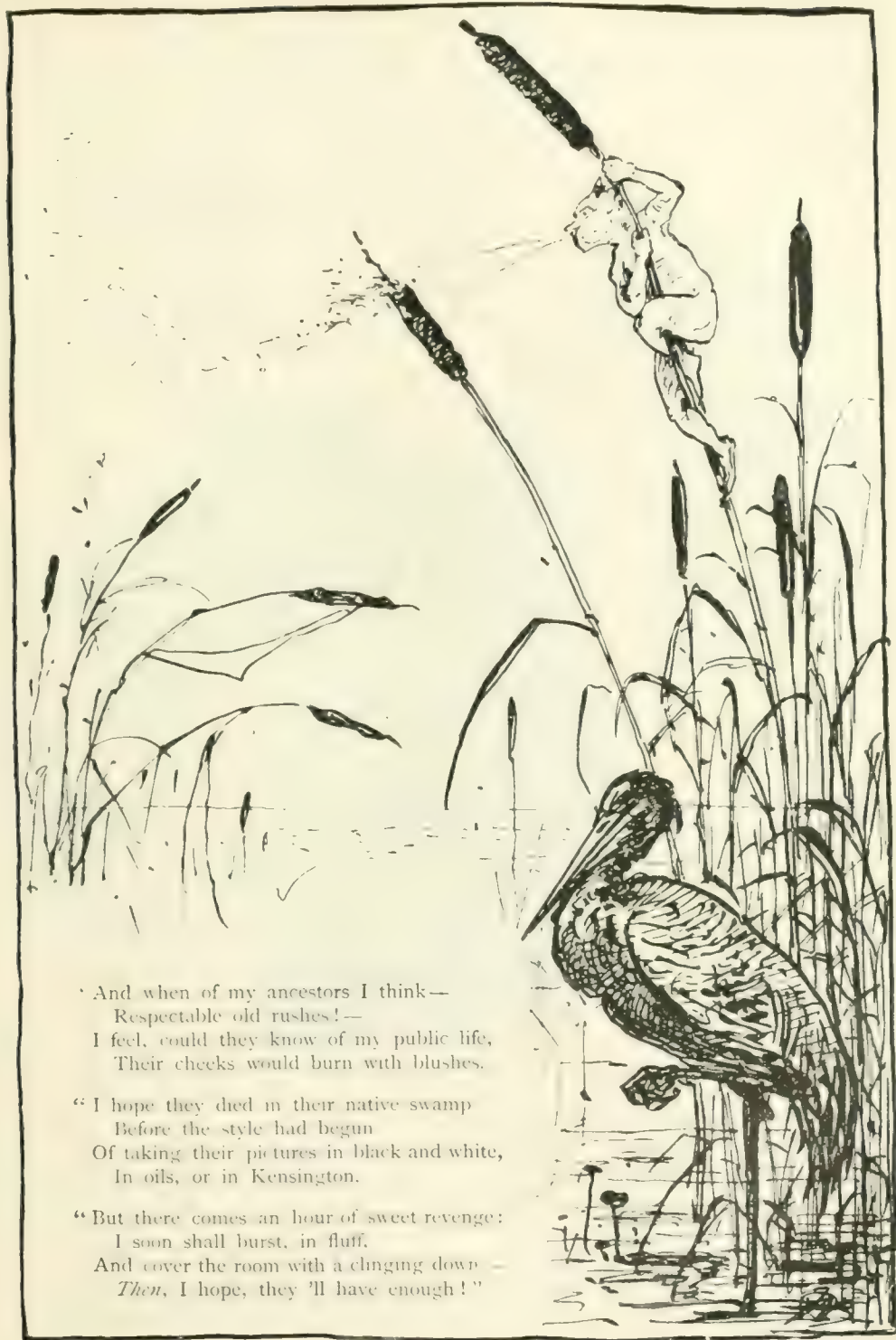


Dried Cat-tail.

"I 've learned about tiles, and plaques, and
storks;

Know a dado from a frieze,
But I 'd rather be in my native bog,
Waving about in the breeze.

"My shakes are gone, but I 've posed so much,
I 've almost broken my back;
I 've been painted on gilded panels,
On sky-blue, olive, and black.



And when of my ancestors I think—
Respectable old rushes!—
I feel, could they know of my public life,
Their cheeks would burn with blushes.

“I hope they died in their native swamp
Before the style had begun
Of taking their pictures in black and white,
In oils, or in Kensington.

“But there comes an hour of sweet revenge:
I soon shall burst, in fluff,
And cover the room with a clinging down—
Then, I hope, they ’ll have enough!”

THE STORY OF WANGSE PAH AND THE WHITE ELEPHANT.*

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

IN the Siamese village of Trimpangore once lived a poor but right-minded lad, who was determined to discover a Chang Phauk, or white elephant.

Everybody laughed when everybody heard of this. "What! He? Wangse Pah? He discover the sacred animal of Siam when the royal Chang Phauk pavilion at Bangkok had so long stood empty?"

But Wangse said to himself—in Siamese, of course: "It may be, and every *may be* may be made into a *shall be*!"

A holy fakir† had told him this. So, day after day, he roamed through forests and jungles, where grew the feathery palm, the tall bamboo, the banana, the banyan, the boh, the teak, the tamarind, the wild olive; where flowering creepers climbed the lofty boughs, and radiant birds made music; while ever and anon was heard the roar of wild beasts, hungry for their prey!

At length, after three years of watching and waiting, there came a terribly hot season, in which swamps, ponds, pools, and rivulets, formerly drinking-places for animals, were dried up by the parching heat.

Now Wangse in his wanderings had seen, far away, a deep water-course at the bottom of a long, wooded valley, and knowing that the animals would find out this water-course, he went there daily and hid in a tree-top. From this high perch he could see, visiting the pool, the gay little birds, who just dipped their wings, the gaudy peacock, the brilliant pheasant, the light gazelle, the magnificent bird of paradise. Enormous serpents glided thither through the brakes; chattering monkeys let themselves down from branches, or scampered away screaming at the approach of the stealthy tiger, the horned rhinoceros, or the crushing tread of the elephant.

Alas! not the white elephant—until,—until,—until one day, one joyful, ever-to-be-remembered day,—when, as Wangse Pah sat in a palm-tree imbibing the milk of a cocoa-nut, he saw—could it be? Could it? Yes! Yes! It was! Oh, joy unspeakable! A huge elephant, in color a pinkish white, approached the pool!

Instantly Wangse was off. He swung himself



"A WHITE ELEPHANT APPROACHED THE POOL."

from tree to tree, rushed to the village, and aroused the hunters, who next day

surrounded the place and secured that rare and priceless prize, the great Chang Phauk.

Now, during the past three years, Wangse had often said to himself: "Should ever a Chang Phauk be taken here, and a messenger be needed to inform the King, it may be found that I am the swiftest runner, and every *may be* may be made into a *shall be*." So, every day, he oiled his long legs and practiced running.

Thus it came about that the villagers knew him to be very fleet of foot, and Wangse was chosen

*The Siamese believe that good and noble spirits inhabit the forms of white animals. The white elephant, being the largest of white animals, is thought to be the abode of some particularly pure and majestic spirit. †Fakir:—an Oriental monk.

messenger. This was great good fortune; for besides the pleasure of bearing the joyful news, there was the curious and golden reward.

First oiling his body, and especially his long legs, Wangse set forth for Bangkok. He arrived there in good condition, after a swift run of more than one hundred miles. He darted through the narrow streets of Bangkok, then through the palace gate-way, up the palace steps, before the guard could stop him, and into the throne-room, where sat the King in all his royal splendor. Wangse threw himself down, with his forehead touching the floor, and in trembling accents made known that near the village of Trimpangore had been captured that sacred animal, dear to all the hearts of Siam, the great Chang Phauk!

The King was speechless from joy. He waved his hand. The signal was understood. The immense klongs of the palace were sounded, the whole court was summoned, and Wangse Pah had his mouth, nose, and ears stuffed with gold, according to the Siamese custom.

As discoverer of the Chang Phauk, another reward was due to Wangse, but instead of this he asked, and got, the privilege of carrying to be ground the grain from which were to be made the Cakes of Celebration,—that is, the cakes to be eaten by the Chang Phauk on his day of celebration, when he should enter the city of Bangkok, and take possession of his royal pavilion. In those times it was believed that the person who should carry this grain and get the blessing of the grinders, would have good fortune ever after.

Wangse was sent in a palanquin, borne on the shoulders of four runners, the grain, in an embroidered silken bag, lying at his feet.

Now, the nobleman who owned the palanquin and runners had a son, a lad named Detch, and this Detch wished for himself the good fortune and the blessing. Detch, therefore, laid off all his golden wristlets, his anklets and necklaces of jewels, also the jewels around his top-knot—that is, the tuft of hair left on top of his head. He laid off, also, the rich silken strip, or panung, which encircled his otherwise naked body, wound in place of it a cotton panung, and went forth from the city to a grove through which Wangse was to pass. When Wangse appeared in this grove, Detch ordered him out of the palanquin, and stepped into it himself. He commanded Wangse and the bearers not to tell; indeed, there was little danger that even Wangse would dare to tell, for in Siam whoever offends a nobleman's son may have his head chopped off at any minute.

But Wangse said to himself, as the runners bore Detch away: "If the grinders are kind, they will hear my story, and keep it private, and give me

the blessing. May be I can find a way outside the trees; may be I can outrun the runners, and see the grinders before Detch shall arrive. Every *may* be may be made into a *shall* be."

He took a course outside the trees, over a tract of burning sand, and long before the palanquin came in sight he had reached the grinders, who, it is well to state, were two very old women, the



WANGSE PAH RECEIVES THE OLDER GOLDEN MEAL.

very oldest being at that time chosen for grinders on such occasions.

These old women laid aside their great red umbrella, and examined Wangse's sore feet with so much pity that he ventured to tell them the whole story, in Siamese, which they, though born Chinese, understood; and, after hearing it, they lifted up their hands and their voices and blessed him—in Siamese. Wangse then hid himself behind a pepper-tree and saw Detch ride up in the palanquin, and saw the Grain of Celebration poured into the mill,—a large hand-mill of the kind used in Siam,—and saw the old women sit one at each side, and saw them take turns in pushing the handle, and saw the blessing given.

But when the grinders blessed Detch, after saying in Siamese, "May you be blest," they added, in Chinese, "*according to your actions.*"

Wangse Pah went privately back to the city and kept himself hidden, lest Detch should do him harm.

Detch rode back in the palanquin with the Meal of Celebration as far as the grove. Not far from this grove was a miserable little village which was ruled over by his father, and Detch ordered the

runners to wait for him in the grove while he should walk through the village, as if he were a poor lad. He had heard of an emperor who put on shabby clothes and walked among poor people, and he thought it would be pleasant to copy him.

Presently he came to a company of lads flying



DETCHE GIVES THE GRAIN OF CELEBRATION TO THE GRINDERS.

kites—kites made in the shape of cats, vultures, mermaids, alligators, and other creatures. The lads were trying to make the cat fight the frog, the mermaid fight the vulture, and so on, as is the custom in Siam. Detch ran here and there with the kite-flyers, and they all became so earnest in watching a dragon fight an alligator that every one, Detch among them, fell into a large round hole, or ditch, and came out wet, for there was water at the bottom.

The head-boy told them to hop up and down till they had dried their clothes—that is, their strips of cloth, or panungs. So they pulled in their kites and hopped up and down, and when a boy stopped hopping, the head-boy gave him a slap on the back; and as Detch could hardly hop at all,—he having been always carried in palanquins,—he got so many slaps that his back became sore, and he was glad when the head-boy ordered that they should sit down and eat their luncheon. Owls' eggs, spearmint, and little warm cabbages were then passed round.

During the luncheon, a boy remarked that he supposed Detch, their ruler's son, had gilt kites with diamond dots and silvery tails.

Said Detch, then, "What sort of a fellow is that Detch?" expecting to hear what had been told him in his father's palace, that he was agreeable, and amiable, and delightful.

"That Detch?" cried the boys. "We've heard enough of that Detch! He's hateful! He's mean! He's cruel! He kicks little slaves half his own size! He never did a good thing in his life! He'll be a horrid man! Ughquoeer-r-r-rong!" (This last is a Siamese exclamation, which requires sixteen exclamation points.)

"I'm going now," said Detch. "Good-bye! I'll remember you!" And, as he walked off, he turned and shook his fist; but they thought he was throwing away a cabbage-leaf.

Next day was the day of Celebration. The great Chang Phauk had been brought from the village of Trimpangore to the river Meinam, attended by bands of music. Then he was floated down the river on a gorgeous raft floored with gilt matting, while over him was a silken canopy, fringed with scarlet and gold. He had been bathed, perfumed, fed, fanned, played to, and sung to, by troops of attendants; the choicest food had been served to him on trays of gold and silver; his drink had been made fragrant with the delicate flowers of the jessamine; and now an immense procession was to escort him to his royal palace-pavilion,—for in Siam the Chang Phauk is second in rank to the King.

Only in Siamese language could that gorgeous procession be described. Four hundred elephants covered with cloth of gold carried howdahs glistening with precious stones, in which howdahs were seated princes and nobles wearing robes of purple, crimson, orange, and scarlet, also wristlets, anklets, kneelets, and necklaces of rubies, pearls, and diamonds, while from each howdah floated the flag of Siam, which, as everybody knows, is a white elephant on a red ground. There were eighty royal bearers of the golden umbrellas; one hundred royal fan-bearers; five hundred men in long caps and wearing pink velvet panungs; two hundred runners, carrying spread peacock-tails; one hundred and fifty peacocks themselves; forty rhinoceroses elegantly enveloped in satin net-work; an immense number of palanquins, carrying five hundred members of the royal household; white birds and other white animals of all kinds; one thousand spearmen, with long, glittering spears; three hundred beautiful little boys dressed wholly in flowers; the King, borne aloft on a golden throne; also the great Chang Phauk himself, in purple and cloth-of-gold, with strings of jewels adorning his tusks, and a diadem upon his head—the procession being accompanied by bands of music in which were heard the deep or the piercing notes of the klong,

the flue, the ching, the thon, the kanat, and the khonbong.

Detch leaned back in his palanquin, silent and sad. A holy fakir from the village of Trimpan-gore said to him, in a pause of the procession:

"Why, O my son, art thou so silent and sad?"

"Because, holy Fakir, I never did a good thing in my life. People speak ill of me."

"It will be a good thing," said the fakir, "to confess some of the bad things."

Detch then confessed his conduct to Wangse Pah. "And now, holy Fakir," said he, "pray tell me a way of changing from myself to him the good fortune I wrongly obtained."

"He needs not that good fortune," said the fakir. "Besides being right-minded, Wangse Pah has the patience to turn *may be* into *shall be*, and this of itself is good fortune."

"But the blessing," said Detch. "I should not keep that."

A high-pitched voice near by—an old woman's voice—said, in Siamese: "You were blest only according to your actions!"

"According to your actions!" said another high-pitched voice, in Chinese.

Detch started forward, but not in time to see two very old women, who stepped hastily away beneath a huge red umbrella.



THERE was a young maid of Selmuch,
Whose delicate nature was such
That it dizzied her head
To make up her bed;—
But the way she could dance beat the Dutch!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER XIV.

"HATCHER'S RUN."

WHILE we were yet before Petersburg, two divisions of our corps (the Fifth) with two divisions of the Ninth, leaving the line of works at the Weldon Railroad, were pushed out still farther to the left, with the intention of turning the enemy's right flank.

Starting out, therefore, early on the morning of Thursday, October 27, 1864, with four days' rations in our haversacks, we moved off rapidly by the left, striking the enemy's picket-line about ten o'clock.

"Pop! pop! pop! Boom! boom! boom! We're in for it again, Boys; so, steady on the left there, and close up."

Away into the woods we plunge in line of battle, through briars and tangled undergrowth, beneath the great trees dripping with rain. We lose the points of the compass, and halt every now and then to close up a gap in the line by bearing off to the right or left. Then, forward we go through the brush again, steady on the left and guide right, until I feel certain that officers as well as men are getting pretty well "into the woods" as to the direction of our advance. It is raining, and we have no sun to guide us, and the moss is growing on the wrong side of the trees. I see one of our generals sitting on his horse, with his pocket-compass on the pommel of his saddle, peering around into the interminable tangle of brier and brush, with an expression of no little perplexity.

Yet still, on, Boys, while the pickets are popping away and the rain is pouring down. The evening falls early and cold, as we come to a stand in line of battle and put up breastworks for the night.

We have halted on the slope of a ravine. Minié-balls are singing over our heads as we cook our coffee, while sounds of axes and falling trees are heard on all sides; and still that merry "z-i-p! z-i-p!" goes on among the tree-tops and sings us to sleep, at length, as we lie down shivering under our India rubber blankets, to get what rest we may.

How long we had slept I did not know, when some one shook me, and in a whisper the word passed around:

"Wake up, Boys! Wake up, Boys! Don't

make any noise, and take care your tin cups and canteens don't rattle. We've got to get out of this on a double jump!"

We were in a pretty fix, indeed! In placing the regiments in position, by some blunder, quite excusable no doubt in the darkness and the tangled forest, we had been unwittingly pushed beyond the main line—were, in fact, quite outside the picket-line! It needed only daylight to let the enemy see his game, and sweep us off the boards. And daylight was fast coming in the east.

Long after, a Company A Boy, who was on picket that night, told me that, upon going to the rear somewhere about three o'clock, to cook a cup of coffee at a half-extinguished fire, a cavalry picket ordered him back within the lines.

"The lines are not back there; my regiment is out yonder in front, on skirmish!"

"No," said the cavalryman; "our cavalry is the extreme picket-line, and our orders are to send in all men beyond us."

"Then take me at once to General Bragg's head-quarters," said the Company A Boy.

When General Bragg learned the true state of affairs, he at once ordered out an escort of five hundred men to bring in our regiment.

Meanwhile, we were trying to get back of our own accord.

"This way, men!" said a voice in a whisper ahead.

"This way, men!" said another voice in the rear.

That we were wandering about vainly in the darkness, and under no certain leadership, was evident, for I noticed in the dim light that, in our tramping about in the tangle, we had twice crossed the same fallen tree, and so must have been moving in a circle.

And now, as the day is dawning in the east, and the enemy's pickets see us trying to steal away, a large force is ordered against us, and comes sweeping down with yells and whistling bullets—just as the escort of five hundred, with re-assuring cheers, comes up from the rear to our support!

Instantly we are in the cloud and smoke of battle. A battery of artillery, hastily dragged up into position, opens on the charging line of gray with grape and canister, while from bush and tree pours back and forth the dreadful blaze of musketry. For half an hour, the conflict rages fierce and high in the dawning light and under the drip-

ping trees—the officers shouting, and the men cheering and yelling and charging, often fighting hand to hand and with bayonets locked in deadly encounter, while the air is cut by the whistling lead, and the deep bass of the cannon wakes the echoes of the forest.

But at last the musketry-fire gradually slackens, and we find ourselves out of danger.

The enemy's prey has escaped him, and, to the wonder of all, we are brought within the lines again, begrimed with smoke and leaving many of our poor fellows dead or wounded on the field.

him,—and searched in vain. Not a soul had tidings of him. At last, however, a soldier with his blouse-sleeve ripped up and a red-stained bandage around his arm, told me that, about day-light, when the enemy came sweeping down on us, he and Andy were behind neighboring trees. He himself received a ball through the arm, and was busy trying to stop the flow of blood, when, looking up, he saw Andy reel and, he thought, *fall*. He was not quite sure it was Andy, but he thought so.

Andy killed! What should I do without Andy?



THE CONFLICT AT DAY-BREAK IN THE WOODS AT HATCHER'S RUN.

Anxiously every man looked about for his chum and messmates, lost sight of during the whirling storm of battle in the twilight woods. And I, too, looked,—but where was Andy?

CHAPTER XV.

KILLED, WOUNDED, OR MISSING?

ANDY was nowhere to be found.

All along the line of battle-worn men, now gathered in irregular groups behind the breastworks, and safe from the enemy, I searched for

—the best and truest friend, the most companionable messmate, that a soldier ever could hope to have! It could not be! I would look farther for him.

Out, therefore, I went, over the breastworks to the picket-line, where the rifles were popping away at intervals. I searched among trees and behind bushes, and called and called, but all in vain. Then the retreat was sounded, and we were drawn off the field, and marched back to the fortifications which we had left the day before.

Toward evening, as we reached camp, I obtained permission to examine the ambulance-trains, in

search of my chum. As one train after another came in, I climbed up and looked into each ambulance; but the night had long set in before I found him—or thought I had found him. Raising my lantern high, so as to throw the light full on the face of the wounded man lying in a stupor on the floor of the wagon, I was at first confident it was Andy; for the figure was short, well-built, and had raven black hair.

"Andy! Andy! Where are you hurt?" I cried.

But no answer came. Rolling him on his back and looking full into his face, I found, alas! a stranger—a manly, noble face, too, but no life, no signs of life, in it. There were indeed a very low, almost imperceptible breathing, and a faint pulse—but the man was evidently dying.

About a week afterward, having secured a pass from corps head-quarters, I started for City Point to search the hospitals there for my chum. The pass allowed me not only to go through all the guards I might meet on my way, but also to ride free to City Point over the railroad—"General Grant's Railroad," we called it.

Properly speaking, this was a branch of the road from City Point to Petersburg, tapping it about midway between the two places, and from that point following our lines closely to the extreme left of our position. Never was road more hastily built. So rapidly did the work advance that scarcely had we learned such a road was planned, before one evening the whistle of a locomotive was heard down the line only a short distance to our right. No grading was done. The ties were simply laid on the top of the ground, the rails were nailed fast, and the rolling-stock was put on without waiting for ballast; and there the railroad was—up hill and down dale, and "as crooked as a dog's hind leg." At only one point had any cutting been done, and that was where the road, after climbing a hill, came within range of the enemy's batteries. The first trains which passed up and down afforded a fine mark and were shelled vigorously, the enemy's aim becoming with daily practice so exact that nearly every train was hit somewhere. The hill was then cut through, and the fire avoided. It was a rough road, and the riding was full of fearful jolts, but it saved thousands of mules, and enabled General Grant to hold his position during the winter of the Petersburg siege.

City Point was a stirring place at that time. It was General Grant's head-quarters, and the depot of all supplies for the army, and here I found the large hospitals which I meant to search for Andy, although I scarcely hoped to find him.

Into hospital-tents at one end and out at the

other, looking from side to side at the long, white rows of cots, and inquiring as I went, I searched long and almost despairingly, until at last—there he was! Sitting on his cot, his head neatly bandaged, writing a letter!

Coming up quietly behind him, I laid my hand on his shoulder with—"Andy, old boy! have I found you at last? I thought you were killed!"

"Why, Harry!—God bless you!"

The story was soon told. "A clip in the head, you see, Harry, out there among the trees when the Johnnies came down on us, yelling like demons,—all got black before me as I reeled and fell. By and by, coming to myself a little, I begged a man of a strange regiment to help me off, and so I got down here. It's nothing much, Harry, and I'll soon be with you again; not near so bad as that poor fellow over there—the man with the black hair. His is a wonderful case. He was brought in the same day I was, with a wound in the head which the doctors said was fatal. Every day we expected him to die, but there he lies yet, breathing very low, conscious, but unable to speak or to move hand or foot. Some of his company came yesterday to see him. They had been with him when he fell, had supposed him mortally wounded, and had taken all his valuables out of his pockets to send home—among them was an ambrotype of his wife and child. Well, you just should have seen that poor fellow's face when they opened that ambrotype and held it before his eyes! He could n't speak nor reach out his hand to take the picture; and there he lay, convulsed with feeling, while tears rolled down his cheeks."

On looking at him, I found it was the very man I had seen in the ambulance and mistaken for Andy.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WINTER RAID INTO NORTH CAROLINA.

ABOUT the beginning of December, 1864, we were busy building cabins for the winter. Everywhere in the woods to our rear were heard the sound of axes and the crash of falling trees. Men were carrying pine logs on their shoulders, or dragging them along the ground with ropes, for the purpose of building our last winter quarters; for, of the three years for which we had enlisted, but a few months remained. The camp was a scene of activity and interest on all sides. Here were some men "notching" the logs to fit them nicely together at the corners; yonder, one was hewing rude, Robinson Crusoe boards for the eaves and gables; there, a man was digging clay for the chimney which his messmate was cat-sticking up

to a proper height; while some had already stretched their shelters over rude cabins, and were busy cooking their suppers. Just then, as ill-luck would have it in those uncertain days, an orderly rode into camp with some orders from headquarters, and all building was directed to be stopped at once.

"We have orders to move, Andy," said I, coming into the half-finished cabin where Andy (lately returned from hospital) was chinking the cracks in the side of the house.

"Orders to move! Why, where in the world are we going this time of year? I thought we had tramped around enough for one campaign, and were going to settle down for the winter."

"I don't know where we're going; but they say

house at ten A. M., halting at dusk near the Weldon and Petersburg Railway, about five miles from the North Carolina line.

Though we did not then know what all this meant, we soon learned that it was simply a winter raid on the enemy's communications; the intention being to destroy the Weldon road, and so render it useless to them. True, we had already cut that same road near Petersburg, but the enemy still brought their supplies on it from the South, near to the point where our lines were thrown across, and by means of wagons carried these supplies around our left, and safely into Petersburg.

Never was railway more completely destroyed! The morning after we had reached the scene of operations, in the drizzling rain and falling sleet,



WRECKING THE RAILWAY.

the Sixth Corps will relieve us in the morning, and we are to pull out, anyhow."

We were not deceived. At daylight next morning, December 6th, we did "pack up and fall in" and move out from our fortified camp, away to the rear, where we lay all day massed in the woods, with nothing to do but to speculate as to the direction we were to take.

From daylight of Wednesday, December 7th, we marched, through rain and stiff mud, steadily toward the South, crossing the Nottaway River on pontoons at eight P. M., and halting at midnight for such rest as we could find on the cold, damp soil of a corn-field. Next day, on again we went, straight toward the South, through Sussex Court-

the whole command was set to work. As far as the eye could see down the road were men in blue, divested of weapons and accouterments, prying and wrenching, and tearing away at iron rails and wooden ties. It was a well-built road, and hard to tear up. The rails were what are known as "T" rails, and each being securely fastened to its neighbor at either end by a stout bar of iron or steel which had been forced into the groove of the T, the track was virtually two long, unbroken rails for its whole length.

"No use tryin' to tear up them rails from the ties, Major," said an old railroader, with a touch of his cap. "The plagued things are all spliced together at the j'int, and the only way to get

them off is to pry up the whole thing, rails, ties, and all, and then split the ties off from the rails when you 've got her upside down."

So, with fence-rails for levers, the men fell to work, prying and heave-I-ho-ing, until one side of the road, ties, track, and all, pulled and wrenched by thousands of strong arms, began to loosen and move, and was raised gradually higher and higher. Forced at last to a perpendicular, it was pushed over and laid upside down, with a mighty cheer from the long line of wreckers!

Once the thing was started, it was easy enough to roll miles and miles of it over without a break. And so brigade after brigade did roll it; tearing and splitting off the ties, and wrenching away the rails.

It was not enough, however, merely to destroy the track—the rails must be made forever useless as rails. Accordingly, the ties were piled in heaps, or built up as children build corn-cob houses, and then the heaps were fired. The rails were laid across the top of the burning pile, where they soon became red-hot in the middle, and bent themselves double by the weight of their ends, which hung out beyond the reach of the fire. In some cases, however, a grim and humorous conceit led to a more artistic use of the heated rails, for many of them were taken and carried to some tree hard by, and twisted two or three times around the trunk, while not a few of the men hit on the happy device of bending the rails, some into the shape of a U, and others into the shape of an S, and setting them up by pairs against the fences along the line, in order that, in this oft-repeated iron U S, it might be seen that Uncle Sam had been looking around in those parts.

When darkness came, the scene presented by that long line of burning ties was wild and weird. Rain and sleet had been falling all day, and there was frost as well, and we lay down at night with stiff limbs, aching bones, and chattering teeth. Everything was covered with a coating of ice; so that Andy and I crept under a wagon for shelter and a dry spot to lie down in. But the horses, tied to the wheels, gave us little sleep. Scarcely would we fall into a doze, when one of the horses would poke his nose between the wheels, or through the spokes, and whinny pitifully in our ears. And no wonder, either, we thought, when, crawling out at day-break, we found the poor creatures covered with a coating of ice, and their tails turned to great icicles. The trees looked very beautiful in their magnificent frost-work, but we were too cold and wet to admire anything, as our drums hoarsely beat the "assembly," and we set out for a two days' wet and weary march back to camp in front of Petersburg.

Both on the way down and on the retreat, we passed many fine farms or plantations. It was a new country to us, and no other Northern troops had passed through it. One consequence of this was that we were everywhere looked upon with wonder by the white inhabitants, and by the colored population as deliverers sent for their express benefit.

All along the line of march, both down and back, the overjoyed darkies flocked to us by hundreds, old and young, sick and well, men, women, and children. Whenever we came to a road or lane leading to a plantation, a crowd of darkies would be seen hurrying pell-mell down the lane toward us. And then they would take their places in the colored column that already tramped along the road in awe and wonderment beside "de sodjers." There were stout young darkies with bundles slung over their backs, old men hobbling along with canes, women in best bib and tucker with immense bundles on their heads, mothers with babes in their arms, and a barefooted brood trotting along at their heels; and now and then one would call out, anxiously, to some venturesome boy:

"Now, you Sam! Whar you goin' dar? You done gone git run ober by de sodjers yit, you will."

"Auntie, you 've got a good many little folks to look after, have n't you?" some kindly soldier would say to one of the mothers.

"Ya-as, Cunnel, right smart o' chilluns I 'se got yere, but I 'se a-gwine up Norf an' can't leabe enny on 'em behind, sah."

Fully persuaded that the year of jubilee had come at last, the poor things joined us, from every plantation along the road, many of them mayhap leaving good masters for bad, and comfortable homes for no homes at all. Occasionally, however, we met some who would not leave. I remember one old, gray-headed, stoop-shouldered uncle who stood leaning over a gate, looking wide-eyed at the blue-coats and the great exodus of his people.

"Come along, Uncle," shouted one of the men.

"Come along—the year of jubilee is come!"

"No, sah. Dis yere chile's too ole. Reckon I better stay wid ole Mars'r."

When we halted at night-fall in a cotton-field, around us was gathered a great throng of colored people, houseless, homeless, well-nigh dead with fatigue, and with nothing to eat. Near where we pitched our tent, for instance, was a poor negro woman with six little children, of whom the oldest was apparently not more than eight or nine years of age—the whole forlorn family crouched shivering together in the rain and sleet. Andy and I thought, as we were driving in our tent-pins:

"That 's pretty hard, now, is n't it? Could n't we somehow get a shelter and something to eat for the poor souls?"

It was not long before we had set up a rude but serviceable shelter, and thrown in a blanket and built a fire in front for them, and set Dinah to cooking coffee and frying bacon for her famishing brood.

Never shall I forget how comical those little darkies looked as they sat cross-legged about the fire, watching the frying-pan and coffee-pot with great, eager eyes!

Dinah, as she cooked, and poked the fire betimes, told Andy and me how she had deserted the old home at the plantation—a home which no doubt she afterward wished she had never left.

an' leabe us all 'lone, an' so when we see de sodjers comin' we done cl'ar out too,—ki-yi!"

CHAPTER XVII

"JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME."

WE had just come out of what is known as the "Second Hatcher's Run" fight, somewhere about the middle of February, 1865. The company, which was now reduced to a mere handful of men, was standing about a smoking fire in the woods, discussing the engagement and relating adventures, when some one came in from brigade headquarters, shouting the following message: "Say, Boys, good news! They told me over at head-



THE CHANGE ON THE LINES.

"When we heerd dat de Yankees was a-comin'," said she, "de folks all git ready fer to leabe. Ole Mars' John, he ride out de road dis way, an' young Mars' Harry, he ride out de road dat way, fer to watch if dey was a-comin'; and den ebbery now an' den one or udder on 'em 'd come a-ridin' up to de house an' say, 'Did ye see anyt'ing on 'em yit? Did ye hear whar dey is now?' An' den one mawning, down come young Mars' Harry a-ridin' his hoss at a gallop—'Git out o' dis! Git out o' dis! De Yankees is a-comin'! De Yankees is a-comin'!' and den all de folks done gone cl'ar out

quarters that we are to be sent North to relieve the 'regulars' somewhere."

Ha! ha! ha! That was an old story—too old to be good, and too good to be true. For a year and more we had been hearing that same good news,— "Going to Baltimore," "Going to Washington," and so forth, and we always ended with going into battle instead, or off on some long raid.

So we did n't much heed the tidings. We were too old birds to be caught with chaff.

But, in spite of our incredulity, the next morning we were marched down to General Grant's

branch of the Petersburg Railway, loaded on box-cars, and carried to City Point, where we at once embarked on two huge steamers, which we found awaiting us.

For two days and nights we were cooped up in those miserable boats. We had no fire, and we suffered from the cold. We had no water for thirty-six hours, and, of course, no coffee, and what is life to a soldier without coffee? All were seasick, too, for the weather was rough; and so, what with

"Dem sodgers, dar, must be done gone starved, dat 's sartin. Nebber seed sech hungry men in all my bawn days,—nebber!"

After supper we were lodged in a great upper room of a large building—bunks ranged around the four sides, and in the middle an open space, which was soon turned to account, for one of the boys strung up his fiddle, which he had carried on his knapsack for full two years, on every march, and through every battle we had been in, and we



THE WELCOME HOME.

hunger and thirst, cold and seasickness, we landed one evening at Baltimore more dead than alive.

No sooner were we well down the gang-plank than the crowd of apple and pie women that stood on the wharf made quick sales and large profits. Then we marched away to a "soldiers' retreat" and were fed. Fed! We never tasted so grand a supper as that before nor since—"salt horse," dry bread, and coffee! The darkies that carried around the great cans of the latter were kept pretty busy for a while, I can tell you; and they must have thought:

proceeded to celebrate our "change of front" with music and dancing until the small hours of the night.

Down through the streets of Baltimore we march in the morning, with our blackened and tattered flags a-flying, mustering only one hundred and eighty men out of the one thousand who marched through those same streets nearly three years ago. We take the cars (box or cattle cars, with no fire, and the snow outside a foot deep), and steam away for two days and a night to a certain city in the far distant North. At midnight we

pass within two miles of my own home, and I think the folks there would n't be sleeping quite so soundly if they could know how near I am to them.

And—for there is no need I should prolong matters any further—after some months of garrison duty in a Northern city, the great and good news came at last one day that Peace was declared and the great war was over! The young readers of ST. NICHOLAS can scarcely imagine what joy instantly burst forth all over the land. Bells were rung all day long, bonfires burned, and people paraded the streets half the night, and everybody was glad beyond possibility of expression. And among the joyful thousands all over the land, the Boys in Blue were probably the gladdest of all, for was n't the war over now, and would n't "Johnny come marching home"?

But before getting home, we bid our comrades in arms good-bye, for the regiment was composed of companies from different parts of the State, and we must part, in all probability never to see one another again. And a more hearty, rough and ready, affectionate good-bye there never was in all this wide world. In the rooms of one of the hotels at the State capital we were gathered, waiting for our respective trains; knapsacks slung, Sharp's rifles at a "right-shoulder shift" or a "carry"; songs were sung, hands shaken, or rather wrung; loud, hearty "God bless you, old fellows," resounded, and many were the toasts and the healths that were drunk before the men parted for good and all. And then, at last, we were off for the train, "Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom!"

Of the thirteen men who had gone out from our little village, but three had lived to get home together. Reaching the village in the stage, at dusk one evening in June, we found gathered at the hotel where the stage stopped, a great crowd of our school-fellows and friends, who had come to meet us. We almost feared to step down among them, lest they should quite tear us to pieces

with shaking of hands. The stage had scarcely stopped when I heard a well-known voice calling:

"Harry! Are *you* there?"

"Yes, Father! Here I am!"

"God bless you, my boy!"

And pushing his way through the crowd, my father plunges into the stage, not able to wait until it has driven around to the house, and if his voice is husky with emotion, as he often repeats "God bless you, my boy!" and gets his arm around my neck, is it any wonder?

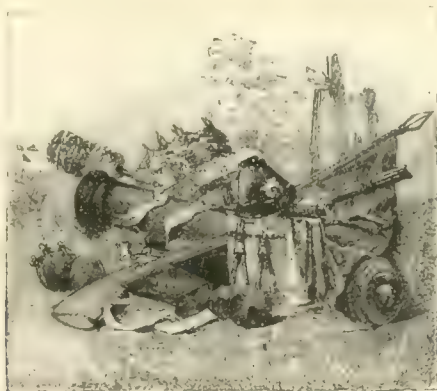
But my dog Rollo can't get into the stage, and so he runs barking after it, and is the first to greet me at the gate, and jumps up at me with his great paws on my shoulders. Does he know me? I rather think he does!

Then Mother and Sisters come around, and they must needs call for a lamp and hold it close to my face, and look me all over from head to foot, while Father is saying to himself again and again, "God bless you, my boy!"

Although I knew that my name was never forgotten in the evening prayer all the while I was away, yet not once, perhaps, in all that time was Father's voice so choked in utterance as when now, his heart overflowing, he came to give thanks for my safe return. And when I lay down that night in a clean white bed, for the first time in three long years, I thanked God for Peace and Home.

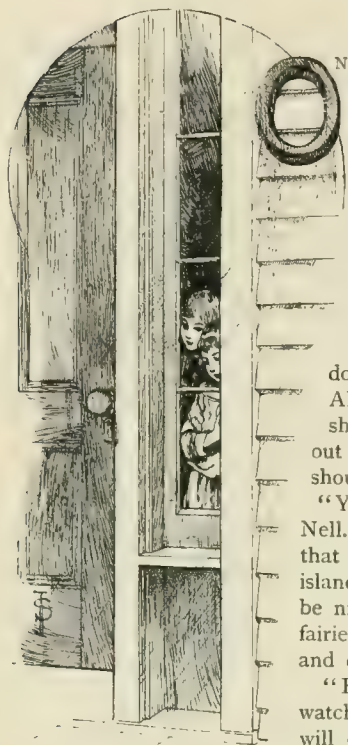
And—Andy? Why—the Lord bless him and his!—he's a soldier still. For, having laid aside the blue, he put on the black, being a sober, steady-going Presbyterian parson now, somewhere up in York State. I have n't seen him for years; but when we do meet, once in a great while, there is such a wringing of hands as makes us both wince until the tears start, and we sit up talking over old times so far into the night that the good folk of the house wonder whether we shall ever get to—

THE END



A TRAGEDY IN THE GARRET.

BY GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON.



NE wet afternoon, two little girls stood by the window of a large country-house and watched the rain as it fell.

"What nice little brooks and rivers it makes along the road, does n't it?" said Alice. "How I should like to go out and sail boats, should n't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Nell. "And do see that cunning little island. Would n't it be nice if some tiny fairies would come and dance on it?"

"Real nice. Let's watch and see if they will come. Oh, see the rain-drops on the steps! They're exactly like little fairies dancing. How jolly they look, and don't they bob up and down fast?"

"So they do; they're having a splendid time, but I really wish it would stop raining, as I have promised to take my family over to Europe to-day, and now they can't go. Where did you say you would take yours?"

"Mine?" answered Alice. "Oh, I said I would take them to the country, somewhere; the baby is n't at all well. Do you know," she added, in a tone of deep anxiety, "her head's 'most off—somehow I can't make it stick on, and I have to keep her in bed all the time, for fear it will come off altogether."

"Poor, dear child," said Nell. "Let's go and see about them: it's time they were up."

"Where are you going, children?" said Mamma.

"Up into the garret, to play paper-dolls. You

don't want us for anything, do you?" and they peered between the balusters at their mother in the hall below, hoping the answer would be "no." She did not disappoint them, and they were soon in the large, old-fashioned garret where they had spent so many happy hours.

On one side was an extensive array of dolls which the little girls had made for themselves. They had cut from the fashion-journals a number of stylish-looking girls and boys, and pasted them on card-board to make them stiff. All kinds of dresses were devised for them. Pieces of pretty paper, such as the bright gilt bands encircling packages of envelopes, the lace paper in cigar-boxes, and bright blue-and-orange glazed paper that came from the stores where their mother bought fancy goods, were eagerly seized by the children, and converted into brilliant wardrobes.

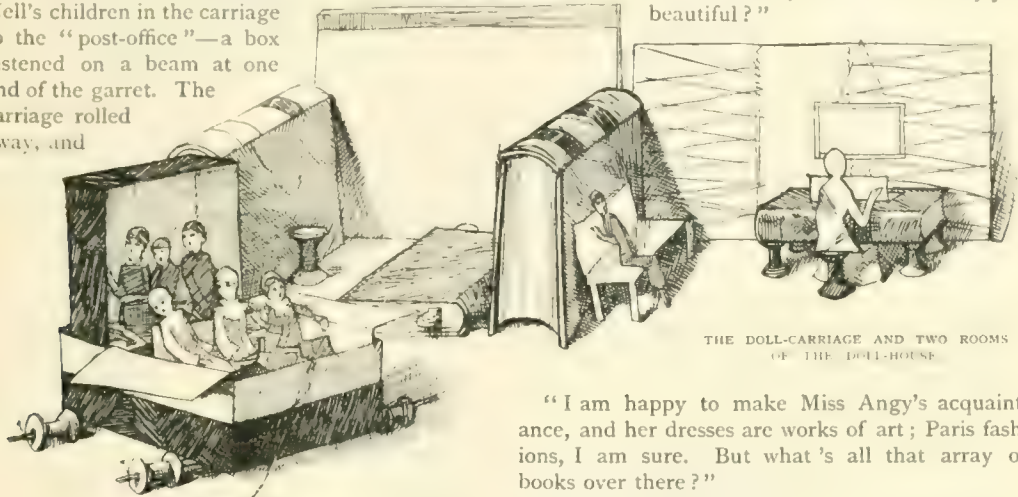
An older sister—Nan—whose doll days were supposed to be over,—for she went to school, and was engaged with lessons or reading most of the time,—used to visit the garret housekeepers occasionally and suggest improvements, and, being of an artistic turn of mind, she sometimes delighted their hearts by making wonders of dresses for the dolls, or painting the faces and hair of any new members of the family.

There were two dormer windows in this garret. Alice had made her house in one, and Nell had one just like it in the other window, and these houses were triumphs of art in the girls' eyes, and certainly displayed no little ingenuity. Some old books were stood up on end, making a succession of square rooms, which were duly furnished. The floor of "the parlor" was carpeted with some green cloth found in the rag-bag. Sofas and chairs were made of pasteboard and painted brown. A "piano" was a block of smooth wood left by the carpenter from some repairs,—white and black keys were painted on it; and empty spools were used as legs. A large black spool did service as a stove. On the walls of the rooms were hung pictures, with strips of gilt paper pasted around them like frames.

Now, it had taken many days to collect and manufacture all these things, and the adage that working for an object makes the object more precious, was certainly verified in this instance. Each and every doll was dearer to the little girls' hearts on account of the thought and trouble expended upon it.

Every evening the dolls were "put to bed," and then they looked very queer, because, for safe keeping, they were placed between the leaves of books, with their heads sticking out, "to breathe," as Alice said, and they were sometimes not "waked up" until the following afternoon.

"Well, dears, how have you slept to-day?" said the girls, as they took the dolls tenderly from the books and proceeded to dress them, after which they were taken into the dining-room for breakfast. The meal ended, Alice's boy, Rob, was sent "next door" to ride with Nell's children in the carriage to the "post-office"—a box fastened on a beam at one end of the garret. The carriage rolled away, and



THE DOLL-CARRIAGE AND TWO ROOMS OF THE DOLL-HOUSE

when it stopped, the dolls were jumped out and made to get the letters posted by Alice the previous afternoon, and supposed to be from the dolls' fathers, who were traveling. Then the carriage came rattling home, only to be sent off again on another errand.

So the play went on; the rain outside was forgotten, and the girls lived for the time in a little world of their own; and a bright little world it was. Invitations to visit each other, excursions, picnics, followed in quick succession. Days, and even weeks, were made to pass quickly by, and the conversation was unceasing.

A ball was given in Alice's house, and great excitement reigned for a time. The dolls were dressed in their Sunday best, and were danced about, while the little girls sang the music at the top of their voices. Suddenly a curly brown head was thrust up the stair-way, and a boyish voice said:

"What are you two midgets up to?"

"Oh!" gasped Alice, her voice breaking into a frightened squeak. "How you did scare us!"

"We are having a ball," said Nell.

"I should think you were—quite a *bawl*, I should say." And coming all the way up, Ned began a survey of the playthings.

Proud of their visitor, the little girls gladly displayed their possessions, for they and Cousin Ned were famous friends.

"This one," said Alice, "is Angelina. I made her dresses myself. Are n't they just beautiful?"

"I am happy to make Miss Angy's acquaintance, and her dresses are works of art; Paris fashions, I am sure. But what's all that array of books over there?"

"Those are houses! This one is mine, and that one over there is Nell's."

"This is the baby. You see, I have to keep her in bed all the time, 'cause her head's 'most off. What do you think I had better do with her?" asked Alice, bringing out the young sufferer and showing her to Ned with much concern.

"Well," said Ned, "I am afraid she is a gone case; you can't cure a broken neck; better throw her away."

"Throw her away!" cried Alice, in a horrified tone. "You don't seem to know what you are talking about, Ned Allen! S'pose your head was 'most off, would you like to have some one say that about you, just as if they did n't care?"

"Well, little one," laughed Ned, "you need n't be so indignant. I suppose if I were in the same fix myself, I should n't care much what they did with me. But I see it has stopped raining, so I must be off. Good-bye."

"Suppose we go, too, and take the children," said Alice. "It will do them good, they've been in the house so long."

So they took all their dolls, and asked their mamma if they might go out. Not without some pleading and promises to be careful, to put on

overshoes and not to get wet, did their mother consent to let them go.

"Hello!" cried Ned, as he saw them coming toward the brook.

"Do you want to give those dolls a sail?"

Alice looked doubtful as she saw the brook, much swollen by the heavy shower, rushing along over the stones.

But Nell said: "Yes, indeed, it will be splendid; they have n't had one for a long time."

"Well, bundle them in. I am going to sail the boat all the way down the brook," said Ned.

After much consultation, and trembling for fear the wind might blow them away, or the frail craft be wrecked among the breakers, Alice consented to let her dolls go. "But—do be careful of the whirlpools," she said, as she reluctantly handed Angelina to Ned.

All went famously for a while. The little boat sailed bravely down the stream, and the dolls appeared to enjoy the voyage immensely, as they were quite still. Ned steered it safely around the large stones, and the little girls followed it along the banks of the brook. But almost at the journey's end, Miss Angelina must have begun to suffer from the tossing of the waves, for without any warning she leaned over the side and toppled into the water.

"Don't, oh, please don't let

less young lady, as she whirled about in an eddy of the swift current.

"Here, fish her out with this stick," cried Nell,—for the doll had gone beyond Ned's reach.

After many unsuccessful attempts, she was finally rescued, all wet and dripping, her pretty dress quite limp.

"Her clothes are spoiled, but otherwise she 's all right," said Ned.

"Put her on the stones in the sunshine, and she 'll be dry in no time, and then she can have another ride."

"Oh, no! I think we had better go into the



"OH, OUR DOLLIES! OUR DOLLIES!" WAILED THE LITTLE GIRLS.

her drown!" cried Alice, clasping her hands in something very like agony, while Ned stopped the boat and leaned over the brook to rescue the luck-

house now; don't you, Nell?" said Alice, quite mournful over her pet's disaster.

"Yes," said Nell. "I suppose we ought to, for

it must be about time for dinner." So, taking the other dolls from the boat, and thanking Ned for the sail, they scampered back to their garret, in order to put their dolls away safely. But they had scarcely reached the top floor, when Nan called them to come down to hear about an invitation.

"What 's it for—where 's it to?" asked the little girls, as they followed their sister.

"It is to a magic-lantern exhibition; we are to wear our white dresses, and go in the carriage."

In the preparations that followed, the dolls were forgotten, and the little girls, happy in the enjoyments of the party, never dreamed of the woes that befell their precious families. All the evening the poor dolls sat patiently waiting. No one came to put them into their beds.

The night grew dark and darker. They never moved, nor even breathed, from fright. All around them they heard mysterious noises; then a dreadful hairy animal made his appearance, and seizing poor Angelina by the head, dragged her away, to

the speechless horror of her sisters. Soon terrible confusion reigned. Instead of one monster, there seemed to be thousands. The furniture was tossed about and destroyed; the walls were knocked down, and the poor dolls dragged here and there, or torn asunder by their merciless captors, the rats, who carried them down dark holes, and stored them away to feast upon at leisure.

Thus in a few moments were destroyed the hopes and pleasures of weeks of childish life.

Next morning, Alice and Nell went up to their play-room, as usual, full of anticipations for a pleasant time, and pussy skipped gayly after them. But their sorrow can only be imagined as they saw the ruins of the once happy homes.

"Oh, our dollies! our dollies! Where are they?" wailed the little girls, in heart-broken accents. Pussy echoed their grief, but there was for answer only the silence of desolation. Not one doll was left to tell the tale.

THE SELFISH OYSTER.

BY GEORGE J. WEBSTER.

THERE once was a selfish old Oyster,
Who lived like a monk in a cloister,
Safely housed in his shell,
Like the monk in his cell,
Though the bivalve's apartment was moister.

Anchored tight in the mud of the bay
This lazy old party did stay.
Nor cared he to roam
Very far from his home;
For exertion, he thought, did not pay.

And you will be wondering, I think,
What he did for his victuals and drink.
Well, the Oyster was sly,
And when young crabs came by,
He would catch them as quick as a wink.

Then in him the poor crabs had to stay,
Till in time they had melted away.
So the Oyster got fatter,
And the crabs—but no matter—
For crabs have no souls, people say.

"And oho!" said the Oyster, said he:
"What a lucky old party I be!
Like a king in his pride
I wait here, and the tide
Every day brings my living to me."

But there came a grim Star-fish, who spied,
Our friend lying flat on his side;
For the greedy old sinner
Had just had his dinner,
And now could not run had he tried.

With a spring to the Oyster he came,
And he threw his five arms round the same.
He shut off his breath,
And he squeezed him to death.
Then he ate him, nor felt any shame.

The point of this story, my dears,
Just "as plain as a pikestaff" appears.
But please give attention,
While briefly I mention
The moral again, for your ears.

Don't be greedy and live but to eat,
Caring only for bread and for meat;
Nor selfishly dwell
All alone in your shell,—
Don't be oysters, in short, I repeat.

But you 'll find it much better for you
To be kind, and unselfish, and true;
Then you 'll not lack a friend
Your cause to defend,
When a Star-fish rolls into your view.



THREE foolish fairies flew far and flew high,
 One showery April day,
 To see how the rain-drops came down from the sky,
 But alack, they lost their way!

Three frightened fairies sat down in a row,
 On the rainbow that glittered so gay;
 And there they are sitting, for all that I know,
 Lamenting their folly to-day.

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HOUSE PICNIC.

THE house picnic proved a complete success. In the first place, not only the original thirty came, but other boys and girls whose names had been added to the list; secondly, a lovely snow-storm, one of the bright, dry kind, had come during the night, and evidently had "come to stay"; thirdly, the guests made it a frolic from the very first, and every sleigh-load driven to the door by Jack, came in singing and cheering; fourthly, Uncle George, as Dorry said, was "splendid," Jack was "good as gold," and Liddy was "too lovely for anything"; fifthly, the house, from top to bottom, was bright, home-like, and beautiful,—flowers sprang up in unexpected places, delightful surprises abounded; and, lastly, hardly anything was broken, not a single child was killed, and the house was n't burned to the ground—all of which Liddy and Jack agreed was "simply mirac'l'us!"

Such a wonderful day as that is hard to describe. Imagine the scene. Great square halls on the first and second floors; broad stair-ways; fine open rooms; pleasant fires; beautiful flowers; boys and girls flitting, gathering everywhere, from garret to kitchen,—now scattered, now crowded, now listening to stories, now running, now hiding, now gazing at an impromptu "performance," now sitting in a demure circle, with a napkin on every lap—you know why; now playing games, now having a race on the broad, freshly cleared piazza, that extended along three sides of the mansion; now giving three cheers for Uncle George, and then beginning all over again. It lasted more than ten hours, yet nobody was tired (until the next day!), and all the guests declared, in one way or another, that it was the very nicest time they ever had known in all their lives. Donald and Dorothy were delightful as host and hostess. They enjoyed everything, were on the alert for every one's pleasure, and by their good-humor, courtesy, and graceful manners, unconsciously set an example to all the picnickers. Uncle George,—ah, now I know what to say! You have known him heretofore as a man of grave responsibility,—troubled with an anxiety which to you, perhaps, has been uncomfortably mysterious. But Uncle George, at the house picnic, was quite a different man. He threw care to the winds, proposed

games, invented capital "forfeits," sprang surprises upon the guests, laughed and played like a splendid boy, and, better yet, wore his "glow-look" nearly all the time.

"How handsome Mr. Reed is!" thought more than one young guest. "They say his brother Wolcott was handsomer still. What wonder Don and Dorry are so good-looking. Ho! what are we going to do now?"

Then would follow a merry, well-ordered rush to this or that part of the house, according to the special attraction of the moment. But, really, it is quite impossible for any one to describe the day properly. The only way is to give you a few notes from observations taken on the spot.

We'll begin with the kitchen—Kassy's empire. There she stands, a queen in a calico gown. But Dorothy has the scepter. It is a big wooden spoon. She and a dozen other girls are crowding about the big cooking-stove. All have large towels pinned over their dresses, after the fashion of Topsy's apron—close to the throat, tight around the skirt, and the arms left free. What in the world are they making? What but molasses candy! It is nearly done. It ought to be, after the boiling and the stirring that the girls in turn have given it. Finally, some one holds forward a pan of cold water. Dorothy, carefully dipping out a spoonful of the fragrant syrup, drops it into the water. It sizzles; it stiffens—hurrah! the candy is ready to be taken from the fire.

Cool enough now. "Come, boys! come, girls!" cries Uncle. "Here, put on your aprons, every one of you!" cries Liddy, with her mouth full of pins, and her arms loaded with the coarse towel-aprons which she—knowing soul!—has specially prepared for the occasion.—"Sakes! be careful! Don't burn yourselves!"

But who hears? They are pulling the candy already. Boys and girls in pairs, with hands daintily washed and greased, are taking soft lumps of the cooling mass, drawing them out into great, long, shining ribbons, doubling and drawing them out again until they get lighter and lighter in color, and finally the beautiful golden strands are declared ready for more artistic handling. Then follow royal fun and rivalry, each young confectioner trying to outdo the other. Some twist the soft candy into sticks and lay them aside to cool; some braid it charmingly; others make little walking-canes; others cut it into caramels,—one and all

indulging meantime in flavorsome morsels, and finally shouting with delight over Donald's masterpiece, which he has placed upon the table for inspection, and which that rather sticky young gentleman calls



THE MAID OF ORLEANS!

"Ha! ha!" shouts Daniel Danby. "Pretty good! But supposing it had n't been made of Orleans! Guess there are other kinds." But that sarcastic and well-informed young gentleman is hardly heard in the laughing commotion.

Ah, what a washing of hands! For the fun of the thing, Uncle George has caused warm water to be put into a great tub, which stands upon the wash-bench, and now the candy-pullers take their turn in a close ring about it, all frantically feeling and struggling for the soap, which repeatedly bobs to the surface, only to be dashed out of sight again by some desperate little hand.

While this merry crowd of cooks and pullers are working and frolicking in the kitchen, a few of the company may be found in other parts of the old mansion, amusing themselves in their own fashion. Some of the very young guests are in the upper rooms playing childish games; and one or two older ones who, as it happens, see quite enough of the kitchen in their own homes, prefer to enjoy themselves now in the finer apartments.

We'll look into Mr. Reed's study, the door of

which stands slightly ajar. Amanda Danby is there alone. She is sitting in the master's big chair with a volume of poems in her hand—forgetting the party, forgetting that she has laboriously smoothed her curly hair for the occasion, forgetting that she is wearing her precious drab merino—her mother's wedding gown—now made over for the fourth time, forgetting the new collar and pretty blue bow at her throat (Dorry's gifts), conscious only that

"The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar."

Amanda smiles to herself as she turns the leaf, feeling that after all there is a great deal of life and spirit in the world, and that dish-pans, pots, and kettles are mere phantoms of the imagination. The verse runs on so smoothly, too. She could write whole books of poetry herself if she only had gone somewhere and improved herself. Then, as she reads on, the great, comfortable arm-chair, the soft carpet, the well-filled book-shelves, and the subdued light give her a vague, delightful sense of having improved herself already.

Let us look into the other rooms. No one in the parlor. The back sitting-room, too, is deserted. The dining-room is empty and locked; but high up on the garret-stairs sit three wide-eyed, open-mouthed youngsters listening to Ben Buster.

"True?" he is saying, "of course it's true; I knew the boy myself—Joe Gunther, smart fellow. He's on a ranch, now, out in Californy. I'll tell you how it was: He was living with a settler named Brown, 'way off in Utah. Brown had three men besides Joe to help him,—sort of partnership, I b'lieve, raising cattle. It was a desolate place, and the Indians were troublesome. Brown nor his men never went outside the hut without a loaded gun, and they kept several more in the hut, always loaded, ready for an attack. One morning, long before daylight, Joe heard a rumpus. He was in bed—none of your cots, but a bunk, like a shelf, fastened to the inside of the stockade walls."

"What do you mean by stockade walls?" asks one of the listeners.

"Why, walls made out of logs standing upright—it was only a hut, you see; no laths, nor plaster, nor any such nonsense. Well, Joe knew by what he heard that old man Brown was inside, firing from the door at the Indians—did n't know where the other two were,—killed, may be,—and so Joe gets up on his knees and looks through

a crevice of the stockade wall, and sees the chief crawling stealthily around the hut to get in at the only window and attack the old man! A loaded gun double-barrel was hanging on the wall right near Joe. What did he do but take it, put the muzzle through the chink, and let go at the fellow; discharged both barrels clean at him. 'You will, will you?' he yelled out, as the Indian fell; and I declare, if the other Indians were n't so scared and mystified by the sudden voice, and the chief killed, out of the very walls, as it seemed to them, that they turned and scampered. Joe rushed out to old man Brown, and there he was with his two partners at the door, not one of the three scratched, and the chief was lying there by the stockade wall, just as he fell.

"Joe did n't care to go near him, for by this time he began to feel rather weak in the joints. But the most wonderful part of all is to come yet. That Indian chief was only wounded, after all. They thought he was killed; and while the three men and Joe were in the hut, planning what they should do next,—for they were sure the red-skins would come back in greater force to get the body of their chief,—I declare if that old Indian did n't up and go about his business. Brown and Joe and all of them searched the forest well that day and the next, but they never found him. Joe had made his mark, though, and he was in more than one scrimmage with the Indians after that."

"It 's a shame to kill Indians!" at last exclaims one of Ben's awe-stricken listeners. "My father says they 've been imposed upon and abused by the white folks. He says we ought to teach them instead of killing them."

"That 's so," says another of the trio, nodding emphatically. "My father says so, too."

"Oh, does he?" returns Ben Buster, in mild wrath, "who does n't? But this was a fair fight. What are you going to do when they 're doin' the killing, eh? Open your book and hear them a spelling-lesson? Guess not. Ask 'em questions in 'rithmetic when they 're helping themselves to your scalp? Oh, of course."

All of which would be very impressive and very convincing to the young hearers, did not a small boy at this moment come suddenly rushing across the hall, shouting—

"Ho! Candy! I smell merlasses candy. They 're making it. Come on."

And down they run—all but Ben, who prefers to go through the house in search of adventures. He opens a door, sees a small ring of prettily dressed little girls and boys, hand in hand, singing:

"Oats, pease, beans, and barley grows,
You nor I nor nobody knows
Where oats, pease, beans, and barley grows."

He beats a hasty retreat. Signs of commotion come from a bedroom on the other side of the hall, but Ben, hearing Fandy's familiar voice there, turns aside and goes slowly down-stairs, feeling rather bored since there is no one to listen to his stories.

A moment afterward he is in the kitchen, laughing with the rest at Donald's expressive masterpiece, but secretly resolving never to go into company again until he can have a frock-coat. The blue cloth jacket and trousers, bought with his last year's savings, somehow do not seem to him as fine as they did when he put them on earlier in the day, though he is an independent youth, not easily made dissatisfied with his appearance. For the first time in his life he rather envies Daniel David and Ellen Elizabeth, who look remarkably well on this occasion, being dressed in clothes that once were Donald's and Dorothy's. This is no unusual effect. For Lydia, with Mr. Reed's hearty sanction, has long been in the habit of slyly handing garments to Mrs. Danby, with the flattering assurance that as the dear D's grow like weeds, it will be an act of real kindness if Mrs. Danby will turn the clothes to good account, and Mrs. Danby always has complied.

Talking of the Danbys, perhaps this is a fitting time to explain the commotion that Ben heard in Mr. Reed's bedroom.

A moment before, and in the midst of certain lively planning, a middle-sized boy, named Thomas Budd, had strayed from the candy-pulling scene and appeared at the threshold of this apartment, where Charity Danby, little Isabella Danby, Fandy, and three or four others were assembled.

"All right!" shouted Fandy excitedly, as Master Budd entered; "you can play, too, Tommy Budd. Now Charity Cora, look out for Is'bella! We 're going to have my new game."

"Oh, please do, Cora! quick!" cried little Helen Danby. "Fandy 's made it up all hisself, and he 's goin' to teach it to us."

"That 's right," said Fandy, approvingly, as Charity Cora hastily lifted her three-year-old sister from the floor; "take her 'way off. It 's a awful dang'rous game. She might get killed!"

Very naturally, Cora, with little Isabel in her arms, stood near the door to see what was going to happen.

"Now, chil'ren," cried Fandy, "take your places all over. Pete, you 're a lion; Sammy, you 're a big wolf; Helen, you 're a wild cat; Gory, you 're a elephant; and Tommy, you 'll have to be (let 's see, what other animal is there?) Oh! yes; you must be a kangaroo! and I 'm a great big hunter-man, with a gun an' a so-word!"

So saying, the great big man took the long brass-handled shovel and poker from the brass stand by the fire-place, and struck an attitude.

"Now, chil'ren, you must all go 'round, a-howling and going on like what you all are, and I'll pounce on you fass as I can, an' kill you. When I shoot, you must fall right down: and when I chop off your heads with my big so-word, you must roar awful."

"Hah! Where's the game in that?" cried Gory, scornfully.

"Why—let's see," said Fandy, rather puzzled.

Baby Isabel, who must have been born to be a lion-tamer, looked on in great glee; and Cora tried not to feel frightened.

Fandy made a capital hunter; he shot right and left, and sawed off the heads of the slain like a good fellow, until at last there were four dead animals under the bed, all lying curled up just as still as mice.

There was only one more animal to kill, and that was Tom, the kangaroo.

Bang! went Fandy's gun—the shovel end pressed in style against his shoulder—bang!



"THE CANDY-PULLING." [SEE PAGE 469.]

"Oh! yes; the one I kill first is *it*—that's the game."

"All right," spoke up Tommy Budd, "and then that one takes the gun and sword and hunts. That's first-rate. Let's begin."

But Fandy objected to this.

"No, no," he said, "I've got to do all the killin', 'coz it's my game. I'll tell you what! The ones that gets killed are dead animals—and all the dead animals can go under the bed!"

"That'll do," they shouted; and the game began. Such roaring and baying, growling and shouting, were never heard in human habitation before.

But the kangaroo did n't fall.

Fandy took more careful aim, and fired again.

Bang!

Still the kangaroo hopped about, as frisky as ever.

"Bang! I tell you! Don't you hear me say bang? Why don't you go dead?"

"You have n't hit me yet," retorted the kangaroo, taking wonderful leaps. "Look out! Pretty soon I'll jump on you and smash you!"

"No, you wont, neither!" cries the hunter, growing very red and taking fresh aim.

Bang!

Unlucky shot! The kangaroo was on him in an instant.

"Now, sir," growls the kangaroo, butting the overthrown hunter with his head, "what's the next part of this game? Who beats?"

"I do!" gasped Fandy. "Get off me."

This was too much for the dead animals under the bed. They began to laugh.

Cora laughed as heartily as any, and so did half a dozen big boys and girls who by this time had assembled in the open door-way.

"Stop laughin'," shouted Fandy, still struggling under the kangaroo, "an' all you under the bed come out. Don't you know when all the animals 'cept one is killed, that's the end of the game? Let's play somethin' else."

"Where'd you get that?" he added, as soon as he was a free man—partly to change the subject, and partly because a boy whom he knew suddenly appeared eating a piece of molasses candy.

"Down-stairs. We've been making loads of it," was the muffled reply.

A hint was enough. It is hardly necessary to say that in a twinkling, lion, tiger, wild cat, wolf, elephant, and hunter had joined the crowd in the kitchen, and were feasting ecstatically upon caramels and molasses sticks.

"Whatever shall I do, Mr. George, sir," said the distressed Liddy, "to stop the eating? They'll be sick, sir, every mother's child of them, if they keep on."

"Tell them to wash their hands and faces and come to the parlor. We'll have the picture-gallery game now," said Mr. Reed.

Accordingly, scouts were sent through the house to bring the company together. Meantime, Sailor Jack, in his best clothes, was hard at work clearing the decks for action, as he expressed it.

All were in the parlor and seated at last. That is, all excepting Uncle George and eight or ten who hardly could be missed from such a roomful. Jack had arranged the chairs in several long rows, facing the great sliding-doors that separated the front parlor from the back sitting-room, and on these were seated subdued and expectant boys and girls, all gazing at the closed doors, while the youngest of the guests sat on the floor in front of the chairs, half-frightened, half-delighted at the prospect of "seeing something."

By this time the feathery snow-storm had ceased, and a flood of afternoon sunlight was pouring into the large room. Whispered comments upon the change of weather arose, coupled with remarks that there would be coasting next day, anyhow; then came other remarks, and light laughter, with occasional clapping of hands, when suddenly

Mr. Reed appeared at the side entrance which led into the hall:

"YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! You are now to see a live picture-gallery, and we ask for your criticism upon the pictures, begging you to be merciful in your remarks, and not to be too funny while you try to make the pictures laugh. For, you must know, if any picture in our gallery is guilty of even a smile, it must instantly pop out of sight, leaving its frame empty. When all the frames are thus deserted, we shall expect some of you to fill them again. In fact, each picture in the present exhibition is to select his or her substitute for the next one."

At this, some of the boys looked troubled, and some of the girls tittered, but one and all clapped in hearty applause of Mr. Reed's little speech.

Then came the tinkle of a bell to say that all was ready; Ed Tyler and Donald pushed back the sliding doors, and there, in the great square door-way, was the picture-gallery. To be strictly correct, we must call this gallery a gray wall, apparently hung from top to bottom with fine portraits in broad gilt frames, and all looking wonderfully life-like and *unnatural*; for when a live portrait must not laugh, how can it feel at ease?

At first the spectators were too surprised to speak. Then came a murmur of admiration, with cries of "good, good" from the boys and "how lovely" from the girls, while Liddy, by the parlor door, clasped her hands in silent rapture at the beautiful show.

Beautiful, indeed, it was. All the portraits were as fresh and glowing as though they had been "painted yesterday." The drawing was perfect, the coloring exquisite, and so well were the pictures lighted, so cunningly provided with dark backgrounds, that they seemed really to be paintings. Dorry, in a prim Quaker cap and muslin neckerchief, was prettier than ever. Josie Manning, in red cloak and hood, made a charming gypsy; little Fandy, with his brown eyes and rosy cheeks, was a remarkably handsome portrait of himself; and a sallow, black-haired youth, with a paper-cutter in his clenched fist, scowled admirably as a brigand. The other pictures, though content to be simply faces trying not to smile, were really very bright and effective, and a credit to any artist.

"Well!" exclaimed Uncle, after a moment, "what have the critics to say? What do you think of—of the gypsy, for instance? Who will buy it?"

"I won't!" shouted a funny little fellow in knickerbockers. "It's a chromo."

The gypsy twitched very slightly, and all the other pictures put on increased solemnity of ex-

pression, for they felt that their time, too, was coming.

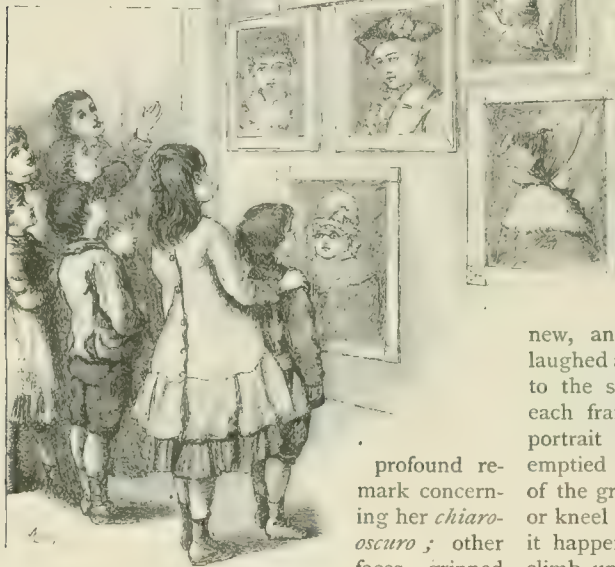
"Do you throw in the frame?" asked some one else.

"Is n't that right eye a little out?" said a girl who was taking drawing-lessons.

This made the picture laugh, and presto! the frame was empty.

After this, though the remarks made were not brilliant nor irresistibly funny, the picture-gallery soon suffered severe losses. So

small a thing will make us laugh when we try to look grave. The brigand exploded at a cutting allusion to his dagger; the Quakeress yielded to a



THE LAST VIEW OF THE PICTURE-GALLERY.

profound remark concerning her *chiaroscuro*; other faces grinned the instant they were specially

alluded to, and finally, Fandy's portrait was the only one left in its frame. That bright little countenance stared into the room so defiantly that even Uncle George tried, with the rest, to conquer it.

In vain critics criticised—the portrait was deaf. In vain they tried to be as funny as they could; it was obdurate. In vain they shouted at it, laughed at it. Not a smile. Fandy was a youth of principle, and he felt bound in honor to do his duty. Then the boys called the picture, names. It was a monkey, a tramp, a kitten, an eel, a hop-a-toad. Everybody tried to think of something too funny for him to resist. Finally, Donald said:

"No, it's not an animal at all—let's see—what does it look like, any way? Ah, it's a target; don't you see the bull's-eye?"

Not a smile.

"Bring a pot of varnish," cried Ed Tyler; "the picture is so dull we'll shine it up a little and see what that will do."

Suddenly a childish howl was heard, to everybody's surprise, for little three-year-old Isabel had been quite forgotten.

"A-ow, a-ow! Tate Fan'y down. What's 'e masser wis Fan'y? Me want Fan'y."

The little sister unconsciously triumphed where every one else had tried and failed. Fandy laughed with the rest, and instantly disappeared, as though he had been blown out like a candle. In another moment he was in the parlor, comforting Isabel to the best of his ability, casting saucy glances at the rest of the company meanwhile, with a merry shake of the head, as if to say: "You thought you could make me laugh, did you? No, sir, you could n't."

Now while the folding doors were closed, a new set of pictures was made; the bell tinkled again, and the game went on as before.

There hung the same six frames on the same places upon the gray cloth wall, but the portraits were new, and very effective, though some of them laughed as soon as the opened doors revealed them to the spectators. This time, by way of variety, each frame as soon as vacated was given a new portrait in full view of the company. When the emptied frame happened to be on the lower part of the gray wall, the new picture had only to stand or kneel upon the carpet behind the frame, but if it happened to be higher up, he was obliged to climb upon a chair or table, or even a ladder, whichever might be necessary to enable him to present himself at the proper place. For this gray wall, you must know, was but a large straight curtain of dark cotton stuff, without any fullness, stretched tightly across the door-way behind the sliding doors, and with large square or oblong pieces cut out of it here and there. Each open space thus left was bordered on all sides with a strip of gilt paper, thus forming an empty picture-frame. Don and Dorry had made the whole thing themselves the day before, and they were therefore very happy at the success of the picture-gallery and the fun it created. They had ingeniously provided the highest pictures with small, dark curtains, fastened above the back of the

frames and hanging loosely enough to be drawn behind the living pictures, so as to form backgrounds. A draped clothes-horse answered the same purpose for the lower pictures. All of this explanation and more was given by Don and Dorry at the house picnic to eager listeners who wished to get up exactly such a picture-gallery at their own homes some evening; but while they were talking about it somebody at the piano struck up a march—"Mendelssohn's Wedding March"—and almost before they knew it the guests found themselves marching to the music two by two in a procession across the great square hall, now lighted by a bright blaze in its open fire-place.

Donald and Dorry joined the merry line, wondering what was about to happen—when to their great surprise (ah, that sly Uncle George! and that innocent Liddy!) the double doors leading into the dining-room were flung open, and there, sparkling in the light of a hundred wax-candles, was a collation fit for Cinderella and all her royal court. I shall not attempt to describe it, for fear of forgetting to name some of the good things. Imagine what you will, and I do believe there was something just like it or quite as good upon that delightful table, so beautiful with its airy, fairy-like structures of candied fruits, frostings, and flowers; its jagged rock of ice where chickens and turtles, made of ice-cream, were resting on every peak and cranny; its gold-tinted jellies, and its snowy temples. Soon, fairy-work and temple yielded to ruthless boys, who crowded around with genteel eagerness to serve the girls with platefuls of delicacies, quite ignoring the rolling eyeballs of two little colored gentlemen who had been sent up from town with the feast, and who had fully expected to do the honors. Meanwhile Liddy, in black silk gown and the Swiss muslin apron which Dorry had bought her in the city, was looking after the youngest guests, resolved that the little dears should not disgrace her motherly care by eating too much, or by taking the wrong things.

"Not that anything on that table could hurt a chicken," she said softly to Charity Cora, as she gave a bit of sponge-cake and a saucer of *blanc-mange* to little Isabella—"Mr. George and I looked out for that; but their dear little stomachs are so risky, you know, one can't be too careful. That 's the reason we were so particular to serve out sandwiches and substantials early in the day; you know. But sakes! there 's that molasses candy! I can't help worrying about that."

Charity Cora made no reply beyond a pleasant nod, for, in truth, conversation had no charms for her just then. If Donald had found you, hungry reader, modestly hidden in a corner, and with a

masterly bow had handed you that well-laden plate, would you have felt like talking to Liddy?

But Liddy did n't mind. She was too happy with her own thoughts to notice trifles. Besides, Jack was at that moment putting a fresh log on the hall fire, and that gave her an opportunity to ask him if he ever had seen young folks "having a delighteder time."

"Never, Mistress Blum! Never!" was his emphatic, all-sufficient response.

At this very moment, Gory Danby, all unconscious of the feast upstairs, was having his own private table in the kitchen. Having grown hungry for his usual supper of bread and milk, he had stolen in upon Kassy and begged for it so manfully that she was unable to resist him. Imagine his surprise when, drowsily taking his last mouthful, he saw Fandy rush in to the room with a plate full of white grapes.

"Gory Danby!" exclaimed that disgusted brother, "I 'm 'shamed of you! What you stuffin' yourse'f with supper for when there 's a party upstairs? Splendid things, all made of sugar! Pull off that bib, now, an' come up!"

Again the march struck up. Feasting was over. The boys and girls, led by Uncle George, who seemed the happiest boy of all, went back to the parlor, which, meanwhile, had been re-arranged, and there Uncle George, producing a great plump tissue-paper bag, hung it from the chandelier that was suspended from the middle of the parlor ceiling. I should like to tell you about this chandelier, how it was covered with hundreds of long, three-sided glass dangles that swung, glittered, and flashed in splendid style, now that all its wax-candles were lighted: but that would interrupt the account of the paper bag. This bag was full of something, they were sure. Uncle George blindfolded Josie Manning with a handkerchief, and putting a long stick in her hand, told her to turn around three times and then strike the bag with the stick.

"Stand back, everybody," cried Donald, as she



made the last turn. "Now, hit hard, Josie! Hard enough to break it!"

Josie did hit hard. But she hit the air just where the bag did n't hang, and then the rest laughed and shouted and begged to be blindfolded, sure that they could do it. Mr. Reed gave each a chance in turn, but each failed as absurdly as Josie. Finally, by acclamation, the bandage was put over Dorothy's dancing eyes, though she was sure she never, never could — and lo! after revolving like a lovely Chinese top, the damsel, with a spring and one long, vigorous stroke, tore the bag open from one side to the other. Down fell the contents upon the floor — pink mottoes, white mottoes, blue mottoes, and mottoes of gold and silver paper all fringed and scalloped and tied with ribbons, and every one of them plump with sugar-almonds or some good kind of candy. How the guests rushed and scrambled for them — how Fandy Danby fairly rolled over the other boys in his delight, and how the young folks tore open the pretty papers, put the candy into their pockets, and shyly handed or sent the printed mottoes to each other! Fandy, in his excitement, handed a couplet to a pretty little girl with yellow hair, and then seeing her pout as she looked at it, ran over to her again with a quick "Let me see 't. What does it say?" She held out the little bit of paper without letting it go, and Fandy, seizing it at the other end, read laboriously and in laughing dismay:

"You are the nicest boy-I know,
And this is just to tell you so."

He recovered himself instantly, however, and wagging his handsome little head at her, exclaimed emphatically:

"Girl, *girl*, don't you see, I meant girl! It 's plepostrous to think I meant boy — cause you aint one, don't you see. Mottoes is awful foolish, any way. Come over in the hall and see the gol'-fishes swimmin' in the 'quarium," — and off they ran together, as happy as birds.

Then came a dance — the Lancers. Two-thirds of the young company, including Don and Dorry, attended the village dancing-school, and one and all "just doted on the Lancers," as Josie Manning said. Uncle George, knowing this, had surprised the D's by secretly engaging two players — for piano-forte and violin — and their well-marked time and spirited playing put added life into even the lithe young forms that flitted through the rooms. Charity looked on in rapt delight, the more so as kind Sailor Jack already had carried the sleepy and well-bundled Isabel home to her mother.

One or two more dances finished off this amuse-

ment, and then, after a few moments of rest, came a startling and mysterious order to prepare for the

THANK-YOU GAME!

"What in the world is that?" asked the young folk of Don and Dorry, and their host and hostess candidly admitted that they had n't the slightest idea what it was. They never had heard of it before.

"Well, then, how can we play it?" insisted the little spokespeople.

"I don't know," answered Dorry, looking in a puzzled way at the door.

"All join hands and form a circle!" cried a voice.

Every one arose, and soon the circle stood expectant.

"Your dear great-great fairy godmother is coming to see you," continued the voice. "She is slightly deaf, but you must not mind that."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the laughing circle, "not in the least."

"She brings her white gnome with her," said the invisible speaker, "and don't let him know your names or he will get you into trouble."

"No, no, no!" cried the circle wildly.

A slight stirring was heard in the hall, the doors opened, and in walked the fairy godmother and her white gnome.

She was a tall, much bent old woman, in a ruffled cap, a peaked hat, and a long red cloak. He, the gnome, wore red trousers and red sleeves. The rest of his body was dressed in a white pillow-case with arm-holes cut in it. It was gathered at his belt; gathered also by a red ribbon tied around the throat; the corners of the pillow-case tied with narrow ribbon formed his ears, and there was a white bandage over the eyes, and a round opening for his mouth. The godmother dragged in a large sack, and the gnome bore a stick with bells at the end.

"Let me into the ring, dears," squeaked the fairy godmother.

"Let me into the ring, dears," growled the white gnome.

The circle obeyed.

"Now, my dears," squeaked the fairy godmother, "I've brought you a bagful of lovely things, but, you must know, I am under an enchantment. All I can do is to let you each take out a gift when your turn comes, but when you send me a 'Thank-you,' don't let my white gnome know who it is, for if he guesses your name you must put the gift back without opening the paper. But if he guesses the wrong name, then you may keep the gift. So now begin, one at a time. Keep the

magic circle moving until my gnome knocks three times."

Around went the circle, eager with fun and expectation. Suddenly the blinded gnome pounded three times with his stick, and then pointed it straight in front of him, jingling the little bells. Tommy Budd was the happy youth pointed at.

"Help yourself, my dear," squeaked the fairy godmother as she held the sack toward him. He plunged his arm into the opening and brought out a neat paper parcel.

"Hey! What did you say, dear?" she squeaked. "Take hold of the stick."

Tommy seized the end of the stick, and said, in a hoarse tone:

"Thank you, ma'am."

"That's John Stevens," growled the gnome.

"Put it back! put it back!"

But it was n't John Stevens, and so Tommy kept the parcel.

The circle moved again. The gnome knocked three times, and this time the stick pointed to Dorry. She tried to be polite, and direct her neighbor's hand to it, but the godmother would not hear of that.

"Help yourself, child," she squeaked, and Dorry did. The paper parcel which she drew from the sack was so tempting and pretty, all tied with ribbon, that she really tried very hard to disguise her "Thank you," but the gnome was too sharp for her.

"No, no!" he growled. "That's Dorothy Reed. Put it back! put it back!"

And poor Dorry dropped the pretty parcel into the bag again.

So the merry game went on; some escaped detection and saved their gifts; some were detected and lost them; but the godmother would not suffer those who had parcels to try again, and therefore, in the course of the game, those who failed at first succeeded after a while. When all had parcels, and the bag was nearly empty, what did that old fairy do but straighten up, throw off her hat, cap, false face, and cloak, and if it was n't Uncle George himself, very red in the face, and very glad to be out of his prison. Instantly one and all discovered that they had known all along it was Mr. Reed.

"Ha! ha!" they laughed; "and now," starting in pursuit—"let's see who the white gnome is!"

They caught him at the foot of the stairs, and were not very much astonished when Ed Tyler came to light.

"That is a splendid game!" declared some. "Grand!" cried others. "Fine," "first-rate," "glorious," "capital," "as good as Christmas," said the rest. Then they opened their parcels, and there was great rejoicing.

Uncle George, as Liddy declared, was n't a

gentleman to do things by halves, and he certainly had distinguished himself in the Thank-you game. Every gift was worth having. There were lovely bonbon-boxes, pretty trinkets, penknives, silver lead-pencils, paint-boxes, puzzles, thimbles, and scissors, and dozens of other nice things.

What delighted "Oh, oh's!" and merry "ha, ha's!" rang through that big parlor. The boys who had thimbles, and the girls who had balls, had great fun displaying their prizes, and trying to "trade." After a deal of laughter and merry bargaining, the gifts became properly distributed, and then the piano and violin significantly played "Home, Sweet Home!" Soon sleigh-bells were jingling outside; Jack was stamping his feet to knock the snow off his boots. Mr. McSwiver, too, was there, driving in the Manning farm-sled, filled with straw, and several turn-outs from the village were speeding chuck-a-ty chuck, cling, clang, jingle-y-jing, along the broad carriage-way.

Ah! what a bundling-up time. What scrambling for tippets, shawls, hoods, and cloaks; what laughter and frolic; what "good-byes" and "good-byes"; what honest "thank-you's" to Mr. Reed, and what shouting and singing and hurrahing, as the noisy sleigh-loads glided away, and above all, what an

"Oh, you dear, dear, dear Uncle George!" from Dorry, as she and Donald, standing by Mr. Reed's side, heard the last sleigh jingle, jingle from the door.

And then they went right to bed, slept sweetly, and dreamed till morning of the house picnic? Not so. Do you think the D's could settle down so quietly as that? True, Uncle George soon went to his room. Liddy and Jack went their respective ways, after "ridding up," as she expressed it, and fastening the windows. Nora and Kassy trudged sleepily to bed, the musicians and colored waiters were comfortably put away for the night. But Donald and Dorothy, wide awake as two robins, were holding a whispered but animated conversation in Dorry's room.

"Was n't it a wonderful success, Don?"

"Never saw anything like it," said Donald. "Every one was delighted; Uncle's a regular prince. He was the life of everything, too. But what is it? What did you want to show me?"

"I don't know, myself, yet," she answered. "It fell out of an old trunk that we've never looked into or even seen before; at least, I have n't. Some of the boys dragged it out from under the farthest roof-end of the garret. It upset and opened. Robby Cutler picked up the things and tumbled them in again in a hurry; but I saw the end of a parcel and pulled it out, and ran down

here to see what it was. But my room was full of girls (it was when nearly all of you boys were out in the barn, you know), and so I just threw it into that drawer. Somehow, I felt nervous about looking at it alone."

"Fetch it out," said Donald.

She did so. They opened it together. It contained only two or three old copy-books.

"They 're Uncle George's when he was a little boy," exclaimed Dorry, in a tone of interest, as she leaned over Donald, but yet with a shade of disappointment in her tone; for what is an old copy-book?

"It's not copy-writing at all," said Don, peering into the first one—"why, it's a diary!" and turning to look at the cover again, he read, "'Kate Reed.' Why, it's Aunt Kate's!"

"Aunt Kate's diary? Oh, Don, it can't be!" cried Dorry, as, pale with excitement, she attempted to take it from her brother's hands.

"No, Dorry," he said, firmly; "we must tie it up again. Diaries are private; we must speak to Uncle about it before we read a word."

"So we must, I suppose," assented Dorry, reluctantly. "But I can't sleep a wink with it in here." Her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't cry, Dot; please don't," pleaded Don, putting his arm around her. "We've been so happy all day, and finding this ought to make you all the happier. It will tell us so much about Aunt Kate, you know."

"No, Don, it will not. I feel morally sure Uncle will never let us read it."

"For shame, Dorry. Just wait, and it will be all right. You found the book, and Uncle will be delighted, and we'll all read it together."

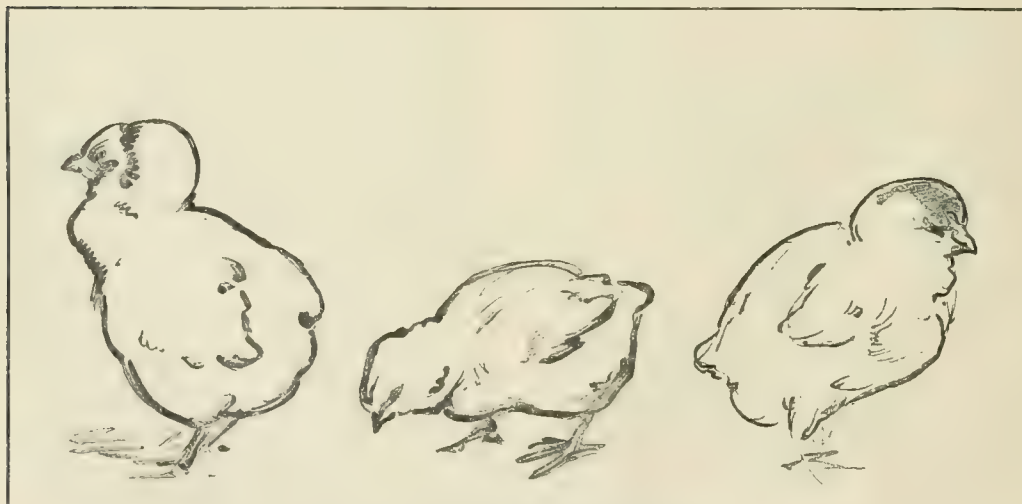
Dorry wiped her eyes.

"I don't know about that," she said, decidedly, and much to her brother's amazement. "I found it, and I want to think for myself what is best to be done about it. Aunt Kate did n't write it for everybody to read; we'll put it back in the bureau. My, how late it must be growing," she continued, with a shiver, as, laying the parcel in, she closed the drawer so softly that the hanging brass handles hardly moved. "Now, good-night, Donald."

"What a strange girl you are," he said, kissing her bright face. "Over a thing in an instant. Well, good-night, old lady."

"Good-night, old gentleman," said Dorry, soberly, as she closed the door.

(To be continued)



TOO QUICK FOR EASTER—OUT OF THE SHELL.

LILL'S SEARCH.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

It was a dull, cloudy day, but Lill put on her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother.

"I am going to find the silver lining of the clouds," said she.

"You will have to travel far, Child; you will get wet to the skin."

But Lill thought she could run between the drops, at a pinch; and away she went, over hills and through the woods and across little rivulets, without finding it. Once she thought she saw it gleaming in the distance, but when she reached it, it was only a mud-puddle. She asked of every one she met, "Have you seen the silver lining of the clouds?" but few had been so fortunate; many had never even heard of it; some thought she ought to borrow Jack's bean-stalk, if she was going after it, and others advised her to inquire of the Man in the Moon.

"I have seen it often," murmured the little stream that tumbled over a rocky bed. "In the summer-time, after the drought, my waters are often too scant to turn the mill-wheel, and the miller can grind no grain, and the little children go hungry to bed, till a great cloud comes up and shows its silver lining."

"We have seen it, too," whispered the trees together, "when our roots were thirsty and our leaves withered." And all the grasses sang its praises.

"I will spin you a silken ladder, to go in search of it," offered the garden-spider.

"If I could find out where the rainbow begins," said Lill, "that would carry me straight to cloud-land."

"Can you tell me where the rainbow begins?" she asked, knocking at a farm-house door.

"Yes, indeed," said the old farmer, looking over his spectacles; "it begins in neighbor Goodwin's meadow, yonder. I've hunted for it myself, when I was a boy and went bird-nesting, but I never caught up with it. Every year I meant to look it up, but now I'm too lame. But I've seen it, over yonder, these forty years."

Lill pushed on along the highway, without seeing the rainbow or the cloud's silver lining. But she met a peddler, who said he had them both in his pack, and would sell them cheap.

"As I was coming down the valley this morning, singing to myself, some saucy girl began to mock me. Tell me her name, and I'll show you the silver lining of all the clouds."

"Oh, dear!" cried Lill, "but I don't know the girls about here. May be I can find out, though. What else have you got in your pack, please?"

"I've a good stock, let me tell you; none of your tinsel gewgaws, but a serviceable lot nobody can afford to do without. Here's the seasons, to begin with. Here's your rainbows, single and double, and your showers, your fogs, and your frosts. I've a rare invoice of frost-work embroideries, just imported from the North Pole; and here are your northern lights, and your Christmases, and your Fourth of Julys, and your Thanksgivings, all stowed away in my pack."

"Are the yesterdays there, too?" asked Lill.

"I've got all the to-morrows."

"And the silver lining of the clouds?"

"Plenty of it; only find out the name of that wicked girl who dared to mock at old Father Time, and you shall see it."

Lill went on more quickly than before; she climbed the mountain and reached the valley, but she met no girls, only an old woman gathering fagots and a wood-chopper felling trees. "Hallo!" said he, and somebody answered, "Hallo!" but it was not Lill, and yet there was nobody else in sight.

"Have you seen the girl who mocks at people in the valley here?" asked Lill.

"Have I seen her?" repeated the wood-chopper. "The oldest inhabitant has never seen so much as her shadow. You know she's nothing but a voice."

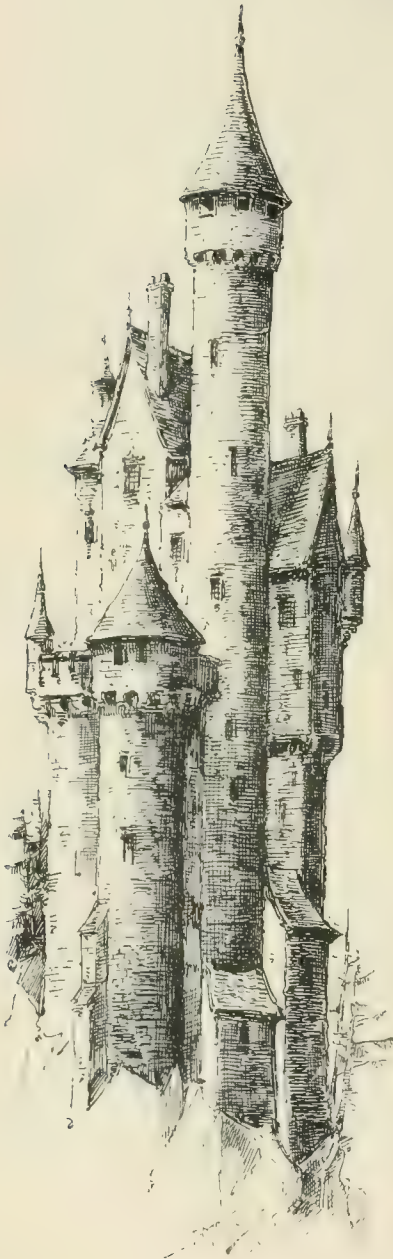
"What a queer person!" said Lill. "Where does she live?"

"In a castle in the air, perhaps."

"It's growing dark; they'll be looking for me at home," said Lill. "I came out to find the silver lining of the cloud."

"You'll be just as likely to find it at home as anywhere," returned the wood-chopper.

And sure enough, when Lill opened her eyes next morning, there it was, shining on the hedges, sparkling on the meadows, hanging on the boughs of the plum-trees, in great white garlands of snow.



BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THERE was once a little princess who was pretty as a flower,
And in her day, a princess must needs live in a tower;
A tower has a look, you know, of majesty and power.

She had many royal suitors, but to all who sought her hand,
"I will wed," she said, "who brings me—I care not from what land—
A pocketful of water and a basketful of sand."

Men in those days were stupid; it was different from our day;
And when she made this strange demand, they knew not what to say,
So most of them said nothing, which, at that time, was their way.

Some argued thus: "A princess who would set this foolish task
Might ask us, next, to bring her some fire within a flask,
Or some thunder in a tea-pot—there 's no telling what she 'd ask!"

A few, more daring, tried it, but of course 't was but to fail,
For it was a tropic country, and their pockets were but frail;

But a number of them offered to bring water in a pail,

And if she wished for sand, they said they 'd bring it in a casket,

A casket set with precious stones—'t was foolishness to ask it,

That any one should even try to bring it in a basket!

These princes, to my thinking, had a great deal of excuse,
For they were but fragile things of reed, the baskets then in use,
And there rose a dreadful whisper, that the princess was a goose!

And that in spite of beauty, in spite of rank and pelf,
It seemed probable this princess would be laid upon the shelf,
And she began, poor darling! to think so of herself!

At this crisis came a stranger-prince, from far and foreign
land:

He had come, he said, on purpose to request
the princess' hand,

And then they found he 'd never heard of the
water and the sand!

Among all those who offered advice, that summer day,

Not a single one advised the prince in the
capital to stay,

No—they every one said earnestly, "You 'd
better go away."

But the prince was very different from
these people. Not a wink

Did he sleep that night for thinking.

"She 's as pretty as a pink!"

Ran his thoughts, and "Having offered,
is it princely thus to shrink?

"It is not caprice, I know it, whatever
they may say:

No, she wishes for a wooer whose
love can find a way

To the meaning of her problem, and
her heart—and I shall stay!"

So he thought and thought till morning;
then, with heart as light as
feather,

He hied him to a cobbler, and bought a piece
of leather.

The cobbler asked him what 't was for; he said
"It 's pleasant weather!"

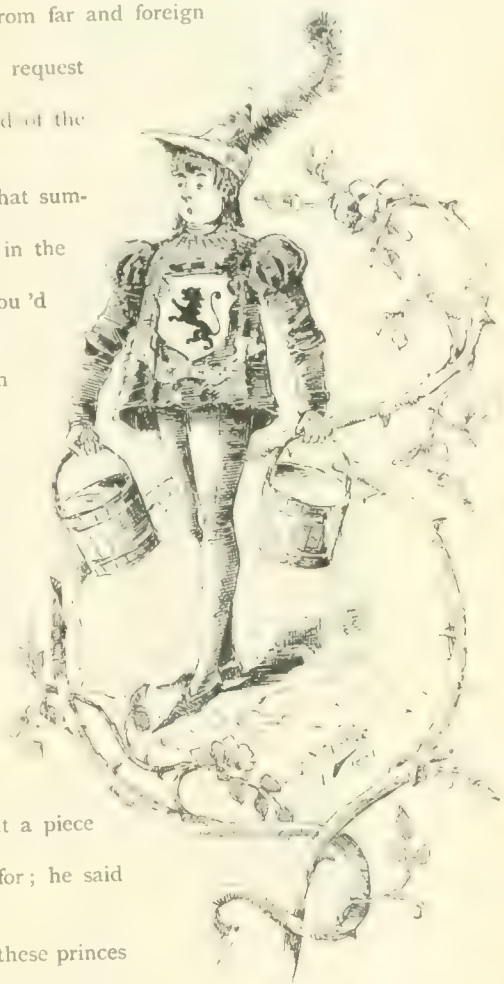
Then he bought an osier basket—oh, these princes
are so rich!—

And a little ball of cobbler's wax, and a great big
ball of pitch;

He took them home, and locked his door, and straight began to stitch.

He had never learned to sew, of course, and did it clumsily;
He wore his thimble on his thumb, and missed one stitch in three,
And he stuck his royal fingers, too—yes, stuck them terribly!

But you see he 'd made his mind up, so at last the pouch was done;
He took the pitch, which, meanwhile, had been melting in the sun,
And smeared his osier basket, and *this* work was mere fun.



It is always a good plan, you know, beginning with the worst,
Of all one's tasks, the others will seem nothing to the first.
He chuckled, "With this pocket, one need never die of thirst!"

His second task was finished, and with eager, trembling haste,
The sand, which he had ready, he in the basket placed,
And he filled his pouch with water, and strapped it to his waist.

Then he hastened to the palace, and he saw the princess fair,
As she stood beneath a linden, with white rose-buds in her hair,
And he whispered, "Ah, I'll guard her. She shall never know a care."



A herald led him forward, and he knelt and kissed her hand,
Saying, "Fairest, sweetest lady, I have brought, at your command,
A pocketful of water and a basketful of sand!"

Of course the little princess was married to the prince.
And were they happy? Bless you, they've been happy ever since!
And they live? Upon some hangings made of very ancient chintz.

But I am not sure—I fancy that once in a long while
I meet them, for I recognize the princess by her smile,
And the prince by deeds of valor, and a certain princely style.

THE WRONG MAN AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUBE.



I. BELOW:—THE MAN WHO SINGS OF THE
AND HAD A LITTLE TOWN AT TEN
TONIGHT.—HALL.



II. ABOVE:—THE LISTENER SAYS TO HIMSELF: "I'LL
BE THERE."

STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

STORY THE SECOND.

THE little company, gathered in Jarl Ronvald's castle hall, had enjoyed so much his story of Siegfried and the sword Balmung that they begged for another. In a few moments he assented to their request, and they settled themselves to listen.

The reverend man took his harp and ran his fingers rapidly over the strings, and drew forth music so sweet that those who heard it forgot, for a time, the story of Siegfried and the sword Balmung, and thought of nothing but the bewitching sounds. Then he sang of things great and good, and of things beautiful and true; of Odin, the earth's preserver, the giver of life, the foe of darkness and error; of the heaven-tower of Thor, the thunder-god, and of the Asa-bridge, all afire; of the elves, and the river-sprites, and the handsome hill-folk; and of the four dwarfs who hold up the blue sky-dome above the earth. Lastly, he sang of hidden treasures, and of giants and dragons, and of heroes and fair ladies and noble deeds, and

of the land of mists and shadows, and of a long and happy life and an honored old age.

When he had ended his song he laid his harp aside, and to the eager little company that sat around him he told the story of

THE HOARD OF THE SWARTHY LIVES.

LONG time ago, the Asa-folk were wont to leave their home on the heaven-towering Asgard mountain, and to visit the earth much oftener than now. Sometimes Odin, as a beggar, wandered from one country to another, craving charity; sometimes as a warrior, clad in coat-of-mail, he rode forth to battle against evil-doers; or, as a minstrel, he sang from door to door, and played sweet music in the halls of the great; or, as a huntsman, he dashed through fens and into forests, and climbed steep mountains in search of game. And again and again did the people entertain him unawares.

Once on a time he came to earth with Hœnir and Loki; and the three wandered through many

countries, distributing gifts wherever they went. Odin gave knowledge and strength; Hœnir gave gladness and good cheer; but Loki's gifts were deceit and strife, and a bad heart. At last, growing tired of the fellowship of men, they sought the solitude of the forest, and in the forms of huntsmen wandered among the wooded hills of Hunaland.

Late one afternoon they came to a mountain stream, at a place where it poured over a ledge of rocks and fell in clouds of spray into the valley below. As they stood and, with pleased eyes, gazed upon the water-fall, they saw near the bank an otter, lazily preparing to eat a salmon that he had caught. And Loki, ever bent on doing mischief, hurled a stone at the harmless beast and killed it. Then he boasted loudly that he had done a skillful deed; and he took both the otter and the fish which it had captured, and carried them with him as trophies of the day's success. At night-fall the hunters came to a farm-house in the valley, and asked for food and for shelter during the night.

"Shelter you shall have," said the farmer, whose name was Hreidmar. "But food have I none to give you. Surely, huntsmen of skill should not want for food, since the forest teems with game, and the streams are full of fish."

Then Loki threw upon the ground the otter and the fish, and said: "We have taken from forest and stream, at one blow, both flesh and fish. Give us but the shelter you promise, and we shall not trouble you for food."

The farmer gazed with horror upon the lifeless body of the otter, and cried out:

"This creature which you mistook for an otter, and which you have robbed and killed, is my son Oddar, who, for mere pastime, had taken the form of the furry beast. You are but thieves and murderers!"

Then he called aloud for help; and his two sons, Fafnir and Regin, sturdy, valiant kin of the dwarf-folk, rushed in, and, seizing upon the huntsmen, bound them hand and foot. For the three Asas, having taken the forms of men, had no more than human strength, and were unable to withstand their assailants. Then Odin and his fellows bemoaned their ill-luck, and Loki said: "Wherefore did we foolishly take upon ourselves the likenesses of puny men? Had I my own power once more, I would never part with it in exchange for man's weakness."

And Hœnir sighed, and said: "Now, indeed, will darkness win, and the cold breath of the Frost-giants will blast the fair handiwork of the sunlight and the heat. For the givers of life and light and warmth are helpless prisoners in the hands of these men."

"Surely," said Odin, "not even the highest are free from obedience to heaven's behests, or to the laws of right. I, whom men call the Preserver of Life, have lowered myself by being found in bad company; and, although I have done no other wrong, I suffer rightly for the doings of this mischief-maker, with whom I have stooped to have fellowship. For all are known, not so much by what they are, as by what they seem to be, and they share in the bad fame of their comrades. Now am I fallen from my high estate. Eternal right is higher than I; and, in the twilight of the gods, I shall meet the dread Fenriswolf;* but the world will be made new again, and then the shining Balder will rule in sunlight majesty forever."

Not long afterward, the Asas asked Hreidmar, their captor, what ransom they must pay to become free; and he, not knowing who they were, answered: "I must first know what ransom you are able to give."

"Anything you ask," hastily answered Loki.

Hreidmar then called his sons, and bade them strip the skin from the otter's body. When this was done, they brought the furry hide and spread it upon the ground; and Hreidmar said to the Asas: "Give me shining gold and precious stones enough to cover every part of this otter-skin. When you have paid this ransom, you shall have your freedom."

"That we will do," answered Odin; "but one of us must have leave to go and fetch the treasure. The other two will stay, fast bound, until day-dawn. If by that time the gold is not here, you may do with us as you list."

Hreidmar and the two young men, his sons, accepted Odin's offer, and, lots being cast, it fell to Loki to go and fetch the treasure.

When he had been unloosed from the cords that bound him, Loki donned the magic shoes, which had carried him over land and sea from the farthest limits of the mid-world, and went forth upon his errand. With the swiftness of light, he sped over the hills, and the wooded slopes, and the deep, gloomy valleys, and the fields and forests and sleeping hamlets, until he came to the place where dwelt the Swarthy Elves, and the cunning dwarf Andvari. There the river Rhine, no larger than a meadow-brook, breaks forth from beneath a mountain of ice, which the Frost-giants and blind old Hoder, king of the winter months, had raised long years before. For they had vainly hoped that thus they might imprison the river at its fountain-head. But the baby-brook had eaten its way beneath the frozen mass, and sprung out from its prison and gone on, leaping and smiling, and kiss-

* The early Norsemen believed the time would come when Odin should be slain by a monster called the Fenriswolf, and that then Balder, the pure, would reign over a sinless and happy world.

ing the sunlight, ever widening its course as it ran toward Burgundy and the sea.

Loki had come to this spot, because he knew that it was the home of the elves, and that great wealth of hidden treasures lay somewhere near. He scanned with careful eyes the mountain-side, and the deep, rocky caverns, and the dark gorge through which the little river rushed; but in the dim moonlight not a living being could he see, save a lazy salmon swimming in the quieter eddies of the

white-veiled Waves, playing in the moonlight near the shore. Of them he asked the way to Ægir's hall.

"Seven days' journey westward," said they, "beyond the green isle of Erin, is our father's hall. Seven days' journey northward, on the bleak Norwegian shore, is our father's hall." And they stopped not once in their play, but rippled and danced on the shelving beach, or dashed with force against the shore.



FIGURE 1. LOKI AND RAN, THE QUEEN OF OCEAN.

stream. Any one but Loki would have lost all hope of finding treasure there, at least before the dawn of day. But his wits were quick, and his eyes were very sharp.

"One salmon has brought us into this trouble, and another shall help us out of it!" he cried.

Then, swift as thought, he sprang again into the air; and the magic shoes carried him, with greater speed than before, down the Rhine valley, and through Burgundy land and the low meadows, until he reached the shores of the great North Sea. He sought the halls of old Ægir, the ocean-king. But he wist not which way to go—whether across the North Sea toward Isenland, or along the narrow channel between Britainland and the main.

While he paused, uncertain whither to turn, he saw the pale-haired daughters of old Ægir, the

"Where is your mother, Ran, the Queen of Ocean?" asked Loki.

And they answered:

"In the deep, cold waves,
By the rocky shore,
In the dark, green bays,
Where the wild waves roar,
In her cold, green bowers,
In the northern fiords;
She lurks and she glowers,
She grasps and she hoards,
And she spreads her strong net for her prey."

Loki waited not to hear more, but he sprang into the air, and the magic shoes carried him onward over the water in search of the Ocean-queen. He had not gone far when his sharp eyes espied her, lurking near a rocky shore, against which the breakers dashed with frightful fury.

Half-hidden in the deep, dark water, she lay waiting and watching, and she cunningly cast her net upon the waves, and reached out with her long, greedy fingers to seize whatever booty might come near her. When the wary Queen saw Loki, she hastily drew in her net, and tried to hide herself in the shadows of an overhanging rock. But Loki called her by name, and said:

"Sister Ran, fear not! I am your friend, Loki, whom once, as a guest, you served in the gold-lit halls of Ægir."

Then the Ocean-queen came out into the bright moonlight, and welcomed him to her domain, and asked: "Why does Loki thus wander alone, so far from Asgard, and over the trackless waters?"

And Loki answered: "I have heard of the net which you spread upon the waves, and from which no creature, once caught in its meshes, can ever escape. I have found a salmon where the Rhine-spring gushes from beneath the ice-mountain; but he is a cunning salmon, and no common skill can catch him. Come, I pray, with your wondrous net, and cast it into the stream where he lies. Do but take the cunning fish for me, and you shall have more gold than you have taken in a year from the wrecks of stranded vessels."

"I dare not go!" cried Ran. "A bound is set, beyond which I may not venture. If all the gold of earth were offered me, I could not go."

"Then, lend me your net!" entreated Loki. "Lend me your net, and I shall bring it back to-morrow, filled with gold."

"Much should I like your gold," answered Ran; "but I can not lend my net. If I should do so, I might lose the richest prize that has ever ventured into my domains. For three days a gold-rigged ship, bearing a princely crew with rich armor and abundant wealth, has been sailing carelessly over these seas. To-morrow I shall send my daughters and the bewitching mermaids to decoy the vessel among these rocks. And into my net the ship and the brave warriors and all their armor and gold shall fall. A rich prize will it be. No! I can not part with my net even for a single hour."

But Loki knew the power of flattering words.

"Beautiful Queen," said he, "there is no one on earth, nor even in Asgard, that can equal you in wisdom and foresight. But, I promise you, if you will but lend me your net until the morning dawns, the ship and the crew of which you speak shall be yours, and all their golden treasures shall deck your azure halls in the deep sea."

Then Ran carefully folded the net and gave it to Loki. "Remember your promise!" were the only words she said.

"An Asa never forgets," he answered. And he turned his face again toward Rhineland; and the magic shoes bore him aloft, and carried him in a moment back to the ice-mountain and the gorge and the infant river, which he had so lately left. The salmon still rested in its place, and had not moved during Loki's short absence.

Loki unfolded the net and cast it into the stream. The cunning fish tried hard to avoid being caught in its meshes. But, dart in whatever direction he might, he always met the skillfully woven cords; and these drew themselves around him and held him fast. Then Loki pulled the net up, out of the water, and grasped the helpless fish in his right hand. And lo! as he held the struggling creature high in air, it was no fish, but the cunning dwarf Andvari.

"Thou King of the Elves!" cried Loki, "thy cunning has not saved thee. Tell me, on thy life, where the hidden treasures lie."

The dwarf knew who it was that thus held him as in a vise, and he answered frankly, for it was his only hope of escape: "Turn over the stone upon which you stand. In the cavity beneath it, you will find the treasures you seek."

Then Loki put his shoulder to the rock and pushed with all his might. But it seemed as firm as the mountain, and would not be moved.

"Help me, thou cunning dwarf," cried he, "help me, and thou shalt have thy life."

Then the dwarf put his shoulder to the rock, and it turned over as if by magic, and underneath was a great store of gold and glittering diamonds, such as no man had ever seen. And Loki, in great haste, seized upon the hoard and placed it in the magic net which he had borrowed from the Ocean-queen. When he had taken it all, Andvari again put his shoulder to the rock, and it swung noiselessly back to its place.

"What is that upon thy finger?" suddenly cried Loki. "Wouldst keep back a part of the treasure? Give me the ring thou hast."

But the dwarf shook his head, and made answer:

"I have given you all the riches which the elves of these mountains have gathered since the world began. This ring I can not give you; for without its help we shall never be able to gather together more treasures."

And Loki grew angry at these words of the dwarf, and he seized the ring and tore it by force from Andvari's finger. It was in the form of a serpent coiled, with its tail in its mouth, and its ruby eyes glittered with an evil light. When the dwarf saw that Loki really meant to rob him of the ring, he cursed it and all who at any time should possess it, saying:

"May the ill-gotten treasure which you have seized to-night be your bane, and the bane of all who obtain it, either by fair means or by foul. And the ring which you have torn from my hand, may it entail upon the one who wears it, sickness and sorrow, and loss of friends, and a violent death!"

Loki was pleased with these words, and with the dark curses which the dwarf pronounced upon the gold. For he loved wrong-doing for wrong-doing's sake, and he knew that no curses could ever make his own life more cheerless than it always had been. So he thanked Andvari for his curses and his treasure, and throwing the magic net upon his shoulder, he sprang again into the air, and was carried swiftly back to Hunaland; and, just before the dawn appeared in the east, he alighted at the door of the farm-house where Odin and Hœnir still lay, bound with thongs and guarded by Fafnir and Regin.

Then the farmer brought the otter-skin, and spread it upon the ground; and lo! it grew and spread out on all sides, until it covered an acre of ground. And he cried out:

"Fulfill, now, your promise! Cover every hair of this hide with gold or with precious stones. If you fail to do this, then your lives, by your own agreement, are forfeited, and we shall do with you as we choose."

Odin took the magic net from Loki's shoulder, and opening it, he poured the treasures of the Swarthy Elves upon the otter-skin; and Loki spread the gold and jewels carefully and evenly over every part of the furry hide. But after every piece had been laid in its place, Hreidmar saw near the otter's mouth a single hair uncovered; and he declared that unless this hair, too, were covered, the bargain would be unfulfilled, and the treasure, as well as the lives of his prisoners, would be forfeited. And the Asas looked at one another in dismay; for not another piece of gold and not another precious stone could be found in the net, although they searched it over and over with the greatest care.

At last, Odin took from his bosom the ring which Loki had stolen from the dwarf; for he had been so highly pleased with its workmanship that he had hidden it, hoping it would not be needed to complete the payment of the ransom. And he laid the ring upon the uncovered hair, and, now, no portion of the otter's skin could be seen. And Fafnir and Regin, seeing that the ransom had been paid, loosed the shackles of Odin and Hœnir, and bade the three huntsmen go on their way.

Odin and Hœnir at once shook off their human disguises, and hastened with all speed back to

Asgard. But Loki tarried a little while, and said to the farmer and his sons:

"By your avarice and falsehood you have won for yourselves the Curse of the Earth, which lies before you. It shall be your bane; it shall be the bane of every one who holds it. It shall kindle strife between father and son, between brother and brother. It shall make you mean, selfish, brutal. It shall transform you into monsters. Such is gold, and such it shall ever be to its worshipers. And the ring which your greediness has secured for you, shall give to its possessor its own qualities. Grasping, snaky, cold, unfeeling shall he live; and through treachery shall he die!"

Then he turned and hastened northward toward the sea; for he wished to redeem the promise that he had made to the Ocean-queen, to return her magic net, and to decoy the richly laden ship into her clutches.

No sooner were the strange huntsmen well out of sight than Fafnir and Regin began to ask their father to divide the glittering hoard with them.

"By our strength," they said, "and through our advice, this great store has come into your hands. Let us place it in three equal heaps, and then let each take his share and go his way."

At this the farmer waxed very angry, and he loudly declared that he would keep all the treasure for himself, and that his sons should not have any portion of it whatever. So Fafnir and Regin, nursing their disappointment, went to the fields to watch their sheep; but their father sat down to guard his new-gotten treasure. And he took in his hand the glittering serpent-ring, and gazed into its cold, ruby eyes; and, as he gazed, all his thoughts were fixed upon his gold, and there was no room in his heart for love toward his fellow-men, nor for will to do deeds of kindness, nor for the worship of the great All-Father. And, as he continued to look at the snaky ring, behold, a dreadful change came over him. The warm, red blood, which until this time had leaped through his veins and given him life and strength and human feelings, became purple and cold and sluggish; and selfishness, like serpent-poison, took hold of his heart. Then, as he kept on gazing at the hoard which lay before him, he began to lose his human shape; his body lengthened into many scaly folds, and he coiled himself around his loved treasures—the very image of the ring upon which he had looked so earnestly.

When the day was drawing to a close, Fafnir came back from the fields with his herd of sheep, and thought to find his father guarding the treasure, as he had left him in the morning. But, in his stead, he saw a glittering snake, fast asleep, encircling the hoard like a huge, scaly ring of gold.

His first thought was that the monster had devoured his father; and, hastily drawing his sword, with one blow he severed the serpent's head from its body. And then, forgetting everything except the gleaming gold, he gathered up the hoard and fled with it, beyond the hills of Hunaland, until, on the seventh day, he came to a barren heath far from the homes of men. There he placed the treasure in one glittering heap; and he gazed with greedy eyes upon the fatal ring, until, at length, he, too, was changed into a great, cold monster—a huge and fearful dragon. And he donned the terrible Helmet of Dread, the like of which the world has never seen; and he coiled himself about his loved gold, and lay for ages upon the Glittering Heath, watching with sleepless eyes the heaped-up treasures of the Swarthy Elves.

When Regin, the younger of the two brothers, came back to his father's dwelling, and saw the dead serpent and the place where the treasure had lain, he knew that either his father or Fafnir had outwitted him, and carried the precious hoard away. And his heart was filled with bitterness and anger, and a strange fear came over him, and he left everything behind him and fled in haste from Hunaland. For a great many years he wandered from one land to another, gathering wisdom wherever he went, and teaching men the lore of the earlier days.

But a restless longing filled his soul—a longing to gaze once more upon the glittering hoard which his brother was guarding in the desert. Then, as an old, old man, he came to live with the Volsung folk, where he was known as the wisest of men, the most skillful of smiths, and the most pleasing of musicians. And it is said, in some of our

northern songs, that it was he, and not Mimer, who fostered and taught Siegfried.

The sound of the harper's voice ceased for a few moments; but soon he took his harp and played a wild melody, and sang a song of the sea. And the listeners seemed to hear the rushing waves as they beat against the shore, and the whistling winds, and the driving sleet, and the shriek of frightened sea-birds, and the calls of seamen in distress. And Ingeborg crept close to her father's side and trembled with fear; but Rollo's face lighted up with a glad smile, as of a strong man facing danger, for he longed to become a sea-king, and to brave the perils of the deep.

Then Leif, whose thoughts had not been drawn away from the story, said quietly:

"I think I can guess what became of the dragon. Father says that by putting two facts together we may often come to right conclusions in regard to other facts. So, putting the two stories together, I conclude that one of the first of Siegfried's good deeds was to slay Fafnir on the Glittering Heath."

"How very wise is our thinker!" cried Rollo.

"And he is right," said the jarl.

"But did Siegfried get all those treasures?" asked Ingeborg.

"Perhaps the thinker can put two other facts together, and draw a right conclusion on that point?" said Rollo, with a sly glance toward Leif.

"Not yet," answered Leif. "But I see from Father's smile that he is ready to tell us more about Siegfried, and I think if we listen closely we may learn from him what became of the treasures."

(To be continued.)

WATER POWER.

BY JOEL STACY.

"OH, listen to the water-mill!" I made it all myself,
Out of some odds and ends I found upon the tool-house shelf.

It's what they call an "overshot," and always works, of course,
If you have the luck of getting at a stream of any force.

The only trouble 's this,—it 's struck me only now,—
That when the folks see what I 've done there 'll be a precious row;

And the style of punishment I 'll get, now, probable as not,
Will be, just like my water-wheel, a sort of overshot.

If 't would only keep on raining,—d' ye know?—I have a notion
This water-wheel of mine would make a good perpetual motion;

But the bother is, a fellow can't depend upon the weather,
For it never rains in April days for two half-hours together.

I wonder what I'd better do; it's going to clear this minute!
Dear me! I wish I had n't! The very mischief's in it!



If I take it down, they'll all declare I've gone and spoiled the pillar;
And if I leave it where it is, I'll hear from Aunt Priscilla!

Phew! "Listen to the water-mill!" and hear it spin and spatter!
As long as I am having fun, perhaps it does n't matter;

For if I was n't doing this, there really is no knowing
What mischief I'd be up to:—Just hear that wheel a-going!

COMEDIES FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. S. BROOKS, AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF NOD," ETC.

I. LORD MALAPERT OF MOONSHINE CASTLE.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY.

Lord Malapert.	Cicely.
The Seneschal.	Mariana.
	The Man in the Moon.
Flick.	Flock.
Maids of Honor.	Guards and Vassals.

[ARGUMENT: MISTRESS CICELY, from overmuch reading of fairy tales, dreams more of what she would like to be and like to have, than of what she is and has. A curious adventure recalls her to herself and shows her that contentment is better than wealth, and that what we are is often better than what we think we should like to be.]

COSTUMES, PROPERTIES, ETC.

LORD MALAPERT: Boy of 14. Fancy court suit, over which he wears, at first, a modern duster or ulster, and traveling-cap.

THE SENESCHAL OF THE CASTLE: Boy of 16. Sober-colored court suit, white wig and beard; long staff; heavy gilt chain on neck; belt and large bunch of keys. Pompous and important manner.

THE MAN IN THE MOON: Boy of 13. Dull-brown tights and stockings; short blouse; long cape; Phrygian cap; long beard; spectacles, cane, and bag; piece of cake for porridge.

CICELY: Bright girl of 11 or 12. Pretty modern dress.

MARIANA, AND THREE MAIDS OF HONOR: Girls of 12. Semi-fairy dresses; wings; wands; wreaths in hair.

FLICK AND FLOCK: Boys of 6 or 8. Fancy dresses if possible, or may be dressed as oriental mutes,—blackened skin; white suit.

FOR THE CHORUS OF GUARDS AND VASSALS: Fancy and fairy dresses.

THE SCENERY.

Stage set at first as garden scene. Imitation green mound or fancy garden chair at right toward front of scene. A heavy green curtain should hang behind this and across the stage; this curtain, parting at the time indicated, discloses the castle.

The castle can be made of paper or cloth on light frames. It should be castellated, with open door-way and steps in front. But as no one enters, the castle need not be strongly built. The stage setting can be left to the taste and facilities of the managers.

THE MUSIC.

Appropriate music should be played as accompaniment and during waits. The airs for the choruses can be selected by any one familiar with pretty or popular airs. So, too, if there are good singers in the cast, some solos can be arranged, and thus give variety to the performance.

THE PLAY.

[Low Music.]

CICELY discovered—or she may enter and seat herself—reading a book. Lost in reverie, she lets the book fall from her lap, and, clasping her hands behind her head, says (or sings) ruefully:

CICELY:

Oh, life is so dreary, and life is so dull,
And life is so weary withal;
Nor pleasures can cheer me, nor slumbers can lull,
Nor can I lost day-dreams recall.

The sun may shine brightly, the daisies may gleam,—
To me, though, it mattereth not.
The winds that blow lightly oft sour the cream,
And the sun on the daisies is hot.

I sigh for the hopeless; I yearn for a sphere;
I am waiting for something to come.
Our dolls are but sawdust, and life 's but a tear;
I am sick of the world's prosy hum.

No prince comes to wake me—all glittering and tall;
No fairies will rise at my need.
Oh, come, Prince, and take me from dull duty's thrall!
Ah, no? Then I'll dream as I read.

[Reads aloud.] "Then the Prince, all glittering in his silver suit, walked rapidly up the palace corridors, past the guards and soldiers, past the vassals and retainers, past the courtiers, the lords and the ladies, past the King and the Queen—all fast asleep—to where on a golden couch the beautiful Princess lay, wrapped in a death-like slumber. Marveling much at her wondrous beauty, the Prince bent over the closed lids and, all trembling with eagerness, kissed the half-opened lips.

"With brazen clangor the palace clock struck the hour of noon. There was a start, a murmur, a sudden awakening. King, Queen, and court threw off their century sleep, and passed to their several duties. But the Princess, meeting the beaming eyes of the brave and handsome Prince, recognized at once the hero of her dream, and greeted him with an entrancing smile. Then, rising quickly from her couch, a charming blush suffusing her beautiful face, she took his hand, and leading him to the King, her father, said:

"Behold, my Lord, the husband whom the fairies have sent me!"

"And the King, looking upon the young Prince, loved him so exceedingly that he gave them both his blessing.

"So the gallant Prince and the beautiful Princess were married with great pomp and ceremony, and lived happily together ever after."

CICELY sits in reverie a moment, and then says, sadly:

Heigh ho, so the world goes!
How dreary my years!
What bliss if the fables were true!
But the world is so dull
With its hopes and its fears—
I will sleep and will dream, Prince, of you.

[Sleeps.]

[Enter LORD MALAPERT, in traveling costume; carpet-bag in one hand, compass in the other.

LORD M.:

This way my fairy compass points;
This way the stars have led;

This way [*see CICELY*]—ah, yes, the stars
are right—
There rests a maiden's head.

What ho, my trusty servitors!

[*Enter FLICK with rifle, and FLOCK with fishing-rod.*]

My vassals tried and true!
Bear quickly off my carpet-bag,
My rod and rifle, too.
Here mortal game lies handier
Than fish, or bird, or deer.
Wait till you hear my whistle call,
Then haste ye quickly here.

[*FLICK and FLOCK exeunt with bag, rod, etc.*]

LORD M., *investigating*:

A girl? A pearl! And I am sent
To set her life in tune.
To soothe her with my blandishment
And take her—to the Moon.
For only there (so fairy lore
This truth doth well profess)
Can earth's confirmed repiners find
Their highest happiness.

Now, Fairy Guardians, while I kneel
Before this sleeping maid,
In silvery streams
Pour o'er her dreams
Your moonstruck serenade.

[*Kneels at head of couch.*]

[*See prefatory note about music.*]

CHORUS, *behind the curtain*:

Where moonbeams glow
On hills of snow,
And twinkling star-lamps flutter;
Where moonbeams pale,
In azure, sail
Beyond the uttermost utter;
There, Dreamer fair,
On golden stair,
Wide opes the palace portal;
And at the gates
The Prince awaits
His mooning, maiden mortal.

Pale moon,
Sail, moon,
To the uttermost utter;
Soon shine,
Moon, shine,
Where the star-lamps flutter.

LORD MALAPERT, *rising*:

Now, fairy spell,
Work true and well,
Let earth-born needs forsake her;
O Lady Moon,
Our lives attune,
As by this kiss I wake her!

[*Kisses her.*]

CICELY, *starting*:

Oh, what was that?

LORD M.:

'T was I.

CICELY:

Why, who are you?

LORD M., *bearing love*:

Your fond admirer.

CICELY:

Ah, my dream is true!

LORD M.:

Behold your slave——!
At home, both peer and vassal.

[*Throws off duster, and displays his princely costume.*]

Hail me—Lord Malapert of Moonshine Castle!

CICELY:

O-o-oh! And you've come——?

LORD M.:

To bear you far away,
Where over azure seas
The moonbeams play;

And all our lives shall be one twilight story,
While o'er our palace streams the Moon's pale glory.

CICELY:

What! Can I leave this earth, so dull and prosy,
For palace halls and life all fair and rosy?

LORD M.:

Ay, that you can, and find your humblest vassal
In me—Lord Malapert of Moonshine Castle.

[*Bowes.*]

CICELY:

Then am I ready. To the Moon I'll flee,
Dearest Lord Malapert, to rule with thee.
How shall we go?

LORD M.:

Not in the steam-cars tropic,
With quarters cramped and comforts microscopic;
Not by slow stages nor unsafe balloon
Shall we attain our palace in the Moon;
But by his private air-line will your vassal
Bear Lady Malapert to Moonshine Castle.

[*Whistles.*]

What ho, my trusty servitors!
Bring rifle, rod, and bag;
Come hither, Flick; come hither, Flock.
Let not your footsteps lag.

[*Enter FLICK and FLOCK bearing the Magic Carpet—a bright piece of carpeting some three feet square, with long cord and fancy tassel at upper left-hand and right-hand corners.*]

'T is well. Now, spread upon the earth
Your wondrous roll; and soon
We'll on our Magic Carpet soar
Serenely to the Moon.

[*They unroll the carpet—LORD MALAPERT conducts CICELY, who seats herself upon the carpet, while he kneels beside her, and FLICK and FLOCK stand behind, each at a corner, and hold the tassels—Arrange the group in as pretty a tableau as possible.*]

LORD M.:

Now Flick, now Flock, your stations take;
Hold each a steering-tassel;
While Lord and Lady Malapert
Mount up to Moonshine Castle.

[*Tableau.*]

[CHORUS begins behind the curtain. Curtain slowly parts, disclosing Moonshine Castle with GUARDS, VASSALS, and MAIDS OF HONOR prettily grouped in front; SENESCHAL in middle.]

CHORUS OF WELCOME:

[See Music Note.]

Where the twilight hues are flushing
All the sky with amber light,
Where the winds are rushing, rushing,
Through the portals of the night;
There, the dying sunset paling,
With our moonbeams weird and wan,
Joy we o'er the daylight failing,
As our welcome echoes on.
Hail ye! Hail ye!
Welcome home!
Lord and lady, welcome home!

[As the chorus ceases, LORD MALAPERT conducts CICELY to a seat at left, and FLICK and FLOCK gather up the carpet.]

LORD M., *standing by CICELY's side*:

Thus, fairest Cicely, doth every vassal
Welcome the Malaperts to Moonshine Castle.

CICELY:

Oh, this is life! Good-bye to earth's dull duty.
This is my palace; this my realm of beauty.

SENESCHAL, *with important manner, advancing and bowing low*:

Most noble lord and lady,
Your humble Seneschal
With pleasure bids you welcome
To Moonshine Castle's hall.
I speak for all the Moon-folk
Our words of hearty cheer.
On this, your glad home-coming,
Your vassals' greeting hear:—
Where mighty Tycho's * summits
Uplift their peaks of snow,
Where gray Serenitatis *
In moonlight gleams below;
From where great Sinus Iridum
Its highland bulwark rears,
To where on Mare Crisium *
The verdure-belt appears;
From rock and plain and crater,
From caverns vast and deep,
From town and hall and castle,
And lava-covered steep,
The notes of joy upswelling
In sounding chorus come,
To lord and lady telling
A happy welcome home.
Within, the banquet waits you;
Without, the moonbeam flirts:
Welcome to Moonshine Castle,
Home of the Malaperts!

LORD M.:

Thanks, worthy Seneschal;
But, ere we seek the hall,
I must affairs of state
In council contemplate.
Tell me, I pray you, then,
Wisest of serving-men,
Can you no maiden fair
(Child of the moonlight rare)
Into a maid convert
For Lady Malapert?

SENESCHAL, *pointing to MARIANA*:

Here 's Mariana,—with her sisters three.

LORD M.:

Your Maids of Honor, dearest Cicely.

CICELY:

Thanks to your lordship for your care of me.

SENESCHAL:

Go, maidens all;
Wait on your lady fair.

[*They stand behind CICELY's chair.*]

MARIANA:

Gladly the task we 'll share.

SENESCHAL, *bowing to CICELY*:

None can with her compare!

CICELY, *with dignity*:

Thanks, Seneschal.

LORD M.:

Here, with your ladies, wait,
While the affairs of state
Briefly I now debate
In council hall.

CICELY:

Stay not too long, I pray!

LORD M., *kissing her hand*:

Adieu!

SENESCHAL:

My lady may
Here with much comfort stay.

CICELY:

Thanks, Seneschal.

[*Exeunt SENESCHAL and all but MAIDS OF HONOR and FLICK and FLOCK.*]

CICELY:

I have my wish! Now am I queen at last;
How dismal seem the duties of the past.
Here may I reign in joy; here *all* I hold—
Fair Mariana, does it not seem cold?

MARIANA:

Oh, no, my lady,—warm, it seems to me.
Our rare Moon climate can not milder be.

CICELY:

I feel quite chilly; kindly throw your shawl
Over my shoulders.

* Mountains, plains, and valleys in the Moon.

MARIANA: I have none at all.

CICELY: No shawls nor wraps?

MARIANA: Why, dearest lady, no.
We need no wrappings as do you below.
Here heat and cold to us seem not to matter.
We feel no changes.

CICELY: How my teeth do chatter!
And I am hungry. Ladies, I entreat,
Kindly procure me something good to eat.

MARIANA, *puzzled*: To eat? Why, dearest lady, what is that?

CICELY, *undisturbed*: Oh, what is what?

MARIANA: To eat?

CICELY: Why, every cat
Knows that to eat is to stay hunger's craving.

MARIANA, *complacently*: We know no hunger.

CICELY, *indignantly*: How you are behaving!
Of course you eat; why, you *must* eat to live.

MARIANA: We feast our eyes, but naught our bodies give.

CICELY: Oh, I shall die! What 's in the banquet-hall?

MARIANA: Here Flick, quick, Flock—run for the Seneschal!

SENESCHAL, *entering hurriedly*: What now?

MARIANA: Our lady 's dying of despair.

CICELY: Show me, O Seneschal, your bill of fare.

SENESCHAL: The *ménu* for the banquet? Here!
[*Produces roll.*]

CICELY: Oh, read!
What does it offer? Let me know with speed!

SENESCHAL, *with gusto, reading ménu*: Ahem! First: Moonbeams served on amber ice.
Next: Lunar rainbows—for each guest a slice.
Then—liquid moonshine, crowned with frozen sauce,
With cups of night-dew make a luscious course.
And—for dessert: bright starlight, clear and cold,
With rays of moonlight served on plates of gold.

CICELY, *shivering*: Oh, horrible! Oh, for our kitchen table!

SENESCHAL: I trust your ladyship to feast is able.

CICELY, *pettishly*: No, I am starving.

MARIANA: Starving?

SENESCHAL: Quickly cut her—

MARIANA: A slice of moonshine?

CICELY: No—of bread and butter!
Oh, is there nothing in the Moon to eat?

SENESCHAL, *pointing to ménu*: Why, is there nothing in this princely treat?

CICELY, *disgusted*: What? Frozen moonbeams heaped on icy hummocks!

MARIANA, *indignantly*: We feast our eyes; you earth-folk—cram your
stomachs!

CICELY: Would I were *on* the earth! I 'm cold and starving;
I 'd give my palace to see Papa carving.

MARIANA: What can we do?

CICELY: Go call my lord.

MARIANA: What, what, my lady? From the council-board?

SENESCHAL: Fairies and Moon-folk all have work to do.
We have our duties quite as well as you.
Pray be content—forget your earth-born cravings.

CICELY: I 'm cold and hungry—can I live on *shavings*?
Slices of moonbeams may for fairies do.
Oh, for the meanest home-dish—hash or stew!

MARIANA: There 's a man in the Moon,
So I 've heard people say,
Who once went to the earth
By a roundabout way,
And perhaps he may know—

CICELY, *interrupting*: Oh, then, Flock, and then Flick,
Find the man, I implore,
And return with him. Quick!

[*Sinks back in her chair. Exit FLOCK and FLICK.*]

MARIANA, *to SENESCHAL, both coming forward*: There, worthy Seneschal;
That 's what I said.
Mortals and Moon-folk
Should never be wed;

What with their earth-born cravings and misgivings,
They *can't* appreciate our higher livings;
Why, the Moon's meaneast slave and humblest vassal
Is fitter far to rule in Moonshine Castle.

SENESCHAL:

Peace, Mariana! Question not the cause.
The fairies tell us, in their simple laws,
That those dissatisfied with earth, must be
By bitter lessons taught the truth to see.
Contentment, so they say, than wealth is better;
He who would read must first learn every letter.

[Enter FLICK and FLOCK, with the MAN IN THE MOON.

CICELY:

Well, Flick; well, Flock; found you the one you went for?

FLICK and FLOCK, together:

Ah, yes, my lady; here 's the man you sent for.

MAN IN THE MOON:

I 'm the Man in the Moon,
Who once went down too soon,
To inquire the way to Norwich;
And I found, I may say,
Nothing nice on the way
But a morsel of cold plum-porridge.
For the Man in the South,
Who had just burnt his mouth
By eating this cold plum-porridge,
Said: "The earth is no good;
I 'd return, if I could,—
You 'll never be happy in Norwich."
So, back to the Moon
I returned very soon,
Nor troubled myself about Norwich;
But the Man in the South—
Who had just burnt his mouth—
Made me take off his cold plum-porridge.

CICELY:

Give me a piece!

SENESCHAL:

Cease, lady, cease;
For here 's my lord returning.

LORD M.:

Why, Cicely!
What 's this I see?

CICELY, running toward him:

For porridge I am yearning.

LORD M.:

I thought your earth-born needs had fled,
When to the Moon we scurried.

CICELY, petulantly:

Would I were back on earth again,—
I 'd never more be worried.

LORD M.:

What! Leave your palace and your court
For dull earth's duller duties?

CICELY:

Ah, yes! In them there 's more of sport
Than 'midst your moonlight beauties.

I thought to find supreme delight

In this ethereal station;

I 'm hungry, cold, and homesick in
Your unsubstantial nation.

You feast on shades and shadows here—

You 've neither warmth nor feeling.

Oh, send me back to earth again!

My grief there 's no concealing.

LORD M.:

[Weeps.]

You 're here, my dear; and fairy laws

Admit of no reversal;

The fairies meant your discontent

To be the *last* rehearsal.

Here you have come, here must you stay,—

'T is ordered so, and fated;

So, dry your tears—in forty years

You *may* be acclimated.

CICELY:

Forty years! Dear, oh, dear!

What words do I hear? —

But, please, may n't he give me some porridge?

MAN IN THE MOON, confidentially to LORD M.:

I 'm the Man in the Moon,

Who once went down too soon

To inquire the way to Norwich—

LORD M., waving him off:

Oh, I 've heard that before;

You 're a tedious old bore,

With your story of cold plum-porridge.

CICELY:

Bid him give me a piece,
That my hunger may cease.

MAN IN THE MOON:

Here 's a slice, lady, brought from Norwich.

CHORUS OF WARNING:

[See Music Note.]

Stay, stay, stay!

Turn her hand away!

Whoso eats the porridge leaves our moonlit halls.

Pray, pray, pray,

Send the man away;

If she eats the porridge, down to earth she falls.

CICELY, snatching porridge and taking a bite:

I have eaten! I 'm free!

How rejoiced I shall be

When down to the earth I am dropping!

Oh! I 'm dizzy! I freeze!

Good-bye, Moon-folk! Now, please,

Let me tumble straight home without stopping.

[Falls into LORD M.'s arms—asleep.]

LORD M.:

Here, Flock; here, Flick;

The carpet! Quick!

[FLICK and FLOCK spread Magic Carpet in center-front.]

Take each a steering-tassel.

Down, down, we go,

To earth below;

Good-bye to Moonshine Castle.

[*Tableau a l'opéra.* LORD M. supporting CICELY, while the curtain rises during the following chorus:]

CHORUS OF FARIWELL

[See Music Note.]

From the moonlight
Through the starlight,
From the twilight to the day;
Ever falling, falling, falling.
To the sunlight and the day —
Fare thee well, for ever, ever;
Mortal may not wed with fay.
Find content in duty's calling;
Mortal may not wed with fay.
Fare thee well, for ever, ever;
Mortal may not wed with fay.

LORD M.:

[*Curtain closes.*]

Now, Flick; now, Flock; the couch prepare;
We'll lay the sleeping maiden there,
And, hastening fast away,
We'll search for other dreaming maids,
Who sigh for princes, courts, and glades,
And weep because the vision fades
While duty comes to stay.

[*Exit CICELY, still asleep, to her chamber.*]

Rest, Maiden, in your home once more;
Content with life, seek not to soar,
'But love and patience evermore
Still to your work be bringing.
For daily duty brightly done

Is half life's battle bravely won;
Through parting clouds will break the sun
And set the birds a-singing.

What ho! my trusty servitors,
My vassals tried and true!
Come follow, follow, follow me —
We've other work to do.
For duty comes, as duty must,
To Prince as well as vassal.
Wake, Maiden! Vanish Malapert,
The Lord of Moonshine Castle!
[*Exeunt LORD M., FLICK and FLOCK.*]

CICELY, waking:

Am I awake? Oh, what a dream!
It seems so strange and queer
To be — Where am I? Oh, how nice
To know that home is here!

[*At a music.*]

Well, life is life, and work is work,
And I will try to do
Whatever work life brings to me,
And to myself be true.
I think that from this summer dream
I've learned this lesson well:
Contentment is life's sweetest sauce

[*Bell rings.*]

There goes the dinner-bell! [*Joyfully.*]

[*Exit.*]

[*CURTAIN.*]



EASTER CARD—DRAWN BY ADDIE LEDYARD.

TAKING A WALK IN JAPAN.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

ON THIS page is a picture of a merchant of Ja-pan out for a walk with his lit-tle girl.

What have they un-der their feet?

These queer things are wood-en clogs, which they use be-cause it is bad weath-er and the streets are mud-dy. In Ja-pan there are no brick, or board, or flag-stone side-walks such as we have in our cit-ies; so the Ja-pan-ese put on clogs, which are four inch-es high and keep the feet clean. When they go home, *o tot-sû san* (pa-pa) and *mu-su-mé* (daughter) will leave their clogs at the door out-side, and walk in-to the house in their stock-ing-feet.

See the odd shape in which the socks are made. The great toe has a bag all to it-self. The oth-er four toes have an-oth-er. The sock is like a mit-ten. Just think of a mit-ten on the foot. The Ger-mans call a glove a "hand-shoe," and a thim-ble a "fin-ger-hat." The Jap-a-nese call the big toe the "foot-thumb," and the small toes "foot-fin-gers." The chil-dren play with the ba-by's pink-brown feet and sing a song while count-ing the toes, as we do; but in Ja-pan, the toes are not "pigs go-ing to mar-ket,"—they are mon-keys, fox-es, or oth-er fun-ny an-i-mals.

The lit-tle girl's name is O-da-ma, which means "Jew-el." Lit-tle Jew-el is on-ly six years old. See how her fore-head is shaved off, like her pa-pa's, whose queue lies on top of his head. See what long, flow-ing sleeves both have. O-da-ma's pock-et is in her sleeve. She keeps her treas-ures there. The out-er side is sewed up, but the in-ner side is o-pen, and she can eas-i-ly put her hand in to get things out.

See how she holds on to her fa-ther's lit-tle fin-ger. She looks half a-fraid of us, or of the man who has tak-en her pict-ure for us. No won-der her fa-ther has named her "Jew-el"; for he loves her very much, and thinks she is the bright-est, pret-ti-est lit-tle girl in the world.





DEAR VER-Y LIT-TLE FOLK: Ask your old-er broth-ers and sis-ters to write for you nice lit-tle stor-ies, in eas-y words, a-bout a-ny or each one of the pret-ty pict-ures on this page, and send them to SAINT NICHOLAS. We will print in your pages the best two of these stor-ies that come to us be-fore the First of May.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my Spring Beauties! Very glad to see so many bright faces. Thought it was sunshine, but I see it's going to rain. Never mind; it will clear off before we finish the subject of

BABY SPIDERS AT PLAY.

A WELL-KNOWN writer, in telling of the habits of the spider, gives an account of a bit of spider-play that your Jack happens never to have seen. He says that the young of many kinds of spiders have a funny way of amusing themselves on a fine day in the fall. They will climb to some high place, like a fence-post, stand on their tip-toes, and turn their bodies up in the air with the spinnerets open. The wind soon blows a thread from the spinnerets, and it gets longer and longer till it is strong enough to bear up the spider—two or three yards long; then the little creatures let go their hold, grasp the thread with their feet, and away they go into the air for a sail.

Now, has any of you, my friends, ever seen this baby-performance? If so, write to Jack about it. If not, be sure to keep a sharp lookout in the future.

AN ADOPTED CHIPMUNK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am ten years old and want to tell you of something funny. My mamma found in the woods a little ball with a kind of fuzz on it. It was alive, and had little, tiny eyes, like beads. She did n't know what it was. It had just been born, and its mamma had gone away to get something for it to eat, I guess. Well, Mamma put it in her pocket, and took it home. Then she found out it was a chipmunk probably not two hours old. Mamma fed it with a spoon, brought it up, and after a little time it grew to be a small squirrel. It knew no other mamma except my mamma, and acted just like a child. It slept at nights curled up in the pocket of Papa's dressing-gown, and at daylight would go to Mamma in bed, and poke her nose with one of its paws to wake her up. Then it would scamper about and frolic, and play like a kitten. It knew more than any dog. When Mamma used to sew or mend, it would perch itself on her shoulder and sometimes on top of her head, stand up on its hind legs and crack nuts, and sometimes stretch out and go to sleep there. Then it would get mischievous, and suddenly put one of its little paws down and pull Mamma's thread

out of her needle. Sometimes it would sit on the window-sill, and if it got frightened at the sight of pussy in the yard, or at anything else, it would squeal, and scamper off to Mamma as fast as its little legs could carry it. Then it knew it was safe. In the early spring, when the bugs began to crawl, it went out of the window one morning early, before Mamma was awake, but its enemy, the cat, caught it. It squealed for Mamma, but before she could reach it, poor little "Chippy," as we called it, was killed. We buried it in a box in the garden.

EDDIE A. LEET.

GROWING YOUNG AGAIN.

SOME animals change their outer coats once a year, and come forth in new and glossy clothing, as I've seen the pretty village girls do at Easter time. The eagle gets a fresh set of feathers, the royal stag grows newer and handsomer antlers, and the Lady Earth puts on her spring garment of green, and decks herself with delicate flowers, and smiles up at the blue sky, and looks so beautiful that the sun beams admiringly upon her, and all night the stars twinkle their bright eyes at her in delight. And your Jack, too, renews his youth and feels a warmer and sweeter air about him, when the boys and girls of the Red School-house begin to haunt the brook-side and the woods again, and scamper over the meadow, and send up shouts and ringing laughter that set the birds a-caroling in their perches swinging in the sun.

But I've heard say, my dears, that human folk, some of them, have a way of staying young all the time; and it appears to your Jack that their plan must be even better than growing young again. What puzzles me is how they do it. Perhaps one of you will come softly up to my pulpit one of these days, and whisper the secret to me.

THE CAT-CLOCK.

THIS, of course, is not a clock for cats. What cat, excepting Puss-in-Boots, ever cared to stop purring or to open her eyes, merely to learn the time of day? No; this was a cat that served as a clock.

One day, when the French traveler, the Abbé Huc, was journeying in China, he stopped a boy by the way-side, and asked him the time.

"Well, sir," said the lad,—but I suppose he said it in Chinese,—“it is too cloudy to tell by the sun, but if you'll wait a moment—” and away he darted into a hut near by. He soon came back, carrying in his arms a fine, lazy-looking cat. Gently pushing up her eyelids with his fingers, he said: “Look here, sir; you see, it is not noon yet!”

But the good Abbé did not “see.” However, he thanked the boy and walked on, wondering how in China a cat's eyes could help to tell the time. A few days afterward he was told that the pupils of a cat's eyes become narrow toward noon-day, when each of them is like a fine line up and down the eye, and that after twelve o'clock the pupils grow large again.

This may or may not be the case, my dears, with cats that live elsewhere than in China, and it would be well to take good care of your own eyes if you intend to look into the time-telling powers of your pet pussies,—for a cat may be a good clock, and yet not be good-tempered.

SIEMPRE VIVA.

DEAR JACK: I am told that, in crossing the "deserts" of Arizona or New Mexico, or Southern Nevada, you may see little round masses rolled about by the wind, over the scrub plain. They are called *balls*, perhaps, and very small, round, and look like balls of tangled moss. If a thunder-shower should come,—a rare boon in those deserts,—you would see the next day a large number of bright green places, as large as breakfast plates, all about you on the sand. These are what were yesterday the balls, all dry and withered. The dry balls are often brought away by travelers, as curiosities, to surprise their friends at home. In San Francisco you may buy them readily in the shops.

Put one on a plate, and fill the plate with water, and then watch the change. It is not immediate, but, after a time, you see the ball begin to uncurl and spread out, and while it is doing this it grows green. In the course of a few hours your plate is covered with a flat, exquisitely shaped and divided plant, as bright as may be.

Pour off the water, and in two days you have again your brown, mossy ball. Strange, isn't it?—but it is true. These plants grow only in such deserts, and need no roots going down into the ground. The Mexicans call them *sempre viva*, which means Always Living; as some of our plants and flowers, which do not wither, are called Everlasting, or, in the greenhouses, Immortelles.

W. O. A.

A LONG FAST

DID you ever notice how slowly a snail moves, just as if he were afraid the shell-house on his back would tumble off if he were not careful? Well, I'll tell you a secret. It is because he knows he has plenty of time! Snails are none of your short-lived animals. They grow to a good old age, considering their small size; and, what is more, they can go so long without eating anything (I mean anything that human eyes can see) that they seem always to have any amount of leisure on their hands. I'm told that a Mr. Simons, of Dublin, a Fellow of the Royal Society, had some snails in their shells in his cabinet that lived more than twenty years without being fed, or appearing to eat anything at all. There they staid, always on their good behavior, quiet and orderly as any other of the "specimens." But they may have had their own opinion of Mr. Simons as a host, after all.

WHOLESOME MEDICINE.

DEACON GREEN was pacing thoughtfully up and down the path in my meadow, one fair evening lately, when he bumped against little Nelly Brown.

She was studying some lesson from her open book as she stumbled along. The little maid was even paler than she usually becomes toward school-examination time; but the Deacon softly laid his hand on her head, bade her shut her book, gave her a kind word and a smile, and sent her home with the knot smoothed out of her brow.

The next time he came down the path he met the dear Little School-ma'am, and she was stepping briskly along, her cheeks as rosy as the sunset. Said he:

"That little pale-faced Nelly Brown has just gone by. She studies too hard, I'm afraid. I wish you could give her the recipe by which you keep so well and cheery in spite of your hard work."

"Well, I will," said she, her face all smiling, like my dimpled brook where the red rose droops over it. "It's *festina lente*, as you know, that works

the charm." Then she tripped away westward into the glow that topped the hill.

"Ah!" said the Deacon, as he stopped to watch her. "It's *festina lente* and good-will combined,* I think. But it's a very pleasant kind of medicine just to look at you; there's not a doubt of that." And then he walked away with a light step.

A GILDED LIBRARY.

DEAR JACK: I wonder if the dear Little School-ma'am who tells you so many things ever heard of the strange way that books are placed in the library of the Escorial of Spain. In the first place, the books are bound alike and gilded on the edges. Then the names are placed on the gilt, and the edges turned out in the shelves, which makes a very gay show—all gilding. G. T.

Thanks! friend G. T. The Little School-ma'am says she had not heard of this. Now, who can tell Jack more about this wonderful Escorial, or Escorial, as the Little School-ma'am calls it?

FEEDING AN ODD PET.

THE pet was a bat, a creature half-mouse, half-bird. But it looked so much like almost any-



thing else, that the gentleman who caught it called to his companion, saying: "Come and see the big moth I have captured!"

This bat was kept for some time in a room, and was fed with meat chopped into tiny pieces and offered to it on a bonnet-pin—as in the picture.

One day the maid picked up the poor little thing by mistake among some scraps, thinking it was a wad of old paper. Just as she was about to throw it into the fire, the bat flew off, scaring her dreadfully. At last a big, lazy bull-frog, which was kept in the same room, swallowed the poor bat, and that was the last of it.

* See "Festina Lente," by Thomas Hughes, in *ST. NICHOLAS* for February, 1877,—and "Good-will," by J. T. Trowbridge, in *ST. NICHOLAS* for April, 1877.—ED.]

REPORT CONCERNING THE HISTORICAL "PI."

NEW YORK, February 24, 1882.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS: The deed is done. At last all the solutions of the "Historical Pi" have been examined, and the Committee, after most carefully considering and weighing their comparative merits, is ready to report. Being one of the Committee myself, I freely confess that it has done its work remarkably well, and in spite of conflicting elements the result evinces fair play and a high sense of honor. The fact is, my friend Timothy Plunkett is almost too tender-hearted to be on any Committee; then the blessed Little School-ma'am is so fearfully intelligent and exact that no error can escape her. Being justice personified, the little lady shakes an emphatic "No" when Brother Plunkett pleads in behalf of a well-written solution, with only three or four omissions, one or two additions, and a few misspelt words. I can not help feeling she is right, until he adds, impressively, that the competitor is a poor little working-girl with an invalid mother—or else a self-taught orphan—or perhaps a Western farm-boy, who is busy in the fields and has only four months' schooling in the winter—or a lad away off in Scotland, who made ten solutions of the Pi before he succeeded in getting this special result—and so on, as the case may be. Then over I go to Brother Plunkett's side, until at last my vote is rendered null and void by my being left in the minority, since "an historical Pi" always should be corrected in strict accord with the conditions set forth in Deacon Green's original offer.*

Fortunately there is the Roll of Honor, and a few of these children who have done wonders, considering the peculiar difficulties under which they worked, have been voted a place on it. But for this I do believe Brother Plunkett would have withdrawn from the Committee. Alas, even the Roll of Honor can not satisfy us, for to put in every name that we would be glad to insert, would make the list entirely too long to be printed in this magazine.

In conclusion, let me thank you, one and all, my dear young friends, for your help and the great interest you have taken. You have made us very proud and happy. The one hundred new dollar-bills shall go, at once, to the one hundred successful competitors, with the compliments of the committee. Your obedient servant,

SILAS GREEN.

THE PI CORRECTED.

We propose to mention here a few of the world's great generals, inventors, discoverers, poets, and men of noted deeds.

Hannibal was born at Carthage, which city was so hated by Cato that he rarely made a speech without saying: "Carthage must be destroyed!" Of other noted generals, Julius Cæsar was a Roman; Frederick the Great was a Prussian; Napoleon Bonaparte was a Corsican; and Ulysses S. Grant is an American.

It is believed that Galileo invented the telescope and discovered the satellites of Jupiter and the revolution of the earth; that Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation and William Harvey the circulation of the blood; that James Watt invented the steam-engine; George Stephenson, the locomotive; Robert Fulton, the steam-boat; Samuel Morse, the telegraph; John Ericsson, the monitor; Elias Howe, the sewing-machine; Eli Whitney, the cotton-gin; and Charles Darwin, the naturalist, the theory of The Descent of Man.

Among poets, the greatest in all history is Shakespeare; while Goethe ranks highest in the poetry of Germany, and Dante in that of Italy. Tennyson and Browning are famous English poets of our day.

Many men have performed special feats. Alexander conquered and rode Bucephalus, the most fiery, if not the fastest, horse of ancient times; Blondin frequently crossed the Niagara River on the tight-rope; and Dr. Tanner claims to have lived forty days without eating.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

Almost three thousand solutions were sent in, and not only was every State and Territory of our own country represented, but also England, Scotland, Ireland, Nova Scotia, Canada, and British Columbia. In sifting this mass of contributions, it quickly became evident that scores of bright boys and girls had closed their cyclopedias, or gram-

mars, or spelling-books too soon in their kindly efforts to help the Deacon out of his trouble, and so had left his bit of history still sadly awry.

On the other hand, however, the Committee were astonished to find how thorough and determined had been the work of those who evidently meant to win, and the race between these ran so close, that solutions containing only a few errors were soon left behind. When it came to the final summing-up, there proved to be only nineteen, indeed, which had not a single error; but there were sixty-one which contained but *one* mistake, and these two groups left but a score of spaces on the prize-list for the best twenty of those which contained *two* mistakes. After comparing and arguing and balloting, the twenty named in the third of the following lists were unanimously agreed upon—with the proviso that a Roll of Honor should be appended.

Lest any should feel that even the slightest injustice has been done, it should be understood that in all cases the most liberal allowances were made that were possible, *considering the conditions of the Deacon's offer, and the closeness of the competition.* The mere order of arrangement of facts and names, no matter how varied, was never counted a mistake, provided that the solution was accurate and complete as to all the facts and names themselves, and correct in punctuation, spelling, and in clearly defining the discoveries and the inventions. Yet, in many cases, deviations that otherwise might have seemed trivial had to be counted errors when compared with an absolutely perfect restoration of the Pi.

Aside from mistakes of spelling, grammar, and punctuation, the most frequent errors in the solutions were: (1) a wrong use of the words *invented* and *discovered* (which were often carelessly confounded and even used more times than they occurred in the Pi); (2) the use of "the fastest if not the most fiery" concerning Bucephalus, instead of "the most fiery if not the fastest"; (3) the omission of words that were given in the Pi, or the insertion of words that did not appear in the Deacon's original.

In conclusion, it only remains to be said that the Committee heartily agrees with the many who have said in their letters that, even if they should fail to win the prize, they have gained much more than the worth of a dollar in the pleasure and profit received through their efforts to restore the Pi.

PRIZE WINNERS.

The following nineteen sent restorations without a single error:

Mary G. Webster.	Henrietta P. Priestley.
Harry L. Reed.	Frank B. Ladd.
Philip S. Abbot.	Kate S. Vincent.
Harry H. Rousseau.	Clara J. Child.
Edwin H. Gaggin.	Robert A. Gally.
Edson D. Hale.	Rosa S. Jewell.
Mary J. Knox.	Charles S. Kellogg.
Emma D. Mallory.	Kittie Warren.
L. C. Baker.	Foster M. Follett.
	Frank W. Tuttle.

The restorations sent by the following contained only one error:

Constance M. Carter.	Claude L. Wheeler.	May T. Harwood.
Annie B. Chapman.	Genie Trask.	May F. Willard.
Willie H. Page.	Milly S. Rann.	Annie B. Jones.
Alice Nelson.	William L. Simms.	Annie Forstall.
John C. Allen.	Fanny Pierce.	Francis L. Palmer.
M. Alice Chase.	Carrie H. Thompson.	Alice Maud King.
Cecil K. Bancroft.	Olcott O. Partridge.	William H. Adams.
F. Story Conant.	Willis K. Denison.	Frank C. Nourse.
Edith L. Clapp.	Paul W. England.	Libbie S. Day.
Alice W. Clark.	Howard C. Tracy.	Bertha W. Beman.
May Gore.	Minnie Warner.	Nellie J. Parker.
Jennie D. Lovell.	E. Ludlow Gould.	Eugene Loren Waldo.
S. Libbie Stewart.	Isabella Roelker.	R. T. Hack.
Harry W. George.	J. B. Nichols.	Ed. H. Waldo.
Mary D. Allis.	Marc W. Comstock.	Maud M. Lamb.
Cora L. Armstrong.	Charles A. Hanna.	Thad. S. Lane.
C. J. Atwater.	Nellie Beebe.	Mary E. Hitchcock.
Roscoe B. Kendig.	Mayne Longstreth.	Addie L. Gardiner.
Philip B. Jennings.	Mattie Parker.	Annie L. Chapin.
Decatur Pulford.	Winfield R. Smith.	
	Charles H. Ellingwood.	

Of those whose restorations contained only two errors, the fol-

* See ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1881, page 180, and for March, 1882, page 415.

word': but inexcusable carelessness and haste in copying, coupled with the recollection that it was Hermes who brought Persephone back to Demeter, led to the error, which, unfortunately, was again overlooked in reading the proof."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers tell me the origin of the "Man in the Moon"? And why is he supposed to be made of green cheese? The moon is not in the least green; on the contrary, it is, as we all know, "silvery," as the poets say. I suppose the fable about there being a man in the moon is about as old as Mother Goose, is it not?—Yours, sincerely, "MOONBEAM."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In looking through ST. NICHOLAS for 1881, I found, in the May number, in an article by Mrs. Oliphant entitled "Mary, Queen of Scots," the following sentence: "Mary's grandfather, James IV., was called, Sir Walter Scott tells us, in the 'Lady of the Lake'—of which this romantic, gallant knight and monarch is the hero—'the Commons' King,'" etc. But it was Mary's father, James V., who was called the "Commons' King," and who is the hero of the "Lady of the Lake." When he laments the loss of his "gallant grey," he says:

"I little thought when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine."

Now, James IV. was never in France, but James V. paid a long visit there in 1536-37, when he married Madame Magdalene of France, daughter of Francis I.; and as Lindsay, of Piscotie, names "twenty vera bonnie steeds" as among the gifts bestowed by Francis on his royal son-in-law, it may be fairly supposed that the "gallant grey" was one of that number.

He obtained the name of the Commons' King from the severity with which he punished those chiefs and nobles who robbed and oppressed their weaker neighbors. In 1529, he went with an army of ten thousand men through Ettrick Forest, where no poor man could live unless he paid tribute for the protection of some noble, and did justice on the oppressors. He hanged Sir Piers Cockburn, who had prepared a feast for him, over the gate of his own castle of Henderland. He executed, also, Adam Scott, of Tushielow, called "King of the Border," and the famous Johnnie Armstrong, with thirty-six companions. After which, says Lindsay, of Piscotie, he kept ten thousand sheep in Ettrick Forest as safe as if they were in his own park in Fifehire, and all through his reign "the rush-bush kept the cow."

He carried his preference of the commonalty to such an extent as to make Oliver Sinclair general of the army he sent against England in 1541-42, and thereby caused the disgraceful defeat of "Salway Moss," where the proud nobles refused to fight under a man of no rank, and surrendered without striking a blow; and so keenly was the shame felt by the high-spirited king, that it caused his death.

His dislike of the Douglasses, who were ruined and banished by him, was caused by the treatment he had received from them during his minority, and the annoyance caused him by the conduct of his mother's second husband, the Earl of Angus.—I remain, respectfully, etc.,
SOPHIE S. HUNGERFORD.

In behalf of thousands of boys and girls who have read with deep interest Mr. Kieffer's admirable "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," we give extracts from three of the many pleasant letters which the "Recollections" have drawn from veterans in various parts of the country.

The first letter was originally addressed to Mr. Kieffer, but with his consent and that of the writer, we are permitted to print it here:

FORT WAYNE STATION, INDIANA, January 9, 1882.

REV. HARRY M. KIEFFER,

My Dear Sir: Through the kindness of the editor of ST. NICHOLAS I have been furnished with your address. My object in asking for it was to thank you, from the very bottom of my heart, for the vivid and truthful descriptions of camp and battle-field scenes which you are now placing before the young folk of America in your "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," through the medium of the good ST. NICHOLAS. My attention was first called to them by my little son Frank (twelve years old), who often asks me to tell him stories of my own army experiences. He was much interested in your description of the battle of Gettysburg in the January number.

He said: "Papa, some one is writing in my ST. NICHOLAS about his experiences in the army, and he, like you, was a boy when he enlisted." To please the child, I began with the first article in November ST. NICHOLAS and read them through. I was so struck with the graphic and vivid descriptions that I was at once convinced it was no fancy sketch, but the actual experience of one who had been there. I could not believe that any one who had not passed through the actual experiences of army life could so faithfully

describe them. Some days after this, I attended a reunion of the Eighty-eighth Regiment Indiana Volunteers, held at this place, upon the anniversary of the battle of Stone River. Being called upon for a speech, I spoke of the part my own regiment (the Forty-fourth Indiana) took in the engagement, and then referred to the articles in ST. NICHOLAS as being the most vivid and life-like of all descriptions of army life I had ever read. I related the incidents you had depicted—old John Burns, the recapture of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Regiment's flag, and so forth. When I had closed, Comrade John C. Kensill arose and said that, from what I had just told them, he knew that the writer in the ST. NICHOLAS must have been a member of his regiment (the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Bucktail Brigade), as he (Kensill) was the one who had led the charge which resulted in the recapture of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Regiment's flag. He then told the story of the battle of Gettysburg in such a manner as to convince me that you both must have belonged to the same regiment. This incident added to my interest in the "Recollections," and induced me to seek your address and write to you.

Although the armies in which we served were wide apart, yet the incidents of camp-life and battle-field vary only in the *personne!* and the locality.

I enlisted in 1861, at the age of sixteen, and served through the entire war, being mustered out September, 1865. Of the original members of my regiment that took the field in 1861, only one hundred and nineteen returned in 1865. Our dead sleep upon almost every battle-field of the West. Our battle-flag bears the names of Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Stone River, Chickamauga, and others. We, the survivors, gather together once a year, usually upon the anniversary of one of our battle-days, to renew our associations, review our battles, sing our old army-songs, and have a good time. This we hope to continue to do until some time in the twentieth century, when the last old gray-headed veteran shall have ceased to answer to roll-call. Then the Forty-fourth Regiment Indiana Veteran Volunteers will be finally disbanded on this shore. May they all meet above!

And now, in closing, again I thank you for placing before the youth of our country so truthful a statement of what their fathers did to preserve the nation. Thanks for the "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," and thanks to the good ST. NICHOLAS for being the medium of so wide a circulation.—Yours truly,

SAM. B. SWEET,
Late of Co. C., 44th Regt. Ind. Vols.

The second letter is from an "old First Corps man," who received two bullets through his hip in the big charge, on the third day at Gettysburg, and who now is in one of the Departments at Washington. He says:

DEAR MR. KIEFFER: I take the ST. NICHOLAS for my daughter, and casually took it up while smoking my "night-cap" pipe last evening, and I assure you I read it twice over, and it brought back the old times so vividly that the chimes rang out midnight before my reverie was ended. . . . You remember how well the One Hundred and Fifty-first Regiment (my old regiment) and the Twentieth New York held the left that first day, and I trust you will kindly accept the thanks of an unknown comrade for the story you have told so well.

And here is just a word from the gentleman who, it seems, enlisted our "Drummer-boy," and whose letter is here printed without Mr. Kieffer's knowledge:

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: . . . The writer takes pleasure in saying that he enlisted the "Drummer-boy," whose "Recollections" are so graphically and touchingly described in your monthly. Harry M. Kieffer, of Company D, One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers (Bucktail Regiment), was personally as popular with the boys in the company and regiment as are his contributions to the ST. NICHOLAS. A brave soldier, an exemplary, noble youth, a worthy son of pious parents. And he is to-day an influential, zealous, able worker as a minister in one of the leading churches of Eastern Pennsylvania.—Respectfully yours,

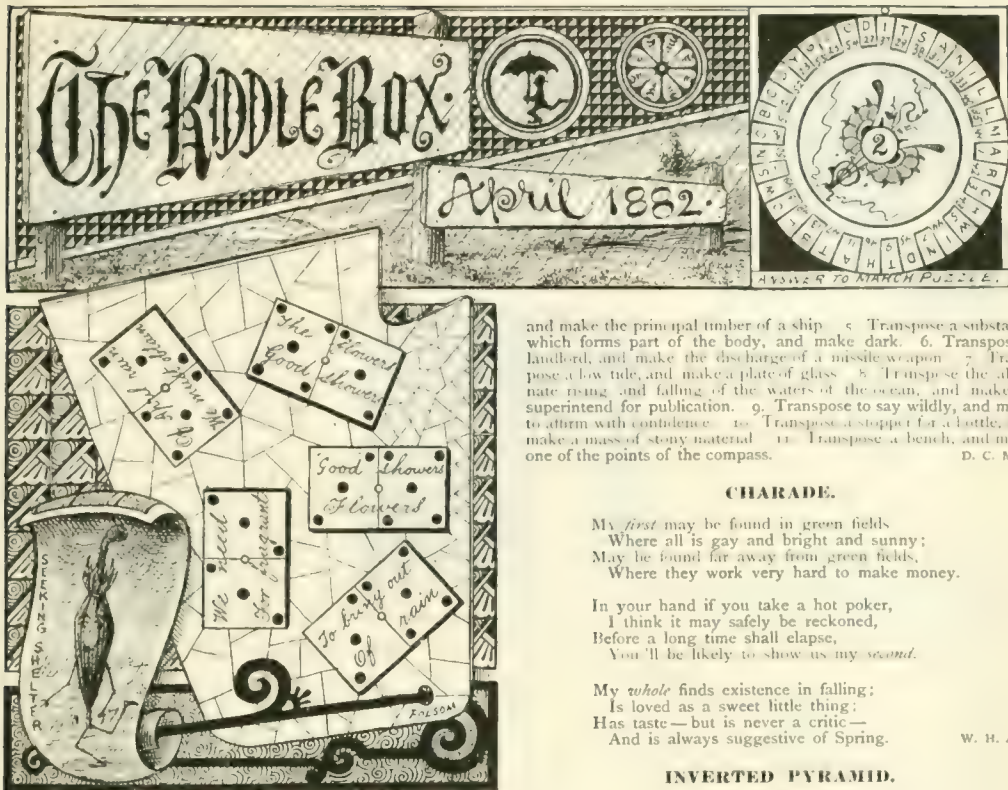
H. W. CROTZER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading the "Letter-box" of the February number of the ST. NICHOLAS I found a request for "Marsh-mallow Paste," and as I have one I inclose it.

MARSH-MALLOW PASTE.

Dissolve one pound of clean white gum arabic in one quart of water; strain, and add one pound of refined sugar; place over a fire, stirring continually until the sirup is dissolved and the mixture has become of the consistency of honey; next add the whites of eight eggs, previously beaten; stir the mixture all the time until it loses its thickness and does not adhere to the finger; flavor with rose or anything you like; pour into a tin or box dusted with powdered starch; when cool, divide into small squares or strips.—Yours truly,

CLARA E. WARD.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

MAKE duplicates of the five dominos represented in the drawing. Arrange them so that the halves of the dominos will match in the number of spots. By thus matching them, see how many different readings can be made of the April couplet written upon them.

DIAGONALS.

DIAGONALS: One who is imposed upon. ACROSS: 1. Plentiful. 2. Part of a wheel. 3. A blackbird. 4. Delicate. 5. Jeopardy. 6. Cunting. 7. To scowl. 8. A subject. 9. A flowering shrub.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in mend, but not in tear;
My second in tune, but not in air;
My third is in silver, but not in gold;
My fourth is in valiant, but not in bold;
My fifth is in jacket, but not in vest;
My whole makes merry, and soothes to rest.

DYCIE.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

WHEN the transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the made words, placed in the order here given, will name a famous dramatist who was born and who died on the same date in April.

1. Transpose a flat, circular plate, and make a chain used to fasten a wagon-wheel, to prevent its turning when descending a steep hill.
2. Transpose a covering for the foot, and make stockings.
3. Transpose to bewilder, and make a carpenter's tool for chipping.
4. Transpose a plant regarded by Welshmen as a national emblem,

and make the principal timber of a ship. 5. Transpose a substance which forms part of the body, and make dark. 6. Transpose a landlord, and make the discharge of a missile weapon. 7. Transpose a low tide, and make a plate of glass. 8. Transpose the alternate rising and falling of the waters of the ocean, and make to superintend for publication. 9. Transpose to say wildly, and make to affirm with confidence. 10. Transpose a stopper for a bottle, and make a mass of stony material. 11. Transpose a bench, and make one of the points of the compass. D. C. M.

CHARADE.

My first may be found in green fields
Where all is gay and bright and sunny;
May be found far away from green fields,
Where they work very hard to make money.

In your hand if you take a hot poker,
I think it may safely be reckoned,
Before a long time shall elapse,
You'll be likely to show us my second.

My whole finds existence in falling;
Is loved as a sweet little thing;
Has taste—but is never a critic—
And is always suggestive of Spring.

W. H. A.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

ACROSS: 1. Inclined to favor unreasonably. 2. To move in a military manner. 3. A kind of pastry. 4. In April. DOWNWARD: 1. In April. 2. A much used verb. 3. To knock. 4. A brief journey. 5. An article harvested in cold weather. 6. An exclamation. 7. In April.

EASY DIAMOND.

1. In Nilometer. 2. A young boy. 3. A language used by the ancients. 4. To delve. 5. In Nilometer. FAYE NEIL.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

TAKE five words of equal length from the following sentences; when these are rightly selected and placed, one below another, the two central rows of letters, reading downward, will spell two words which are often heard at this time of the year.

Once upon a time there was a young frog who constructed a raft and also a canoe. "I can now fill one or the other with provisions," said he, "and take a little jaunt down the river." M. V. W.

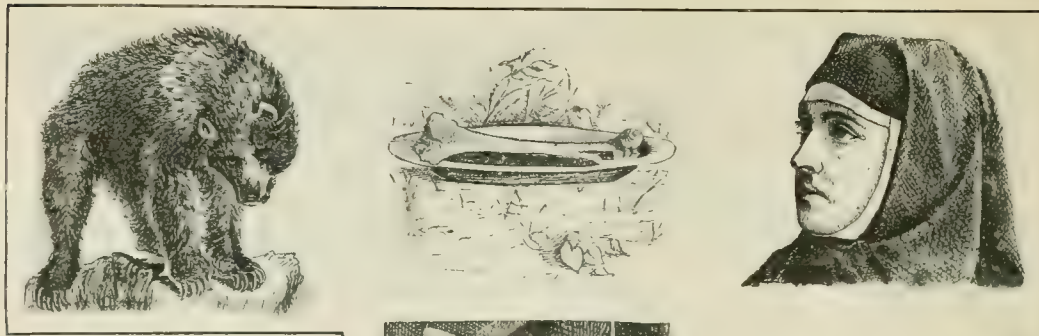
RABBIT PUZZLE.

DRAW a picture of three earless rabbits and three rabbit-ears in such a way that each rabbit shall have two ears.

SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-two letters, and am a quotation from "Hamlet."

My 12-5-9-30-15-24-4 is one to whom his father gave good advice, as he was about to start on his travels. My 8-3-7-11-5 "never told her love." My 6-30-31-1-31-23 was "the noblest Roman of them all." My 14-13-2-19-25-11-20 "loved not wisely but too well." My 10-18-29-7-22-17-20 is the noblest friend mentioned by Shakespeare. My 16-32-30-14 is a heroine who was falsely accused. My 26-11-5-21 is what Portia discovered in the bond. My 27-28-12-25-10-30-17-20 helped Portia. M. W. G.



THE pictorial puzzle on this page is based upon part of a nursery-rhyme. The pictures represent the last words of four of the lines of one verse. What is the verse?

RHOMBROID.

ACROSS: 1. A staff. 2. A place of constant residence. 3. What *Hamlet* said was "out of joint." 4. A word formerly used to signify advice or counsel. DOWN: 1. One hundred. 2. An exclamation. 3. A word expressing denial. 4. A ruler. 5. Three-sevenths of a precious stone. 6. The end of a circle.

METAGRAMS.

I. WHOLE, I am a small vessel. Change my initial letter each time, and I successively become obscure, an exclamation, a bird, a target, and an extensive garden.

II. Whole, I signify to partake of the principal meal of the day.



A boy's nickname 7.
J. S. TENNANT.

PHONETIC SPELLING-LESSON.

COMBINE two letters of the alphabet in such a way that, when spoken, they form a word. Example: A girl's name. Answer: K T (Katy).

1. A climbing plant. 2. A kind of material used for dresses. 3. Not difficult. 4. To try. 5. Void. 6. To surpass. 7. A county of England. 8. To covet. 9. A river of Asia. 10. Set in order. 11. A nocturnal quadruped. 12. An architectural molding. E. C. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES. Circular Puzzle: See head-piece for this month. Easy Rebus: Pennsylvania. Monogram: Cyclone.

LADDER. Andrew Jackson; James Garfield. Cross-words: 1. Not A. 2. Rat E. 3. Win G. 4. Afar. 5. Kohl (noor). 6. Opa L. A KETTLE OF FISH. 1. Perch. 2. Pike. 3. Shad (ow). 4. Herring. 5. Sole. 6. Chub. 7. Smelt. 8. Sheepshead. 9. Dolphin. 10. Halibut. 11. Whiting. 12. Lamprey.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS. I. 1 L. 2 P E N. 3. Le Mon. 4. NOW. 5. N. II. 1. T. 2. ARM. 3. Tr Es. 4. MEt. 5. S.

HEADS AND TAILS. 1. Cart. 2. Clamp. 3. Ebony. 4. Wink. 5. Fire. 6. Cow L.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials: Middlemarch. Finals: George Eliot. Cross-words: 1. Mannerin G. 2. Imped E. 3. Did O. 4. Disast R. 5. Lo G. 6. Educat E. 7. Menageti E. 8. Admirat L. 9. Rabbl. 10. Came O. 11. Hamlet.

DEFECTIVE PROVERB. Keep things for seven years and you will find uses for them.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Circus.

SYNCOPIATIONS. 1. Print—Pint. 2. Window—widow. 3. Tray—Tay. 4. Table—tale. 5. Penal—peal. 6. Marine—Maine.

A PICTORIAL WORD-SQUARE.

Put on the fire at early morn—

Holding a breakfast for the boys (Pan).

A tool for making extra fuel for those

Who cook the meal the hungry youth enjoys (Axe).

Now let us see the finder of the feast;

Its casting many a strong man's time employs (Net).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A rolling stone gathers no moss.

PI. The stormy March has come at last,

With wind and clouds and changing skies;

I hear the rushing of the blast

That through the snowy valley flies.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, in "March"

TWO SQUARES. I. 1. Peace. 2. Earls. 3. Areas. 4. Clara. 5. Essay. II. 1. Quart. 2. UMBER. 3. Abase. 4. Rests. 5. Tress.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 20, from C. F. Horne—George Salter—Aidyl Airoctiv Trebor—P. S. Clarkson—J. S. Tennant—"Kid"—"Macaulay"—Martha and Eva de la Guerra,—and Florence Leslie Kye.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 20, from Marion S. Dumont, 1—Livingston Ham, 2—Harry, 1—Edith McKeever, and Amy Elliott, 9—Saidie Hall, 8—Grace H., 4—Lulu Allen, 2—Charles Townsend, 3—Mary B. Tarr, 2—Georgia Harlan, 10—Skipper, 13—Will H. Post, 4—Willie Walker, 6—Anna Mallon, 8—Bessie Robins, 2—Grace H. Semmes, 2—Lillian V. Leach, 1—J. T. Sarratt, 7—J. H. Norris, 3—Louise Gilman, 8—G. Beals, 3—Paul England, 2—Faye Neil and Sister, 3—Professor and Co., 9—Helen M., 5—"Bidie," 4—"Two Dromios," 13—Sanford B. Martin, 1—Minnie B. Murray, 6—Katie L. Freeland, 2—Lulu G. Crabbe, 6—Frankie Crawford, 4—Blanche Coppock, 1—Erfie K. Talboys, 12—G. H. Semmes, 2—Florence Wilcox, 10—J. Perry Seward, 3—May Beadle, 9—Isabel Bingay, 8—Mattie Winkler, 7—Dot and Lot, 13—Margaret W. Stickney, 1—Weston Stickney, 5—Carrie C. Oliver, 4—Lalla E. Croft, 2—"Zaita," 4—Anna and Alice, 11—Lizzie Fyter, 5—D. W. Roberts, 3—M. B. Alexander, 6—Blanche and Grace Parry, 8—Fred Carragan, 6—Rosa and Mamie, 2—Jennie E. Cutler, 4—"Star," 10—Jack and Tommy, 6—"Minnie Ha Ha," 10—Clara and her Aunt, 12—"Rory O'More," 3—Mattie Gilbert Colt, 1—A. M. S., 3—Willie Serrell, 2—Bessie C. Rogers, 4—Nellie Caldwell, 11—Genie Callmeyer, 12—"Warren," 4—Jennie and Bessie, 5—Mabel Ray McCurdy, 8—D. B. Shumway, 7—"Two Subscribers," 13—Marion Booth, 5—Phil I. Pine, 5—"X. Y. Z., 6—Ethel C. L. Weeks, 8—Daisy and Buttercup, 10—Madge and Katie Robertson, 12—"Queen Bess," 13—Adele and Delia, 9—Algie Tassin, 8—Edward Dana Sabine, 1—J. C. Winne, 1—Maude and Sadie, 3—O. B. and C. F. Judson, 10—Charlie W. Power, 11—Anna and Arthur, 3—W. M. Kingsley, 11—Nemo, Jr., 7—Alice Maud Kye, 8—Appleton H., 11—Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 10—Robert B. Arry, 3—Myra C. Holbrook, 12—Lulu Graves, 7—Lyde W. McKinney, 13—Sallie Viles, 13—Enid Mary Smith, 1—Campbell, 3—Marguerite, 6—Hester M. Frere Powell, 9—Clara L. Northway, 9.

Numerals denote number of puzzles solved.

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From the engraving, by Samuel Cousins, of the painting by Greuze.

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WHY THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE.

BY SOPHIE SWELL.

KETURAH was in the kitchen making a chicken pie of the Plymouth Rock rooster, whose domineering disposition had become unendurable.

She had been making pop-overs, which would soon come out of the oven, in all the crispness, and flakiness, and general toothsome-ness which made Keturah's pop-overs famous; so the kitchen was not a bad place to be in, just now. But Keturah had her apron on her head, and that was a sign that she was in the doleful dumps, and small boys and girls had better keep out of the way. That apron of Keturah's cast a shadow over the whole house, especially when Aunt Kate and Uncle Rufe had gone to Boston, and Keturah had all the small fry under her thumb.

Sam put his nose in at the crack of the kitchen door, and sniffed. The pop-overs allured, but Keturah's apron waved a warning, and Sam, being a wise boy, retreated.

Polly was in the garden hanging out the clothes. Sam, looking out of the hall window, saw her, and wondered if a blackbird had nipped her nose, it was so red. But the next moment a big tear dropped past it, and he saw that she was weeping, and there was her lover, Jake Pettibone, beating a hasty retreat, looking very sheepish. Keturah had "shooed" him off, just as she "shooed" the chickens. Keturah was Polly's aunt, and had been "more 'n a mother to her," as she was always reminding her.

Sam did wish that Polly had more spirit, and would n't allow her lover to be "shooed" away. Jake was such a good fellow, and owned such delightful boats.

Ike was down by the currant-bushes, now, dig-

ging worms for bait, preparatory to going fishing with Jake. Sam had been invited to go, but Keturah would n't let him, because it might rain, and he had had the croup when he was six months old. (This was the very worst attack of doleful dumps that Keturah had ever had.)

Kitty was in the garden, too, trying to put salt on a robin's tail; somebody had told her she could catch a robin so, and she believed it, because she was only a girl; and she did n't care if she could n't go fishing, for the same reason. It was almost as well to be a girl, as to be a boy, under Keturah's thumb; and Aunt Kate would be away for three weeks more, and there was no hope that Keturah would come out of the doleful dumps, and be her usual good-natured self—unless that provoking old clock should get over its mysterious habit of striking One, and unless she should find her saffron-colored silk stockings!

For Keturah was superstitious; she believed in signs and omens, and nobody could reason, nor laugh, nor coax her out of the belief. Nothing could induce her to begin any undertaking on Friday; she would not burn egg-shells, lest she should come to want; and, if she spilled salt, she was sure she should quarrel. If she saw the new moon over her left shoulder, or the first robin on a low bough, ill-luck was certain. If a mirror was broken, or a whip-poor-will sang on the roof, somebody in the house would die before the year was out. If a fork or a pin that was dropped stood up on the floor, or Casabianca, the cat, washed his face, she made preparations for company. She carried a horseshoe in her pocket to ward off

witches, and a potato to ward off rheumatism: She was always hearing mysterious noises, and was very scornful when anybody suggested rats. When she saw a "calico" horse, she wished, and she was sure that she would get her wish; and she always made a bow to the new moon, that it might bring her a present.

Uncle Rufe and Aunt Kate—who were like the best of parents to their little, orphaned nephews and nieces—were always telling them, privately, that Keturah's signs were all nonsense, and they must not listen to them; but so many signs "came true" that Ike and Kitty more than half believed Keturah was right. Did n't Ike have that fight with Neddy Forrester the very day that he spilled all his salt at breakfast? And did n't he get his velocipede, and Kitty her walking doll,—presents from Uncle Jack,—only two days after they bowed to the moon? Sam declared it to be his belief that they would have had the presents, even if they had failed to pay their respects to the moon, and, as for the salt, Neddy Forrester had been threatening to "whip" Ike for a long time.

Sam was almost ten, and Aunt Kate had told him that she depended upon him to teach the other children not to mind Keturah's nonsense.

But he did quake, inwardly, whenever Keturah heard very strange noises, and prophesied dreadful things. However, he had n't quaked half so much since Keturah had twice called him to the door, in the evening, to see a ghost in the garden; and one ghost was the Bartlett pear-tree, all blossomed out white, and the other was a stray white cow that had taken a fancy to the cabbages! Then Sam had concluded that there was something as substantial and commonplace as a pear-tree or a cow at the bottom of all ghost stories, and he had felt sure that Keturah could n't scare him again—but it was queer that that clock should strike One!

The disappearance of Keturah's saffron-colored silk stockings—which had been given her by her first and only lover, a sailor, who was drowned on his second voyage—was not so unaccountable. Keturah had a great many bundles and budgets; she was, as she declared, "uncommon savin'," and hoarded all the scraps that would otherwise have found their way to the rag-bag. Sam suspected that in one of Keturah's budgets the saffron-colored silk stockings, which she felt sure had been spirited away as a warning of impending evil, were hiding themselves.

But what *could* make that clock strike One?

It was a tall old hall-clock, that had been in the family for generations; it had not been in working order for years, and was supposed to have outlived its usefulness. Some people admired it very much, but the children thought it very ugly,

with its great gilt griffin on the top, and its gilt claw feet, just like a beast. Keturah had always felt there was something queer about that clock.

And now it did seem as if there was something queer about the clock; for it had struck, on five or six occasions, just one loud, solemn stroke, which could be heard all over the house.

It struck the very first night after Uncle Rufe and Aunt Kate went away, between nine and ten o'clock at night. Sam and Ike were awakened, and got out of their beds to see what was the matter. Keturah was as white as a sheet, wringing her hands, and bewailing that something was going to happen, whereupon Ike got back into bed, and covered his head with the clothes.

Sam slipped into his pantaloons, so as to be ready for emergencies, and crept down two or three stairs. He peered over the balusters at the clock. A moonbeam fell exactly across the griffin's head. It did n't wink, but its eyes flashed like coals of fire.

I am sorry to say that Sam followed Ike.

Keturah said that something dreadful must have happened to Uncle Rufe or Aunt Kate. But the next day she received a telegram, saying that they were well, and had had a very pleasant journey.

And Sam thought that something might have jarred the clock, and made it strike, and he wished he had n't covered up his head with the bedclothes. If he'd only had time to think, he'd have marched boldly up to the clock, and found out what was the matter! He lay awake for more than an hour, mourning that he, the man of the family, should have let the others think he was afraid.

He was awakened by another stroke of the clock. There was a faint glimmer of dawn creeping in at the window—not enough to give the cheerful courage that comes with morning, but just enough to make the furniture take on ghostly shapes.

Instead of going boldly down-stairs, Sam sat up in bed, with his teeth chattering; and when the door-knob turned slowly, and the door opened softly, Ike or even Kitty could not have popped down under the clothes more quickly than he did!

It was only Keturah. Sam felt wonderfully re-assured when he heard her voice, and he emerged from his retirement, and assumed as easy and confident a manner as a boy *could* assume while his teeth were chattering.

"That clock wa' n't never struck with hands!" announced Keturah, solemnly.

"Of course it was n't the hands that made it strike," began Sam, but his feeble attempt at a joke was promptly frowned down by Keturah.

"I felt in my bones that something was a-goin' to happen, even before them saffron-colored silk stockin's was spirited away," said she, in a doleful voice, and with many shakings of the head. "And,

as if them stockin's wa' n't warnin' enough, there 's that old clock, that haint been wound up nobody knows when, and with its insides all gi'n out, anyhow, a-strikin' out loud and solemn enough to wake the seven sleepers of Christendom! I haint no expectation that we shall ever see your aunt and uncle ag'in!"

"I say, Keturah, if I were you, I 'd go down and take a look at that clock! You might find out what makes it strike," said Sam.

"I sha' n't meddle nor make with the works of darkness, and I 'd advise you not to, neither," said Keturah.

Sam scarcely needed that advice. He felt even less like investigating the matter than he had the night before. Even in the broad, cheerful daylight he gave that clock a wide berth.

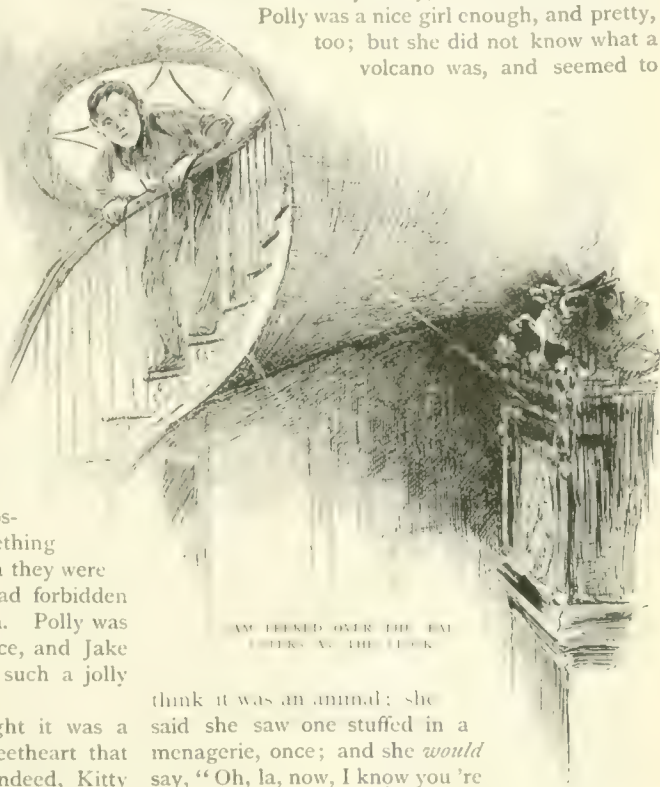
After that, the clock struck, once or twice, every night; and three times it had struck in the daytime,—each time when Jake Pettibone, Polly's lover, was in the house; and from this, Keturah had become possessed of the idea that Jake had something to do with the impending evil of which they were warned by the clock. And so she had forbidden Polly to have anything to say to him. Polly was almost broken-hearted, in consequence, and Jake was as much under the weather as such a jolly sailor could be.

Sam and Ike and Kitty all thought it was a great shame. If there ever was a sweetheart that was worth having, Jake was one. Indeed, Kitty had resolved to marry him, herself, when she should grow up, if Polly did n't—unless Ike and she should keep a candy store, for which enterprise she was willing to forego matrimony. Jake had been "'round the world and home again," when he was only a boy. He had seen cocoanuts, and bananas, and dates, growing; he had been down in the ocean, and brought up great branches of coral, and shells that looked as if they were made of pure gold; he had been on intimate terms with monkeys, and wild men, and alligators, and earthquakes, and volcanoes; he had been half cooked by cannibals, scalped—in a mild way—by Indians, and had had a piece of his arm bitten out by a shark; he had been on a fishing expedition to "the Banks"; had killed, with his own hands, a shark as big as—well, I am obliged to confess that the size of that shark varied with each time that Jake told the story; but it was never smaller than

a whale, and it was once as large as the fabulous sea-serpent; he had caught a cod-fish so heavy that it nearly sank the vessel; had got wrecked, and escaped drowning only by a hair's breadth.

After all those good times, he had settled quietly down in Northport, and, wonderful man as he was, had become so condescending as to wish to marry Polly, the children's nurse.

Polly was a nice girl enough, and pretty, too; but she did not know what a volcano was, and seemed to



AM PEERED OVER THE RAIL
LOOKING AT THE CLOCK

think it was an animal; she said she saw one stuffed in a menagerie, once; and she *would* say, "Oh, la, now, I know you 're jokin'!" while Jake was relating his most thrilling adventures, which was very disagreeable.

To say nothing of his past greatness, Jake was now the proprietor of three boats; in one, he went fishing; the other two he kept to let. If there could be a happier or prouder position in life than Jake's, Sam and Ike would like to know what it was.

The fishing vessel was "as tidy a craft as you often run afoul of," as its owner often remarked, and the children were very fond of going fishing in it, although, to tell the truth, there was a fishy smell about it, which grew very strong just about the time the water began to break up into hills, and the boat began to make dancing-school bows, and you began to wish you had n't come. The little pleasure-yacht, the "Harnsome Polly," was "desarvin' of her name, and more 'n that you could n't say." That was Jake's opinion. The children thought Polly ought

to be very proud and grateful for the honor of having such a beautiful boat named for her. Jake's third boat was only a row-boat, named the "Racer," which he had made for himself; but it was everything that a row-boat ought to be, and he often lent it to Sam and Ike to row in, by themselves.

It will readily be seen that Jake was a valuable as well as a distinguished friend, and his marriage to Polly was an event greatly to be desired, especially as Jake threatened, if Aunt Keturah persisted in "cutting up rough," and preventing him from seeing Polly, to go off to the Cannibal Islands, and get himself wholly cooked, this time, and eaten; a harrowing possibility, the thought of which caused Kitty to dissolve into tears, and made Sam and Ike lose their zest for fishing, even, for a whole day.

And that queer, ridiculous old clock was at the bottom of all this trouble!

As Sam, looking out of the hall window, saw Jake being "shooed" away from Polly, he beckoned to him, slyly. He wanted to see whether that clock would strike as soon as he set foot in the house, as on former occasions, and he also wished to cheer Jake a little, lest he should, in desperation, set sail at once for the Cannibal Islands.

Poor Jake's round, rosy face was elongated until it looked like the reflection of a face in a spoon, and its jollity had given place to a woe-begoneness that was enough to make your heart ache.

He came cautiously around to the door, anxious lest Polly's vigilant aunt should espy him; but Keturah had returned to her chicken-pie, without having the faintest idea that Jake would be so audacious as to enter the house by the front door.

Jake stood still, just inside the door, and surveyed the clock. He was superstitious, as sailors usually are, and he seemed to prefer to keep at a respectful distance from that clock.

"She's an onaccountable cre'tur', now, aint she?"

Sam understood that he meant the clock, for Jake had a way of considering clocks, as well as vessels, as of the female sex.

"But it did n't strike, Jake! It did n't strike One when you came in!" exclaimed Sam.

"She did n't, that 's a fact!" said Jake, brightening a little. "Mebbe she 's gi'n over her pesky tricks. I don't see what nobody 's got ag'in' me to go to bewitchin' on her like that, anyhow!"

"I don't think it has anything to do with you, Jake. It strikes every night, and you are not here then," said Sam.

"But it 's kinder cur'us that she don't never set up to strike in the day-time, onless I be here. But there is folks, Sammy, that says none o' them things don't happen without nateral causes, and if there is a nateral cause for that there clock's per-

formances, I 'd gin somethin' harnsome to find it out! For there haint nothin' but jest clearin' up this here mystery that 'll ever fetch the old woman 'round"—with a nod toward the kitchen. "As for them saffron-colored silk stockin's,—she says, mebbe I haint got nothin' to do with their bein' sperited away, but that pesky clock's strikin' is a warnin' ag'in' me. Well, if Polly 'n' me has got to part, there 's the Cannibal Islands for me, and the sooner I 'm off the better!"

"Oh, Jake, don't go!" cried Sam, in distress. "Perhaps we shall find out what makes it strike. I 'm going to try!"

"Sammy, if you will find out, and fetch Keturah 'round, I 'll—I 'll take you mackerelin' clear'n outside the shoals, and I 'll—Sammy, I 'll make you a row-boat that 'll beat the 'Racer' all holler, and as pretty as new paint can make her!"

This was a dazzling offer, indeed! Sam felt ready to brave all the ghosts he had ever heard of, for such a prize. And to keep Jake away from the Cannibal Islands!—though he must be a great goose to let cannibals eat him, just for Polly.

"Of course, it is nothing but what can be accounted for, and I 'll find out for you, for nothing, Jake," said he, grandly. Just at that moment a sudden breeze, blowing through the open window, slammed the hall door.

A moment afterward the clock struck One!

Jake's ruddy face actually changed color, and he gazed at Sam in awe-stricken silence. Sam did n't feel so brave as he had felt a few moments before, but he marched up to the clock, and had his hand on the door when he heard Keturah's voice. He turned to look for Jake, but he had vanished.

"It 's jest because that Jake Pettibone was hangin' 'round here, though he 'did n't set his foot in the house. I did n't send him off none too soon, for it 's as true as preachin' that that warnin' has got somethin' to do with him! Sakes alive, child, you aint a-touchin' of it! Come right away, this minute; it 's a-flyin' in the face o' Providence to meddle with such things!"

Sam was not at all sure that he would have opened the clock door if Keturah had not appeared, for he felt very queer and "shaky."

His heart sank. He had a "presentiment," like Keturah. He felt sure that he should never have a boat that could beat the "Racer," that Polly would die of a broken heart, and the cannibals would dine off roasted Jake.

"Hickory, dickory, dock. A mouse ran up the clock;

The clock struck one, and down he ran, Hickory, dickory, dock!"

Sam awoke in the dead of the night, with this poem of Mother Goose running in his head. It

had, in some way, mingled itself with his dreams. It was no wonder, for Kitty was continually repeating Mother Goose's poetry, and the clock, which was in everybody's mouth, figuratively speaking, had probably put that verse into her head. Indeed,

tiresome old lady, whose poetry was of very little account—by which it will be seen that Sam's literary taste was poor. But now it occurred to him that a mouse *might* make a clock strike One, if it got in and frisked about among the works.



THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Sam remembered, now, that he had heard her singing it over and over the day before. It had not suggested any idea to him then; he only wished that he need not hear quite so much about clocks, and he thought that Mother Goose was a

A mouse might be the "nateral cause" that Jake would give so much to find. Sam might possibly make a discovery that would bring Keturah out of the doleful dumps, keep Jake from the cannibals, dry Polly's tears, take them all mack-

ereling out beyond the shoals, and last, but not least, give him a row-boat of his own that could beat the "Racer" all hollow.

He must be a queer boy who would not dare something with a chance of gaining all that.

He might wait until morning to investigate, but Keturah seemed to know, by instinct, when anybody went near that clock, and she would be sure to interfere, and, besides, he could n't wait.

He slipped out of bed and lighted his candle (Keturah did not allow him to have a lamp, lest he should break it and set the house on fire), and he stole softly down-stairs. The one small candle had very little effect upon the darkness of the great hall. There seemed to be shadowy shapes in every corner, and the stillness was awful. It required all the courage that Sam could muster to force himself to go forward.

But at last he did stand before the clock, with his heart in his mouth, and his hand trembling so that he could scarcely hold the candle. You may think it strange that he was afraid, but you have n't heard Keturah talk about ghosts and witches until your blood ran cold. Sam knew there were no such things, just as well as you do, but he felt very "shivery."

It was not too late to turn back; but that was not the kind of boy that Sam was.

He thought of the boy that stood on the burning deck, of Daniel in the lions' den, and, queerly enough, of the Plymouth Rock rooster that *would* fly around after its head was cut off. People do think of queer things at great crises, you know.

Then, with a bold little jerk, he opened the clock door.

The clock struck One!

The stroke came in the midst of a rushing and scrambling noise, and Sam saw a mouse's tail whisking out of sight!

Sam put his head inside the clock, and there, down in one corner, was a nest, full of tiny mice, scarcely as large as your little finger! And what do you suppose the nest was made of? A great quantity of bits of paper came first, but sticking out at the side was a strange something that caught Sam's eye. He pulled, and out came—just as true as you live—Keturah's saffron-colored silk stockings!

Sam was a brave boy, then, you may be sure! You could n't have made him believe that he ever had been otherwise; and happy?—if he had had anything to set the candle on, he would have

turned a somersault, then and there. As it was, he had to content himself with uttering a shout; it was what Ike and he called a Camanche war-whoop, and it raised the whole household.

Keturah came first, with her night-cap strings flying, a Bible under one arm, and a horseshoe under the other. Ike came next, in his night-gown, with his hair standing upright, from terror, but tugging his velocipede along, because, as he afterward explained, "if everything was going to smash, he was going to save that, anyhow." Then came Kitty, half awake and sobbing; and Polly brought up the rear, her face as white as her curl-papers.

Keturah sat down flat on the hall-floor, when she heard Sam's report, and saw her saffron-colored silk stockings, soiled and tattered, but still her precious treasures.

"Seein' that wa' n't a warnin', I'll never believe in warnin's no more!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, don't! please don't, Keturah!" cried Sam. "Nor hear raps nor have doleful dumps—"

"Nor turn ag'in' poor Jake!" interrupted Polly.

"It was just because he is big, and stepped heavily, and jarred the clock, and scared the mouse, that the clock struck One when he came here! Don't you see?" cried Sam.

"I'm a foolish old woman, and I'm free to confess I'd ought to put more trust in Providence, seein' things mostly turns out to be jest what you might have known, and as nateral as life!"

With this not very clear confession, Keturah retired. She dropped her horseshoe on the way, and did n't stop to pick it up!

Keturah wanted to let Casabianca have those wee mice, but Sam begged them off; he thought it was mean to take the advantage of such little bits of things, and he declared they should have a fair chance for their lives. But the next time that they went to look at them,—lo and behold! their mother had carried them all off! She evidently thought a quieter tenement was better suited to a growing family.

And so the clock never struck again.

That new boat is a beauty. Sam and Ike agree that the "Racer" "is n't anywhere" beside it.

The Cannibal Islanders will have to go hungry for a long time, before they make a meal off Jake.

If you'll believe it, Keturah washed, darned, and patched those saffron-colored silk stockings, and danced in them at Jake and Polly's wedding!

THE ORIGIN OF DANTZIC.

West Prussian Legends

BY A. M. COOK.



"THE TOWNSFOLK STORMED AGAINST THE IRON BOUND GATE OF THE CASTLE." [SEE PAGE 514.]

On the spot now occupied by the great commercial port of Prussia, the strongly fortified city of Dantzie, there stood, in ancient times, a little fishing-town named Wicke.

The inhabitants of this place supported themselves mostly by trading in eels and smoked herrings; there were, however, a good many soldiers in the town, and their presence made the fishermen turbulent and quarrelsome. When, as had been their custom from time out of mind, all the townsfolk assembled, with their wives and children, to celebrate their ancient festivals, and kindled great fires, around which they danced, there was pretty sure to be a disturbance and a fight before the frolic was over, and not unfrequently it ended in the death of one of their number.

The "grundherr," or landed proprietor of Wicke—that is, the nobleman to whose estate the village and all the surrounding country belonged—was a man of high rank, but very uncertain temper. His name was Hagel, and he had built for himself a large castle, made entirely of wood, and situated upon the top of a high hill that was called, from him, "The Hagelsberg." But of neither castle nor village can the smallest trace now be found.

Hagel was a powerful and hard man, for whom his dependents felt no affection. He punished the slightest offenses with great severity, and it must be confessed that the rough conduct of the villagers too often gave him an excuse and opportunity. But he was not only severe, he was also unjust, and insisted upon having, as a sort of tribute, the best

of all that the people obtained by their fisheries, in addition to their labor in cultivating his land.

people were their tenants and dependents. Sometimes they paid their rents in produce, sometimes

by their services, sometimes in both, but within certain limits. Money they seldom used—it was too scarce. Their condition depended entirely upon the character of the landlord, who in different countries had different titles, but all signifying the same thing,—the “lord,” or “owner,” of the soil.

However dissatisfied a peasant might be with his landlord, he could not move away and go to another. Peasants never thought of such a thing. In the first place, they could not go unless by the consent and permission of the man under whom they were living; and then the landlord who would treat them the worst would be most unwilling to part with a good tenant. So that for peasants to remove was a sort of disgrace, for it at once raised the suspicion that they bore a bad character, and had, perhaps, been sent off. Therefore, they got along as they best could, and lived and died where their forefathers had lived and died before them,—often in the same house.



THE ENTRANCE OF THE WIEKER-WOMEN BEARING WEDDING-GIRLS [SEE PAGE 514]

Even the women had to do their share whenever extra help was wanted at the castle, and as the work up there seemed to have no end, there was a general alarm whenever the boigt (or steward) of Hagelsberg was seen coming down to the village, for no one could tell who or what would be wanted next.

But, before going on to tell the rest of the story, I must stop and explain to the little American reader that in those old times in Europe the country people, or “peasantry,” as they are called, did not own their farms, as most American farmers do. Nowadays, some of the richest own their land, but in former days the whole country belonged either to the king or to some great man, and the

still is but little change, not, in these days, because they might not remove if they wished, but simply from habit and custom. Now that all parts of Europe are governed by good laws, the landowners have no longer such absolute power over their tenants as they had in what are called the “feudal” times,—an expression which means the times when affairs were in the very state just described. Besides this, the peasants feel a natural pride in having lived for many generations on the same estate, and therefore they are very unwilling to remove, unless driven to it by the most urgent necessity.

Now to return to the legend.

For ten long years the “Wiekier,” or inhabitants

of Wieke,—with impatience and murmurs, it is true,—had borne the weight of the yoke laid upon them by their grundherr. But at last it got to be past bearing, and they determined to put an end to his oppressions, either by force or stratagem. They would much have preferred to use force, for to their honest, manly hearts there was something mean and small in stratagem; but it was only too evident that they would not be able to accomplish their purpose in that way. For how could they, undisciplined villagers, hope to make their way to the top of the Hagelsberg, in the face of the strong garrison within the castle-walls? And if they gained the summit, how could they effect an entrance through bars and iron-bound doors and armed serving-men, to get at the tyrant hidden within? Muskets and cannon were things altogether unknown in those days; arrows shot upward would only fall back, and perhaps injure those who sent them. So they came to the conclusion that there was nothing left for them but to try stratagem.

It was again time for one of their great festivals, the remains of the old heathen worship of their ancestors, but which their descendants still continued to observe for mere amusement and frolic. The evening before the festival they always assembled to light a huge bonfire,—formerly kindled in honor of their gods,—and all the night they danced around it with songs and all sorts of wild antics. Accordingly, on this occasion, they ascended to the usual place,—the open space in front of the castle. The selection of this spot anciently had been made as a mark of respect to the

nobleman who owned the castle, implying a degree of valor and heroism on his part so great as to entitle him to a share in the honors offered to their deities. This compliment custom obliged him to acknowledge by sending out to the revelers a cask of beer, which, with loud shouts and hurrahs, they drank to his health.

The Wicker had long fixed upon the present festival as the time for carrying out their plan of vengeance; and when the appointed day came, they ascended the Hagelsberg, as they had often done before, built and kindled their bonfire, began



THEY THREW OFF THE DISGUISES AND RUSHED UPON HAGEL AND HIS MEN. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

their dance, and seemed to be enjoying themselves to the utmost. But scarcely had the cask of beer

made its appearance when they seized upon the serving-men who brought it, and having secured and fastened them, made a rush toward the castle, hoping to effect an entrance through the gate, which still stood open.

All were armed with swords and axes concealed under their clothes, and not a doubt was entertained of their success, for no one in the castle could have had the least suspicion of their intentions; but the watchman on the tower happened to detect the flash of some of their weapons just in time to spring forward and close in the face of the assailants the iron-bound gate, against which they now stormed in unavailing fury. The raging towns-folk were finally obliged to retire, having accomplished nothing but the capture of the two serving-men, about whom Hagel cared not a straw.

Sorely against their own wills, they were now under the necessity of keeping themselves quiet until another opportunity should offer for carrying out their plans. But the outbreak had taught the oppressor some respect for the courage of the villagers, whom he did not think it wise to imbitter by further exactions. He even began to believe that it was worth his while to make some efforts to conciliate them, and therefore he determined to give his daughter Pechta in marriage to one of the most distinguished among them, hoping by this means to form with them a bond of mutual interest which they would be slow to break.

Now, it was a custom that the bridegroom, attended by his friends and family, should go with great rejoicing to carry away the bride from the home of her parents, and take her to the great square in the center of the village, where the company were assembled to witness the betrothal. Hagel knew this well, but, still mistrusting the Wieker, was not willing to allow any large body of them to come together up the hill and into the castle. He therefore gave orders that the mother of the bridegroom should come in his stead to carry away the bride, and intimated that she could bring with her as many young maidens for her attendants as she might choose.

Accordingly, on the day appointed for the ceremony, a long train of women, laden with rich presents for the noble bride, slowly and wearily ascended the Hagelsberg. Hagel, on his part, received them with the most flattering cordiality, and conducted them to the great hall of the castle, where a numerous and richly dressed company was assembled, musicians were in attendance, and the bride in her marriage robes awaited the villagers.

The master of the house and the bride's mother

immediately led off the "ehren-tez" (literally the honor dance), and the principal members of the castle household, whose duty it was to fall in at a certain point and follow their movements, began to seek among the newly arrived damsels for partners. But at that moment the pretended young women, throwing off their disguises and grasping the weapons concealed beneath, rushed upon the unwary Hagelsbergers, with so much promptness and vigor that few escaped with their lives. Hagel himself was slain, and with his dying breath exclaimed: "O dance! O dance! How hast thou betrayed me!" Not long afterward, the great wooden castle of the oppressor was demolished and burned to the ground.

The country at this time was subject to Subislaus, the first Duke of Pomerellen, who was threatened with a war by King Waldemar, of Denmark. As Subislaus had no fortified city in which he could make a stand against the enemy, he called upon his subjects to erect the necessary fortifications in their several towns, promising them land and timber for the purpose, together with whatever else they might need. He made them such representations of the advantages which they, as towns, would derive from these defenses, that the inhabitants of Wieke were quite captivated by the idea, and offered to build and fortify a town themselves, if Subislaus would give them for it as much land as they could inclose with their arms.

The duke did not exactly understand what it was they wanted, but he unhesitatingly granted their petition for so small a bit of land, and appointed a day for them to come to select and measure it off. At the time named, the inhabitants of Wieke all assembled—men, women, and children, old and young, masters, mistresses, and servants—no one was left out, not even some strangers who happened to be spending a few days among them; and, forming a circle around the spot chosen, they took hold of hands and stretched out their arms to the utmost. The space thus encompassed was very large, but Duke Subislaus had to keep his word, cost him what it might.

But the Wieker kept theirs also, and in an incredibly short time the given ground was covered with houses and strong defenses.

In remembrance of their agency in building it, and of the cry that accompanied the death of their oppressor and left them at liberty to give their aid to their good duke, they called the new city "Tanz-Wieke," which has since been corrupted into its present name—"Dantzic."



AN old man who lived by a gate,
On the passers-by promptly would wait;
And when no one would ride,
He would open it wide,
And march through himself in great state.

KING MIDAS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

HEARD you, O little children,
This wonderful story told
Of the Phrygian king whose fatal touch
Turned everything to gold?

In a great, dim, dreary chamber,
Beneath the palace floor,
He counted his treasures of glittering coin,
And he always longed for more.

When the clouds in the blaze of sunset
Burned flaming fold on fold,
He thought how fine a thing 't would be
Were they but real gold!

And when his dear little daughter,
The child he loved so well,

Came bringing in from the pleasant fields
The yellow asphodel,

Or buttercups from the meadow,
Or dandelions gay,
King Midas would look at the blossoms sweet,
And she would hear him say:

"If only the flowers were really
Golden as they appear,
'T were worth your while to gather them,
My little daughter dear!"

One day, in the dim, drear chamber,
As he counted his treasure o'er,
A sunbeam slipped through a chink in the wall
And quivered down to the floor.

"Would it were gold," he muttered,
"That broad, bright yellow bar!"
Suddenly stood in its mellow light,
A Figure bright as a star.

Young and ruddy and glorious,
With face as fresh as the day,
With a wingèd cap and wingèd heels,
And eyes both wise and gay.

"O have your wish, King Midas,"
A heavenly voice begun,
Like all sweet notes of the morning
Braided and blended in one.

"And when to-morrow's sunrise
Wakes you with rosy fire,
All things you touch shall turn to gold,
Even as you desire."

King Midas slept. The morning
At last stole up the sky,
And woke him, full of eagerness
The wondrous spell to try.

And lo! the bed's fine draperies
Of linen fair and cool,
Of quilted satin and cobweb lace,
And blankets of snowy wool,

All had been changed with the sun's first ray
To marvelous cloth of gold,
That rippled and shimmered as soft as silk
In many a gorgeous fold.

But all this splendor weighed so much
'T was irksome to the king,
And up he sprang to try at once
The touch on every thing.

The heavy tassel that he grasped
Magnificent became,
And hung by the purple curtain rich
Like a glowing mass of flame.

At every step, on every side,
Such splendor followed him,
The very sunbeams seemed to pale,
And morn itself grew dim.

But when he came to the water
For his delicious bath,
And dipped his hand in the surface smooth,
He started in sudden wrath;

For the liquid, light and leaping,
So crystal-bright and clear,
Grew a solid lake of heavy gold,
And the king began to fear!

But out he went to the garden,
So fresh in the morning hour,
And a thousand buds in the balmy night
Had burst into perfect flower.

'T was a world of perfume and color,
Of tender and delicate bloom,
But only the hideous thirst for wealth
In the king's heart found room.

He passed like a spirit of autumn
Through that fair space of bloom,
And the leaves and the flowers grew yellow
In a dull and scentless gloom.

Back to the lofty palace
Went the glad monarch then,
And sat at his sumptuous breakfast,
Most fortunate of men!

He broke the fine, white wheaten roll,
The light and wholesome bread,
And it turned to a lump of metal rich—
It had as well been lead!

Again did fear assail the king,
When—what was this he heard?
The voice of his little daughter dear,
As sweet as a grieving bird.

Sobbing she stood before him,
And a golden rose held she,
And the tears that brimmed her blue, blue eyes
Were pitiful to see.

"Father! O Father dearest!
This dreadful thing—oh, see!
Oh, what has happened to all the flowers?
Tell me, what can it be?"

"Why should you cry, my daughter?
Are not these blossoms of gold
Beautiful, precious, and wonderful.
With splendor not to be told?"

"I hate them, O my father!
They 're stiff and hard and dead,
That were so sweet and soft and fair,
And blushed so warm and red."

"Come here," he cried, "my darling,"
And bent, her cheek to kiss,
To comfort her—when—Heavenly Powers!
What fearful thing was this?

He sank back, shuddering and aghast,
But she stood still as death—
A statue of horrible gleaming gold,
With neither motion nor breath.

The gold tears hardened on her cheek,
The gold rose in her hand,
Even her little sandals changed
To gold, where she did stand.

Then such a tumult of despair
The wretched king possessed,
He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,
And sobbed, and beat his breast.

Weighed with one look from her sweet eyes
What was the whole world worth?
Against one touch of her loving lips,
The treasure of all the earth?

The Stranger listened—a sweeter smile
Kindled his grave, bright eyes.
“Glad am I, O King Midas,
That you have grown so wise!

“Again your wish is granted;
More swiftly than before,
All you have harmed with the fatal touch
You shall again restore.”

He clasped his little daughter—
Oh, joy!—within his arms,
She trembled back to her human self,
With all her human charms.



Then came that voice, like music,
As fresh as the morning air,
“How is it with you, King Midas,
Rich in your answered prayer?”

And there, in the sunshine smiling,
Majestic as before,
Ruddy and young and glorious,
The Stranger stood once more.

“Take back your gift so terrible!
No blessing, but a curse!
One loving heart more precious is
Than the gold of the universe.”

Across her face he saw the life
Beneath his kiss begin,
And steal to the charming dimple deep
Upon her lovely chin.

Again her eyes grew blue and clear,
Again her cheek flushed red,
She locked her arms about his neck.
“My father dear!” she said.

Oh, happy was King Midas,
Against his heart to hold
His treasure of love, more precious
Than a thousand worlds of gold!

THE STORY OF THE SECRETARY BIRD.

BY PAUL FORT.

IT must not be supposed that the Secretary Bird, which has its home in South Africa, received its name because it is in the habit of writing letters for other birds, or attending to the correspondence of any living creature. On the contrary, there is no other reason for his singular name than the fact that he has behind one ear a tuft of feathers, somewhat resembling a quill pen stuck behind the ear of a clerk. This bird has another name—that of Snake-Eater—which seems much more suitable; for the most remarkable thing about the Secretary Bird is his habit of feeding upon large snakes. He is a good-sized bird, with long, powerful legs, like those of a crane. When he attacks a snake, which he does with great swiftness and apparent fury, his usual way of killing it is to stamp it to death with his feet. There are many birds which eat small snakes, but it is very unusual for any of the feathered tribe to pick out large serpents, and feed exclusively upon them.

There is a story told about the way the Secretary Bird came to be a snake-eater, which is, I am quite sure, nothing but a mere fable, but which may be of interest to those who have heard of the peculiarities of this curious and interesting creature. The story runs as follows:

There was a time when the Secretary Bird lived on fish, like the other long-legged and crane-like birds, and he was so well satisfied with this fare that he never cared for any other kind of food.

One day, a large Secretary Bird was standing in the water, on the edge of a river, busily engaged in fishing. When he saw a fish pass by, he would dart down his head and seize it in his bill, which was strong and hooked, like that of a fish-hawk. As soon as he had caught a fish, he would wade ashore, and there eat it. While he was thus engaged in fishing, a large serpent came winding his way along the river-bank, and, as soon as he perceived the bird, he stopped to see what it was doing. When the Secretary Bird came out of the water to eat the fish, the Snake remarked:

"Friend, it seems to me you would make a pleasanter meal if you would toss your fish upon the bank as fast as you catch them, and then,

when you have enough, come out and eat them at your leisure."

"I should like that plan very well," said the Secretary Bird; "but if I should toss a freshly caught fish upon the bank, he would flop into the water as soon as I had gone to catch another. Thus I should always be catching fish, and eating none."

"There need be no trouble of that kind to-day,"



THE ANGRY BIRD ATTACKS THE SNAKE.

said the Snake; "for, if you will throw the fish on shore, I will see that they do not get into the water again."

"Thank you very kindly," said the Secretary Bird. "If you will do that, it will save time, and I shall soon catch enough fish for a dinner."

"I shall be only too glad to oblige you," said the Serpent.

Thereupon the Bird waded into the river, and as soon as he caught a fish he threw it ashore, where the Snake took care that it did not get into the water again. When the Bird thought he had caught enough fish, he came on shore and saw the Snake slowly moving away.

"What is your hurry?" he cried. "Stop and take dinner with me. I have now caught twelve fish, and as I had eaten some before you came, six will be all I shall want. You can have the other six, and we can take a pleasant meal together."

"I am very much obliged to you," said the Snake, still moving away; "but I do not believe that anything could induce me to eat a fish at present. I have no appetite at all for such food." And he glided into the bushes, and was lost to sight.

"He need not be so dainty," said the Secretary Bird to himself; "for fish is very good food, indeed; but, since he will not accept my invitation, I shall have all the more dinner for myself. But where *are* the fish?"

The Secretary Bird looked anxiously about, on the shore and in the grass, but he could find no sign of the fish he had caught. At length he came to a little pile of twelve fish-tails lying behind a bush. The Snake did not like fish-tails, and had bitten these off before eating the fish. Instantly the truth flashed through the mind of the Secretary Bird.

"That wretched Serpent!" he exclaimed. "He has, indeed, taken good care that my fish shall not escape into the water. He has eaten them, one by one, as fast as I threw them on shore. I never heard of such an infamous trick. But I will be revenged on him. I will find him, no matter where he has hidden himself." So saying, the angry Bird rushed away in pursuit of the crafty acquaintance who had taken care of his fish.

The Snake, who had made an unusually heavy

meal, felt very lazy and sleepy; and when he had gone a little distance from the river, he crept among some tall grass and reeds, and coiled himself up to take a nap. But the Secretary Bird was not far away, and he saw a movement among the tall reeds.

"There he is!" he shouted, and he dashed toward the place.

In a moment he had pounced among the reeds, and attacked the Snake with great fury.

"You infamous creature!" he cried. "I will teach you how to deceive a bird of my standing." And in spite of the Snake's efforts to get away, he stamped upon him and pecked him until he had killed him.

"You have cheated me of my dinner," said the angry Bird, "and it would serve you right if I were to make a dinner of you."

So saying,—his appetite whetted by the morning's work,—he began to eat the Snake, and did not stop until he had entirely devoured him.

"Upon the whole," said the Secretary Bird, when he had finished, "I prefer snakes to fish, and I think that for the future I shall make my meals upon these deceitful creatures, who go about playing tricks upon honest folk."

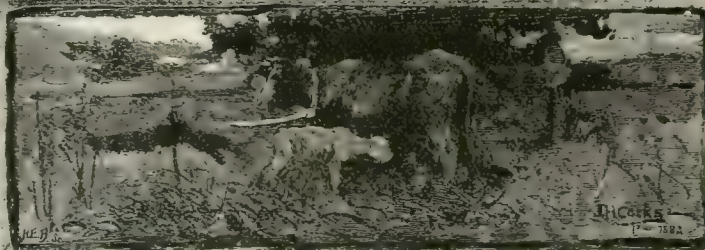
After that, this bird gave up eating fish, and fed entirely upon snakes. He did not trouble himself to catch the little ones, because it took too many of them to satisfy his hunger; but he preferred the large ones, as one of them was enough for a meal. His wife and children soon learned that snakes were easy to catch and good to eat, and they also gave up eating fish.

This Secretary Bird was a very influential member of his tribe, and the new diet soon became quite fashionable; and the descendants of the Secretary Birds of that day have since lived entirely upon large snakes.

It may be noticed, also, that the serpents of that part of the country, remembering, perhaps, this old story, have a great distaste for fish.

THE ERRING SCIENTIST.

A STUDENT of great enterprise
Went out early to see the sun rise;
But he faced the wrong way,
And stood there all day,
Very much to his neighbors' surprise.



RAIN-MAN, Rain-man, come to-day,
Shower the meadows fresh and gay
Give sweet grass to cow and calf,
Wake the rose and make it laugh.



Dance and fall from out the sky,
Fill our cistern long since dry;
Foam the brook up to the brim,
Swell the pool where ducklings swim.

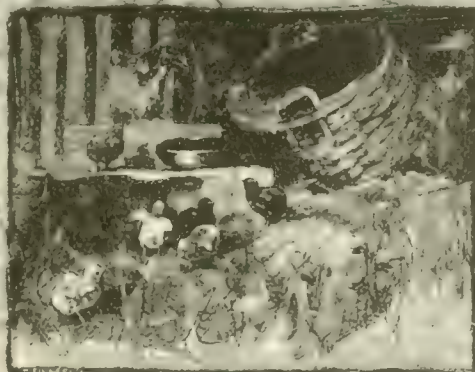


Wash the strawberries in their bed,
Make them ripe and round and red;
Wash the cherries 'neath the eaves,
Blushing under thick green leaves.

Lay the dust upon the street,
Send up odors clean and sweet
From the earth and new-mown grass,
When the little breezes pass.



Send the doves, that love not rain,
Trooping to their cote again;
But the sparrows chatter more
When you beat upon their door.



Steal into the robin's nest,
Make the nestlings seek her breast;
Make the chickens run and hide
'Neath the mother-wings so wide.

Rain-man, 'neath your cloudy hat,
Come and clatter, pat, pat, pat;
O'er the roofs, and chimneys, too,
Let us hear your tramping shoe.



Put your cloak on, Goodman Gray,
Come and visit us to-day;
Pour your buckets down the sky;
When you're through, we'll shout: "Good-by!"

By ANNE S. L. ED



"I CAN'T GROW TO BE A GOOD GIRL UNLESS I EAT GOOD THINGS."

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.*—EIGHTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

THE true family name of this painter was Vannucchi. He was called del Sarto because his father was a tailor, or *un Sarto*, in Italian. Andrea was born in 1488, and, when quite young, was employed as a goldsmith and worker in metals; but his great desire was to become a painter, and, when he finally studied art, he was untiring in his efforts to learn its rules and to understand its practice. Andrea was the pupil of Pietro di Cosimo, but his style of painting was not like that master's. He seems to have had many original ideas, and to have formed his soft and fascinating manner for himself.

Andrea del Sarto can not be called a truly great painter, but his pictures are sweet and lovely, and would be more pleasing to many persons than those of artists of higher fame. He was very suc-

cessful in his fresco-painting, and was employed in Florence in decorating the convent of the Nunziata, and in a building called the Scalzo; the last was named from the *Scalzi*, Barefooted Friars, who held their meetings in it. These frescoes are considered the finest of Andrea's works, although some of them are now much injured.

Andrea had so much sorrow in his life, that one is moved to think he might have painted better had he been a happier man. He loved his wife devotedly, though she was a selfish and mean-spirited woman, who never appreciated his talents, and seemed only to think of how she could get money to spend in a showy and extravagant way of living. She was even unwilling that he should care for his aged parents, and it was owing to her that he at length deserted them, although formerly he had been a kind and dutiful son.

After a time (about 1518) Francis I., the king

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of France, invited Andrea to go to Paris and execute works for him. The artist consented, and was treated with great consideration in the brilliant French capital. Soon, however, his wife insisted that he should return to Florence. Francis I. was very unwilling to allow Andrea to leave France, where he had engaged already to do many decorative paintings; but Andrea was so much under the influence of his wife that he did not dare to remain. So, when he had made a promise, and solemnly sworn with his hand on the Bible, that he would soon return and bring his wife with him, and remain as long as might be necessary to finish the works he had engaged to do, the king consented. Francis also intrusted to Andrea a large sum of money, with which he was to buy works of art and other beautiful objects for the king.

When Andrea reached Florence, his wicked wife not only refused to go to France, but persuaded him to give her the money which belonged to Francis I. This she soon spent, and, although Andrea had been so weak in listening to her wicked advice, he still was not so base that he could forget the wrong he had done in giving the money to her. He lived ten years longer, and painted many more pictures, but he was always very unhappy. Francis I. never forgave him for his breach of trust; and, to this day, all who read the story of Andrea can not but feel sorrow in remembering how weak he was and how wickedly he came to act, in consequence.

In 1530, Andrea was attacked by a contagious disease; his wretched wife abandoned him, and he died alone, and was buried without a funeral or even a prayer, in the same convent of the Nunziata in which he had painted his finest frescoes. One of these pictures is a "Repose of the Holy Family," which is usually called the "*Madonna del Sacco*," because in it St. Joseph is represented as leaning on a sack.

Now, there are so many different pictures of the Holy Family, that they are divided into classes, and such as are called, in Italian, *Il Riposo*, and, in our own tongue, The Repose, all represent an incident of the flight into Egypt, when St. Joseph, his wife Mary, and the child Jesus halted in their journey for rest and refreshment. The legend, in telling of this episode, says that, near the village of Matarea, where they were resting, a fountain sprang forth by miracle; and near by was a sycamore grove, beneath which the family found shade and protection. The story has given a peculiar religious significance to the sycamore tree, by associating it with the mother of Christ; and the

Crusaders were in the habit of bringing branches of it into Europe as sacred mementos of the grove near the "Fountain of Mary," as the spring is called. When I was in Egypt, I visited this spot, which is a few miles from the city of Cairo, and is always pointed out to the Christians by the Arab guides.

The oil paintings by Andrea del Sarto are very beautiful; the finest one hangs in the Tribune of the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence. This is a place of great honor, because some of the most remarkable works of art which exist in any collection in the world are in this same building—such as the "*Venus dei Medici*," the "*Dancing Faun*," and other beautiful antique statues, as well as some of the finest pictures by Michael Angelo,



ANDREA DEL SARTO

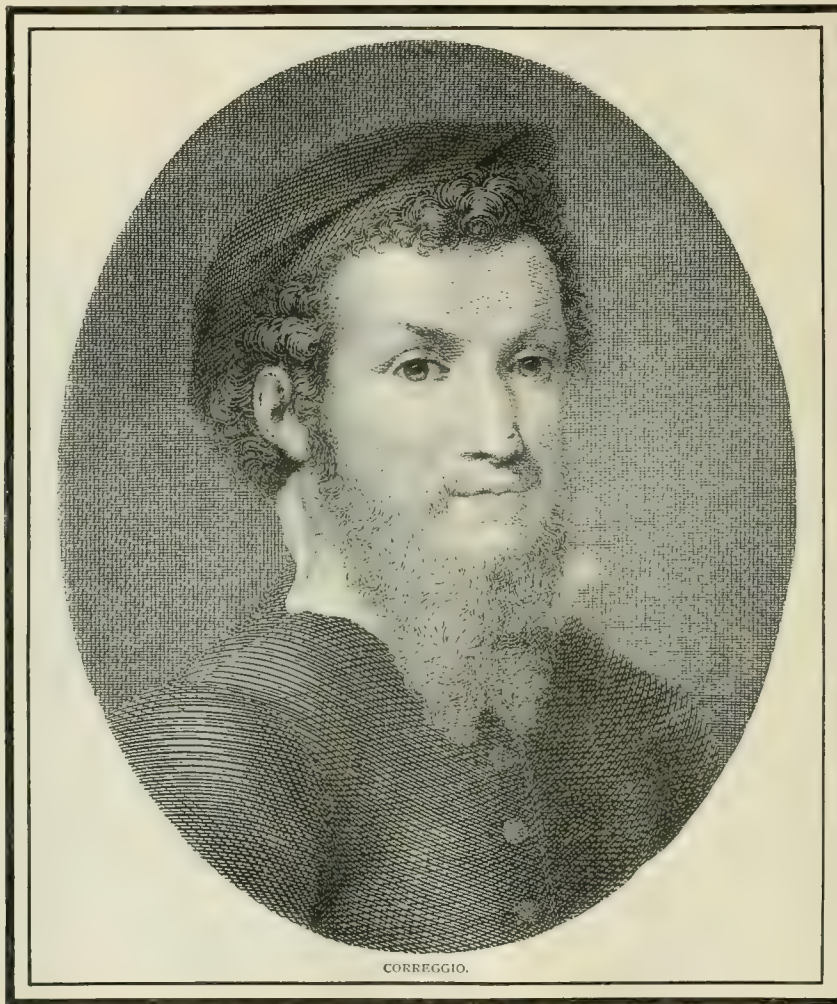
Raphael, Titian, Van Dyck, and other great masters. This painting, by Andrea, is called the "*Madonna di San Francesco*," and represents the Virgin Mary seated on a throne, with the child Jesus in her arms, while St. John the Baptist and St. Francis stand, one at each side.

The Madonna with her Child was Andrea's favorite subject, and he represented it in a great variety of ways, and always made sweet and at-

tractive pictures. Occasionally he painted single figures of saints, such as St. Barbara and St. Agnes; one of these is in the Cathedral of Pisa.

There are two churches in Rome dedicated to St. Agnes, besides many others in various parts of the world, and, after the Apostles and Evangelists, she is a very important saint. She is usually

place, and Lieto and Allegri are his family names, and are Italian words which have the same meaning as the Latin word *letus*, or joyful. He was born in 1493, and was so clever that, when thirteen years old, he had not only studied many things such as other boys learn, but had mastered the rudiments of art, so that he could draw very well.



represented in works of art with a lamb by her side, because the lamb is the type or symbol of modesty, purity, and innocence.*

CORREGGIO.

ANTONIO ALLEGRI—for this is the true name of this great painter—is called Antonio Allegri da Correggio, or Antonio Lieto da Correggio. The name Correggio is taken from that of his birth-

place. He received his first lessons in drawing from his uncle, Lorenzo Allegri, and then he studied under the famous Andrea Mantegna, and, after the death of this artist, under his son, Francesco Mantegna. From these men Correggio acquired wonderful skill in drawing, especially in foreshortening—that is, in representing objects seen aslant. These masters all had what is termed a dry, hard style, which is so different from Correggio's that we are sure he soon added to what they had taught him the

* For list of the principal works of Andrea del Sarto still in existence, see page 527.



GROUP OF SINGING ANGELS. (FROM A PAINTING BY CORREGGIO, IN THE CHOIR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, IN PARMA.)

grace and movement, and exquisite management of light and shade, which appear in his paintings. I shall now try to explain further what is meant by foreshortening, because it is a very important

element of good drawing, and all who wish to learn how to appreciate the works of others should understand what it is, as also should those who themselves practice drawing. It is especially proper to speak of this in connection with Correggio, as he is often said to be the most skillful of artists, in this particular, since the days of the ancient Greeks.

The art of foreshortening is to make the objects which are painted or drawn on a plane surface look as they do in nature when one is farther back than another, and where one part is thrown out much nearer the eye than others. To produce this effect it is frequently necessary to make an object—let us say, for example, an arm or a leg—look as if it was thrown forward, out of the canvas, toward the person who is looking directly at it. Now, in truth, in order to produce this appearance, the object is oftentimes thrown backward in the drawing, and sometimes it is doubled up in a very unnatural manner, and so occupies a much smaller space on the canvas than it appears to do, for as we look at it, it seems to be of full size.

The picture of "Christ in Glory," painted by Correggio in the cupola of the church of San Giovanni Evangelista, in Parma, photographs of which are easily got, is a fine piece of foreshortening, because the head is so thrown back and the knees are so thrown forward that the figure seems to be of full size; yet, if the space from the top of the head to the soles of the feet, in the painting itself, were measured, it would be found to be much less than the full height of the figure would be if it were represented erect.

Another characteristic of this master is his delicate manner of passing gradually from light to shade, and so softening the whole effect of his work as to produce what is called in Italian *chiaroscuro*, which must be literally translated clear-obscure—or a sort of mistiness which has some light in it, but is gradually shaded off into either full light or deep shadow. It is remarkable that, in the early works of Correggio, his peculiar qualities were evident; this is seen in the beautiful Madonna di San Francesco, now in the Dresden Gallery, which was painted when he was but eighteen years old.

When Correggio was twenty-six years old, he married Girolama Merlini, and during the next eleven years he was occupied with his great fresco-paintings in Parma and with works in Mantua, to which city he was summoned by the rich Duke Federigo Gonzaga, who reigned there. In 1530, the artist returned to Correggio, where he passed the remainder of his life. In 1533, he was one of the invited witnesses of the marriage of the Lord of Correggio, so he doubtless was much esteemed by that nobleman. In 1534, he died of a fever,

and was buried in his family tomb in the Franciscan convent at Correggio; his grave is simply marked with his name and the date of his death. Correggio had but one son, named Pomponio Quirino Allegri; he also was a painter, but he did not make himself famous.

There are several anecdotes related of Correggio, the father; one is that, when he first saw one of Raphael's great pictures, he gazed upon it a long time, and then exclaimed, enthusiastically: "I also am a painter!" and, I dare say, he then felt himself moved to try if he, too, might produce pictures which should live and bear his name through future centuries.

When Titian saw Correggio's frescoes at Parma, he said: "Were I not Titian I should wish to be Correggio." Annibale Caracci, another great artist, said of Correggio, more than a century after that master's death: "He was the only painter!" and he declared that the children painted by Correggio breathe and smile with such grace that one who sees them is forced to smile and be happy with them.

At Seville, in Spain, there was a large picture by Correggio, representing the "Shepherds Adoring the Infant Saviour," and during the Peninsular War (1808-14), when the people of Seville sent all their valuable things to Cadiz for greater safety, this picture was cut in two, so that it could be more easily moved. By some accident the halves were separated, and afterward were sold to different persons, each being promised that the corresponding half should soon be delivered to him. Great trouble arose, because both purchasers determined to keep what they had, and each claimed that the other part belonged to him; and as they were both obstinate, these half-pictures have remained apart. It is very fortunate that each of them forms a fine picture by itself, and perhaps they thus give pleasure to a greater number of people than if they were united.

It is very interesting to visit Parma, where the most important works of Correggio are seen. He painted much, not only in the church of St. John the Evangelist, but also in the cathedral of Parma, and in the convent of the Benedictine nuns, where he decorated a parlor with wonderful frescoes. Over the chimney-piece is a picture of Diana, Goddess of the Moon, and protector of young animals. Sometimes she has been represented as a huntress, but in this picture she is Goddess of the Moon, which is placed above her forehead. The ceiling of this parlor is high and arched. The pictures on pages 528 and 529, showing in the semicircles a Satyr and Ceres, the Goddess of Plenty, will help you to understand how elaborately and beautifully the ceiling is decorated.



ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST. (FROM THE PAINTING BY CORREGGIO, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, IN PARMA.)

It is painted to represent an arbor of vines, having sixteen oval openings, at each of which some frolicking children appear, peeping in and out, as if they were passing around and looking down into the room. Each child bears some sign or symbol of Diana. Beneath each of the openings is a half-circular picture of some mythological story or personage, such as "The Three Graces," "The Nursing of Bacchus," "Ceres," "Minerva," "The Suspension of Juno," "A Satyr," and others. All the frescoes in this wonderful room have been so often engraved and photographed that they must be known already to many readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

Some of the oil paintings by Correggio are very famous. Among them is one called the "Notte," or Night, which is in the Dresden Gallery. It represents the "Nativity of the Saviour," and has received its name because the only light in the picture shines from the halo of glory around the head of the infant Jesus. In the same gallery is Correggio's "Mary Magdalene," represented as lying on the ground and reading the scriptures from a book lying open before her on the sward. Probably no one picture in the world has been more generally admired than this.

Another masterpiece is the "Marriage of St. Catherine," in the Louvre, at Paris. According to the legend concerning her, this saint, during the persecution of the Christians in Alexandria, bravely went up to the temple and there triumphantly maintained her cause in argument against the Emperor Maximin, and also against fifty wise men whom he then called upon to oppose her reasoning.

But her courage, wisdom, and saintliness availed not to save her from the rage of persecution, for she was beheaded by the tyrant's order. There are two important saints by this name; one is St. Catherine of Siena, the other, of whom we now speak, is St. Catherine of Alexandria, and when the marriage is represented it always refers to this saint.

The following is a list of the principal works of Andrea del Sarto to be seen in European galleries. PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE: Eleven pictures, among which are two of the Holy Family, two of the "Assumption of the Virgin," and portraits of Andrea and his wife, which are attributed to Andrea, but are not positively known to be his work. UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: Madonna di San Francesco, his own portrait, and two other pictures. DRESDEN GALLERY: Marriage of St. Catherine, Sacrifice of Isaac, and others. PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH: Four studies for the frescoes in the Scalzo at Florence. MUSEUM, MADRID: Portrait of his wife, Sacrifice of Abraham, Holy Family, and others. THE LOUVRE, PARIS: Charity, two pictures of the Holy Family. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: His own portrait. THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG: Holy Family and Saints, St. Barbara.

The following are the principal works of Correggio, known to be still in existence. In the UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: The Repose in Egypt, Virgin Adoring the Infant Christ. MUSEUM, NAPLES: The Madonna della Zingarella, Marriage of St. Catherine, A Pietà. PINAKOTHEK, PARMA: Madonna della Scaglia, Madonna della Scodella, Madonna di San Girolamo, called "Il Giorno" or "The Day," and several others. MUSEUM, BERLIN: Leda and Nymphs, and a copy of the Io, which is at the BELVEDERE, VIENNA, where there are several other works of Correggio's. DRESDEN GALLERY: Enthroned Madonna, Virgin and Child in Glory, Repentant Magdalene, "La Notte," a portrait called "Correggio's Doctor," and others. MUSEUM, MADRID: Noli Me Tangere. LOUVRE, PARIS: Marriage of St. Catherine, Antiope Asleep. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: Mercury Instructing Cupid before Venus, Ecce Homo, Holy Family, called "au panier" (a very beautiful picture), Christ's Agony in the Garden. HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG: Madonna "del Latte," Study of the Assumption, and another small mythological subject.



PART OF THE CEILING IN THE CONVENT AT PARMA. (AFTER FRESCOES BY CORREGGIO.)



PART OF THE CEILING IN THE CONVENT AT PARMA. (AFTER FRESCOES BY CORREGGIO.)

MARY. MARY. QUITE. CONTRARY.
HOW. DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?



SUN-FLOWERS BRIGHT & LILIES WHITE.
AND PRETTY MAIDS ALL IN A ROW.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

BY KITTY WHITE.

My brother Johnny says he would do for a first-class bumble-bee; he's as hot all over as if he had forty stings. We've been talking through the stove-hole to comfort each other. This hole is in the wall at the side of my bed; so, if I put a chair on the bed, and then climb up and stand on tiptoe, I can see into Johnny's room, and we can have a good talk.

We're in trouble; and this is how it happened:

One day last week, our teacher read us a story about a good little girl who had a sick father; and he was going to starve to death 'cause he had n't any money to buy oranges; and everything had gone wrong inside. Well, the good little girl

heard that a dentist wanted some teeth, and would pay well for them. (I don't see why he should pay money for teeth, when he could have his own for nothing.) The little girl had fine teeth, so she went to the dentist and asked him to take some out and pay her the money they were worth, for her poor father. Then the dentist made her tell him all about her father; and he would n't take the teeth, but he gave her the money all the same, and went to see her father, and got a doctor for him, so he did n't die.

It was a beautiful story, and made me cry. Johnny said it was n't anything to cry about; stories like that were for examples, and when we had a chance we must just go and do likewise.

Well, this morning, when Father was putting on his overcoat, Johnny and I asked him for a penny.

And Father, he said we were always wanting pen-nies, and he was n't made of money; and then he went out.

Sister Em began to cry, 'cause Father said she could n't have a new dress this Easter. Everything was going wrong, and he did n't know what would become of him, and he was sick of everything.

Johnny and I did n't cry; we only looked at each other.

While we were going to school, Johnny said this was our chance. Now we could do like the good little girl, and be a support to our parents. Dentists always wanted teeth, and we 'd go to the dentist right away after school, and have it over.

"And then," says Johnny, "if we 've made five dollars for Father, perhaps he 'll give us our penny, 'cause it 'll be such a pleasant surprise to him."

We could n't hardly wait for school to be out. I got a black mark in arithmetic, 'cause when Miss Stevens asked me if you had an apple, and if Samuel Smith ate it up, what had you left? I said, "Your teeth."

After school we walked about till we came to a dentist's, and we went in, and asked him if he wanted some teeth. And he said, "Why? Did we want to lose some?" And we told him, "Yes."

We thought he would sit down and ask us all about it, just as the other dentist did with the good little girl; but he only said:

"Let 's look at em."

Then he made Johnny climb up in the high chair, and tip his head back; and then he said, "You want these two out that crowd the rest." Then he put an iron thing into Johnny's mouth, and pulled out one tooth, and then he pulled another. And he said Johnny was a brave boy 'cause he did n't holloa.

I asked Johnny if it hurt, and he said, "Not much, and don't you disgrace the family, Kitty White, by howling."

"Now, my little lady," says the dentist, "get into the chair, and I 'll be as gentle as I can." So he helped me up, and tipped back my head, and looked.

"Your teeth are crowded just like your brother's," says he; and then he begins to pull.

My, how it hurt! And did n't I make a noise! I thought my head was coming off. But it was over in a minute, and the dentist told Johnny not to laugh at me, 'cause my teeth came harder than his did.

When our teeth were out, we thought the dentist would pay us. He asked us whose little boy and girl we were, and where we lived, and said this was pleasant weather for little folks.

After a while he said: "It 's four dollars."

We thought he had four dollars for us, and held out our hands, but he did n't give us anything. Instead of that, he said: "Have n't you got any money?"

Then Johnny explained to him that we thought he would pay us for our teeth, so that we could help our poor father.

The dentist began to laugh, and said he did n't pay for teeth; but he would give us a letter that would make it all right.

So he wrote a letter, and sealed it, and told Johnny to be sure to give it to Father. He kept laughing all the time he was writing it, and we thought he was the pleasantest man in the world.

When we got home, Johnny said we 'd better wait till after dinner to give Father his pleasant surprise. And at first I was glad we 'd waited; for the roast beef was too brown, and Father said: "There never could be a piece of beef done right in this house, and Mrs. White, my dear, if you could only have a carving knife that would cut! I believe your son uses the carving knife for a jackknife."

We felt so sorry for poor Father that we thought we 'd give him his surprise then, so he 'd feel better. Johnny took out the letter and gave it to him. He sits next to Father, and I sit next to Johnny. Father took the letter, and said:

"What 's this, sir?"

And Johnny said: "Read it, dear Pa, and see."

Then Father read it, and wrinkled his forehead all up, and we thought he was going to burst into tears, like the sick man did when the good little girl brought him the oranges. But he did n't burst into tears. He threw the paper across the table, and said:

"What 's this, Mrs. White? Have you been running me into debt, after what I told you this morning?"

And Mother said: "I 'm sure I don't know what you mean, dear." Then she read the letter, and called us naughty children, and "how dare you go and have sound teeth out without my consent?"

And Father said that, "What we had done was catamount to robbery; going and getting him into debt of our own accord; and you may go to your rooms and think about it till your mother and I come."

We 've been in our rooms ever since, and both Father and Mother said they were under the n'cesity of —

Well, Johnny says a switch is the worst, but he does n't know anything about a slipper. Anyhow, it 's over for this time.

WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR.

By A. S. R.

"GOOD for nothing," the farmer said,
As he made a sweep at the burdock's head;
But then, he thought it was best, no doubt,
To come some day and root it out.
So he lowered his scythe, and went his way,
To see his corn, to gather his hay;
And the weed grew safe and strong and tall,
Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for a home," cried the little toad,
As he hopped up out of the dusty road.
He had just been having a dreadful fright,
The boy who gave it was yet in sight.
Here it was cool and dark and green,
The safest kind of a leafy screen.
The toad was happy; "For," said he,
"The burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought,
And to and fro with care he wrought,
Till he fastened it well to an evergreen,
And spun his cables fine between.

'T was a beautiful bridge,—a triumph of skill;
The flies came 'round, as idlers will;
The spider lurked in his corner dim,
The more that came, the better for him.

"Good for play," said a child, perplexed
To know what frolic was coming next.
So she gathered the burs that all despised,
And her city playmate was quite surprised
To see what a beautiful basket or chair
Could be made, with a little time and care.
They ranged their treasures about with pride,
And played all day by the burdock's side.

Nothing is lost in this world of ours;
Honey comes from the idle flowers;
The weed which we pass in utter scorn,
May save a life by another morn.
Wonders await us at every turn.
We must be silent, and gladly learn.
No room for recklessness or abuse,
Since even a burdock has its use.

PLAY-DAY AT MENTOR.

By FREDERIC G. MATHER.

ONE very hot day, last July, I left the Lake Shore Railway train at Willoughby, a little station eighteen miles east of Cleveland, in the State of Ohio. Some business took me to Mentor, three miles away, and, while the boy was driving me over there, I thought I should like to make a call for pleasure also. You know that President Garfield lived in Mentor, and you will guess that I wished to call upon his two youngest boys, who were then at the Garfield homestead.

The house does not seem like a farm-house at all. It is more like a dwelling in a village, or in a city, set in a little piece of lawn, and sheltered by three great locust-trees. I knocked at the door, and was asked to enter the parlor. After a little talk, I asked about the boys, and was told that they were in "the office," a little one-story building, back of the house, used by their father for a study, or working-place.

Then I was led out through a long hall, where a tall clock looked down on me, and just outside the

rear door was the office. A narrow path led out to it, and I followed along and stepped upon the floor of the little porch that covered the only door there was, which was the front door. The study was a very small building, with a window on each side of the door, a window at each end, and a window just opposite the door. A mite of a chimney came out of the middle of the roof.

The door was open as I stood on the porch, and I could see four boys playing on the floor. I said to them:

"Well, boys, is this a fort?"

Now the reason I thought it was a fort was that I saw some pieces of white chalk, that the boys had mounted on blocks and set on the floor, so as to look like cannon.

This was all that I could see from the door when I asked the question.

But when I was inside the room, I saw a lot of paper soldiers standing up, and found out my mistake before this answer came to my question:

"Not much a fort. We are deploying troops in the field," said one of the two Garfield boys—whether Irvin or Abram, I forget just now. The other two boys were cousins of theirs, and they were rather younger.

I then looked more closely. Besides using crayons for cannon, they also had brass casters for cannon-wheels, and their soldiers had been cut out of card-board, with jackknives. Small stones, nails, and peas were the bullets and cannon-balls. Small paper flags showed which side was the enemy, and which the American.

"And who is the enemy in this game?" I asked.

"My brother," the elder Garfield replied. "He

upon it an inkstand and pen that had seen better days. The floor was bare and painted.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"We came here on the 2d of July," they said.

"The very day papa was shot."

"And do you like living here as well as in Washington?"

"We like it better here," said they; "because there are more boys, and because we can play out of doors more."

I should say, here, that at the time of my visit a great many people thought the President would get well.

"Now, then," I said, "go on with your fun, and let me see how you fight the battle."



PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S OFFICE AT MENTOR.

does n't want to be, but he has to be, because he is beaten so much."

"But I beat you the other day," chimed in the younger Garfield.

"Yes, and the way you did it was to bring out a lot of soldiers that had been sent to the hospital the day before. That was no fair."

By this time, the boys were again sprawled upon the floor, and ready to begin the battle over again.

While they were picking up the stones to throw, I looked about the room. Several large book-cases were filled with the President's books, and a desk at the back window, opposite the door, had

You should have seen the stormy time that came when I said this. First, one side would throw at the other until all the soldiers were knocked over, and then the other side would begin. This made the enemy beat for a while, and then the Americans. The sport lasted for a long time, and when I went away it was not because I wanted to, but because I had to, in order to take the train on the railway. As I sat in the car, I thought over the pleasant afternoon that I had spent; and I could not help saying:

"Well, after all, boys are boys, and they play much alike, whether Presidents' sons or not."

STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

STORY THE THIRD.

HOW SIEGFRIED FARED TO NIBELUNGEN LAND.

JARL RONVALD smiled good-humoredly on the circle of listeners about the blazing hearth in his castle-hall. For the little family party had asked him to go on with his story.

"I see," said he, "that I shall hardly escape without telling you the whole story of Siegfried, from beginning to end. But I could not do that in one evening. The hero's life was so full of adventures that the telling of them would fill a volume. One of the greatest and most daring deeds that he ever did was to ride through flaming fire into the castle of Isenstein, and awaken the Princess Brunhild from the deep slumber into which Odin, in his wrath, had cast her. But our time will not allow me to tell you much about that adventure. The old Norse story of Sigurd and Brynhild, which you often have heard, is very much like it.

"You are anxious to know what became of the treasure, of which I told you that Fafnir guarded it so long on the Glittering Heath? Well, to please you, I shall relate how, after awakening the Princess, Siegfried escaped from Isenstein and came to the mysterious land of the Nibelungs."

Every one in the castle of Isenstein, from the Princess, whom he had awakened to life, to the lowest kitchen-maid, felt grateful to the young hero for the deliverance he had wrought so valiantly. The best rooms were fitted up for his use; and a score of vassals were set apart to do his bidding, and ordered to be mindful of his slightest wish. All the warriors and brave men, and all the fair ladies, and Brunhild, fairest of all, besought him to make his home there, nor ever to think of going back to Rhineland. Siegfried yielded to their persuasions, and for six months he tarried in the enchanted land of Isenstein, in one long round of merry-making and gay enjoyment. But his thoughts were ever turned toward his father's home in the Lowlands across the sea, and he longed to behold again his gentle mother, Sigelind.

At length he grew tired of his life of idleness and ease, and wished that he might go out again into the busy world of manly action and worthy deeds. And, day by day, this feeling grew stronger and filled him with unrest.

One morning, as he sat alone by the sea-shore, and watched the lazy tide creep up the sands, two ravens lighted near him. Glad was he to see them, for he knew them to be Hugin and Munin—Thought and Memory—the sacred birds of Odin, and he felt sure that they brought him words of cheer from the All-Father. Then Hugin flapped his wings and said: "In idleness the stings of death lie hidden; but in busy action are the springs of life. For a hundred years, fair Brunhild slept; but why should Siegfried sleep? The world awaits him, but it waits too long."

Then Munin flapped his wings, also, but he said nothing. And busy memory carried Siegfried back to his boyhood days in Rhineland, and he called to mind the wise words of his father, Siegmund, and the fond hopes of his gentle mother. And he rose in haste, and cried: "Life of ease, farewell! I go where duty leads. To him who wills to do, the great All-Father will send strength and help."

While he spoke, his eyes were dazzled with a flash of light. He looked, and out of the sea there came dashing up the beach a wondrous creature, such as he had never before seen—a milk-white horse, from whose long mane a thousand sunbeams gleamed and sparkled in the morning light. As the noble steed sprang forward, and stood in all its strength and beauty before the Prince, Siegfried knew that it must be the horse Greyfell—the shining hope which the All-Father sends to those who dare to take in hand the doing of noble deeds. All uncertainty now fled from his mind, for he felt that with such a trusty steed to aid him every hindrance would vanish, and every hardship would be overcome.

Then he looked toward the sea again, and saw, in the blue distance, a white-sailed ship, drawing swiftly near, its golden-dragon stem plowing through the waves like some great bird of the deep. And as, with eager eyes, he watched its coming, he felt that Odin had sent both the horse and the ship, and that the time had come for him to be up and doing. The hour for thriving action comes to us once; if not seized upon and used, it may never come again.

The ship drew near the shore; the sailors rested on their oars. Siegfried and the steed Greyfell sprang upon the deck. Then the sailors silently bent again to their rowing; the flapping sails were filled and

tightened by the strong west wind, and the light vessel leaped from wave to wave as if it were alive, until Isenstein, with its tall towers and green marble halls, sank from sight in distant mist. And Siegfried and his noble steed seemed to be the only living beings on board; for the sailors who plied the oars were so silent and phantom-like that they might have been but ghosts of the summer breezes. As the ship sped swiftly on its way, all the creatures in the sea paused to behold the sight. The mermen rested from their search for hidden treasures, and the mermaids forgot to comb their long tresses, as the radiant vessel and its hero freight sped past them. And even Ægir, the god of the sea, left the brewing kettle in his banquet-hall, and bade his pale-haired daughters, the

around both hero and horse, and they dared not stir, but stood long hours in the silent gloom, waiting for the appearance of the dawn.

At length the morning came, but the light was not strong enough to scatter the thick vapors that rested upon the land. Then Siegfried mounted his steed, and the sunbeams began to flash from Greyfell's mane and from the hero's glittering armor; and the hazy clouds fled upward and away, until they were caught and held fast by great mist-giants, who stood like sentinels on the mountain-tops. As the shining pair came up from the sea, and passed through the woods and valleys of the Nibelungen Land, for that was the name of the mysterious country, there streamed over all that region such a flood of sunlight as had never before



—SIEGFRIED SAILS FOR NIBELUNGEN LAND.

white-veiled Waves, cease playing, until the vessel should safely reach its haven.

When, at length, the day had passed, and the evening twilight had come, Siegfried saw that the ship was nearing land. But it was a strange land. Like a fleecy cloud it appeared to rest above the waves, midway between the earth and the sky; a dark mist hung upon it, and it seemed to be a land of dreams and shadows. The ship drew nearer and nearer to the mysterious shore, and, as it touched the bank, the sailors rested from their rowing. Then Siegfried and the horse Greyfell leaped from the vessel and stood upon the land; but, when they looked back, the fair vessel which had carried them was nowhere to be seen. Whether it had suddenly been clutched by the greedy fingers of the Sea-queen, Ran, and dragged down into her deep sea-caverns, or whether, like the wondrous ship "Skidbladner," it had become invisible to the eyes of men, Siegfried never knew. The thick mist and the darkness of night closed over and

been seen. In every leafy tree, and behind every blade of grass, elves and fairies were hidden; and from under every rock, and out of every crevice, lurked cunning dwarfs. But Siegfried rode straight forward until he came to the steep side of a shadowy mountain. There, at the mouth of a cavern, a strange sight met his eyes. Two young men, dressed in princes' clothing, sat upon the ground; their features were haggard, gaunt, and pinched with hunger, and their eyes wild with wakefulness and fear; and beside them was a heap of gold and precious stones, which they had brought out of the cavern. And neither of the two Princes would leave the place, to get food, nor close his eyes in sleep, lest the other should seize and hide some part of the treasure. And thus had they watched and hungered through many long days and sleepless nights, each hoping that the other would die; for the whole inheritance would then become his own.

When they saw Siegfried riding near, they called

out to him and said: "Noble stranger, stop a moment! Come and help us divide this treasure."

"Who are you?" asked Siegfried; "and what is your treasure?"

"We are the sons of Niblung, who, until lately, was King of this Mist Land. Our names are Schilbung and the young Niblung," faintly answered the Princes.

"And what are you doing here with this gold and these glittering stones?"

"In this cavern lies the great Nibelungen Hoard, which our father, long ago, found upon the Glittering Heath. And now he is dead, and we have longed to bring the hoard out of the cavern where it was hidden, in order that we might share it between us equally. But we can not agree, and we pray you to help us divide it."

Then Siegfried dismounted from the horse Grey-fell, and came near the two Princes.

"I will gladly do as you ask," said he; "but first tell me how the King, your father, obtained the hoard of the Glittering Heath, and how he brought it to this Mist Land."

Then Niblung answered feebly, while his brother fell back upon the ground from weakness:

"Our father was, from the earliest times, the ruler of this land, and the lord of the fog and the mist. Many strong fortresses and noble halls had he in this land; and ten thousand brave warriors were ever ready to do his bidding. The swarthy elves, and the trolls of the mountains, and the giants of the cloudy peaks were his vassals. But he did more than rule over the Nibelungen Land. Twice every year he crossed the sea and rambled through the Rhine valleys, or loitered in the wet Lowlands; and, now and then, he brought rich trophies back to his island home. Once on a time, he ventured past the unknown boundaries of Hunaland. Upon a dry and cheerless moorland, which men call the Glittering Heath, he found this treasure, which had been long guarded there by a vile snake-dragon, whom men called Fafnir. A brave young hero slew the monster and gave the treasure back to its rightful guardians, the swarthy elves of the mountains. But the chief of the elves, the dwarf Andvari, had, long before, cursed the treasure; and now the elves dared not touch it, nor possess it, unless some man would take upon himself the dreadful risk of incurring the curse, and should assume ownership of the hoard. This thing our father did. Then the dwarf Alberich and the ten thousand swarthy elves that live in the mountain caves gathered up the treasure and brought it to this cavern, where, with the help of the twelve giants whom you see like sentinels on these mountain-peaks, they guarded it for our father.

"This is the story of the hoard as we know it, although men tell it quite differently. They say that our father obtained it unjustly and by guile from his brother, whose vassals had digged it from out of the earth, in the sunny valleys of the upper Rhine. But be this as it may, the treasure lies here within, and lo! for many days we have watched it and hoped to divide it equally. But we can not agree."

"What hire will you give me if I divide it for you?" asked Siegfried.

"Name what you will have," the Princes answered.

"Give me the sword which lies before you on the glittering heap."

Then Niblung handed him the sword, and said:

"Right gladly will we give it. It is a worthless blade that our father, last year, brought from the low Rhine country. They say that it was forged by Mimer, the Knowing One, and that in the south-land it is considered a most wondrous blade. Be that as it may, it is of no worth to us; it turns against us when we try to use it."

Siegfried took the sword with joy, for it was his own Balmung.

Forthwith he began the task of dividing the treasure; and the two brothers, so faint from hunger and want of sleep that they could scarcely lift their heads, watched him with anxious, greedy eyes. First, he placed a piece of gold by Niblung's side, and then a piece of like value he gave to Schilbung. And thus he did again and again, until no more gold was left. Then, in the same manner, he divided the precious stones, until none remained. And the brothers were much pleased, and they hugged their glittering treasures, and thanked Siegfried for his kindness and for the fairness with which he had given to each his own. But, one thing was left which had not fallen to the lot of either brother. It was a ring of curious workmanship—a serpent coiled with its tail in its mouth, and with ruby eyes, glistening and cold.

"What shall I do with this ring?" asked Siegfried.

"Give it to me!" cried Niblung.

"Give it to me!" cried Schilbung.

And both tried to snatch it from Siegfried's hand. But the effort was too great for their strength. Their arms fell helpless at their sides, their feet slipped beneath them, their limbs failed; they sank fainting, each upon his pile of treasures.

"O my dear, dear Gold!" murmured Niblung, trying to clasp it all in his arms. "My dear, dear Gold! Thou art mine, mine only. No one shall take thee from me. Here thou art, here thou shalt rest. O my dear, dear Gold!" And then, calling up the last spark of life left in his famished

body, he cried out to Siegfried: "Give me the ring! The ring, I say!" He hugged his cherished gold nearer to his bosom; he ran his thin fingers deep into the shining, yellow heap; he pressed his lips to the cold and senseless metal; he whispered, "My dear, dear Gold!" and then he died.

"O priceless, priceless gem-stones!" faltered Schilbung, "how beautiful you are! And you are mine, all mine. I will keep you safe. Come!

and sun-bright diamonds, and two thin, starved corpses stretched upon them. Some men say that the brothers were slain by Siegfried, because their foolish strife and greediness had angered him. But I like not to think so. It was the gold, and not Siegfried, that slew them.

"O Gold! Gold!" cried the hero, sorrowfully. "Truly thou art the world's curse! Thou art man's bane! But when the spring-time of the new world shall come, then will the curse be taken



"GIVE ME THE SWORD WHICH LIES BEHIND YOU ON THE GUTTERING HEAP," SAID SIEGFRIED.

Come, my bright Beauties! No one shall harm you. You are mine, mine, mine!" And he chattered and laughed as only madmen laugh; and he kissed the hard stones and sought to hide them in his bosom. But his hands trembled and failed, dark mists swam before his eyes; he fancied that he heard the black dwarfs clamoring for his treasure, he sprang up quickly, he shrieked,—and then fell lifeless upon his heap of sparkling gems.

A strange, sad sight it was. Immense wealth, and miserable death. Two piles of yellow gold

from thee, and thy yellow brightness shall be the sign of purity and enduring worth; and thou shalt be a blessing to mankind, and the plaything of the gods."

But our hero had little time for thought and speech. A strange sound was heard on the mountain-side. The twelve great giants, who had stood as watchmen upon the peaks above, were rushing down, to avenge their masters and to drive the intruder out of Nibelungen Land. Siegfried waited not for their onset, but mounted the noble

horse Greyfell, and, with the sword Balmung in his hand, he rode forth to meet his foes, who, with fearful threats and hideous roars, came striding toward him. The sunbeams flashed from Greyfell's mane and dazzled the dull eyes of the giants, who were unused to the full light of day. Doubtful they paused, and then again came forward. But they mistook for an enemy every tree in their way, and every rock they thought a foe, and in their fear they fancied a great host to be before them. One and all they dropped their heavy clubs, and cried for quarter. And Siegfried made each of the giants swear 'an oath of fealty to him; and then he sent them back to the snow-covered mountain-peaks, to stand again as watchmen at their posts.

And now another danger appeared. Alberich, the dwarf, the master of the swarthy elves who guarded the Nibelungen Hoard, had seen all that had befallen the two young Princes, and when he beheld the giants driven back to the mountain-tops, he lifted a little silver horn to his lips and blew a shrill bugle-call. And the little brown elves came trooping forth by thousands. From under every rock, from the nooks and crannies and crevices in the mountain-side, from the deep cavern and the narrow gorge, they came at the call of their chief. Then, at Alberich's word, they formed in line of battle, and stood in front of the cavern and the bodies of their late masters. Their little golden shields and their sharp-pointed spears were thick as the blades of grass in a Rhine meadow; and Siegfried, when he saw them, was both pleased and surprised, for never before had such a host of pygmy warriors stood before him.

While he paused and looked, the elves became suddenly silent, and Siegfried saw that Alberich stood no longer at their head, but had strangely vanished from sight.

"Ah, Alberich!" cried the Prince, "thou art cunning. I have heard of thy tricks. Thou hast donned the Tarnkappe, the cloak of darkness, which hides thee from sight and makes thee as strong as twelve common men. Come on, thou brave dwarf!"

Scarcely had he spoken, when he felt a shock which almost sent him reeling from the saddle, and made Greyfell plunge about in fright. Quickly did Siegfried dismount, and, with every sense alert, he waited for the second onset of the unseen dwarf. It was plain that Alberich wished to strike him unawares, for many minutes passed in utter silence. Then a brisk breath of wind passed by Siegfried's face, and he felt another blow; but, by a quick downward movement of his hand, he caught the plucky dwarf, and tore off the magic

Tarnkappe, and then, with firm grasp, he held his struggling little enemy.

"Ah, Alberich!" he cried; "indeed thou art cunning! But the Tarnkappe is now mine. What wilt thou give for freedom and life?"

"Worthy Prince," answered Alberich, humbly, "you have fairly overcome me and made me your prisoner. I and all mine, as well as this great treasure, belong rightfully to you. We are yours, and you we shall obey."

"Swear it!" said Siegfried. "Swear it, and thou shalt live, and be the keeper of my treasures!"

And Alberich made a sign to his elfin host, and every spear was turned point downward, and every shield was thrown to the ground, and the ten thousand little warriors kneeled, as did also their chief, and owned Siegfried to be their rightful master, and the lord of Nibelungen Land, the owner of the Nibelungen Hoard.

Then, by Alberich's orders, the elves carried the hoard back into the deep cavern, and there kept faithful watch and ward over it; and they buried the starved bodies of the two Princes on the top of the mist-veiled mountain. Heralds were sent to all the fortresses and strongholds in Nibelungen Land, and they proclaimed that Siegfried, through his wisdom and strength, had become the rightful Lord and King of the land.

Then the Prince, riding on the horse Greyfell, went from place to place, scattering sunshine and smiles where shadows and frowns had been before. And the people welcomed him with glad shouts and music and dancing; and ten thousand Nibelungen warriors came to meet him, and plighted their faith to him. And the pure brightness of his hero-soul, and the gleaming sunbeams from Greyfell's mane, lifted the curtain of mists and fogs that had so long darkened that land, and let in the glorious glad light of day and the genial warmth of summer.

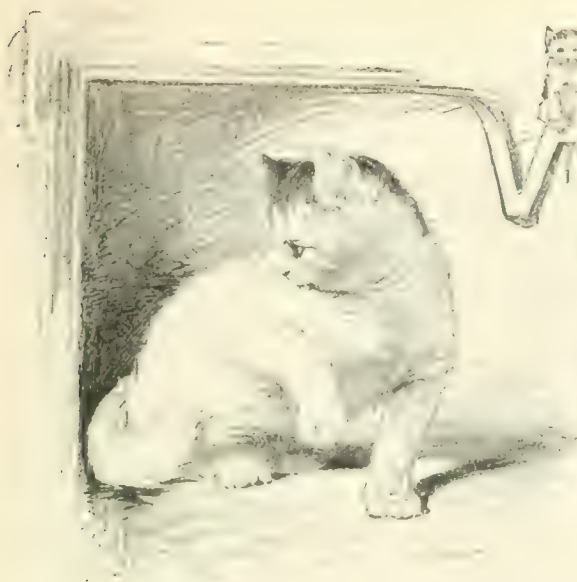
"Did he stay there all the rest of his life?" asked Leif, after a pause.

"Did they leave the treasure buried in the cave?" asked Rollo.

"What became of the fair Brunhild?" asked little Ingeborg. "Did Siegfried ever go back to Isenstein?"

"Yes, tell us all about it!" cried the three together.

"As I have said," answered their father, "one evening will not afford time to tell of all Siegfried's strange adventures. I will answer your questions by telling you one or two stories more; and, with those, you must rest satisfied."



What One Year makes Of a Little Kitten.

By Mrs. Fanny Barrow.

At first a ball of fluffy fur,

An streak of gray, or white,

Trying to catch the mice tail

With all its little might.

Four pretty little velvet paws,

That leap, and catch, and pat;

But presto! in a year you see

A dignified old cat!



GRAB-BAG.

By H. H.



A FINE game is Grab-bag, a fine game to see!
 For Christmas, and New Year, and birthdays, and all.
 Happy children, all laughing and screaming with glee!
 If they draw nothing more than a pop-corn ball,
 'T is a prize they welcome with eyes of delight,
 And hold it aloft with a loud, ringing cheer;
 Their arms waving high, all so graceful and white;
 Their heads almost bumping, so close and so near.
 The laughter grows louder; the eyes grow more bright.
 Oh, sweet is the laughter, and gay is the sight—
 A fine game is Grab-bag! a fine game to see!

A strange game of Grab-bag I saw yesterday;
 I'll never forget it as long as I live.
 Some street-beggars played it,—poor things, not in play!
 A man with a sack on his back, and a sieve,—
 A poker to stir in the barrels of dirt,—
 A basket to hold bits of food he might find,—
 'T was a pitiful sight, and a sight that hurt,
 But a sight it is well to keep in one's mind.

His children were with him, two girls and three boys;
 Their heads held down close, and their eyes all intent;
 No sound from their lips of glad laughter's gay noise:
 No choice of bright playthings to them the game meant!
 A chance of a bit of waste cinder to burn;
 A chance of a crust of stale bread they could eat;
 A chance—in a thousand, as chances return—
 Of ragged odd shoes they could wear on their feet!

The baby that yet could not totter alone
Was held up to see, and, as grave as the rest,
Watched wistful each crust, each cinder, each bone,
And snatched at the morsels he thought looked the best.
The sister that held him, oppressed by his weight —
Herself but an over-yeared baby, poor child! —
Had the face of a woman, mature, sedate,
And looked but the older whenever she smiled.

Oh, a sad game is Grab-bag — a sad game to see!
As beggars must play it, and their chances fall;
When Hunger finds crusts an occasion for glee,
And Cold finds no rags too worthless or small.
O children, whose faces have shone with delight,
As you played at your Grab-bag with shouting and cheer,
And stretched out your arms, all so graceful and white,
And gayly bumped heads, crowding near and more near,
With laughter and laughter, and eyes growing bright, —
Remember this picture, this pitiful sight,
Of a sad game of Grab-bag — a sad game to see!



WOLF-REARED CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES L. BRACE.



ENTRANCE DOOR TO THE OFFICE OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

A TRAVELER who has recently journeyed in India, a man of science, Mr. V. Ball, gives an account of a very curious matter which before had been somewhat discussed by the celebrated scholar, Mr. Max Müller—that is, the history of “Wolf-reared Children.”

It appears that, in the province of Oude, the wolves are exceedingly destructive. They creep at night from the jungles and mountains into the villages of the poor people, and, crawling into the little huts, will often snatch the babe from the mother's arms, sometimes even without awaking her; or they will pick up an infant that has been left for a moment during the day by the hard-working mother. Wolves are said to have an especial appetite for young and tender infants, and so destructive are their ravages that, in one district mentioned by Mr. Ball, it is estimated that *one hundred* infants are carried off annually by wolves; and the business of smoking out wolves from their dens, in order to find the golden and other ornaments worn by the unfortunate babies, is an extensive and profitable one.

It seems that now and then a wolf captures and carries home an infant to his cubs, and that they do not at once eat the child; perhaps because they have recently eaten a kid or a lamb, or other food.

The baby probably suckles with the young wolves, and the mother-wolf comes to have a wild affection for the child, and he grows up with the wolf-cubs. At length, the mother-wolf is smoked out of her cave, or the cubs are killed or caught, or they are all hunted down, and the wild little human being is caught also—sometimes after he has lived six or eight years among his four-footed companions.

Mr. Ball saw two of these wild children in an orphan asylum at Sekandra, in Oude, and in different orphanages in India there have been others whose history was well known. At first they appear like wild beasts; they have no language, and only keep up a curious whine, creeping around on hands and feet like the young wolves, and smelling everything before eating it, as an animal does. For a time they will eat nothing but raw flesh, and they snatch eagerly at a bone, and gnaw it like a dog. Their hands and the skin of the



OUR ARTIST AMONG SOME WOLF-REARED CHILDREN.

knees are hard and callous from constant creeping, and the fore-arms of one whom Mr. Ball saw had become short from the same habit. A photograph* was made of one, who, with his open mouth and

* “Jungle Life in India,” by V. Ball, of the Geological Survey of India. Page 459. London, 1880.

vacant expression, looks like an idiot. Rescued wolf-reared children have a constant desire to get back to the jungles, and to creep into holes, and they have not been able to learn much, nor to become used to civilized habits; and then, too, they die early. It is said, though for this we can not vouch, that when a wolf comes to a house where is a wolf-reared child, he seems to know it by its odor, and never harms it.

The wolf-child has no language; its morals and habits are wolfish; it has drawn into its body wolf-milk; it hates the dwellings and ways of men; it loves creeping instead of walking, and jungles and caves and the forest, rather than fields and cottages and houses. It is a wild beast, but with the brain and soul of a human being. The wolf-child of India has all the capacities and possibilities of any ordinary boy or girl. No doubt, if he were left with his step-mother, the wolf, his brain would make him more cunning than his wolf play-fellows, and he would show the savageness of the beast with the skill of the man. He would become the most dangerous wild animal—worse than tiger or leopard—of the Indian jungles.



A SUNDAY EVENING SCENE OF "WOLF-REARED" CHILDREN.

Did
think

the children who read ST. NICHOLAS in comfortable homes ever that there are wolf-reared children in such a city as New York?—boys and girls who were born to hunger, and cruel treatment, and who live in miserable dens and holes; who are as ignorant of love and hope, and of the missions, and churches, and schools of this



SWORN FRIENDS.

city as are the infants found in the wolves' dens of the mountains of Oude; who have been taught only in the schools of poverty, vice, and crime; whose ways are not our ways, and who have wolfish habits; whose brain makes them more cunning, more dangerous, than the animal, and who, if they grow up thus, will be more dangerous to this city than wolf or tiger to the villages of India.

But, fortunately for us, these children have not lost our language, like the poor babies of Oude, and, though wolves in human shape have brought them up to crime and sin, they can be saved and made into reasonable human beings.

Would you like to hear how this is done?

Well, here comes one of the wolf-reared children to the office of the Children's Aid Society, in

Fourth street, New York. He has no cap, but his tangled hair serves as a covering for his head; bright and cunning eyes look out from under the twisted locks; his face is so dirty and brown that you hardly know what the true color is; he has no shirt, but wears a ragged coat, and trousers out at the knees and much too large for him; he is barefooted, of course. He is not at all a timid boy, small as he is, but acts as if nothing would ever upset his self-possession, whatever might happen. The benevolent Mr. Macy, who has been dealing with poor children for the last quarter of a century, meets him, and asks:

"Well, my boy, what do you want?"

"A home, please, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Haint got no name, sir; the boys calls me Pickety."

"Well, Pickety, where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere, sir."

"But where do you stay?"

"I don't stay nowheres in the day-time, but

and jist now a cove has taken me in at the iron bridge at Harlem."

"Iron bridge! What do you mean?"

"Why, them holler iron things what holds the bridge up. He got it first, and he lets me in."

"Pickety, who is your father?"

"Haint got no father, sir; he died afore I knew, and me mither, she dranked and bate me, and we was put out by the landlord, and she died, and the City Hall buried her!" And something like a shadow came over the cunning blue eyes.

"Pickety, did you ever hear of God?"

"Yes, sir; I have heard the fellers swear about Him, and I know it's lucky to say something to Him when you sleep out in bad nights."

"Did you ever go to school, Pickety, or to church?"

"No, sir; I never went to no church nor school. I *should* kind o' like to learn somethin'!"

"Well, Pickety, we'll make a man of you, if you will only try. You will, I see!"

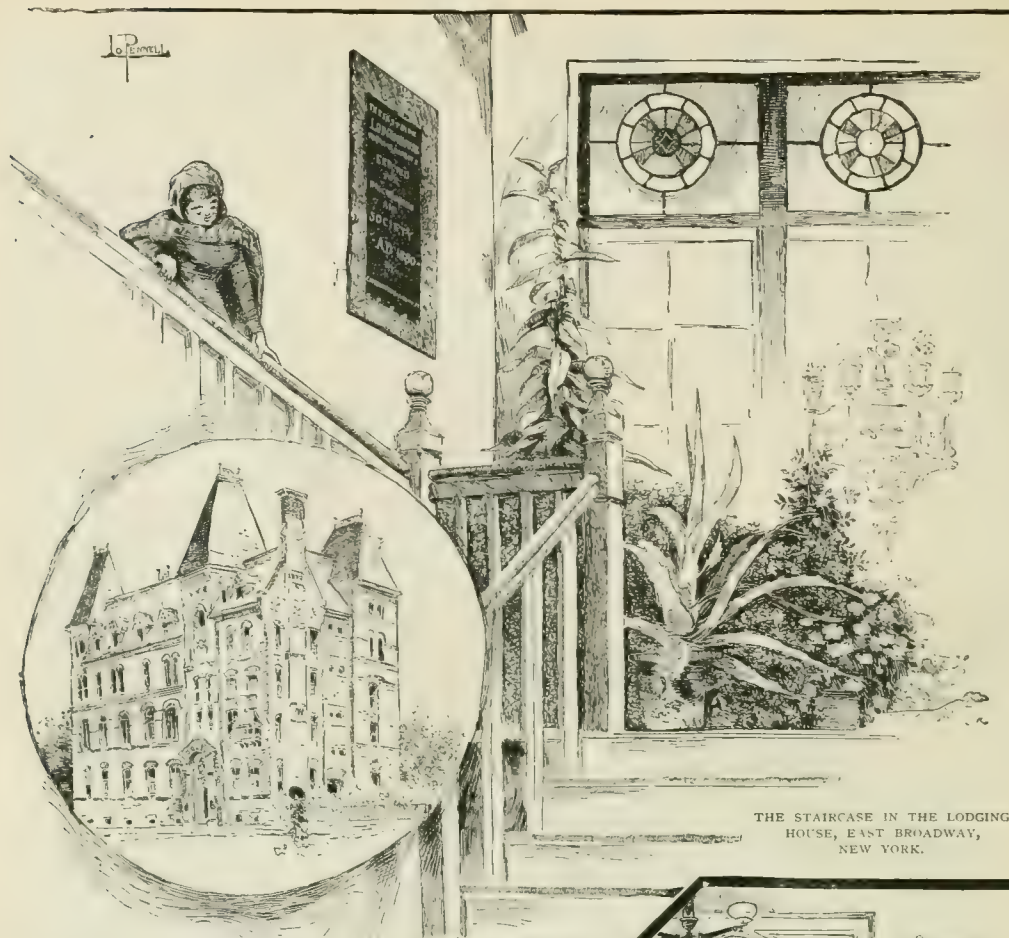
So Pickety is sent by Mr. Macy down to a clean,



THE EVENING TOLLET

I sleeps in hay-barges, sir, and sometimes in dry-goods boxes, and down on the steam-gratings in winter, till the M. P.'s [policemen] come along,

beautiful "Lodging House," put up by a generous lady for just such homeless children. It stands at No. 287 East Broadway. A kind, experienced



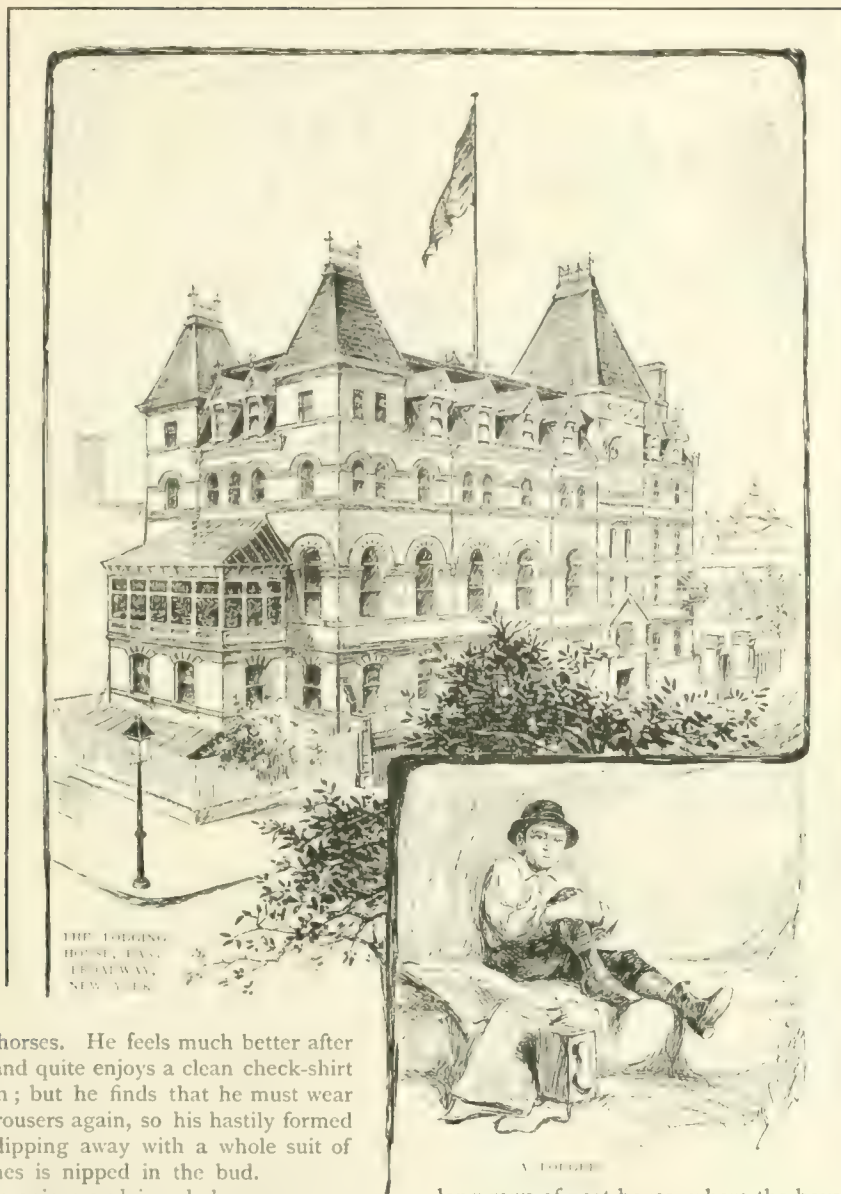
THE STAIRCASE IN THE LODGING
HOUSE, EAST BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

Superintendent, Mr. Calder, meets him, and a matron—Mrs. Calder—takes him in hand. Her smile alone would take the wolf-feeling out of him and make him more of a human child. In his secret heart, little Pickety thinks they must be a very soft set, or else that they want to make money out of him by and by, but he takes their kindness very quietly. Perhaps, too, he is watching for a chance to pocket a handy little article or so, or to slip out-of-doors with something.

And now, first, he is put into a bath and made clean, and his hair is cut short by a cutter such as those used for



THE EAST END OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM.



things our little waif never heard of before—of doing right, and making true change in selling newspapers, and not stealing other people's property, and of a God above who is pleased if a street-boy is honest and good. Little Pickety thinks this is meant for him, for only yesterday a customer gave him a ten-cent piece by mistake for a penny, and he never told him, but pocketed the money; and he remembers a poor old woman, whose apples he used to steal, till she had to break up her stand and go to the Island Almshouse; so he feels very uneasy at the Superintendent's words.

After this came the lessons, and for the first time

he was introduced to all the letters, though he had known enough before to tell one newspaper from

another; and he was very glad to find that he learned them quickly, and that in counting and



BOYS WHO WANT TO GO WEST, WAITING IN THE OFFICE IN FOURTH STREET.



"THE LARGE, AIRY DORMITORY, CLEAN AS A SHIP'S DECK, WITH WIRE-BEDS ARRANGED ON IRON FRAMES."

sums he was quicker than the others; of course, this was because he had sold papers and so had had to make change so often.

Little Pickety's greatest surprise, however, was when he was taken up to the sleeping-room—a large, handsome, airy dormitory, clean as a ship's deck, with nice, springy wire-beds arranged on iron frames, one over another, like ships' bunks. He saw some boys kneeling down before climbing into bed, and he thought he, too, might say something to the Great Being above, of whom he had heard, and who seemed to care even for such poor creatures as he—and he made his prayer. He had had some intention of ranging around at night and playing some trick, or stealing something, but his new feelings drove the idea out of his head; and, besides, he saw presently that strict watch was kept.

ness, and others had paid for their lodgings and meals (five cents each), and he began to feel he, too, must do something. He did not wish to be a "pauper," nor to have anybody think of him as one, and he saw lads as small as he who said they



A COLLEGE CHAMBER.

earned from fifty cents to a dollar a day, and that they bought their own clothes.

One bright little fellow especially excited his envy by declaring that *he* "belonged to the upper ten," as it appeared he slept in the ten-cent dormitory, and had his own special "ten-cent locker" for his clothes, with a private key.

Hearing all this, Pickety at length ventured to speak to the Superintendent, who kindly explained to him that each boy was expected to do all he could to pay his own way, that idle and pauper boys were not wanted there, and that some kind gentleman had supplied money with which to help boys who might wish to start in business.

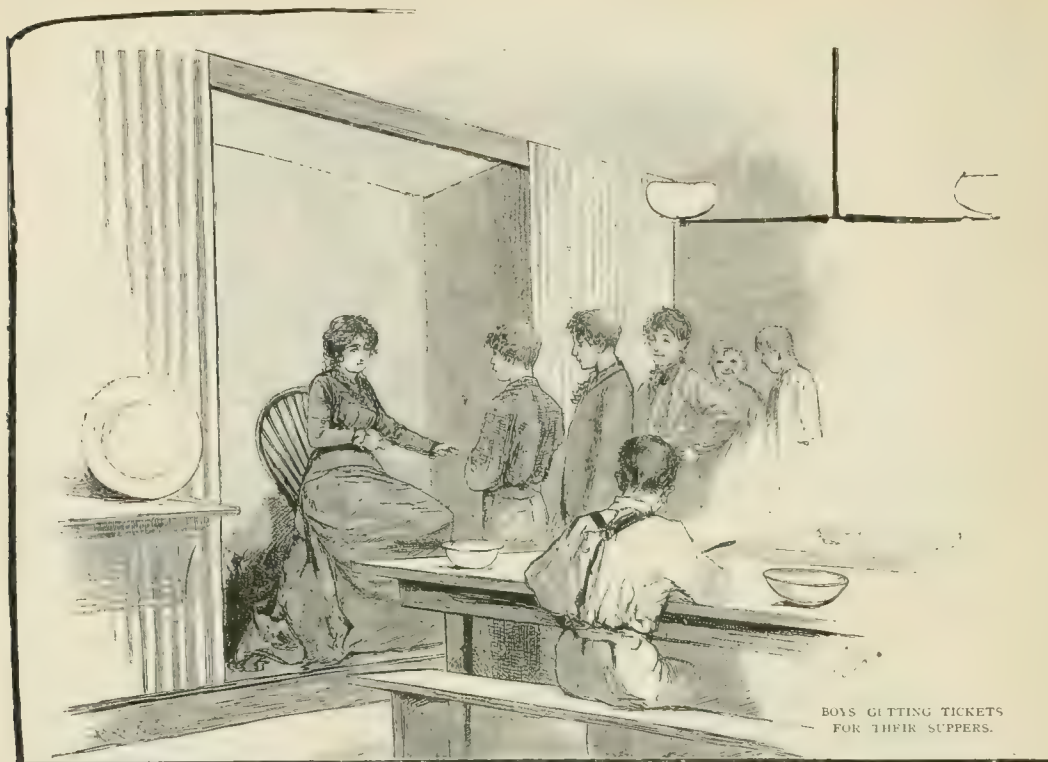
Pickety knew all about the boot-blackening business, but, as he explained, "a big boy had punched him and stolen all his

kit." He could sell newspapers, too, but he had been "stuck" with his last lot, and had lost all his money; and after that piece of bad luck he had lived on bits of bread that a hotel-waiter had



THE SAVINGS-BANK.

After his breakfast next morning, he heard that some boys had put their money into the "savings-bank" in the audience-room; and others had borrowed from the fund for starting boys in busi-



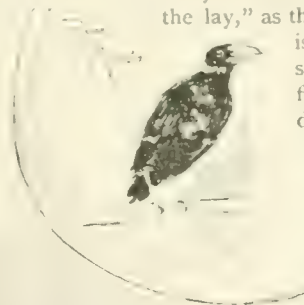
given him, and once or twice he had been fed by one of the other boys.

Mr. Calder was ready to supply him with a boot-blackening outfit, or to give him checks which would entitle him to so many copies of the *Telegram* or *Daily News*, the boy to return the value of the checks, after a few days, when he should have made some money.

Pickety chose the newspaper checks, and cleared twenty-five cents, and then invested again, and came back at night with fifty cents made, feeling very proud and independent, since he was now able to pay for his lodging and meals.

buy "policy-tickets," and thus take a short path to fortune. Other boys were after him to "go on the lay," as they called it—that

is, to break open stores, and so gain fifty or a hundred dollars at once, instead of working hard every day and all day, for the sake of getting a few pennies. But in the Sunday-evening meetings of the



"MINO" ADDRESSES THE BOYS. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

The next day and the next, he appeared at the Lodging House, for he rather liked the place and the people, and, wide-awake as he was, he saw that he got a great deal for his money, and could not hope to do better anywhere else. In a few days he had repaid the loan, had a little capital ahead, and actually found himself rich enough to afford a pair of new trousers.

Then, later, having some money, he was sorely tempted to pitch pennies and make more, or to

Lodging House, Pickety heard a great deal about the sin of stealing and the folly of such "short cuts to fortune," and he began to see how wrong and foolish all these things were; and that he ought to try in his humble way to lead a straightforward and manly life, and to please the wonderful Being of whom the teacher read in the Testament, and who had lived and died on the earth for men.

So Pickety broke away from bad companions, and, finding that liberal interest was offered in the

savings-bank of the Lodging House, he put his money there; and when, after some months, they would no longer keep it there, because, they said, it was too much to risk, he felt very proud to place it in a big savings-bank in the city.

Little Pickety happened to be sent one day to the Superintendent's sitting-room; he knocked at the door, and heard a harsh voice cry:

"Come in!"

So he opened the door and entered.

To his surprise, he found no one in the cozy, tasteful little room. But a deep, sepulchral voice from a dark corner of the room asked: "Who are you?"

The little street-rover was not afraid of human enemies, but of ghosts he had heard many a fearful story; and he now began to quake in his shoes. Suddenly, however, he discovered, in a cage in the corner, a strange, weird-looking bird, about as large as a crow, dark as night, with a most beautiful metallic luster on its feathers. The bird held its great head sidewise, and, after peering at the boy in a most searching fashion for a minute, it unexpectedly exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest misery:

"*P-o-o-r M-i-n-o!*" and again: "*M-i-n-o w-a-n-t-s a drink of w-a-ter!*" with various other plaintive speeches, which seemed to come from the throat of some stout, heavy alderman. The creature ended by whistling, in not at all a melancholy manner, that lively air called "Captain Jinks."

Pickety ran back in great haste to describe his wonderful discovery to his comrades, when Mr. Calder brought down the cage among them, and it was a source of endless amusement, as it often had been before to other sets of lads. The mischievous boys took special delight in having Mino in the school-room; for whenever the Superintendent had begun a prayer, or was making some serious remarks, the bird was sure to give vent to an unearthly scream, or to call out in its harsh voice: "Who are you?" or otherwise break in upon the sobriety of the occasion.

Pickety was especially touched, one day, by seeing poor sick women and children come up to Mr. Calder's desk for the little bouquets of flowers furnished to the Flower Mission by kind people in the country. The lad knew that these beautiful gifts were carried home to the dark cellars and miserable attics of that neighborhood, and that these bunches of bright, sweet-smelling flowers came like gifts from God, gladdening the bedside of many a sick and dying creature in the poor quarter around the Lodging House.

Pickety had now lost much of his former wolfish, savage nature: he did not wish to go back to his

jungle and den; he had learned to eat with his knife and fork, and to sleep in a bed, like a civilized human being; he was less cunning but more bright, and was kind to other boys; he had begun to have a desire to earn and own something, and to get on in the world. Besides, he had some idea of religion, and a great longing to be considered a manly fellow; and he was beginning to read in books.

At length, one day, the Superintendent called him and told him he could not be always in the Lodging House, for they did not keep boys long, and he must soon strike out by himself and endeavor to make his own way in the world.

The Superintendent also explained to the bright young lad that the best possible employment for a young working-boy in this country was farming, and that there were kind-hearted farmers in the West who would be glad to take him, and teach him their business, giving him at first only clothing and food, but paying him fair wages later on. In this way he would have (for the first time in his life) a home, and might grow up with the farmer's family, and share in all the good things they had.

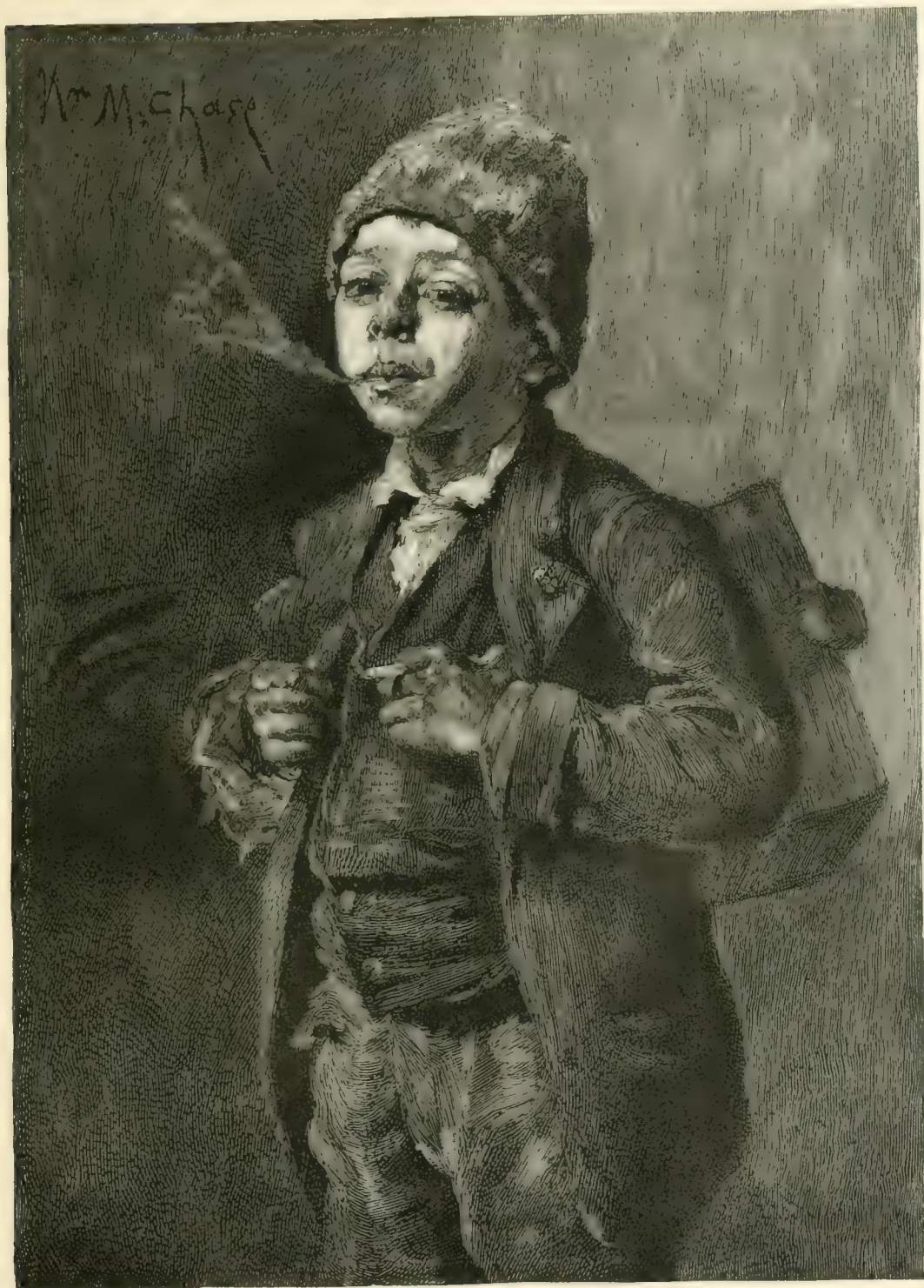
Pickety at first thought he might be sent where bears would hunt him, or Indians catch him, and that he would earn very little and would lose all the sights and fun of New York, so he was almost afraid to go; but, on hearing all about it, and seeing that he would never come to much in the city, and especially hoping to get more education in the West, and by and by to own a bit of land for himself, he resolved to join a party under one of the western agents of the Children's Aid Society and go to Kansas—which to the New York boy seems the best State in the West.

We have not time nor space to follow his fortunes there: everything was strange to him, and he made queer work of his duties in a farmer's house; but the strangest thing of all to him was to be in a kind, Christian family. He wondered what made them all so good, and he began to think he would like to be as they were, and most of all like the One he had heard of in the Lodging House meeting.

He was careful to write to his New York friends about his new home, and here is one of the letters received from him, after he had been in the West a few months:

"—, —, KANSAS.

"MR. MACY—DEAR SIR: I write you these few lines hoping you are in good health at present, and not forgetting the rest of the gentlemen that I remember in the Children's Aid Society. I am getting on splendid with my studies at school, and I send you my monthly report, but please return



A WOLF-REARED BOY.

it, as I want to keep all my reports. I have a good place and like my home, and am glad I came.

"The first time I rode a horse bare-back, he slung me off over his head and made me sick for a week. I also had diphtheria but I am all right again and in good health, and can ride or gallop a horse as fast as any man in town. When summer comes I will learn to plough and sow, and do farmer's work. I will get good wages out here. It is a nice country, for there is no Indians, or bears, or other wild animals — 'cept prairie-wolves, and you can scare *them* with anything.

"If any boy wants a good home, he can come here and have plenty of fun. I have fun with the mules, horses, pigs and dogs. No pegging stones at rag-pickers or tripping up men or tramps in the Bowery or City Hall Park.

"Tell 'Banty' I send him my best respects. Tell him it is from 'Pickety,' and he will know me.

"Yours truly, — — —."


He learned his farm-work fast and soon made

himself very useful; the next winter he went to school again, and became a very good scholar. He knew how to make money, too: when the farmer gave him a calf, or a lamb, or a sheep, he took good care of it, and by and by sold it, and bought other stock with the proceeds, and in this way, after a few years, he had saved a considerable sum. With this he bought some "Government land," on which he built a shanty; and so he began to be a "landed proprietor."

He was no longer "Pickety," but had a Christian name, and for his last name he took that of the kind people to whom he felt like a son. He had acquired a fair education, too; and the neighbors liked and respected the "New York orphan," as they called him. He had quite lost his wolfish nature by this time, and now had a new one, which had come to him from the Good Being he had heard of in the Lodging House, through the civilizing, Christian influences that had been thrown around him. And here we will leave him,—



A THRIVING FARMER ON HIS OWN LAND.



A SPRING STORY.

BY KATE KELLOGG.

A LADY-BUG and a Bumble-bee
Went out in the fine, spring weather;
They met by chance on a lilac-bush,
And talked for a while together.

"These days are warm," said the Bumble-bee,
"But the nights are damp and chilly."
"So damp, indeed," the Lady-bug cried,
"I should think you'd rent the lily."

"I know it's To Let,—I've seen the sign,—
But it won't be long untaken;
The wonder is, that so sweet a place
Should ever have been forsaken."

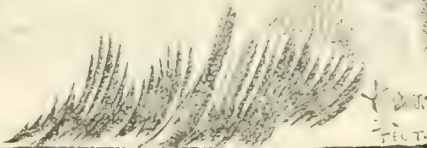
"A thousand thanks," said the Bee in haste,
"And if you'll excuse my hurry,
I'll go and secure the house at once,
Before there's a rush and flurry."

So off he flew toward Marigold street
(The way was not long, nor hilly),
But just as he passed the pinks, he saw
A little girl pick the lily.

The only house he could find to rent!
And this is the pitiful reason
Why out on a cold, bare clover-leaf
He slept the rest of the season.

You call this story too sad to tell?
Perhaps it is; but it teaches
A little rule to the little heart
Of each little girl it reaches.

And the rule is this: When spring-time
comes,
And the nights are damp and chilly,
Be very sure that it's not To Let,
Before you gather a lily.



DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DISCOVERY IN THE GARRET.

"Is Miss Dorothy in?"

"I think she is, Miss Josie. And yet, it seems as if she went over to the Danbys'. Take a seat, Miss, and I'll see if she's in her room."

"Oh, no, Nora! I'll run up myself and surprise her."

So the house-maid went down-stairs to her work, for she and Liddy were "clearin' up" after the house-picnic of the day before; and Josie Manning started in search of Dorry.

"I'll look in her cozy corner first," said Josie to herself.

Only those friends who knew the Reeds intimately had seen Dorry's cozy corner. Mere ac-



DORRY'S COZY CORNER.

quaintances hardly knew of its existence. Though a part of the young lady's pretty bed-room, it was so shut off by a high, folding screen that it formed

a complete little apartment in itself. It was decorated with various keepsakes and fancy articles—some hanging upon the walls, some standing on the mantel-shelf, and some on the cabinet in which she kept her "treasures." With these, and its comfortable lounge and soft Persian rug, and, more than all, with its bright little window overhead, that looked out upon the tree-tops and the gable-roof of the summer-kitchen, it was indeed a most delightful place for the little maid. And there she studied her lessons, read books, wrote letters, and thought out, as well as she could, the plans and problems of her young life. In very cold weather, a wood fire on the open hearth made the corner doubly comfortable, and on mild days, a dark fire-board and a great vase of dried grasses and red-sumac branches made it seem to Dorry the brightest place in the world.

Josie was so used to seeing her friend there that now, when she looked in and found it empty, she turned back. The cozy corner was not itself without Dorry.

"She's gone to the Danbys' after all," thought Josie, standing irresolute for a moment—

"I'll run after her. No, I'll wait here."

So, stepping into the cozy corner again, but shrugging her pretty shoulders at its loneliness, she tossed her hood and shawl upon the sofa, and, taking up a large book of photographic views that lay there, seated herself just outside the screen, where she would be sure to see Dorry if she should enter the room. Meantime, sitting in the sunshine, a pleasant heat came in upon her from the warm hall; not a sound was to be heard, and she was soon lost in the enjoyment of the book, which had carried her across the seas, far into foreign scenes and places.

But Dorry was not at the Danbys' at all. She was overhead, in the garret, kneeling beside a small leather trunk, which was studded with tarnished brass nails.

How dusty it was!

"I don't believe even Liddy knew it was up here," thought Dorry, "for the boys poked it out from away, 'way back under the rafters. If she had known of it, she would have put it with the rest of the trunks."

Dorry laid the dusty lid back carefully, noting as she did so that it was attached to the trunk by a strip of buff leather inside, extending its entire length, and that its buff-paper lining was gay with

sprays of pink rose-buds. In one of the upper corners of this lid was a label bearing this inscription:

*Kate Reed.
From Papa.
October 1849.
For my Dolly.*

"Oh!" exclaimed Dorry, under her breath, as, still kneeling, she read the words,—“it's Aunt Kate's own writing!”

"Papa," ran her thoughts, "that was Donald's and my grandpapa. October, 1849—ten whole years before we were born! when she was a little girl herself!"

Then with reverent hands Dorry lifted the top article—a soft, pink muslin dress, which had a narrow frill of yellowish lace, basted at the neck. It seemed to have been cast aside as partly worn out. Beneath this lay a small black silk apron, which had silk shoulder-straps, bordered with narrow black lace, and also little pockets trimmed with lace. Dorry, gently thrusting her hand into one of these pockets, drew forth a bit of crumpled ribbon, some fragments of dried rose-leaves, and a silver thimble marked "K. R." She put it on her thimble-finger; it fitted exactly.

"Oh, dear!" thought Dorry, as, with flushed cheeks and quick-beating heart, she looked at the dress and apron on her lap; "I wish Don would come!" Then followed a suspicion that perhaps she ought to call him, and Uncle George, too, before proceeding further; but the desire to go on was stronger. Aunt Kate was hers,—“my aunty, even more than Don's,” she thought, “because he's a boy, and of course does n't care so much,”—and then she lifted a slim, white paper parcel, nearly as long as the trunk. It was partly wrapped in an old piece of white Canton crape, embroidered with white silk stars at regular intervals. Removing this, Dorry was about to take off the white paper wrapper also, when she caught sight of some words written on it in pencil.

"Dear Aunt Kate!" thought Dorry, intensely interested; "how carefully she wrapped up and marked everything! Just my way," and she read:

My dear little Delia: I am fourteen to-day, too old for dolls, so I must put you to sleep and lay you away. But I'll keep you, my dear dolly, as

long as I live, and if I ever have a dear little girl, she shall wake you and play with you and love you, and I promise to name her Delia, after you.
Kate Reed. August, 1852.

With a strange conflict of feeling, and for the moment forgetting everything else, Dorry read the words over and over, through her tears; adding, softly: "Delia! That's why my little cousin was named Delia."

And, as she slowly opened the parcel, it almost seemed to her that Cousin Delia, Aunt Kate's own little girl, had come back to life, and was sitting on the floor beside her, and that she and Delia always would be true and good, and would love Aunt Kate forever and ever.

But the doll, Delia, recalled her. How pretty and fresh it was!—a sweet rosy face, with round cheeks and real hair, once neatly curled, but now pressed in flat rings against the bare dimpled shoulders. The eyes were closed, and when Dorry sought for some means of opening them, she found a wire evidently designed for that purpose. But it had become so rusty and stiff that it would not move. Somehow the closed eyes troubled her, and before she realized what she was doing, she gave the wire such a vigorous jerk that the eyes opened—bright, blue, glad eyes, that seemed to recognize her.

"Oh, you pretty thing!" exclaimed Dorry, as she kissed the smiling face and held it close to her cheek for a moment. "Delia never can play with you, dear; she was drowned, but I'll keep you as long as I live—Who's that? Oh, Don, how you startled me! I am so glad you've come."

"Why, what's the matter, Dot?" he asked, hurrying forward, as she turned toward him, with the doll still in her arms. "Not crying?"

"Oh, no, no, I'm not crying," she said, hastily wiping her eyes, and surprised to find them wet. "See here! This is Delia. Oh, Don, don't laugh. Stop, stop!"

Checking his sudden mirth, as he saw Dorry's indignation, and glancing at the open trunk, which until now had escaped his notice, he began to suspect what was the matter.

"Is it Aunt Kate's?" he asked, gravely, as he knelt beside her.

"Yes, Don; Aunt Kate's doll when she was a little girl. This is the trunk that I told you about—the one that the diary fell out of."

A strong, boyish step was heard coming up the garret stair: "Who is it? Run, Don, don't let any one come up here!" begged Dorry.

"It's Ed Tyler,—Hold up, Ed!" cried Don, obediently. "I'll be there in a minute." Then hurriedly kissing Dorry, and with a hearty "cheer up, little sister!" he was gone.

Don's pleasant tone and quick step changed the current of Dorry's thoughts. More than this, a bright beam of sunlight now shone through the dusty window. Sobbing no longer, she carefully wrapped the doll in the same paper and piece of silk that had held it for so many years. As she arose, holding the parcel in her hand, the pink dress and black silk apron on her lap fell to the floor.

A sudden thought came to her. Dorry never could remain sad very long at a time. She hastily opened the parcel again.

"Lie down there, Delia dear," she said, gently placing the doll on the rose-buds of the still open trunk-lid. "Lie down there, till I put on these things. I'm going to take you down to see your uncle!"

"Wont he be astonished, though!" murmured Dorry, as, half smiling, half sighing, she took off her dress in great excitement, and put on, first the pink muslin, and then the black silk apron, fastening them at the back as well as she could, with many a laborious twist and turn of her white arms, and with a half-puzzled consciousness that the garments were a perfect fit.

The dress, which was high at the neck, had short sleeves, and was gathered to a belt at the waist. Tying the apron at the back, so that the ends of its black ribbon bow hung down over the full pink skirt, she proceeded to adjust the silk straps that, starting in front at the belt, went over the shoulders and down again at the back.

As she did this and perceived that each strap was wide on the top and tapered toward the belt, it struck her that the effect must be quite pretty. Bending, to take up Delia, she saw, for the first time, among the bits of calico and silk lying in the bottom of the trunk, what proved to be a wide-brimmed straw hat. In another moment it was on her head, and, with a quick little laugh, she caught up Delia and ran down the stairs.

Looking neither to right nor left, Dorry sped down the next flight; across the hall, on tiptoe now, and so on to the study door, which stood ajar just enough to admit her slight figure.

Mr. Reed, who sat at the table busily writing, did not even look up when she entered.

"How d' ye do?" she exclaimed, courtesying to her uncle, with the doll in her arms.

He sprang to his feet in amazement.

"Don't be frightened. It's only Dorry. I just wanted to surprise you! See," she continued, as he stood staring wildly at her, "I found all these things upstairs. And look at the dolly!"

By this time the hat had fallen off, and she was shaking her tumbled hair at him in a vehement manner, still holding Delia in her extended arms.



JOSIE MANNING WAITS FOR DORRY.

"Good-bye, Ed!" rang out Donald's clear voice from the piazza, and in an instant he was looking through the study window, much surprised to see a quaint little pink figure folded in Uncle George's embrace, while Dorry's voice was calling from somewhere: "Be careful! Be careful! You'll break Delia!"

Ed Tyler, sauntering homeward, met Josie Manning on her way to the Danbys'. "I think Dorry has gone to see Charity Danby," she said, "and I'm going after her. I've been waiting at her house, ever so long."

"I've been at Don's, too," said Ed. "Just come from there."

Josie laughed. "As if I did n't know that," she said. "Why, I was in Dorry's room all the time. First I heard Don run up to the garret for some-

thing, then you went up after him, and then you both passed down again, and out upon the piazza. I suppose you went to the old carriage-house, as usual, did n't you?"

"Of course we did. We're turning it into a first-class gymnasium. Mr. Reed has given it to Don outright, and I tell you it will be a big thing. Jack's helping us. Don has saved up lots of pocket-money, and Mr. Reed gives him all the lumber he wants. Just you wait. But, by the way, Dorry is n't out. Don told me himself she was rummaging up in the garret."

"Why, that's queer!" was Josie's surprised exclamation. "Then it must have been Dorry who ran down-stairs. It could n't be, though—some one with a hat on and a short-sleeved pink dress went by like a flash."

"Don't you know Dorry Reed yet?" laughed Ed—"she is always dressing up. Why, one day when I was there, she came into Don's room dressed like an old woman—cap, crutch, corked wrinkles and all complete—never saw anything like it. What a little witch she is!"

"I think she's an angel!" said Josie, warmly.

"A pretty lively angel!" was Ed's response.

But the tone of admiration was so genuine that it satisfied even Josie Manning.

"Well!" exclaimed Donald, noting Dorry's strange costume as he entered the room, after shouting a second good-bye to Ed Tyler.

"Well!" echoed Dorry, freeing herself from her uncle's arms, and facing Donald, with a little jump—"what of it? I thought I'd pay Uncle a visit with my pretty doll-cousin here" (hugging Delia as she spoke), "and he started as if I were a ghost. Did n't you, Uncle?"

"I suppose I did," assented Mr. Reed, with a sad smile. "In fact, Dorry, I may as well admit that what is fun to you happened, for once, not to be fun to me."

"But it *was* n't fun to me!" cried that astonishing Dorry. "It was—it was—tell him, Don; you know."

There was no need for Don to speak. Dorry's flushed cheeks, shining eyes, and excited manner told their own story—and both her brother and uncle, because they knew her so well, felt quite sure that in a moment Dorothy's own self would have a word to say.

Still folding the dolly to her heart and in both arms, just as she would have held it years before, and with the yearning look of a little child, the young girl, without moving from the middle of the room, looked wistfully toward the window, as though she saw outside some one whom she loved, but who could not or would not come to her. Then she

stepped toward her uncle, who had seated himself again in the big chair, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said earnestly:

"Uncle, I've been brought nearer to Aunt Kate to-day than ever in my life before, and the lonely feeling is almost all gone. I found a little old trunk, far back under the rafters, with her doll in it, her clothes and her writing, and now I see how *real* she was,—not like a dream, as she used to seem, but just one of us. You know what I mean."

"A trunk, Dorry! What? Where?" was all the response Uncle George made, as, hastening from the room, he started for the garret, keeping ahead of the others all the way.

CHAPTER XVII.

DORRY ASKS A QUESTION.

DONALD and Dorothy followed their uncle closely, though he seemed to have forgotten them; and they were by his side when he reached the little treasure-trove, with its still opened lid.

Paying no attention to their presence, Mr. Reed hurriedly, but with the tenderest touch, took out every article and examined it closely.

When he came to the diary, which Dorry that day had restored unopened to the trunk, he eagerly scanned its pages, here and there; then, to the great disappointment of the D's, he silently laid it down, as if intending soon to take it away with him.

"May we see that, Uncle?" asked Dorry, softly. "Is n't it right for us to read it? We found out it was her diary—but I put it back——"

Without replying, Uncle George went on with his examination. Finally, replacing the last article in the trunk, he closed the lid with a hopeless air, and turned toward Dorry, saying:

"Dorothy, where is that doll? It must go back where you found it, and the clothes, too."

She handed it to him without a word—all her hope turned to bitterness.

But as he took it, noting her grieved expression, he said:

"Thank you, my dear. You are too old to play with dolls——"

"Oh, Uncle, it is too bad for you to speak so! You *know* I did n't mean to play with it. It is n't a dolly to me—she's more like—like something with life. But you can shut her up in the dark, if you want to."

"Dorry! Dorry!" said Don, reproachfully. "Don't be so excited."

In a flash of thought, Dorry made up her mind to speak—now or never.

"Uncle!" said she, solemnly, "I am going to

ask you a question—and, if it is wrong, I can't help it. What is the reason that you always feel so badly when I speak of Aunt Kate?"

He looked at her in blank surprise for an instant; then, as she still awaited his reply, he echoed her words, "Feel badly when you speak of Aunt Kate! Why, my child, what do you mean?"

"I mean, Uncle dear, that there is a secret in the house: something you have never told Don and me. It's always coming up and making mischief, and I don't think it's right at all. Neither does Don."

"That's so, Uncle," said Donald, emphatically; "we feel sure there is something that gives you trouble. Why not let us share it with you? Remember, we are not little children any longer."

The uncle looked quickly from one to the other, mentally deciding that the children could be told only the facts that were positively known to him; then seating himself on the corner of a large chest, he drew Don and Dorry toward him.

"Yes, my children," he said, in his own hearty way, as if already a load had been taken from his mind, "there *is* something. It is right that I should tell you, and this is as good a time as any. Put the doll away, Dorry" (he spoke very gently now), "wherever you please, and come down-stairs. It is chilly up here—and, by the way, you will catch cold in that thin gown. What have we been thinking of all this while?"

"Oh, I'm as warm as toast, Uncle," she replied, at the same time taking her pretty merino dress from the old chair upon which she had thrown it, scarcely an hour ago; "but I suppose it's always better to be on the safe side, as Liddy says."

"Much better," said Uncle, nodding with forced cheerfulness. "Down with you, Dot. We'll join you in a minute."

Dorry saw her uncle stooping low to peer into the far roof-end of the garret, as she left them; and she had time to place Delia carefully in her treasure-cabinet, put on the warmer dress, and be ready to receive her uncle and Donald before they made their appearance.

"May we be your guests, Dot?" asked Uncle George, at her door.

"Oh, yes, sir; come right in here," was her pleased response, as, with a conflict of curiosity and dread, Dorry gracefully conducted them into her cozy corner.

"It is too pretty and dainty here for our rough masculine tread, eh, Don?" was Mr. Reed's remark, as, with something very like a sigh, he seated himself beside Dorry upon the sofa, while her brother rested upon one of its ends.

"Well," began Dorry, clasping her hands

tightly, and trying to feel calm. "We're ready, now, Uncle."

"And so am I," said he. "But first of all, I must ask you both not to magnify the importance of what I am going to reveal."

"About Aunt Kate?" interposed Dorry.

"About Aunt Kate. Do not think you have lost her, because she was really, no—I should say—not exactly."

"Oh," urged Dorry, "don't stop so, Uncle! Please do go on!"

"As I was about to say," resumed Mr. Reed, in a tone of mild rebuke at the interruption, "it really never made any difference to me, nor to your father, and it should make no difference to you now. You know," he continued, with some hesitation, "children sometimes are adopted into families—that is to say, they are loved just the same, and cared for just the same, but they are not own children. Do you understand?"

"Understand what, please, Uncle? Did Aunt Kate adopt any one?" asked Dorry.

"No, but my father and mother did; your grandfather and grandmother Reed, you know," said he, looking at the D's in turn, as though he hoped one of them would help him.

"You don't mean, Uncle," almost screamed Dorry, "that it was that—that horrid——"

Donald came to her assistance.

"Was it *that man*, Uncle?" he asked, quickly.

"Ben Buster told me the fellow claimed to be related to us—was *he* ever adopted by Grandfather Reed?"

"Ugh!" shuddered Dorry.

Very little help poor Uncle George could hope to have now from the D's. The only way left was to speak out plainly.

"No, not that man, my children; but Aunt Kate. Aunt Kate was an adopted daughter—an adopted sister—but she was in all other respects one of our family. Never was daughter or sister more truly beloved. She was but two years old, an orphan, when she came to us. Grandpa and Grandma Reed had known her parents, and when the little"—here Mr. Reed hastily resolved to say nothing of Eben Slade for the present—"the little girl was left alone in the world, destitute, with no relatives to care for her, my father and mother took her into their home, to bear their name and to be their own dear little daughter."

"When Aunt Kate was old enough, they told her all, but it was her wish that we boys should forget that we were not really her brothers. This was before we came to live in this house."

"Our Nestletown neighbors, hearing nothing of the adoption, naturally supposed that little Kate Reed was our own sister. The secret was known

only to our relatives, and one or two old friends, and Lydia, who was Kate's devoted nurse and attendant. In fact, we never thought anything about it. To us, as to the world outside, she was Kate Reed—the joy and pride of our home—our sister Kate to the very last. So it really made no serious difference. Don't you see?"

Not a word from either of the listeners.

"Of course, Dorry darling," he said, coaxingly, "this is very strange news to you, but you must meet it bravely and as I said be-

understand it all? Don't you see that Aunt Kate is Aunt Kate still?"

"Yes, indeed. I say so, most decidedly," broke forth Donald. "And I am very glad you have told us, Uncle. Are n't you, Dorry?"

Dorry could not speak, but she kissed Uncle George and tried to feel brave.

"Mamma and Aunt Kate were great friends, were n't they?" Donald asked.

"Yes, indeed. Though they became acquainted only a few months before your parents married and departed for Europe, they soon became very fond of each other."

"Then, Uncle," pursued Donald, "why did n't *you* know Mother, too? I should think she would have come here to visit Aunt Kate, sometimes."

"As your mother was an only child, living alone with her invalid father, she was unwilling to leave

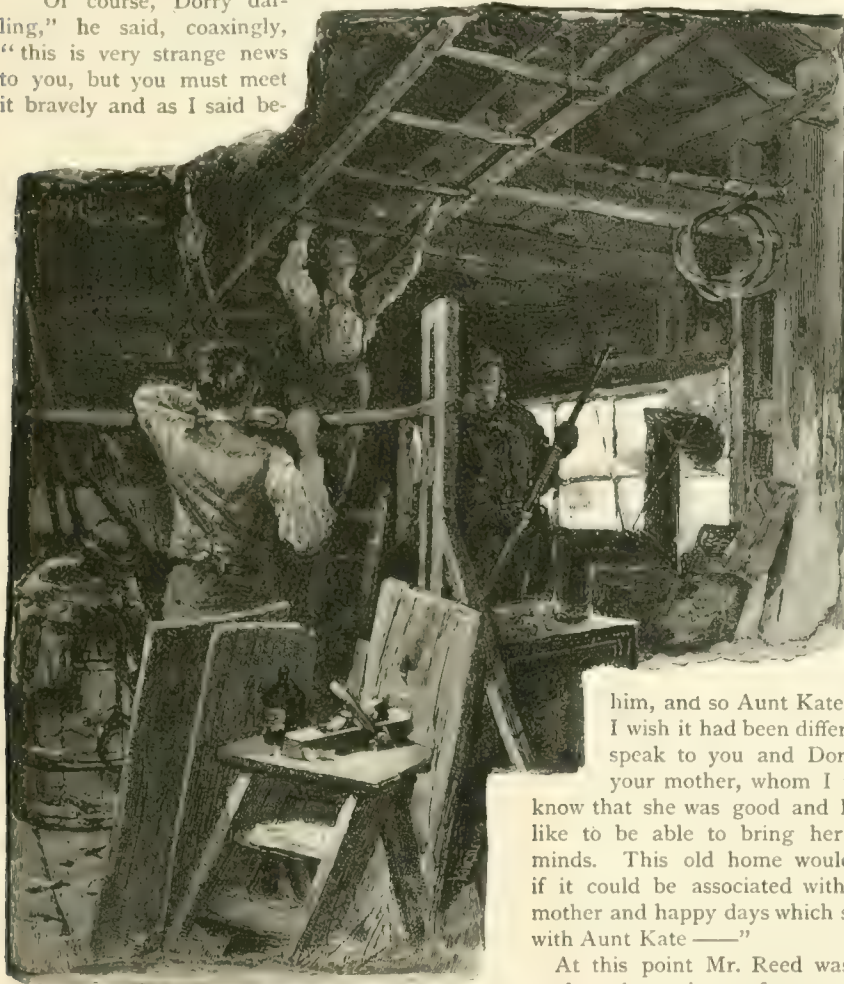
him, and so Aunt Kate visited her instead. I wish it had been different, and that I could speak to you and Dorothy more fully of your mother, whom I rarely saw. We all

know that she was good and lovely, but I should like to be able to bring her familiarly to your minds. This old home would be all the dearer if it could be associated with thoughts of your mother and happy days which she had passed here with Aunt Kate —"

At this point Mr. Reed was summoned to his study. A gentleman from town had called to see him on business.

"Keep up a good heart, my girl," he said, tenderly, to Dorry, as he left her, "and as soon as you feel like it, take a run out-of-doors with Donald. The bracing air will drive all sad thoughts away."

Dorry tried to smile pleasantly, as she promised to follow his advice. She even begged Don not to wait any longer, assuring him that she would go out and join him very soon.



DONALD AND ED TYLER TRY THE GYMNASIUM.

fore, without giving it undue importance. I wish now that, from the first, you and Donald had been told all this; but indeed your Aunt Kate was always so dear to me, that I wished you to consider her, as she considered herself, a relative. It has been my great consolation to think and speak of your father and her as my brother and sister, and to see you, day by day, growing to love and honor her memory as she deserved—Now, do you not

"That 's a good old Dot," said Don, proudly. "I 'll wait for you. Where 's your hat?"

"No, you go first, Don. I 'll be out soon. I really will."

"All right. Ed 's out there again by this time. You 'll find us in the gymnasium," and off he ran, well knowing that Dorry's heart was heavy, but believing that the truest kindness and sympathy lay in making as light as possible of Uncle George's revelation—which, he felt, was n't so serious a thing after all, if looked at in the right manner.

Dorothy waited until he was out of sight, and then sat down to think it all over.

The result was that when Liddy chanced to pass through the hall, a few moments later, she was startled at hearing half-suppressed sobs.

According to the custom of the house, which made the cozy corner a sort of refuge for Dorry, the good woman, upon entering at the open door, stood a moment wondering what to do. But as the sound of another little sob came from behind the screen, she called out in a cheery voice:

"May I come in, Miss Dorry, dear?"

"Y-yes," was the answer. "Oh, Liddy, is that you? Uncle has told us all about it."

"Sakes alive!" cried Liddy, holding up her hands in dismay—"not told you everything?"

"Yes, he has," insisted Dorry, weeping afresh, as Lydia's manner seemed to give her a new right to consider that an awful fact had been revealed to her. "I know now all about it. I have n't any Aunt Kate at all. I'm a-all alone!"

"For shame, Miss Dorry; how can you talk so? You, with your blessed uncle and your brother, to say nothing of them who have cherished you in their arms from the day you were a helpless baby—for shame, Miss, to say such a thing!"

This put matters in a new light.

"Oh, Liddy, you don't know about it. There 's no Aunt K-Kate, any way," sobbed Dorry, rather relieved at finding herself the subject of a good scolding.

"There is n't, eh? Well, I 'd like to know why not!" retorted Lydia, furtively wiping her eyes. "I guess there *is*. I knew, long before you were born, that she was a dear little adopted girl. But what of that—that does n't mean she was n't ever a little girl at all. Don't you know, Miss Dorry, child, that a human being 's a human being, and folks care for 'em for what they are? It was n't just belongin' to this or that family made Miss Kate so lovely—it's what she was herself, and I can certify to her bein' as real as you and me are—if that 's all that 's wanted."

By this time Dorry, though half comforted, had buried her face in the sofa-pillow.

"Not that I can't feel for you, poor dear," Liddy continued, gently patting the young girl's shoulder, but speaking more rapidly—"many 's the time I've wept tears, just to think of you, longing with all your little heart for a mother. I'm a rough old body, my dove, and what are your dear good uncle and Master Donald but menkind, after all, and it's natural you should pine for Aunt. Ah, I 'm afraid it's my doings that you 've been thinkin' of her all these days, when, may be, if I 'd known your dear mother, which I did n't,—and no blame to me neither,—I would n't always have been holding Miss Kate up to you. But she was a darling, was your Aunt Kate, as you know by her picture down-stairs—don't you, dear?"

Dorry nodded into the cushion, by way of reply.

Liddy gazed at her a moment in sympathizing silence, and then, in a more cheerful tone, begged her to rouse herself:

"It wont do any good to fret about it, you know, Miss Dorry. Come, now, you 'll have the awfulest headache that ever was, if you don't brighten up. When you 're in trouble, count your blessings—that 's what I always say, and you 've a big share of 'em, after all, dear. Let me make you a nice warm cup of tea—that 'll build you up, Miss Dorry. It always helps me when I—Sakes! what 's that?"

"What's what, Liddy?" said Dorry, languidly raising her head from the pillow. "Oh, that 's—that 's *her*—that 's Aunt Kate's frock and apron. Yes, and here 's something else. Here 's Delia—I 'll show her to you."

And so saying, she rose and stepped toward the cabinet.

"Show me Delia? Merciful heavens," cried Liddy, "has the child lost her senses!"

But the sight of the doll re-assured her.

"Oh, that 's Delia, is it?" she asked, still wondering; "well, where in the world did it come from?"

Dorry told her all about the discovery of the little trunk that had been hidden in the garret so many years.

"Oh, those miserable house-cleaners!" was Liddy's wrathful comment. "Only to think of it! We had 'em workin' up there when you twins were too little to spare me, and I 've never felt easy about it since, nor trusted any one but myself to clean that garret. To think of their pushing things in, 'way out of sight and sound like that!"

This practical digression had a good effect on Dorry. Rousing herself to make the effort, she bathed her face, smoothed her hair, and seizing her hat and shawl, started with a sigh to fulfill her promise to Donald.

And all this time, Liddy sat stroking and folding the little pink dress and black apron.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GYMNASIUM.

WHEN Dorry reached the "gymnasium," as Ed and Don called it, she could not help smiling at the grand title they had given prematurely to a very unpromising looking place.

The building had been a fine carriage-house in its day, but of late it had been used mainly by Jack as a sort of store-house for old barrels, boxes, wheels, worn-out implements, and odds and ends of various kinds. Its respectable exterior had saved it from being pulled down when the new carriage-house was built. As Donald had planked off one end for his own special purposes,—first as a printing-office, later as a carpenter's shop,—and as Dorothy had planted vines, which in summer surrounded its big window with graceful foliage, it had become the special property of Jack and the D's.

Consequently, when Donald asked Mr. Reed to allow him to sell or send away the rubbish, and, with the proceeds of the sale of the old iron added to his own saved-up pocket-money, to turn the place into a gymnasium, his uncle not only gave free consent, but offered to let him have help and material, in case the young man should fall short of funds—as he most undoubtedly would.

The project was but a few days old at the time of the house-picnic, but being a vigorous little project, with life in its veins, it grew and prospered finely. Sailor Jack entered heartily into the work—the more so as his gallant fancy conceived the idea of some day setting up near by a sort of ship's-rigging with shrouds and ratlins, in which to give the boys lessons, and occasionally disport himself, by way of relief, when his sea-longing should

become too much for him. Plans and consultations soon were the order of the day, and Dorry becoming interested, learned more about pulleys, ropes, ladders, beams, strength of timber, and such things than any other girl in the village.

The building was kept moderately warm by an old stove, which Jack had set up two years before, when Don and Dorry had the printing-press fever (which, by the way, had broken out in the form of a tiny, short-lived newspaper, called *The Nestle-town Boom*), and day after day the boys spent every odd moment of daylight there, assisted in many ways by Dorothy. But perhaps more efficient help was rendered by Jack, when he could spare the time from his horses, and by the village carpenter, when he would deign to keep his engagements.

Above all, it was decided that the new tutor should not begin until after the Christmas holidays, now close at hand.

Under this hearty coöperation, the work prospered wonderfully,

Pretty soon, boys who came to jeer remained to try the horizontal bar or the "horse," or the ladder that stretched invitingly overhead from one end of the building to the other. By special request, Don's and Dorry's Christmas gifts from Uncle were a flying-course, a swinging-bar, and a spring-board. Jack and Don carted load after load of saw-dust from the lumber-mill, and presto! the gymnasium was in full operation.

All of which explains why Josie Manning and Dorothy Reed bought dark-blue flannel, and sent to town for the latest pattern for gymnasium dresses,—why Don and Ed soon exasperated them by comfortably purchasing suits ready-made,—why Dorry's cheeks grew rosier, why Uncle was pleased, why Jack was happy, and why Lydia was morally sure the D's would break their precious necks, if somebody did n't put a stop to it.

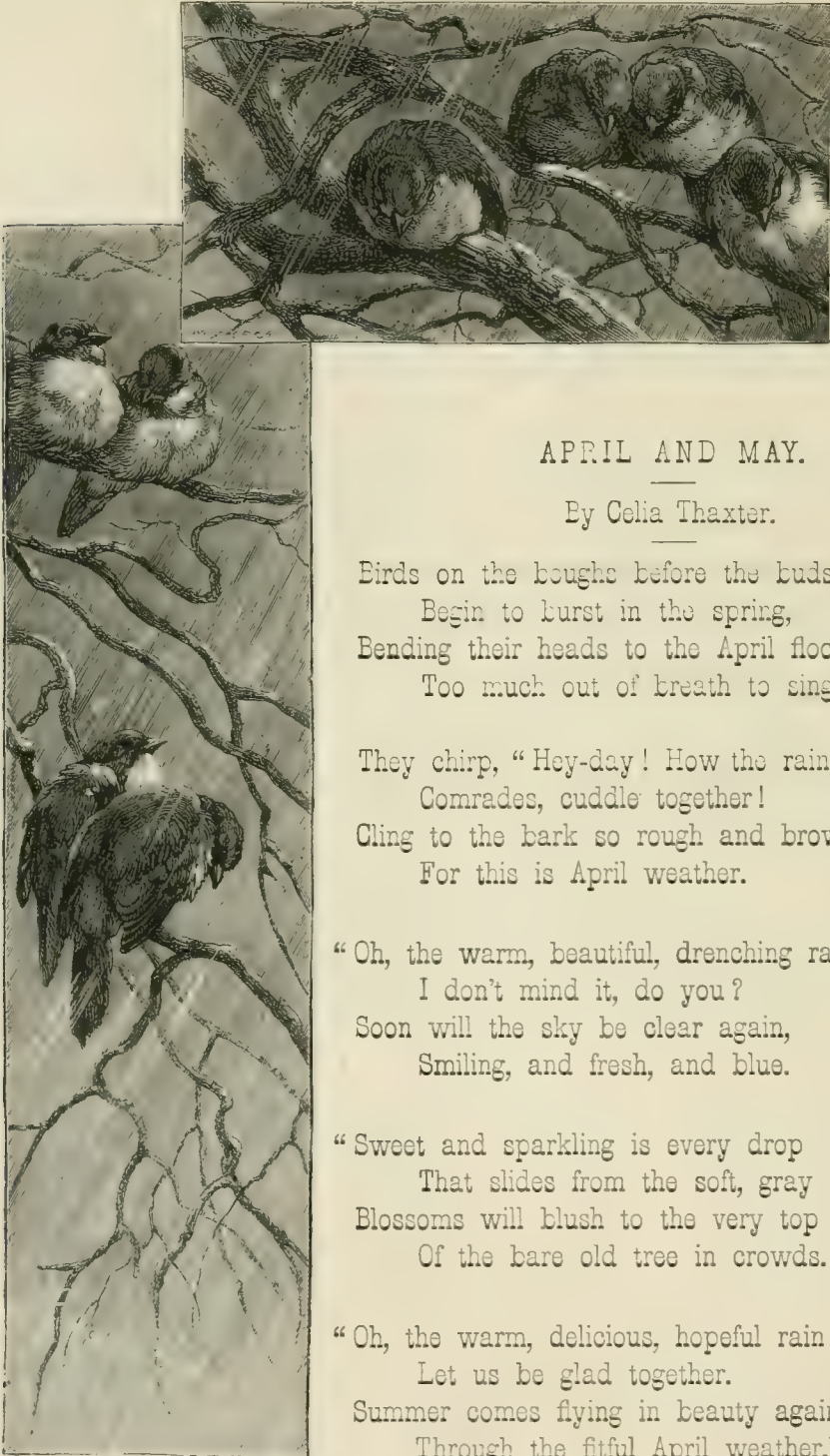
(To be continued.)

THE MAN FROM PARIS.

THERE once was a man from "Par-ee,"
Whose reply to all questions was "Oui!"

When told he 'd go wrong,
Should he not change his song,
He replied very much as you see.





APRIL AND MAY.

By Celia Thaxter.

Birds on the boughs before the buds
Begin to burst in the spring,
Bending their heads to the April floods,
Too much out of breath to sing!

They chirp, "Hey-day! How the rain comes down!
Comrades, cuddle together!
Cling to the bark so rough and brown,
For this is April weather.

"Oh, the warm, beautiful, drenching rain!
I don't mind it, do you?
Soon will the sky be clear again,
Smiling, and fresh, and blue.

"Sweet and sparkling is every drop
That slides from the soft, gray clouds;
Blossoms will blush to the very top
Of the bare old tree in crowds.

"Oh, the warm, delicious, hopeful rain!
Let us be glad together.
Summer comes flying in beauty again,
Through the fitful April weather."

II. MAY.

Chimes are glowing in gold and blue,
 What did the brave birds say?
 Plenty of sunshine to come, they knew,
 In the pleasant month of May!

She calls a breeze from the South to blow,
 And breathe on the boughs so bare,
 And straight they are laden with rosy snow,
 And there's honey and spice in the air!

Oh, the glad, green leaves! Oh, the happy wind!
 Oh, delicate fragrance and balm!
 Storm and tumult are left behind
 In a rapture of golden calm.

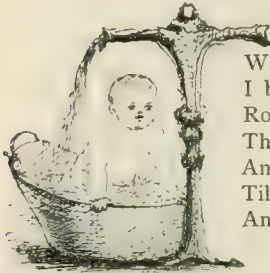
From dewy morning to starry night
 The birds sing sweet and strong,
 That the radiant sky is filled with light,
 That the days are fair and long;

That bees are drowsy about the hive—
 Earth is so warm and gay!
 And 't is joy enough to be alive
 In the heavenly month of May!



MASTER THEODORE.

BY OLD NURSEY.



LITTLEBAT TITMOUSE THEODORE VAN HORN
 Was the prettiest baby that ever was born.
 I bathed him and fed him and taught him "Bo-peep,"
 Rocked him and trotted him, sang him to sleep.
 Then I bade him good-by, and crossed the wide sea,
 And it rolled twenty years 'twixt that baby and me;
 Till at last I resolved I would cross the blue main
 And hug my own precious wee baby again.

Well, that old ship creaked, and that old ship tossed,—
 I was sure as I lived that we all should be lost,—
 But at last we saw sea-gulls, and soon we saw land;
 And then we were in; and—if there did n't stand
 My own blessed baby! He came there to meet me!
 Yes, when we all landed, he hastened to greet me!
 And wonder of wonders! that baby had grown
 To be bigger than me, and he stood all alone!
 "Why, Nursey!" he said (he could talk, think of that!),
 As he bowed like a marquis and lifted his hat.
 "Ah, how *did* you know your old Nursey? Oh, my!
 You 've changed very much, and no wonder," says I;
 When I spied of a sudden his mother, behind,—
 Sweet lady! She 'd helped him Old Nursey to find.
 And he told me, right there, he 'd a sweet little wife
 And that I should live with them the rest of my life.

So I 'm here, and right happy. You just ought to see
 The dear little fellow that sits on my knee.
 He has beautiful dimples and eyes like his Ma,
 And a nose and a chin just the same as his Pa.
 Ah, me! He 's a beauty! There never *was* born
 A prettier babe than this latest Van Horn.

THE NEW LIGHT.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

"It 's too bad that the fairies and giants died so long ago. It does seem as if all the wonderful things happened before there was a chance to see them. If a gnome or a nixie would appear in the woods near the fairy ring, and send word that it would do something, we could go to the telephone in the library, and tell all the boys and girls in the neighborhood to meet at the railway depot and take the train for the woods, so as to be in time to see. That would be something like! They have put an electric light on a tall mast near

the Town Hall. They say you can see it from Perkins's Hill where the fairy ring was found, and that 's more than nine miles from the Town Hall. Perhaps if there were any gnomes or fairies there, they could see it. What do you suppose they would think about it? It is very bright, and it makes the streets look like fairy-land."

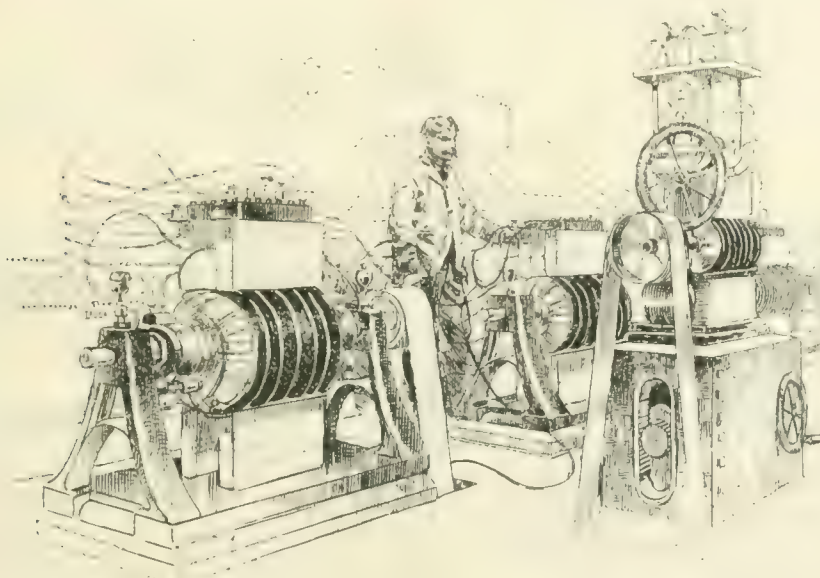
You see, the boy who made this long speech was a great talker. He certainly mixed things up in a strange fashion,—fairies and telephones, gnomes and electric lights. He was sure nothing

wonderful happens now, and yet he spoke of three things that leave poor Mr. Aladdin quite out of sight. What was the good of his old brass lamp? If you rubbed it well, you could fly away wherever you wished; but there's nothing to show that even the wonderful flying carpet was half as fast as a train of cars. As for talking through a wire ten miles long, there is nothing like that in any fairy story ever written.

There are men and women still living who remember the time when there were no railways. It was at the Centennial Exhibition that the telephone was first shown, and some of you can recall the day the men brought the wires over the top of the house and put up that little box in the library. Now comes this mysterious electric light. It is queer and strange, bright as a small chip split off the sun, and they say the small white

perimenting," and it is in this way that nearly all the strange new things were discovered. Faraday knew the battery would give him sparks and flashes of light. By trying the wires of the battery in a particular way, he found he could make the sparks stand still, while a great and wonderful light flashed up, burning and dazzling, before him. Franklin, you remember, went out one day, just as a thunder-shower was coming, and sent up his kite. The lightning ran down the kite-string and gave him a tiny spark from a key tied to the string. That was a famous experiment, for it proved that lightning and electricity were the same thing.

From Faraday's experiment we learn that a thunder-storm is a grand show, similar to the electric lights that shine in the streets. The lights in the clouds are not steady;—the lightning is not a good lamp to read by. Yet these three are the same—



DYNAMO-ELECTRIC MACHINES, WORKED BY STEAM, AND PRODUCING MAGNETO-ELECTRICITY [SEE PAGE 574.]

flame is so hot that it will burn up hard metals, like platinum, or tough stones, like diamonds. The gnomes never did anything like that, and, if they could do it, they never said so, or never took the trouble to try. Giants and nixies and gnomes don't amount to much, after all, nowadays.

It was Faraday who first saw the electric light. He was one day at work with his battery, trying experiments. He was continually trying things to see how they would behave. We call this "ex-

perimenting," and it is in this way that nearly all the strange new things were discovered.

Place a needle near the ends of a magnet, and it will be pulled toward it. If the needle touches the magnet, it will stick to the ends. Something draws the needle to the magnet and makes it cling. The attraction of the magnet for the needle we call "magnetism." We can see nothing of it; it has no light and no motion of its own. We can not hear it, and yet we know there is force of some

kind. This force that drags the needle to the magnet we call magnetism. In trying our experiment we have been, as it were, asking a question, as if we said, "Mr. Needle, what would you do if you met Mr. Magnet?" Mr. Needle is not very talkative, but the pointed way he has of clinging to Mr. Magnet speaks more loudly than words. Could he speak, he might say: "There is a force I must obey, and it draws me to the magnet. In nature there is a law of attraction, and in nature nothing ever breaks a law."

Put a two-cent piece in the mouth, on the tongue, and lay a nickel five-cent piece under the tongue, so that the edges of the two coins will just touch. In a moment you will have a curious bitter taste on the tongue. Neither coin by itself will have this taste. When the two pieces touch each other in the mouth, something happens besides their touching. You feel a strange, biting sensation on the tongue. Look at the coins. Nothing seems to have happened to them, yet you feel sure that something did take place when you held them in your mouth.

Another way to perform this experiment is to wind a short piece of fine copper wire around each coin, and then to drop them in a cup of vinegar. Take care that the bundles do not touch each other, and bring the ends of the two wires close

One wire does not have this effect, but, when both wires touch the tongue, something happens, for you feel it plainly. What does this experiment tell us? That here is force of some kind. This kind of force is called electricity. The coins on the tongue or in the vinegar make what is termed a "battery," that is, a fountain, of this force, and the taste on the tongue is caused by electricity.

If, in place of the coins, you use a sheet of copper and a sheet of zinc, each with its copper wire, and if in place of the vinegar a stronger acid, like sulphuric acid, is used, there will be more force, and the electricity will give us light and sounds. If the ends of the wires are brought together, there will be a tiny spark and a low sound, like the snapping of a bit of wood. There is nothing new to be seen or felt in the wires. They are cold and silent, yet, when they touch, they seem for an instant to be full of crackling fire. If the battery is a strong one, and you place a piece of paper between the ends of the wires, you will find after the flash that a small hole, with blackened edges, has been made through the paper. This shows that there is heat as well as light, for the spark burned a hole in the paper. From these experiments you can prove for yourself that electricity is something that can be tasted, and that it gives light and sound and heat; and yet, it can not be seen.



A RAINY NIGHT.—STREET LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

together. Now, holding the cup in the hand, touch the ends of the two wires to the tongue. Again you feel the strange, biting, bitter taste.

At one time it was imagined that electricity was a kind of fluid, like water, and that it could, in some way, flow through the wires of a battery.



THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK, ON A CLOUDY EVENING.

It is better to think that electricity is merely energy displaying itself; but no one can tell what it really is. We can see its light; we can feel it in the hands and arms—as when you touch a Leyden-jar; we can taste it, as you know; and it will burn and give out terrible sounds. We see the lightning strike a barn, and the barn burns down, and we hear the pealing sound when the flash has darted from the black clouds. These things are only the ways in which it shows itself to us, and we say these are displays of energy. The acid in the battery bites and eats up the copper and zinc. This process releases force or energy, and this force gives light and heat and sound. Electricity is the name we give to this strange force that comes from the copper coins in your mouth; that streams from the battery; that flashes from the clouds; and burns with such beautiful fires in the Northern Lights. It is this force that is now used to light the new electric lamps in the streets.

Faraday knew that the battery would give sparks, and he discovered a way of making them stand still and burn like a lamp. After this, for a long time, nothing more was done with the light.

A strange thing was next discovered. If the wire from a battery were wound around a piece of iron, the iron would become a magnet. If the wire were cut in two, so that it did not reach the

battery, the iron would cease to be a magnet, and become mere ordinary iron, for which needles did not seem to care. If the wire were again joined to the battery, the needles found it out quickly enough. Now, here is a curious matter. A piece of iron may be a magnet at one time, and not at another. While the electricity runs through the wire, around and around the iron, the iron is a magnet. When the electricity stops, the iron loses its magnetic power. So it appears that the kind of energy which we call electricity may create magnetism in a rod of iron. We might say, Magnetic force and Electric force are brothers. It seems so; and a magnet made by passing electricity through copper wire wound around iron, we call an electro-magnet, and the attractive power it has over a needle, we call electro-magnetism.

If Electricity is brother to Magnetism, perhaps the magnet can give us electricity? This appears to be so; for if a coil of wire is placed near a magnet, and then made to revolve rapidly, electricity is found in the wire just as if it had come from a battery. Electricity obtained in this new way was therefore called magneto-electricity. Then, working on this discovery, inventors made machines for producing electricity. These machines gave more electricity than could be obtained from a battery, and it was much cheaper to make a steam-

engine turn the new machines, than to put costly metals like zinc and copper into batteries.

These electrical machines are now very common, and it is from them we get the electric force for the new lights. They are called dynamo-electrical machines, because the science of making engines work is called dynamics, and the motion or energy of the engine is used to drive the machines. They are sometimes called "dynamos"—for short—or, as we might say, "work machines."

These "dynamos" are of various kinds, but all are much alike. There is one large magnet, or a number of small ones placed together, and near the ends are set bundles of insulated wires—that is, bundles of wires, each wire being coated with gutta-percha, which shuts in, or insulates, the electricity, and prevents its escaping from the surface of the wire. These bundles of wires are called "armatures," and they are placed on axles, as if they were wheels. The steam-engine is connected with the armature of a machine, and when the engine is at work the armature turns around many hundred times in a minute, close to the end of the magnet. The armature feels the magnetism of the great magnet, and every bit of the winding wire seems to thrill and quiver with electricity.



THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON AN ITALIAN WAR-SHIP IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

Brilliant sparks leap from the ends of the flying wire, and crackling blue flames seem to dance on the copper brushes that touch the armature, as it whirls swiftly around. On page 567 is a picture of one of these strange machines. You can not distinguish the parts of the armature as it spins around and around near the magnets. There must be something going on inside, for the whole machine is hot, as if it were in a terrible excitement over its work. Big copper wires, covered with

cloth, are fastened to the machine, and are carried along the street on telegraph poles. Outside, in the dark, gleam and shine the fiery lamps, looking like baby moons glowing on the lamp-posts, or like clusters of brilliant stars burning on tall masts above the trees in the park.

If we examine one of these electric lamps in the streets, we shall find it consists of two rods, one pointing upward from the bottom of the lamp, the other hanging downward. The rods seem to touch, and the brilliant flame is exactly where they seem to meet. The man in the picture on the next page is just putting these rods into place in the lamp. Once a day he comes around with a bag of the rods. He takes out the old rods that were burned the night before, and places a new set in each lamp. After he has gone about, as if he were putting new wicks into the lamps, and each is ready for its night's work, all the lamps are lighted in broad day, to see that every one is in proper trim. They are allowed to burn until the men have walked about in the streets and looked at each lamp. If all are burning well, they are put out till it begins to grow dark. If one fails to burn properly, a man goes to that lamp to see what is the matter. The rods are made of a

curious black substance, like charcoal, that is called carbon. When the lamp is out, the two rods touch each other. In order to light the lamp, they are pulled apart; and if you look at the flame through a smoked glass, you will see that the rods do not quite touch. There is a small space between their points, and this space is filled with fire. Look at the other parts of the rods, or the copper wires that extend along the streets. They have no light, no heat, no sound. The wires are cold, dark, and silent. If we were to

push the two rods in the lamp close together, the light and heat would disappear, and the curious hissing sound would stop. Why is this? Let us go to the woods near some brook, and it may be that we can understand this matter.

Here is the brook, flowing quietly along, smooth, deep, and without a ripple. We walk beside the stream, and come to a place where there are high rocks, and steep, stony banks. Here the channel is very narrow, and the water is no longer smooth

and silent. It boils and foams between the rocks. There are eddies and whirlpools, and at last we

over the hindrance in its path, and it grows white-hot with anger, and flames and hisses as it leaps across the narrow space between the rods.

One of the pictures gives a good idea of the way some of the lamps are placed on tall masts, high above the trees and houses, and of the curious cone-like effect produced by the rays shining across the rain-drops at night, making each one glisten like a diamond falling out of the sky. Another view was taken from the windows of the tall building in Union Square where ST. NICHOLAS may be found at home; it shows how the masts and lamps look in the day-time. Besides these, we



THE LAMPS AT THE TOP
OF THE MAST IN PLACE
ON BOARD, AS SEEN BY DAY.
LIGHT OVER THE HOUSE-TOPS

come to the narrowest part of all. Here, the once dark and silent water roars and foams in white, stormy rapids. There are sounds and furious leaping and rushing water and clouds of spray. What is the matter? Why is the smooth, dark water so white with rage, so impetuous, so full of sounds and turmoil? The rocks are the cause. The way is narrow and steep. The waters are hemmed in, and there is a grand display of flashing white foam and roaring water-falls, as the waters struggle together to get past the narrow place.

It is the same with the electricity flowing through the large copper wires. It passes down one wire into the other, through the lamp, in silence and darkness, so long as the rods touch and the path is clear. When the rods in the lamp are pulled apart, there is a space to be got over, an obstruction, like rocks in the bed of the brook. The electricity, like the water, struggles to get



THE LAMPS AT THE TOP OF THE MAST IN PLACE

have a picture of an electric light on board an Italian war-ship in the bay of Naples. These lights are also used on steam-boats on the West-

ern rivers. The pilot moves the light about until it shines on the trees or houses upon the bank, and in this manner picks out his way along the stream.

There is another kind of electric lamp, used in houses; it has a smaller and softer light, steady, white, and very beautiful.

In these lamps, also, we have something like the narrow place in the brook. They are made with slender loops of carbon, inclosed in glass globes. The electricity, flowing silently through a dark wire, enters the lamp, and finds only a narrow thread on which it can travel to reach the home-going wire, and, in its struggle to get past, it heats

the tiny thread of carbon to whiteness. Like a live coal, this slender thread gives us a mild, soft light, as long as the current flows. It seems calm and still, but it is enduring the same fury of the electricity that is shown in the larger lamps.

This is the main idea on which these lamps are made: A stream of electricity is set flowing from a dynamo-electric machine through a wire until it meets a narrow place or a break in the wire. Then it seeks to get past the obstruction, and there is a grand putting forth of energy, and in this way the electric force, although itself invisible, is made known to our eyes by a beautiful light.



COMEDIES FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. S. BROOKS, AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF NOD," ETC.

II. THE NEW RED RIDING-HOOD.

CHARACTERS: JENNY, a girl of eight years. JOHNNY STOUT, a boy of sixteen or eighteen years. JIMMY BINGS, a Tramp.

The argument shows that wolves are just as designing, little girls just as heedless and helpful, and the chances of rescue just as possible to-day as at the time of the original Red Riding-hood.

SCENE: A neatly furnished parlor. JENNY discovered dusting furniture, arranging flowers, and making things look nice generally.

JENNY, *surveying her work critically:*

There!—my mamma's gone away,
To be gone, she said, all day,
And so I am keeping house. Oh, what fun!
I shall have no time to play,
But must work and work away,
And be busy as a mouse, till I've done.

But my mamma said to me—
Now, what was it? Let me see:
"Jenny, darling, don't go out all the day;
But keep close at home till tea,
When I'll come and set you free;
So just mind what you're about, dear, I pray.

"And keep Bridget right in call;
And mind this, dear, most of all:
Don't let in any stranger while I'm gone.
Lock the windows and the hall,
And be careful not to fall,
And don't get into danger here alone."

Well, I 'll try my best, I 'm sure,
To keep everything secure;
But I 've no need for Bridget, that I know;
Girls are not a bore about,
And she might as well go out;
I 'll just go down and tell her she can go. *[Exit.]*

[JIMMY BINGS enters, enters the window, looks out, then tries the window, opens it, and enters cautiously.]

JIMMY BINGS: Well, now, here 's a lucky go!
With that window open so,
I just skipped right in the house as slick as soap.
Why, here 's loads of pretty things.
You 're in luck, old Jimmy Bings,
And can do a stroke of business here, I hope.

[Enter, enters.]

Hello! Who 's that coming here?

[Goes to door, and looks out cautiously.]

Men? No! Dogs? No! Well, that 's queer!
Why! it 's only just a pretty leetle gal.
Jimmy Bings, slip out, and then
Just walk in here bold again—
Play your game, and make that little chick your pal!

[Exit through door cautiously.] *[Reënter JENNY.]*

JENNY: There! Now Bridget 's gone away,
And I 'll have a quiet day,
Fixing everything up lovely while I wait;
So that Mamma, she will say,
When she comes back home to-day:
"What a lady is my little girl of eight!"

[Enter by door JIMMY BINGS, hat in hand. He makes JENNY a low bow.]

JIMMY B.: Ah! Good-morning, little miss!
You look sweet enough to kiss.
Is your Ma at home this morning, may I ask?

JENNY: Why, sir, no. She 's gone away,
To be gone the livelong day,
And I 'm keeping house alone.

JIMMY B.: A pleasant task.
And you 'll do it, I 'll be bound.
Well, I 'm sorry Ma 's not 'round,
For I wanted quite pertickler to see her.

JENNY: May not I, sir, do as well?
Is it—anything to sell?
Pray sit down, sir, so that we may talk the freer.

JIMMY B., *sitting*: Thank you, Miss, I 'll sit awhile;
For I 've traveled many a mile,
Just to see your precious Ma, if you 'll believe me.

JENNY: She 'll be sorry, sir, I know,
When she hears she 's missed you so.
Can't you tell me, sir, your business, ere you leave me?

JIMMY B.: Well, the fact is, I 'm her cousin!
[JENNY looks surprised.]

Oh, she 'd know me in a dozen.
I 'm her cousin, come to see her, from Nevada.

JENNY, *in surprise*: In those clothes?—Oh, sir,—I fear——!

JIMMY B.: Oh, a railroad smash-up, dear,
Mussed me up a little—never was jogged harder!

JENNY: Oh, I 'm sorry! Are you hurt?

JIMMY B.: Not the least. It 's only dirt;
But I always am so neat, I quite despair;
And my wardrobe all is down
At the Clarendon, in town,
Where I 'm stopping: I am Algernon St. Clair.

JENNY: My, though! What a pretty name!
Well, it really is a shame
You should have to go to town in such a plight.
There now, would n't Papa's do?
Oh, please look the papers through,
And I 'll run upstairs, and soon fix you all right.

JIMMY B.: No, don't fret yourself, my dear;
I prefer to have you here,
Though perhaps I may accept your offer later.
Is your Pa as big as me?

JENNY, *surprised*: Don't you know him?

JIMMY B.: Well, you see,
I 've been West so long I 've kind of lost my data.

JENNY: Wont you have a bit to eat?

JIMMY B.: Well, I do feel rather beat.

JENNY: Then I 'll go and bring you up a little luncheon.

JIMMY B., *delighted*: Have you silver, dear—or plate?

JENNY: Mostly solid, sir.

JIMMY B.: Fust rate!
Bring it up, and let me see it while I 'm munchin'.

JENNY, *surprised*: Bring up all the silver, sir?

JIMMY B.: Why, that 's what I come here fur,
Just to make your dearest Ma a little present,—
Silver service lined with gold,—
And if her 's 's a trifle old
I 'll have it all fixed over.

JENNY, *delighted*: Oh, how pleasant!
I will get it right away.

My! I 'm glad you came to-day,
It will be, oh, such a nice surprise to Mamma.

JIMMY B.: Well, I rather think so, too.

JENNY: Now, your luncheon. *[Exit.]*

JIMMY B., *looking after her and rubbing his hands*:

Good for you!
What a blessed little chick you are, my charmer!
Just the cream of tender things;
You 're in luck, old Jimmy Bings—
Oh, hexcuse me, Mr. Algernon St. Clair!—
Just you turn an honest penny.
Now, let 's see if there are any
Of these things worth my packing up with care.

[Takes the table-cloth off the table and begins filling it with ornaments, knickknacks, and valuables, looking at each article sharply. Suddenly he stops, both hands full, as if struck by a brilliant idea.]

Jimmy Bings! Why, that is grand,—
Here 's a fortune right at hand!
For contriving little schemes you are the boss.
Scoop in all the things you can,
And then, like a prudent man,
Take the little girl off too—like Charley Ross!

[Hurries the rest of the things into the table-cloth, stopping occasionally to express his approval of his great plan by sundry slaps and nods. Enter JENNY with a tray of luncheon, nicely set. She stands in the door-way amazed.]

JENNY: Mr. Algernon St. Clair,
Why—what are you doing there?

JIMMY B.: Only clearing off the things to help you, dear.

JENNY: But the table 's large enough.

JIMMY B.: Oh, well! Just set down the stuff,
And I 'll make the reason very, very clear—
Brought a lot for me to eat?

JENNY: Bread and cake, preserves and meat.

JIMMY B.: What a handy little chick you are,—

[Nods at her, his mouth full.] That 's so!
Don't you want to come with me—
And your little cousins see?

JENNY:
Oh, no, thank you, sir; from home I can not go.

JIMMY B., *eating rapidly*:
Well, we 'll speak of that bime-by.
Vittles, fust-class—spiced quite high.
Yes—they 're most as good as what I get in town.
[Pushes his plate away.]
Now, then; I will tell you, Miss,
What 's the meaning of all this.

[Points to his bundle.]
Where 's that silver service?

[JENNY opens sideboard and shows the silver service.]

All right—pack her down.

[Stuffing it into the bundle.]

Well, you see, it is n't fair
That a sister of St. Clair
Should have to use things when they 're worn and old.
So, I think I 'll take them down
To my jeweler's, in town,
And just swap 'em off for nicer things in gold.

JENNY: O—h! But that will cost so much!

JIMMY B.: Now, then, Sissy, don't you touch
On that question, 'cause the new ones I shall buy;
But I 'd like to have you go
And help pick them out, you know;
'Cause you know what Mamma likes best, more
than I.

JENNY: But I really can't leave home.

JIMMY B.: Oh, I think you 'd better come;
For it wont be long before I bring you back.

JENNY, *hesitating*: I have half a mind to go.
Mamma 'd let me.

JIMMY B.: That I know.
So get ready, while I go to work and pack.

JENNY, *deliberating*:
She said: "Jenny, do not go."
But, of course, she could not know
That her cousin, Mr. Algernon St. Clair,
Would come here to take me out.
Oh, I know what I 'm about,
And I 'll go along with him, I do declare.
[Goes to closet and brings out her red cloak and hood.]

JIMMY B.: What a pretty cloak and hood!

JENNY: Mamma made them. She 's so good!

JIMMY B.: Good as gold! Just wear them, wont you?
That 's a dear.

JENNY: But I must n't get them wet.

JIMMY B.: I wont let you; don't you fret.
I 'll take care of them when once we go from here.
Now, then—are you ready, Sis?

JENNY: Yes—but, then, I must n't miss
To see everything locked up all safe and tight,
So that none of those old tramps—
My! but are n't they horrid scamps?—
Can sneak in before we both get back to-night.

JIMMY B., *looking at doors and windows*:
Oh, well! Everything 's secure.

JENNY: Did you look?

JIMMY B.: Oh, yes. I 'm sure.
So let 's both be off at once, without delay.

[Noise outside—Jimmy starts, guiltily.]

JIMMY B.: Hello, there, now! What was that?

JENNY: Where?

JIMMY B.: Out there!

JENNY: It was the cat!

JIMMY B.: No, it was n't.

JENNY: P'r'aps it 's Mamma!

JIMMY B., *starting for the door*: Get away!

[Door opens suddenly. JOHNNY STOUT bursts in and
then stops, astonished.]

JOHNNY: Goodness, Jenny! What 's this mean?

JENNY: What?

JOHNNY: Why this confusing scene?
Are you moving?

JENNY: No, I 'm going out to walk.

JOHNNY: Going out? Whom with? and where?

JENNY, *points to J. B.*: Mr. Algernon St. Clair.

JIMMY B., *loftily*:

So don't keep us here, young feller, with your talk.

JOHNNY, *suspiciously*:

Jenny, who 's that party there? [Points to J. B.]

JENNY, *pouting*: Mr. Algernon St. Clair—
Mamma's cousin, who has come here from Nevada.

JOHNNY: From Nevada!—How you talk!

[Suddenly to JIMMY B.]

Well, my friend, you 'll have to walk!
Pretty quick, sir, too, before I make it harder!

JIMMY B.: Why! You saucy little cub,
Why!—I 'll have to thrash you, Bub.

Just you scatter, or I 'll help you with my toe, sir!

JOHNNY, *quickly pulling out a pistol from the table-
drawer, and pointing it at JIMMY B.*:

Do you see this little toy?
There 's six pills for you, my boy,
Unless you drop that stuff at once and—go, sir!

JIMMY B., *to JENNY, appealingly*:
Look here, Sis, this is n't square!

JENNY, *protesting*: Mr. Algernon St. Clair!

JOHNNY, *contemptuously*:
Mr. Algernon St. Fiddlesticks, my Jenny!
Why, this sneaking fellow, here,
Is just out of jail, my dear!
He 's a tramp, without a single honest penny.

JIMMY B., *stepping toward him*:
That 's a lie!

JOHNNY *levels pistol at him*: Hush! don't you talk.
Drop your bundle, sir, and walk,

Or I 'll shoot you like a dog, without objection.
Now, then—go, sir, or I 'll fire!

Put your hands up!—higher! higher!

Wait here, Jenny: I 'll just sever this connection.

[He backs J. B. out of the room at the muzzle of the
pistol; JENNY listens for a while, and then sinks on
a chair and cries.]

JENNY: Just a horrid, dirty tramp!

What an awful, awful scamp!

Oh, what shall I say to Mamma? Dearie, dear!

If I 'd only minded her
Such a thing could not occur,
And she 'll never trust me so again, I fear.

[Cross a little finger. Then sniffs up, snuffing.]
 Oh, but what a horrid bear!
 Mr. Algernon St. Clair! [Contemptuous.]
 What an awful, awful, *awful* wicked story!
 [Enter JOHNNY.]
 Oh, but Johnny, where is he?
 JOHNNY: He 's as safe as safe can be.
 Fast in jail, now, all alone and in his glory.
 I just marched him to the gate;
 There I made him stand and wait
 Till I saw a big policeman come along;
 Then, when I had told the tale,
 He just walked him off to jail,
 And so there your cousin 's locked up, good and strong.
 JENNY: Oh, don't say my cousin, please!
 JOHNNY: Well, 't was just the tightest squeeze!
 But how *did* he, Jenny, get you in his snare?
 JENNY: He was *so* polite and kind!
 JOHNNY: Oh, you goosey! Oh, how blind!
 Ha, ha, ha, ha! Mr. Algernon St. Clair!
 JENNY: Now, don't laugh, please; for, you see,
 It *did* seem all right to me;
 And I thought he meant to do just what he said.
 Dear! but what *will* Mamma say,
 When she comes back home to-day?
 Oh, I wish, I *wish* that I could hide my head!
 JOHNNY: Why, just tell the whole thing out,
 And say how it came about.
 JENNY:
 Well, I will. And Johnny, I will tell *her*, too,
 How I *was* so bold and brave — —
 JOHNNY, *interrupting*: Oh, no! that 'll do to save.
 JENNY:
 But I should n't have been saved, dear, without you!
 JOHNNY: Never mind, my Jenny, then;
 But I guess you 'll know again
 That to mind what Mamma says, alone is good.
 JENNY: Yes, I shall!
 JOHNNY: And, now it 's through,
 I shall always think of you,
 [Enter a boy behind.]
 Little Jenny, as the NEW RED RIDING-HOOD.
 [CURTAIN.]

"MASTER SELF."

"THERE was once a lit-tle boy," said Mam-ma, "and he loved Some-bod-y ver-y much. It is n't a ver-y large Some-bod-y, but it has bright blue eyes and curl-y hair."—"Why, it 's me!" said Char-lie. "It 's me, my-self."

"So it is," said Mam-ma, laugh-ing. "And it 's 'Mas-ter Self' whom Char-lie loves best. He even does n't love Sis-ter so much as 'Mas-ter Self.' So he keeps all his pret-ty toys and does n't give them up. He loves 'Mas-ter Self' bet-ter than Mam-ma, for when Mam-ma says 'Go to bed,' and 'Mas-ter Self' says 'No,'—Char-lie likes best to please that naught-y 'Mas-ter Self.'"

"I wont please 'Mas-ter Self,'" said Char-lie, and he kissed Mam-ma, and said "Good-night." Next day, Mam-ma gave Char-lie a bright, new ten-cent piece, and said he might go with Nurse to buy some can-dy.

When Nurse and Sis-ter were read-y, and Char-lie had taken his lit-tle stick, they set out. Char-lie was think-ing. He was think-ing ver-y much, and he was say-ing to him-self: "I don't love 'Mas-ter Self.'"

He walked qui-et-ly by Nurse's side. Now and then he looked at the mon-ey in his hand; it was ver-y bright and ver-y white. It seemed a long way to the can-dy store.—"What will you buy, Char-lie?" asked Nurse.

"Some can-dy for my-self," said Char-lie, as they reached the Park.

"Keep close to me while we cross the road," said Nurse; but just then Char-lie pulled her dress and whis-pered: "Look, Nurse! Look there!" and Nurse saw a lit-tle girl stand-ing near a tree, a-lone and cry-ing.

"What 's the mat-ter with her, Nurse?" asked Char-lie.

"I'll ask her," said Nurse. "What are you cry-ing for, dear?"

But the lit-tle girl on-ly cried the more, and Char-lie went close to her and said: "What 's the mat-ter, lit-tle girl?"

The lit-tle girl could not speak, she was sob-bing so much. "Don't cry," said Char-lie, in great dis-tress. "It makes me want to cry too."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the lit-tle girl. "I have lost my mon-ey! All my mon-ey." But soon she be-gan to tell Nurse how it was. She was go-ing to get some bread, and she had the mon-ey in her hand,—“and,” said she, “a boy pushed me, and I fell, and lost my ten-cent piece, and I can't buy the bread, and Moth-er will be so an-gry.”

"I'm glad I did n't lose *my* piece," said Char-lie, squeezing it hard.

"I am ver-y sor-ry for you," said Nurse. "If I were you, I'd run home and tell Moth-er."

"I can't! I can't!" cried the lit-tle girl. "It was all Moth-er had, and we're so hun-gry!"

Char-lie held his mon-ey tight-ly. What was he think-ing of, all the time? He was say-ing to him-self: "I don't love 'Mas-ter Self.'" He pulled Nurse's dress, and said: "Nurse, can't you give the lit-tle girl some mon-ey?"

"I have n't my purse, dear," said Nurse.

The lit-tle girl moved a-way, cry-ing. Char-lie walked on be-side Nurse. They were near the can-dy store. He could see the sweets in the win-dow, —sticks and balls and creams! Char-lie turned his head. He saw the lit-tle girl look-ing back too. She was still cry-ing. Char-lie pulled Nurse's dress. "Nurse," he said, "I want to turn back."

"What do you want to turn back for?" asked Nurse. "Here is the store."

Char-lie raised him-self on tip-toe to get near-er to Nurse's ear, and whis-pered:

"I want to please the lit-tle girl and not 'Mas-ter Self'!"

Nurse knew what he meant. She turned back. Char-lie looked once more at the can-dy store, then he ran a-cross the street. When he came close to the lit-tle girl, he held out his bright ten-cent piece and said: "It is for you, and not for 'Mas-ter Self'!"

The lit-tle girl stopped cry-ing and be-gan to smile; then she tried to say "Thank you," to Char-lie; but Nurse said: "Run, now, and buy your bread," and she ran off, aft-er look-ing back to nod and smile at Char-lie.

But Char-lie was even hap-pi-er than she. He walked brisk-ly home and sat on Mam-ma's lap, and told her all a-bout it. Mam-ma kissed him, and said: "Is n't Char-lie hap-py now?"

And Char-lie said: "Yes; be-cause I did n't please 'Mas-ter Self.'"



"IT IS FOR A L, AND NOT FOR 'MATTER ALL,'" SAID CHURCH.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH! May is here once more, my darlings, and has gone to work at once, as we knew she would, a-decorating this great, big, lovely Home of ours. She is as busy an artist as you ever saw, just at this present moment, for there are still a good many April-y cobwebs to be swept from the walls before the colors can be put on. But May will make short work of that—bless her!

Yes, May is here—and not too soon for your Jack; no, nor for you neither, my hearties! Here you are, too—the girls with new spring dresses and their hands full of arbutus; and the boys with kite-strings instead of sled-ropes in their sturdy grip, and a suspicious creak of marbles in their pockets as they crowd close up to my pulpit. Well, it's a sight for any May to be proud of—and we're all ready for her. So we'll begin with a cheer all round, for the opening of the season.

And now for

THE BOTTLE-FISH.

NOT bottled fish, my dears, nor a fish made of glass and sold in apothecaries' shops, nor a candy fish shaped like a bottle. No, indeed, but a veritable, live, sly fellow, who, it appears, contrives to be either a fish or a bottle, or both, according to the whim of the moment. Just hear this:

"One day, last summer, when I was fishing in Long Island Sound, where the water was about ten feet deep, and so clear that I could see the bottom perfectly well, a queer-looking fish came creeping slowly up toward my hook. He moved very stupidly, but presently he took the bait and I caught him. He was about five inches long, a little larger around than my thumb, and very prettily colored with green and yellow and black.

"As I took the hook from his mouth he began to grind his teeth, or rather his jaws, together, and at the same time his body was swelling. I found that at each motion of his jaws he was drawing in air, until, instead of being as large as my thumb, he was like the largest orange you ever saw, with a slender bit of body and a tail projecting from one side of it.

"The fisherman with me called him a 'Bottle-fish,' or as he phrased it, a 'Bottle-ey.' When the fish was fully blown up, I laid him on the water, where he floated, back downward, as light as a bubble.

Forthwith he began to blow out the air, but before enough was gone to enable him to go under water, I took him into my hand again. I then held him just below the surface, and on my touching him lightly he swelled as before, only that now he was filled with water instead of air, and of course was now heavy. I took my hand from him, and he came up spouting a stream of water from his mouth clear above the surface. As soon as he had thrown it all out, he turned head downward, went to the bottom, swam straight to my hook, took the bait, and I caught him the second time, apparently not at all troubled by his past experience. W. O. A."

Queer fellow, Mr. Bottle-ey. Another queer thing about him is that, according to all accounts, he's never found in the neighborhood of Cork. Speaking of animated floating things, what do you think of

A LIVING LIFE-BUOY?

HERE is the story of it just as it came to me: "A living life-buoy recently saved a sailor from drowning. A seaman on board a British vessel, sailing to Australia, fell overboard when the vessel was crossing the Southern Ocean, and although a boat was lowered immediately, a long pull was necessary before reaching the sailor. When the boat got near the man, he was seen to be supporting himself in the water by clinging to a large albatross which he had seized on coming to the surface after his plunge. Albatrosses in the Southern Seas are, as a rule, most fierce, and have, in several cases, killed men by blows from their terrible beaks. But in this case the sailor had evidently obtained a good grip of the bird's neck with both hands, preventing it from using its beak, and converting a would-be foe into an unwilling friend."

WATCH THE SATURDAYS!

DEAR JACK; I heard something very singular about the weather the other day. One Saturday, when it was raining, a lady who lived in the country said to me, as we remarked about the rain: "The sun *must* shine some time to-day." "How so?" I asked. "Why," she replied, "there is only one Saturday in the year when the sun does not shine some time in the day." After the lady went away, I laughed at what I supposed was a foolish whim, while I watched the rain falling ever faster—but how surprised I was to find, as the hours went on, that the clouds were dispersing, and finally the sun came out bright—all fair at three o'clock. Would the readers of ST. NICHOLAS notice the Saturdays and see if this mystery holds good? Remember, the saying is, not that "it will rain but one Saturday in the year," but that "there is only one Saturday in the year when the sun does not shine some part of the day." L. B. G.

Follow this up, my youngsters,—keep a record of it, some of you, and report to me next May.

A TEN-LEGGED TORMENT.

YOU all have heard about the terrible floods in the South and West, this spring, and how they have made many families homeless, and caused dreadful destruction and suffering. But you may not have heard that lesser floods of this sort are sometimes caused by a ten-legged torment.

My learned brother, Professor Froshey, of New Orleans, calls it "a perpetual nuisance and damage"; and he ought to know, for he has had the honor of its acquaintance during more than forty years. It is the ten-legged craw-fish, or cray-fish, and it brings destruction upon immense tracts of fertile country.

You know that for about three hundred miles of the Lower Mississippi, the rich land at each side is low and flat; but that it has many lovely homes,

broad cotton-fields, and gardens of sweetly scented flowers; and the sunlight glitters and flashes from acres and acres of satin-leaved sugar-cane. In the early spring, when the great stream is swollen with rain and with melted ice and snow from the far north, the water is several feet higher than the land, and is



THE CRAW-FISH.

only prevented from overflowing by high side-banks of earth, or levees, built for that purpose.

Well, it appears that it is through these walls of defense that the craw-fish loves to drive his tunnels; and the earth being soft, the holes are quickly enlarged by the running of the water through them. The sides of some of these tunnels wash away, and one large hole is made, through which a strong stream pours itself upon the plain. Suddenly, the bank caves in, the river plunges through the gap, and the yellow floods spread out and lay waste the farms.

Then comes the long and toilsome labor of mending the levee, and all the while the yet unbroken parts must be watched night and day, so that every leak may be stopped as soon as it shows.

Of course, the river sometimes breaks through its banks without the aid of mischievous Mr. Ten-legs; but he so often is the guilty party, that it is little wonder his victims call him hard names.

The craw-fish in the picture does n't appear to have ten "legs"; but that is what the naturalists call them, saying there is a pair in front with large nippers,—next, a very short pair with small nippers,—then, a long pair with small nippers,—and, lastly, two pairs of thin legs, each with a single point.

FOR THE INQUISITIVE.

How does a cat come down a tree? Why don't cats and squirrels descend trees in the same manner? And why can not animals of the dog tribe climb trees?

CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO HIM.

THE other day, Deacon Green was poring over a big book he has, and I heard him read, that in old times in England it was the fashion for a servant or an inferior to stand and hold a candle for his master to see by. Hence, the saying, "You can't hold a candle to him," is as much as to say

you are so inferior to that person that you are not fit even to serve him in the capacity of candle-holder.

THE OWL'S HEAD BUTTERFLY.

IN November last, my dears, I told you about the curious Butterfly branch, and showed you a picture of it; and now, here is another butterfly picture, quite as curious in its way. The queer creature shown in this picture is perched head-downward on a branch, the under-part of him turned toward you in such a way as to appear to be the head of an owl peering at you over the branch. In the dim forests of his South American home, this butterfly might easily be mistaken for an owl, for in this position his body outlines a beak, his wings are like the bird's feathers in color, and the big, dark-blue spots that form the



THE OWL'S HEAD BUTTERFLY.

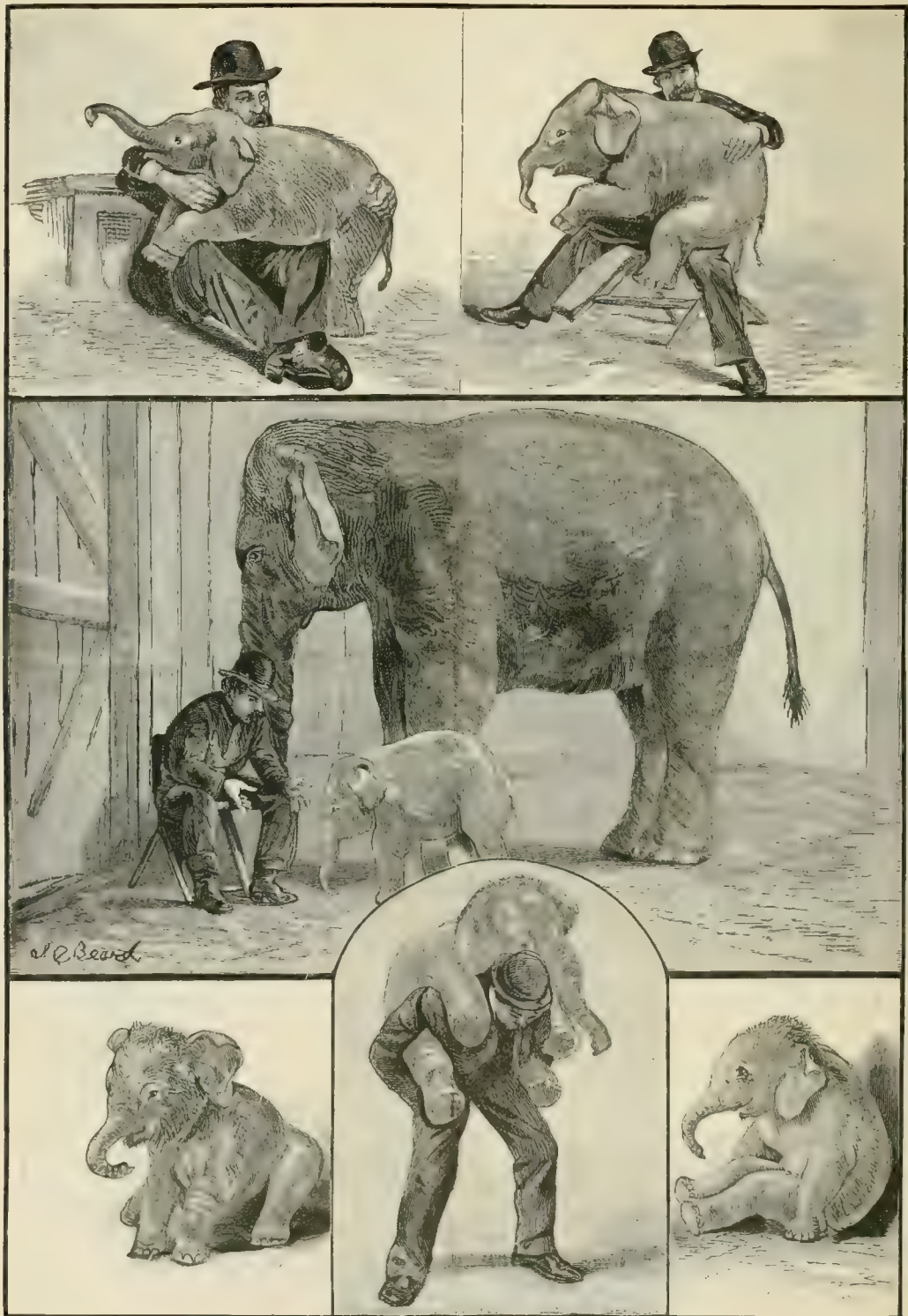
"eyes" shine almost as beautifully as a dove's neck. The width across the wings is about seven inches, and to think they see an owl with a head of that size must be disagreeable for small South Americans, who may happen to be strolling in the woods at evening.

IF SO HOW?

L. M. D. SAYS, in answer to my January question: "What becomes of all the old moons?"

"I think they turn to new moons."

But if so, *how?*—and *when?*



THE BABY ELEPHANT AT HOME.

ments. The presto is also lively, and played very quick. The eight toy instruments are the cuckoo, the triangle, the drum, the quail, the schnarre, the trumpet, the rattle, the nightingale. The cuckoo, the nightingale and the quail are the most difficult of the toy instruments. Everything depends on time, because if you come in a moment too early or a moment too late it spoils the effect. I was one of the many performers; we did it in a large room, and the effect was beautiful.

RUDOLF DORAN HOLTZ.

THOSE of our readers who remember the true story of "Rebecca, the Drummer," printed in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1874, will be interested in the following item, which we clip from a newspaper:

Miss Rebecca Bates died at Scituate, Mass., Tuesday, aged eighty-eight years. Miss Bates and her cousin, Abbie, were the heroines in the British "scare," in 1812, when the two girls, hidden behind rocks on the beach, with life and drum sounded the roll-call, and put to flight several boat-loads of troops from a British man-of-war, who were about to make a landing. Miss Bates' cousin, Abbie, is still living, and is eighty years of age.

The article in ST. NICHOLAS gave a full account of the two girls' brave stratagem, and was illustrated with a frontispiece showing the "American army of two."

HERE is a very interesting letter from a young correspondent in Philadelphia:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I had an incident told me the other day, which convinced me that dumb creatures have some mode of communicating. The house of Mr. C., a friend of mine, was troubled greatly with rats, so he brought home a very large rat-trap, which he set with cheese. The next day, Mrs. C. and her daughter saw a very large rat walking up and down outside the trap. The trap having a wire bent open a little, the rat stuck its head in; but he could not reach the cheese, so he pulled his head out and went down his hole, and in a few moments returned with a very slim rat, which went into the trap and got the cheese; and then they both went

down the hole together. This I know to be true. Can any of my friends tell me how they communicate?

Your constant reader, GEO. T. CATHELL, JR.

WE gladly print the following quaint and charming little story, just as it was told by a little girl five years old. It was sent to us by her mamma, who wrote it down for her:

THE LION THAT TAUGHT SINGING-SCHOOL.

A Lion wanted to teach singing-school.

They asked him what could he sing?

And he said, "Roo-oo-oo."

They asked him what else could he sing?

And he said, "Roo-oo-oo."

They said they did n't want a singing-teacher who could n't sing nothing, but 'cept just one song.

Then the Lion went to a horse-race.

All the other animals were there; the mouse that squeaked, the kitten that mew'd, the puppy that bow-wow-ed, the lamb that baa-ed, the pig that yi-yi-ed, the colt that ha-ha-ed, the wolf that boo-ed, and the bear that ur-ur-ed.

The prize of the horse-race was a russet apple.

The mouse thought he'd exprise the other animals, so he ate the apple up. Then all the other animals hollered out, "No fair! No fair!" And the mouse was scared and ran round the track, and the kitten that mew'd ran after and ate the mouse up, and the puppy that bow-wow-ed ate the kitten up, and the lamb that baa-ed ate the puppy up, and the pig that yi-yi-ed ate the lamb up, and the colt that ha-ha-ed ate the pig up, and the wolf that boo-ed ate the colt up, and the bear that ur-ur-ed ate the wolf up—and the Lion ate the bear up.

Then the Lion came around again and wanted to teach singing-school.

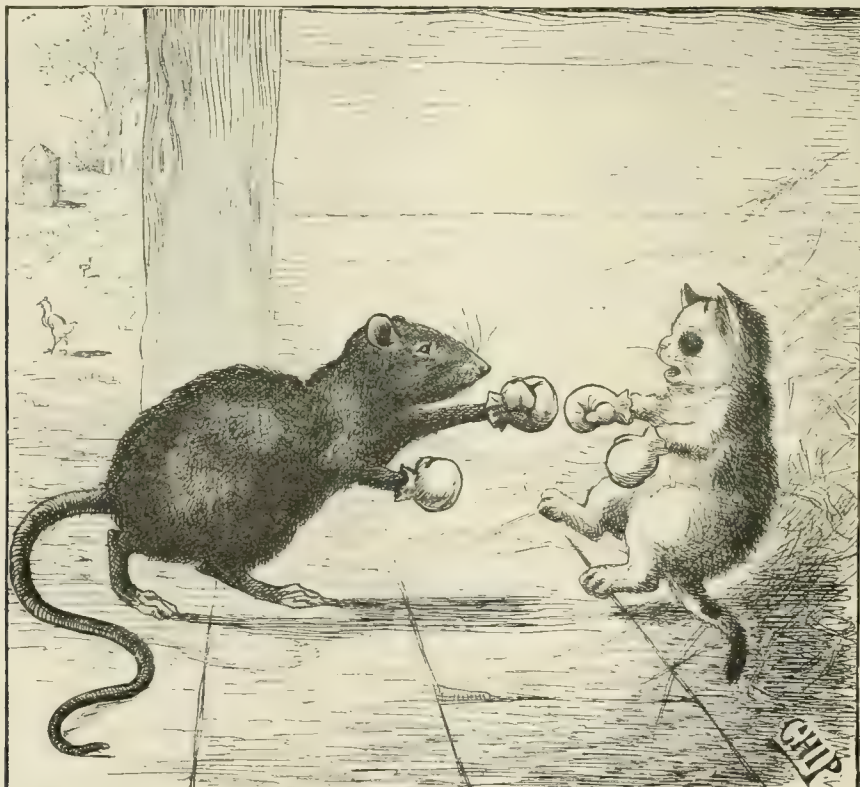
They asked him what could he sing?

And he sang: "Squeak squeak, mew mew, bow wow, baa baa, yi yi, ha ha, boo boo, ur ur, and roo oo oo!"

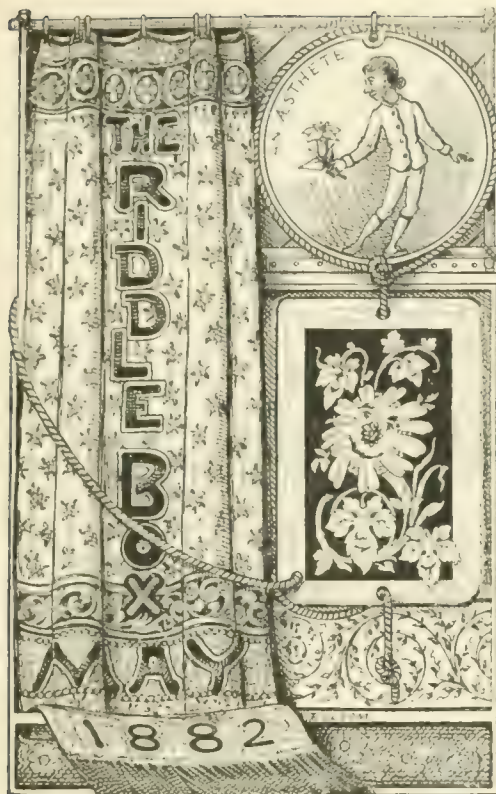
Then they said, "Your voice has improved."

And they all let him be their teacher.

MARIA M. C.



KITTEN, WHO HAS BEEN TOLD NEVER TO BE AFRAID OF A RAT: "OW-W! NO FAIR! I WANT TO STOP!"



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

With the twenty-five letters on the five vases, form five words descriptive of the month of May. Two of the words remain unchanged. G. F.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-eight letters, and am a soldier's proverb. My 7-14-21-28 is pouring. My 3-11-18-25-32-39-46 has been called the "city of magnificent distances." My 34-38-42 is color. My 48-24-23-36-43-13 is a garden vegetable. My 1-21-18-10-37-31-26-12-40-29 is conversing in a low tone. My 41-6-3-15 is a church dignitary. My 16-42-5 is the noise made by a crow. My 2-27-44-40-17 is the joint on which a gate turns. S. LEZIE PARKER.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

When the right word is set in one of the blanks, the letters of that word may be transposed to fill each of the remaining blanks, and make sense.

— caught a — snake which he put in an empty box, over which he tied a — of his mother's; with the hope that the — creature would not survive to do —. MAGGIE PHILPS.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

I. ACROSS: 1. A mineral salt. 2. A troublesome insect. 3. Vessels for holding the ashes of the dead. 4. Christmas time. Diagonals, downward from right to left, and from left to right, each name a queen of England.

II. ACROSS: 1. A dandy. 2. Small round masses of lead. 3. A piece of metal bent into a curve. 4. Period. Diagonals, downward, from right to left, and from left to right, each name an article necessary to pedestrians. "SUMMER BOARDER."

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

EACH of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of a celebrated Athenian who was twice banished, and who at length died in poverty, 467 B. C.

1. Syncopate a country of Europe, and leave to revolve rapidly. 2. Syncopate fatigued, and leave fastened. 3. Syncopate to color, and leave to gasp. 4. Syncopate a kind of cement, and leave the top of the head. 5. Syncopate an appellation, and leave a thin piece of baked clay. 6. Syncopate a traveling tinker, and leave an instrument for combing wool or flax. 7. Syncopate a Scotch penny, and leave the body or stem of a tree. 8. Syncopate a name by which the white poplar tree is known, and leave having ability. 9. Syncopate speed, and leave to abhor. ERNEST B. COOPER.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

ACROSS: 1. A cluster of leaves. 2. A sheet of paper once folded. 3. Antique. 4. In spring. DOWNWARD: 1. In foreign. 2. A preposition. 3. Three-fourths of a swimming and diving bird of the Arctic regions. 4. What "flesh is heir to." 5. Succor. 6. To proceed. 7. In foreign. MABEL WHITE.



ANSWER TO RABBIT PUZZLE IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Important parts of a ship. 2. A girl's name. 3. To breathe with a hoarse sound in sleep. 4. Fatigued. 5. Parts of a plant. II. 1. To make choice of. 2. A large basin. 3. To escape. 4. Surrenders. 5. A ringlet. MABEL R., AND "ALCIBIADES."

PROVERB REBUS.

THE answer to this rebus is a couplet describing the fate which may overtake the heedless.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED DOMINO PUZZLE.

To-bring-out the-flowers we-need good-showers of-April-rain,
Of-rain good-showers for-fragrant flowers we-must-obtain.

2. We-need good-showers of-April-rain to-bring-out the-flowers.
For-fragrant flowers we-must-obtain of-rain good-showers.

3. The-flowers to-bring-out of-April-rain we-need good-showers,
Good-showers of-rain we-must-obtain for-fragrant flowers.

DIAGONALS.—April Fool. Across: 1. Ample. 2. SPoke. 3. McRie. 4. Frall. 5. PeriL. 6. CraFt. 7. FrOwn. 8. TOPic.
9. Lilac.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Music.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Shakespeare. 1. Disk—S-kid. 2. Shoe—Hose. 3. Daze—A-dze. 4. Leek—Keel. 5. Bone—E-bon. 6. Host—S-hot. 7. Neap—P-ane. 8. Tide—E-dit. 9. Rave—A-ver. 10. Cork—R-ock. 11. Seat—E-ast.

CHARADE.—Mint-drop.

INVERTED PYRAMID.—Across: 1. Partial. 2. March. 3. Pic. 4. P.—DIAMOND.—1. L. 2. LAd. 3. LaTin. 4. DIg. 5. N.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—April Fools. 1. rAfT. 2. uPOn. 3. fROG. 4. fILl. 5. aLSo.

SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA.—“This above all,—to thine own self be true.” *Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. 3.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
When she got there, the cupboard was bare (bear),
And so the poor dog had none (nun).

RHOMBROID.—Across: 1. Cave. 2. Home. 3. Time. 4. Rede. METAGRAMS.—I. B-ark. D-ark. H-ark. L-ark. M-ark.

P-ark. II. D-ine. F-ine. K-ine. L-ine. M-ine. N-ine. P-ine. T-ine. V-ine. W-ine. III. B-one. C-one. D-one. G-one. H-one. L-one. N-one. T-one. IV. B-car. D-car. F-car. G-car. H-car. L-car. N-car. P-car. R-car. T-car. W-car. Y-car.

PHONETIC SPELLING-LESSON.—1. Ivy. 2. Piqué. 3. Easy. 4. Essay. 5. Empty. 6. Excel. 7. Essex. 8. Envy. 9. Obe. 10. Array. 11. Aye-aye. 12. Ogee.

RABBIT PUZZLE.—For answer, see preceding page.

THE names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES were received too late for acknowledgment in the April number, from “H. M. S. ‘St. Vincent,’” Portsmouth, England, 5—Maggie Philips, Essex, England, 3.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from “Fire-fly”—A. B. C.—Genie J. Callmeyer—Bessie C. Rogers—Marna and Bae—Frany—Scrap—Effie K. Talboys—John Kirkman—Clara J. Child—Little John, Kitten, and Minnie—Clara and her Aunt—Lyde W. McKinney—Aidy! Airotciv Trebor—Ernest B. Cooper—Engineer—Appleton H.—Florence Leslie Kyte.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from Little Ida Brown, 3—“Greene Ave.” 1—W. P. B. Jr., 1—Helen Dexter, 3—Cambridge Livingston, 2—Maidie R. Lang, 1—Somebody, 4—Edward Lytton, 2—Robert Hamilton, 1—Walter A. Hopper, 2—H. M. Folger, 1—O’Flannigan and Huggins, 2—Alice B. Summer, 1—Harry A. Burnham, 2—Jennie and Bessie, 6—V. P. J. S. M. C., 7—Lillian Virginia Leach, 1—Kittie Corbin, 1—E. V. Thorp, 2—Weston Stuckney, 7—Margaret W. Stuckney, 6—G. H., 7—Livingston Ham, 1—Daisy, 1—Warren, 5—“The Blanke Family,” 12—Minnie B. Murray, 10—Ernest W. Hamilton, 3—Grace and Blanche Parry, 8—Mattie and Kittie Winkler, 4—Ralph A. Hoffman, 9—“Lode Star,” 9—Gilman S. Stanton, 2—Amy and Edith, 9—R. T. L., 12—Mary B. Dykeman, 2—Pollywog and Tadpole, 5—“Alcibiades,” 11—Anna and Alice, 9—Graham Hume Powell, 2—“Bunthorne and Grosvenor,” 8—“Rory O’Moore,” 2—“Cellera,” 3—Joseph Wheless, 2—Nellie R. Sandell, 13—Alice C. Duden, 1—Emma D. Andrews, 10—Anna K. Dessaleit, 3—Nellie Caldwell, 5—Virginia M. Giffin, 2—Freda, 11—“Shumway,” 6—Lulu Graves, 9—Charlie Townsend, 4—Rubie and Marion, 7—Ray Thurber, 5—Delaware and Mary, 7—Harry LeMoyné Mitchell, 3—Ellie Suesseroth, 5—J. Ollie Gayley, 2—Algernon Tassin, 6—B. B., 9—Bessie Watson, 2—Anna Clark, 2—J. S. Tennant, 13—W. M. Kingsley, 11—Busy Bees, 11—Sallie Viles, 13—Fred. Thwaites, 14—Charlie Power, 7—Isabel Bungay, 6—“Two Subscribers,” 12—Queen Bess, 13—Professor and Co., 12—“Pat and Kid,” 6—Maud and Sadie, 2—Paul England and Co., 3—Nicol Ludlow, Jr., 14—Tommy and Jack, 5—Curdydie, 8—Henry E. Johnston, Jr., 4—Daisy and Buttercup, 9—Mother and I, 6—L. F. Barry, 11—H. M. S. “St. Vincent,” 11. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Chapter	Members.	Secretary's Address.
143.	E. Bridgewater, Mass.	6. Geo. S. Young.	
144.	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	12. Aubrey Tyson.	
145.	Indianapolis, Ind.	6. Frank Bildenmeister,	265 E. N. Y. St.
146.	Ellington, N. Y.	20. W. H. Van Allen.	
147.	Cleveland, Ohio.	— F. Kendall, 768 Harkness Ave	
148.	De Pere, Wis. (B).	10. Mrs. R. W. Arndt.	
149.	Abington, Mass.	6. Geo. C. Deal, Box 10.	
150.	Flushing, L. I.	4. Frances M. Heaton.	
151.	Brooklyn, N. Y. (B).	6. Ernest Osburne,	761 DeKalb Ave.
152.	Wilmington, Del.	6. John H. Rullo, 10 E. 7th St.	
153.	Chicago, Ill. (D).	4. Frank Wentworth,	1337 Michigan Ave.

No.	Chapter.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
154.	Jefferson, Ohio.	20. Clara L. Northway.	
155.	Heyworth, Ill.	7. Samuel E. Low.	
156.	Peoria, Ill.	12. Tobey Van Buskirk,	104 Pennsylvania Ave.
157.	Detroit, Mich. (C)	7. A. T. Worthington,	44 Marion St.
158.	Davenport, Iowa.	5. Edwin K. Putnam.	
159.	Greenville, Ill.	7. Frank Tathan.	
160.	Toledo, Ohio.	7. Fred. Dodge, 590 Huron St.	
161.	New York, N. Y. (D).	4. C. R. Burke,	224 West 34th St.
162.	Boston, Mass. (B).	4. A. C. Chamberlain,	99 Revere St.
163.	Hartford, Conn. (C).	4. H. M. Penrose.	

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FOURTEENTH REPORT—MAY.

VERY cheering are the reports this month. It might have been feared that, after the novelty had worn off, many Chapters would quickly have fallen to pieces. But, on the contrary, the oldest Chapters are the most active and wide-awake, and nearly all report additions in membership, while never were so many new branches formed in a single month. We now number more than two thousand one hundred, and more than twenty letters have been received in a single day.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

We have four new members this month. A scrap-book has been bought, and we are collecting clippings to fill it. Our meetings have been held regularly. WM. CARTER, Waterbury, Conn.

Chicago (C) has two new members. We have held our meetings every Saturday, and have had our badges made. We have some new books for our library, one of which is "Woods's Natural History." NELSON BENNETT, Chicago, Ill.

[Many Chapters have begun to form libraries—a most excellent plan.]

At one of our late meetings a paper was read, descriptive of the manufacture of steel rails at the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, in Allegheny County. With the paper were samples of the various kinds of ores, coals, coke, lime-stone, etc., used. The reading and examination of specimens occupied the entire evening, and was interesting to young and old. J. F. GLOSSER, Berwyn, Pa.

We can not organize a Chapter here unless you will accept our family as such. We number six, and all are interested in natural history. We live in the vicinity of extinct volcanoes. Here are hills of lava, and others of ancient ashes, with pieces of obsidian. In the mines we found round balls of hardened clay, or, sometimes, partly iron ore. These are hollow, and filled with ashes. We call them volcanic geodes. MRS. E. H. K.

[You are heartily welcome as a Chapter, and are number 166. We have several such family chapters, and they are one of the most delightful features of the Association. Obsidian is a word calculated to arouse the curiosity of our Eastern friends. Will some one write a report on it?]

Chapter 138, Warren, Maine, Miss J. L. Crocker, Sec., has now nineteen members. By an error we gave this Chapter credit for a dual existence, at Orono, Me., as No. 122, as well as at Warren. There is no Chapter at Orono.

NORRISTOWN, PA.

We have organized a Chapter with seventeen members. The principal of the High School is our president. The directors have given us the use of one of the school-rooms in the evening, with gas and fire. We meet once in two weeks. ANNA SCHALL, Sec.

NOTES BY MEMBERS.

I think the wasp described by W. R. Edwards in the February report was *Crabro cribarius*. It feeds its young with the larvæ of the leaf-rolling caterpillar (*Tortrix chlorana*), which lives in the oak. Will anybody tell me what the food of the caterpillar is?

CLARENCE L. LOWER, Denver, Col.

For the past month we have been assigning questions to members. For instance, "Take twenty insects, give their scientific names, and tell all you know about each. Get twenty different kinds of woods and give their names." The members also take turns in preparing papers to read. We have two papers every meeting. The last ones were on "Ants and their Habits" and "Snakes."

WALTER S. SLAGLE, Sec., Fairfield, Iowa.

I have a piece of oak containing a bullet which must have been shot into it more than forty years ago, for there are forty-three rings between the last trace of a scar and the bark.

FRED. C. RANSOM, Jackson, Mich.

EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Birds' eggs.—Win. G. Talmadge, Plymouth, Conn.

We have a fossil found thus far inland. We will exchange it for a lizard.—Warrick R. Edwards, Hillsboro, Ill.

Coral limestones, autumn leaves, and ferns, for marine curiosities. Ypsilanti, Mich., Chapter A.—E. R. Shier, Sec.

[We have seen some of these "coral limestones." They are beautiful.]

Fossils of Lower Silurian, for marine curiosities, or for such specimens of walking fern, trailing arbutus, or ground-pine as would live after they reached us, if properly cared for.—L. M. Bedinger, Greenwood Lake, Ky.

Minerals, woods, and photographic views, for United States and foreign exchanges.—Leduc Lewis, Box 174, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Eggs, bird-skins, woods, and minerals.—Chas. C. Carter, Sec., Titusville, Penn.

Mounted birds and eggs of this locality for sale. Send for price-list.—A. B. Averill, Colfax, Washington Ter.

Minerals, calamites, bird-skins, eggs, nests, corals, algae, insects, lichens, ferns, and grasses.—H. G. White, Taunton, Mass.

California specimens for specimens from Palestine.—Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

Clay stones, for pressed and labeled sea-weed, or a star-fish.—C. H. McBride, Rexford Flats, N. Y.

Shells, sea-mosses, and marine curiosities, for minerals.—Howard Cook, 21 Harbor St., Salem, Mass.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WORK.

And now the snow-flakes have taken their northward flight, and the singing birds have come back from the south. "The winter is over and gone," and the "A. A." is out-of-doors.

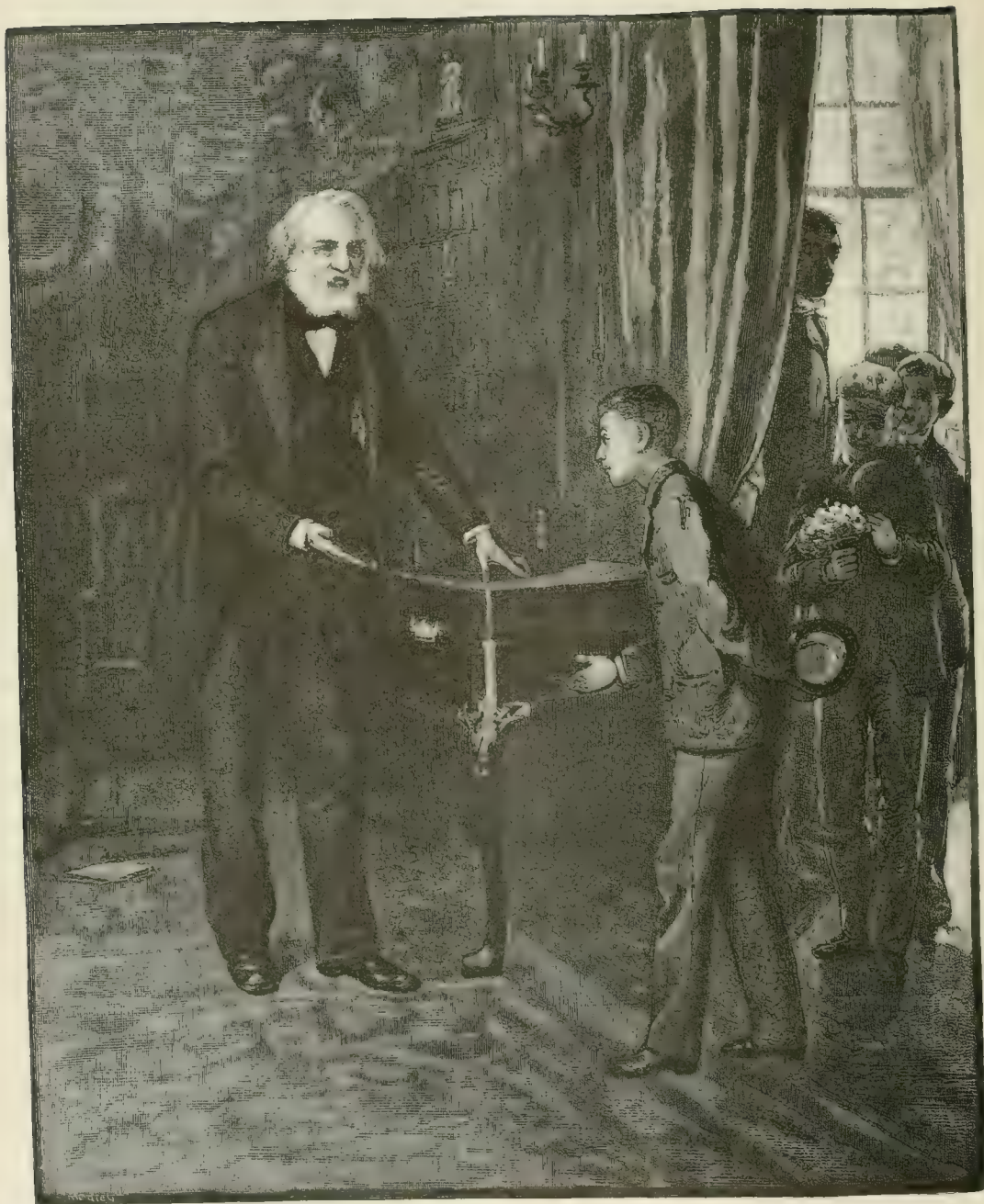
I wish every member of our society would catch one bee, and steal the pollen from his thighs. Examine this pollen under the microscope, and make accurate drawings of the grains. Examine also the pollen from some one flower, and make drawings of it in the same way, writing underneath the name of the flower. Then send the drawings to me, and we may thus ascertain, perhaps, some facts regarding the number and variety of the flowers that furnish the honey which the Queen in her chamber eats on her bread.

ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS.

No.	Chapter.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
164.	Jackson, Mich. (B).	16. Mrs. Norah Gridley,	cor. Main & Fourth.
165.	Plymouth, Conn. (A).	6. Wm. G. Talmadge.	
166.	St. Helena, Cal. (A).	6. Mrs. E. H. King.	
167.	Rochester, N. Y. (A).	4. Miss Monica Curran,	2 Prince St.
168.	Buffalo, N. Y. (C).	5. Miss Claire Shuttleworth,	35 North Pearl St.
169.	Norristown, Pa. (A).	17. Miss Anna Schall.	
170.	No. Brookfield, Mass. (A).	6. H. A. Cooke, Box 610.	
171.	New London, Conn. (A).	7. R. L. Crump.	
172.	Hoosac, N. Y. (A).	14. Wm. C. Langdon, Jr., Box 53.	
173.	Fitchburg, Mass. (B).	14. Miss Mary L. Garfield.	
174.	Easton, Pa. (B).	10. Frank Starr, 60 So. College.	
175.	Easton, Pa. (C).	14. W. F. Kennedy,	122 North 2d St.
176.	Nashua, N. H. (D).	12. Fred. A. Burke, Box 1063.	
177.	Andover, Mass. (A).	6. N. H. Douglass.	
178.	Farmington, Minn. (A).	8. H. N. Wing.	
179.	Sacramento, Cal. (A).	15. Harry Larkin, P. O.	
180.	Milford, Conn. (A).	11. Miss S. E. Frisbie.	
181.	Nashua, N. H. (E).	6. Geo. M. Tinker.	
182.	Warren, R. I. (A).	5. H. L. Warren.	
183.	Salem, Mass.	5. M. E. Burrill, 4 Cherry St.	

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Hereafter, Chapters number 1-50 are requested to send their reports to W. P. Ballard, Easton, Pa.; Chapters number 51-100, to M. J. Taylor, Lenox, Mass.; 101-150, to Mr. John F. Glosser, Berwyn, Chester Co., Pa. All other letters, including requests for exchange, will be received, as before, by Harlan H. Ballard, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



MR. LONGFELLOW AND HIS BOY VISITORS.

[See page 642.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

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NO. 8.

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THE GREAT TUB-RACE AT POINT NO-POINT.

BY ELLEN W. OLNEY.

ANY one might have thought, that summer morning, that all the summer boarders at Point No-Point were ambitious to do their week's washing at once. From the time breakfast was over until the first dinner-bell rang, at half-past twelve, the boys at Mrs. Crane's were rushing about in every direction in couples, vanishing down the road or up the lane, to re-appear, after an interval, carrying tubs between them. These tubs were deposited on the tennis-ground, where they immediately became a center of general interest, and were inspected by a committee of critics, who discussed their merits, and decided whether or not they might be called "sea-worthy." There were new tubs and old tubs; painted tubs and unpainted tubs; tubs with rusty iron hoops and tubs beautifully bound in brass and shining with fresh nails. Some of them suggested the excursion of the famous three men of Gotham, and in view of the disasters of that melancholy voyage were at once set aside and labeled "dangerous."

But, finally, eleven were pronounced fit for use, and were marshaled into rank and file like a fighting regiment.

By this time the second bell had rung, and dinner was ready. Although intense excitement prevailed, dinner seemed by no means a matter of indifference to any of the boys. Fifteen of them had a table together at one end of the long dining-room which accommodated Mrs. Crane's household of boarders. It was always a noisy table, but

to-day, with so much to talk about, there was a perfect babel of voices discussing the coming contest, until Mr. Long, the lame gentleman with spectacles, limped over and sat down among them, and talked so pleasantly that they were all glad to be quiet and listen. In fact, all the boys felt that he was a person worth propitiating, for he was to be umpire of the great tub-race coming off at three o'clock.

It was not quite two when they arose from the table, and, as a great deal remained to be accomplished during the next hour, and no more minutes could be wasted in mere forms and ceremonies, the boys trooped out. In the first place, it was necessary that they should all change their ordinary dress for bathing-suits; then the tubs had to be carried to the river-bank; finally, Mr. Long was to meet the contestants there, and settle certain questions concerning the management of the race, — questions which could be decided only on the spot.

Frank Sedgwick and his brother Will were the first to come forth, fully equipped. They were the best swimmers, cricketers, and ball-players, and the handsomest fellows at Mrs. Crane's that summer. Their mamma had no daughters to make beautiful, so she spent all her pains on Frank and Will, and their bathing-suits were handsome — of white flannel, with blue trimmings, cut short in the arms, and ending at their knees, displaying the well-rounded, muscular limbs of the wearers. Each

of the brothers seized his tub—the best of the lot, you may be sure—and carrying it aloft at arms' length, as if it had no weight whatever, strode rapidly down to the water's edge.

Next scrambled along Jo Paddock, dragging his tub behind him. There was nothing of the dandy about Jo. Although only fifteen, he was already within an inch of being six feet tall, and it was no easy matter to cover his long neck and arms and ankles, all of which protruded from his rusty, gray flannel suit, making him look like a disjointed jack-doll.

Following him were the Holt boys, all neat, sober, trim little fellows, each—like the affectionate brothers they were—helping the other to carry his tub. Then, racing down, appeared Lemuel Shepherd, rolling his tub before him like a hoop, and after him came Sam Tyson, munching an apple at his ease, while Timothy, Mrs. Crane's man, ambled behind, carrying his burden for him. It was always Sam Tyson's way to escape the trouble of things; somebody seemed always at hand to look out for his comfort. He had a knack of getting twice as much at table as the other boys, and he always kept a supply of dainties besides, bought with his pocket-money, which he thought was well spent in luxuries for himself. He was no favorite among his mates. Before he reached the river-side the two Crane boys passed him, with Jack Loomis.

"Why don't you take it as easily as I do?" cried out Sam, who was in an excellent humor. "I gave Tim ten cents to get my tub this morning, and five more to bring it down here for me."

"Why not send him out in it?" asked Jack Loomis. "I would n't have the bother of paddling myself, if I were you."

"When the race really begins, I'll take care of myself," returned Sam, who, it must be confessed, excelled in all athletic exercises. "I have been in these races before, and know a thing or two about them. I might let you into the secret of winning, boys, but I prefer to keep it to myself."

He looked around at the others with a quiet smile of superiority. They all knew that smile and what it meant, and they did not like him for it. He was not a good-looking boy; he had yellow, freckled, flabby cheeks, which hung down, and small eyes, with an expression of lazy scorn in them, and a wide, disagreeable mouth. As he stood there boasting of his skill, every one of the ten who listened had but one feeling in his heart, and that was—no matter who won the race, it must not be Sam Tyson. They all felt an antagonism against him, remembering affronts he had put upon them at tennis, cricket, and base-ball.

Mr. Long now appeared on the long bridge which led out to the floating dock, followed by

twenty or thirty boarders, who had come to look on and see the sport.

And with the Sedgwicks and the Crane boys he fell to discussing the points still unsettled.

It was decided that the boys were to set out from the bank, among the rushes, and paddle to a certain buoy, an eighth of a mile down the stream, go around that, then return, and land at the floating dock. They were to start when he should give the word. Each must keep five feet clear of his rivals, and must on no account jostle his neighbor. In gaining the goal, it was enough to touch the planks of the dock with the hand.

"It is five minutes to three," said Mr. Long. "To your tubs, boys, and be ready to start promptly."

The boys all dashed to their places, took their tubs, and held them over their heads, ready to plash them into the water when Mr. Long should give the word. As they stood waiting, a faint cry arose among the spectators. A speck of blue had appeared in the distance.

"It is little Teddy Courtney," said somebody. "He seems to be pushing a tub along."

"Teddy Courtney!" cried Jo Paddock, and throwing down his own tub, he set off up the bank like a long streak of lightning. Yes, there came Teddy, in a bright blue boating-dress of the daintiest cut and fit, dragging, with enormous difficulty, an old, rusty, battered tub. The little fellow was alternately red and pale, his lip was trembling, and two or three great tears rolled down his cheeks. He was only nine years old, and had been sent down to Mrs. Crane's, with his French nurse, while his father and mother were in Europe. Everybody petted and made much of the youngster, but to-day he had been overlooked.

"Oh, Jo!" he cried, trembling with joy, as his friend appeared. "I was so afraid I could n't get here in time! Marie would n't hurry, and this tub is so heavy."

"I should think it was," growled Jo. "Poor little Ted!" He took the battered old thing in his own hands. "The worst of the lot," said Jo. "However, my baby, you shall have mine. This will do well enough for me."

There was no time to be wasted. Everybody was impatient. All the boys were drawn up in line, holding their tubs ready to be launched. Jo led Teddy down the bank and gave him his own place; then he went to the end of the row with the little fellow's battered hulk.

There was a pause. Then, "Are you ready?—Go!" cried Mr. Long, and the boys were off.

That is, of course, they had waded out half a dozen feet from the shore to a spot where they could clear bottom, and had got into their barks—that is to say, I mean some of them had got in. Until

one tries, he does not know how difficult a matter it is to get into a floating tub successfully, and to stay there. A few had contrived to keep up; the others had keeled over. But those who went down came up manfully, turned their tubs upside down to get the water out, righted them, and tried again.

Frank and Will Sedgwick had had their usual good luck. They sat well into their tubs, their legs astride, and were now paddling along with short, clean strokes, which at once carried them briskly in advance of the rest. Everybody looking on at once declared that one of the two was sure

doing very well indeed. He had seemed to be afraid of being upset by somebody, so he had steered his craft far to windward, but was now nearing the buoy, which he promised to round almost at the time the Sedgwick boys would reach it.

His chances grew better and better every moment. He was almost as much of a favorite as the Sedgwicks, and there could be no chagrin at his good luck. Yet it was, nevertheless, a melancholy thing to see Frank reach the stake at the very same moment as his brother. Then, as they paddled around it, how could he avoid jostling Will? Then what hindered his getting upset



"IT IS DEER-LI TO GET INTO A FLOATING TUB SUCCESSFULLY, AND TO STAY THERE."

to win. The pretty young lady who had made the badges for the gainer of the race looked with satisfaction at the handsome lads, and thought how well either would wear her blue-and-cardinal ribbons.

After the Sedgwicks came the two Cranes—stout, manly fellows, used to all sorts of exploits on sea and land, but rather too heavily built for the present race; for, no sooner had they got forty or fifty feet from the shore, than at the same moment down went their tubs, and both were lost to sight. They came up, spluttering and laughing, and, drawing their perfidious tubs after them, waded back to begin again. Meanwhile, Jack Loomis was

himself, and, in going down, carrying his brother along with him?

The Sedgwicks for once were thrown out of a competition. They were so used to success that they could hardly believe in their present ill-luck. But, having to confess it, they took it good-naturedly, and, feeling sure that their chances were over, and that Jack Loomis had won the day, they waded to the dock, climbed up the sides, and sat on the edge, ready to cheer and applaud him when he should make the goal.

Jack was now indeed monarch of all he surveyed. But unseen dangers lurked ahead. All at once, without any premonition of disaster, fate

overtook him; down went his tub! Twice he was soused from head to foot before he could find bottom and recover himself. Emerging finally, he looked dazed, confounded, at such an overthrow of all his hopes.

While a race is going on, however, one has no time to waste pity on fallen heroes. For a good while, now, nobody had thought of watching any of the competitors save the Sedgwicks and Loomis. After their mischances, the spectators simultaneously turned to see if anybody else was coming up, like the tortoise, to claim the victory lost by the hare. There soon arose a loud murmur of discontent. Mr. Sam Tyson followed the three who had gone down, and now was first in the procession.

Jo Paddock was nowhere; he had, in fact, gone back and sat down resignedly on the bank. Even if he had had a good tub, his long legs put out of the question any sort of successful paddling. The two Crane boys sat beside him, one of them trying to mend his tub, which had started a hoop. Lemuel Shepherd was still trying to get into his. He was a roly-poly sort of a boy, so round that there was no more chance for him than for an apple-dumpling. The three Holt boys had gone on very well, and might have held their own, had not Sam Tyson run them down. One after another each had drifted in his way, and when the question arose in his mind whether his chances or theirs should suffer, he had not hesitated for a single moment, but devoted them to destruction by an adroit kick of his foot.

A trifle behind Sam was Teddy Courtney, floating beautifully. Now and then he leaned over and paddled a little with his baby-hand, but in general he was happy enough that he was upborne, and did not get overturned; so he made no effort to get on. He looked like a Cupid, with his golden curls, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and smiling lips.

There could now be no sort of doubt in anybody's mind that Mr. Sam Tyson not only intended to beat, but was certain to do so. He made progress very slowly, as he had declared he understood the secret of winning a tub-race. He knew that by eager paddling the tub constantly shipped water through the holes in the handles, and that thus becoming "swamped," it was ready to go down at the least jar. This danger he avoided, keeping his lower edge well above the ripples. Nobody wished him well, yet, as if wafted by the most earnest good wishes, he sailed on serenely. Every other boy at Mrs. Crane's had friends, but he had

none. Yet he was not more than half a bad fellow, if he could have been less selfish and greedy.

And now, with a long sigh, they all whispered to themselves he was going to win. He had made the buoy easily. He was well on his way back. He was not more than three yards from the goal. His heavy face had not for a moment lighted up with hope or expectation. He bore his honors calmly so far. He always took everything calmly, which made it all the more exasperating for those whom he conquered.

He was within four feet of the floating dock. Every one watched him, feeling more or less unhappy. The pretty young lady with the badge of crisp blue-and-cardinal ribbons, had seated herself on a camp-stool, and was fanning herself, with an air of indifference and patience. Apparently the results of the race were not to justify her disinterested efforts for it, since Mr. Sam Tyson was to have the badge.

All at once, however, while the crowd looked on, muttering wrath in whispers, Sam was seen to move convulsively! A sneeze burst from him in spite of all his efforts to suppress it. The tub turned over and sank, carrying him down with it.

Ah, the cruelty of it all! For a triumphant cheer burst from the party on shore! Victory had been almost in Sam's grasp, but he had lost it. Alas! alas! And there was no sympathy for him. All the others who went down had had the grace of a kind "Poor fellow!" but not a word for Sam. He took his reverse coolly, however, as he took everything else. He scrambled to his footing, got into his tub, and began to paddle himself back.

And was everybody out of the race? Was no one to have the blue-and-red ribbons? Why, yes! There was Teddy Courtney, who had, by this time, passed the buoy.

"Carefully, Ted! Paddle carefully!" shouted Jo Paddock, from the shore. "You'll beat us all yet."

Teddy looked up in amazement. A winning smile broke over his face. He leaned over, and did paddle carefully. And a wind came up out of the south, and floated him straight toward the dock. His little hands seemed to work wonders, but, besides, as if some irresistible force bore him along, his tub went straight toward the goal.

"Touch it, Ted, touch it!" cried Will Sedgwick, as he got alongside. And the little fellow leaned out and touched it.

Then what a cheer broke forth, and how pretty the young lady looked as she put on his blue-and-red ribbons!

THE BEE-CHARMER.

By M. M. D.



A FRISKY little faun of old
 Once came to charm the bees —
 A frisky little faun and bold,
 With very funny knees:
 You'll read in old mythology
 Of just such folk as these,
 Who haunted dusky woodlands
 And sported 'neath the trees.

Well, there he sat and waited
 And played upon his pipe,
 Till all the air grew fated
 And the hour was warm and ripe,—
 When, through the woodland glooming
 Out to the meadow clear,
 A few great bees came booming,
 And hovered grandly near.

Then others, all a-listening,
 Came, one by one, intent,
 Their gauzy wings a-glistening,
 Their velvet bodies bent.
 Filled was the meadow sunny
 With music-laden bees,
 Forgetful of their honey
 Stored in the gnarled old trees,
 Heedless of sweets that waited

In myriad blossoms bright,
 They crowded, dumb and sated
 And heavy with delight;
 When, presto!—with quick laughter
 The piping faun was gone!
 And never came he after,
 By noon or night or dawn.

Never the bees recovered;
 The spell was on them still—
 Where'er they flew or hovered
 They knew not their own will;
 The wondrous music filled them,
 As dazed they sought the bloom;
 The cadences that thrilled them
 Had dealt them mystic doom.
 And people called them lazy,
 In spite of wondrous skill,
 While others thought them crazy,
 And strove to do them ill:
 Their velvet coats a-fuzzing
 They darted, bounded, flew,
 And filled the air with buzzing
 And riotous ado.

Now, when in summer's season
 We hear their noise and stir,

Full well we know the reason
Of buzz and boom and whirr—
As, browsing on the clover
Or darting in the flower,
They hum it o'er and over,
That charm of elfin power.
Dire, with a purpose musical
Dazing the sultry noon,

They make their sounds confusical,
And try to catch the tune.
It baffles them, it rouses them,
It wearies them and drowns them;
It puzzles them and saddens them,
It worries them and maddens them:
Ah, wicked faun, with funny knees,
To bring such trouble on the bees!



MARY JANE TELLS ABOUT THE SPICERS' COWS.

BY A. G. PLYMPTON.

THEY had lots of cows, the Spicers had,—and they passed most of their time in our garden. The reason they did n't stay in the pasture was because the fences were all broken down; for the Spicers were the most shiftless folks in Tuckertown. Why I cared about the cows was because I had to drive 'em out.

It was the summer that Lucy was sick, and Dot and I were sent to Grandpa's.

Well, one day, Grandpa said:

"If those cows get into my corn again, I'll drive 'em up to the pound."

"What's the pound?" asked Dot.

"It's a pen," said Grandpa, "where you can drive any cattle you find on your land; and the owner can't get them out without paying a fine."

"Oh, I think that's elegant!" said I. "I know lots of people's cows I should like to get into the pound."

When Grandpa went out, I said I would go and tell Sarah Spicer just what he had said.

"Now, Mary Jane, you just stay where you are. You want your fingers in everybody's pies." It was Aunt Jane—you might know—who said that.

I might have answered that she was so sparing with hers (especially mince) that I never could touch *them*. But I did n't. I often think of real smart things, and it's mean that I can't say them.

But, I declare, there is never any use at all in my arguing with Aunt Jane; for, when I get the best of her, she always stiffens up and says: "There, that will do, Mary Jane! Not another word!"

Besides, it is n't right to answer back. So I just said nothing, but took Dot and marched straight off to the Spicers'.

We found Sarah and Sam playing in front of their house. Mercy me! I never saw such a gone-to-wreck-and-ruined place. Half the window-panes smashed, and the shingles coming off, and the wall broken down, and not so much as a path up to the front door! I suppose that is so that folks will go to the back door, as Aunt Jane did that day I went there with her and found the hens picking up the crumbs in the kitchen. I should have thought Mrs. Spicer would be ashamed of that; would n't you? But, la, she was n't! She said the hens were company for her, and, besides, they "saved sweeping."

Aunt Jane says Sarah Spicer's "not a pretty-behaved little girl," and I should n't think she was. So saucy! And she swings her skirts when she walks, and it's real aggravating. Besides that, she makes up faces at real nice folks. Beth Hall and I turned round quick once, and caught her at it.

I thought she was looking more saucy than ever on this particular day, and I determined to be very dignified and distant.

"How d' ye do, Mary Jane?" said she.

"How d' ye do, Miss Spicer?" said I.

"Mercy me, Mary Jane! what airs!" said she.

"It's no use to put 'em on here in Tuckertown, I can tell you, for folks know all about you."

"There, that will do," said I, as like Aunt Jane as ever I could. "I only came over here to

tell you that we are going to have your cows put in the pound, the very next time we find 'em in our garden."

"Poh!" cried out that Hop-o'-my-thumb of a Sam. "Your grandfather has said so, lots of times, but he never does."

"Does n't dare to!" snapped Sarah.

I was just boiling mad. The idea of my being treated so by those low Spicers!

"Dare to?" said I. "I wonder who you think would be afraid of such a poor, shiftless set as you are? My grandfather says your farm does n't raise anything but weeds and potato bugs. But I'll tell him it raises plenty of 'sarce' besides."

And then I took Dot's hand, and just ran for home, so as not to give Sarah a chance to have the last word.

Oh, but don't I 'spise her!

Well, that afternoon, Dot and I went into the barn to play. We played that we were angels, and made the loveliest crowns of burs, and real nice wings out of newspapers. When we wanted to fly, we went to the top of the loft, and flew down

the fun with all our might, when Aunt Jane screamed out:

"Mary Jane! Mary Jane! The cows are in the garden. Run and drive them out."

"Is n't that mean!" said I. "The idea of asking an angel to drive cows!"

"Play they are evil sperits," suggested Hiram, who was cleaning out the stalls.

"No, they're not," said I. "They are just nothing but cows. Besides, it makes me hot to run after them, and angels ought never to be hot."

Then Aunt Jane began to scream at me again, and, of course, I had to go.

"It's too bad!" cried Dot. "Those Spicers' cows spoil all our fun."

"I'll tell you what," said I, after I had shoo'd them into the road. "I'm going to drive 'em right up to the pound. I'll show that Sarah Spicer——!"

"Why, Mary Jane Hunt!" cried silly Dot. "What 'll Grandpa say? I wont go."

"Say? Why, that he is much obliged to me, to be sure. And if you don't come right along,



"HOW D' YE DO, MARY JANE?"

to the hay on the barn-floor; but we did n't care to fly much, it was so much nicer to bounce up and down on the clouds—I mean the hay—and play on our harps and sing.

We were just in the midst of it, and enjoying

I'll take off my little crown and stick the prickles into you, Miss!"

That's what I said, but I knew I could n't get the crown out of my hair—the old burs stuck so. I got some out, though, and tied my hat on, set

my wings against the wall, and got a stick to drive the cows with. Dot trotted after me, as meek as a lamb.

It was n't far to the pound; but there was one cow and her calf that would n't hurry, and, besides, we walked very slowly along the sunny parts of the road, and rested every time we came to a shady place; so it was late in the afternoon when we left the pound, and turned to come home.

"Let 's go 'round by the Spicers'," said I. "I don't care if it is farther. Perhaps we shall see Sarah."

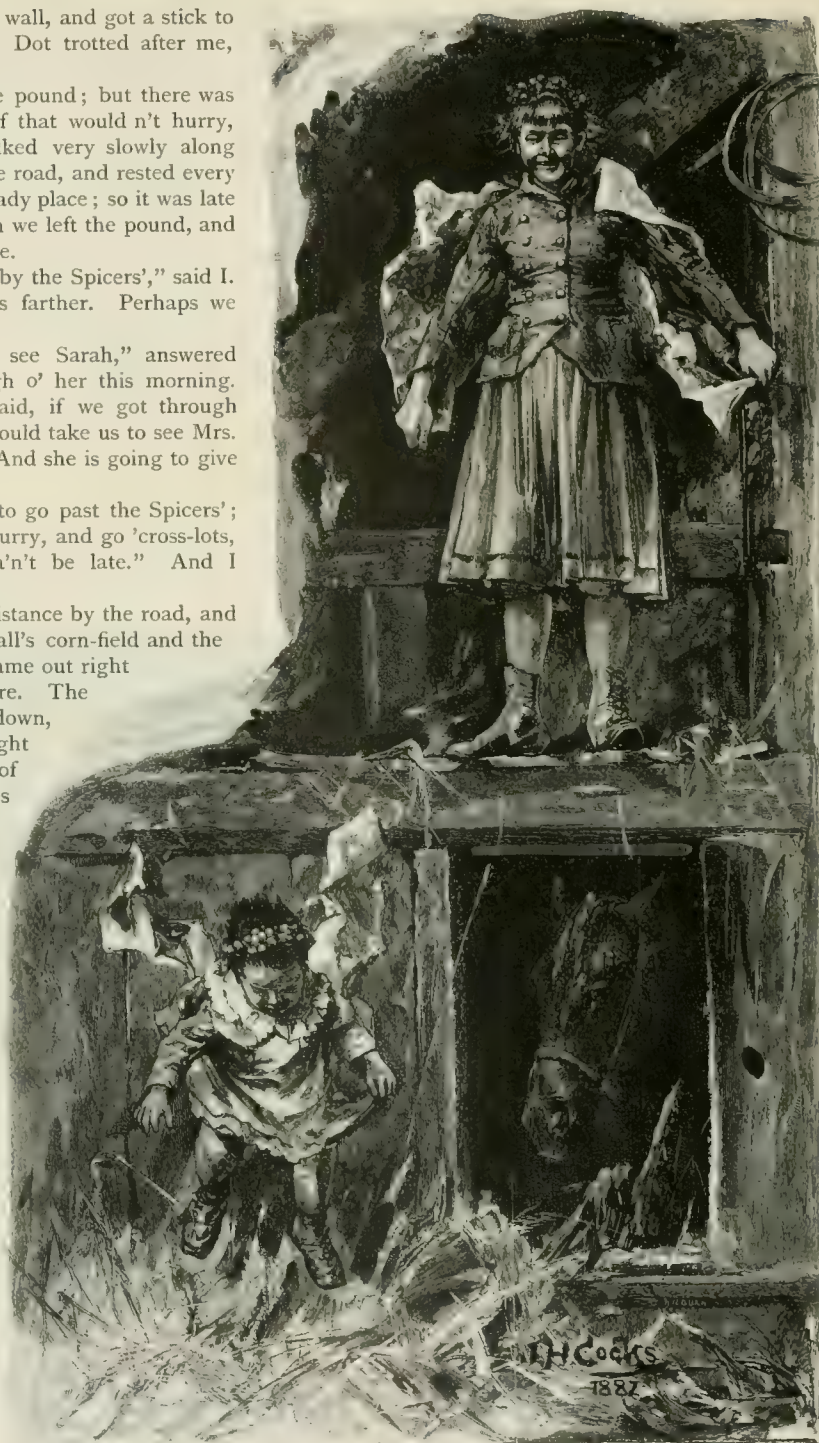
"I don't want to see Sarah," answered Dot. "I saw 'nough o' her this morning. 'Sides, Aunt Jane said, if we got through supper in time, she would take us to see Mrs. Green, you know. And she is going to give us some pears."

But I was bound to go past the Spicers'; so I said: "We 'll hurry, and go 'cross-lots, and I know we sha'n't be late." And I had my way.

We went quite a distance by the road, and then through Mr. Hall's corn-field and the woods beyond, and came out right in the Spicers' pasture. The sun had just gone down, and there was a bright light behind the row of old, jagged apple-trees along by the stone wall, which was so broken down in places that it was an easy matter for the cows to stray away. Dot and I noticed that there was only one left now in the pasture.

"I hope Sarah and Sam will have a good time hunting after the others; and good enough for 'em," said I. "Perhaps her father is just scolding her now for letting 'em stray away."

"Well, he is n't, for there he is now." Dot pointed, and I saw Sarah in the swing



"WE PLAYED WE WERE ANGELS, AND MADE CROWNS OF BURS AND WINGS OUT OF NEWSPAPERS."

on the butternut tree in front of their house, and her father was swinging her, up ever so high.

When she saw us she jumped out and ran to the fence.

"Hope you 'll find your cows to-night, Sarah," said I.

"You had better go for 'em," chimed in Dot.

"Hope you 'll find *yours*," retorted Sarah. "If you don't keep 'em out of our garden, we are going to drive 'em to the pound."

"Te, he," giggled Sam.

What could they mean? I wondered, as I hurried on, if our cows had got into their garden; and it worried me so that I told Dot.

"But, la, it 's no use to wait any longer. I'll use morning's milk."

"Yes," said Grandpa, who was washing his hands at the sink. "Do let 's have supper. Children, have you seen the cows?"

"Why, no," I answered, "not ours; but Dot and I drove the Spicers' cows up to the pound."

"Those that were in our garden?" demanded Aunt Jane, looking straight at me.

I nodded.

"Well, of all the little mischief-makers! Those were *our* cows."

"My gracious, goodness me!" said I; "and Grandpa's got to pay a fine to get his own cows out



ON THE WAY TO THE POUND.

"I don't believe it, at all," said Dot. "They just wanted to scare us and get even with us."

Although we hurried so, it was late when we got home. We were afraid that supper would be all over, and Aunt Jane would scold us for being late. But though the table was set, and Grandpa was home from work, no one had sat down to it.

"Been waiting for the milk," said Aunt Jane.

of the pound? Oh dear! I do hope Sarah Spicer won't find out about it."

Dot and I did n't go to Mrs. Green's for pears that night, I can tell you. Instead, we went to bed an hour earlier than usual; but Sarah Spicer does n't know anything about it; and after Aunt Jane went down-stairs, Dot and I had a real good time playing angel.

THE WINGS OF THINGS.

BY KATHARINE HANSON.

AS MOLLY sat by her mother,
 She heard of some curious things,
 For one lady said to another:
 "Yes, money has certainly wings."

"Oh, has it?" thought little Molly,
 "I never knew that before!"
 And, questioning, looked at her dolly,
 Who calmly sat on the floor.

Then entered a breathless caller,
 With shawl hanging quite unpinned;

Lest a thunder-storm should befall her,
 She had come "*on the wings of the wind.*"

"I wonder where she would leave them,"
 Thought Molly, and looked about;
 From the window she could n't perceive them—
 They had flown right along, no doubt.

Two facts quite reconciled Molly
 To this confusion of things:
 She was safely tied to her dolly,
 And her mamma had no wings.

THE WITCH-TRAP.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

"THERE she is!" cried Bennie Ruan. "She was in that patch behind the mulberry-tree when I saw her first; but I am going to cover the patch with that big fish-net of Father's, so that she can not rob us any more."

"Oh, it's not about the pine-apples I mind," exclaimed Mrs. Ruan, "but her wickedness is enough to make anybody cry!—the miserable witch!"

"What witch?" I asked. "Who is it?"

"There she is again!" cried Bennie, before anybody could answer my question. "I believe I heard her chattering near the big fig-tree!"

We all ran out on the porch, Mrs. Ruan with a kitchen-knife, Bennie's brother Carlos with a stick, and his sick father with his crutch. They were poor Mexican farmers and had no fire-arms. On the porch, Martin, an old negro servant, was husking corn, but when the boys ran toward the fig-tree, he got up and followed me into the garden.

"What is all this about?" I asked him, as we reached the orchard. The old negro put his finger to his mouth, to enjoin silence, but when we got behind the copse of currant bushes, he stopped and began to chuckle.

"Well, sir, to de best ob my knowledge, it's nothing but a common monkey," said he.

"What monkey?"

"De witch, as dey call her. Dere wuz a Miss Gonzales used to live down in Benyamo, an' dey tried to arrest her for witchcraft, and she has been

missin' ever since. Dey hev got a notion dat she changed herself into a monkey—de one dat 's robbin' us all de time. Hush! Here comes that boy Carlos."

"Come over this way, Doctor," whispered Carlos—"we shall have some fun now; she 's at the lower end of the corn field, right where my father put up the trap. Father is behind the mulberries back there. Take care—we must keep on this side of the trees, where she can not see us."

The old farmer was sitting on a wheelbarrow behind a clump of leafy mulberry-trees, while his wife was peeping through the branches.

"There are four or five in the weeds, over yonder," said she; "they are near the trap right now."

"The witch, too?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," said the farmer—"she 's somewhere in the corn field."

"Where 's the witch?" asked Bennie.

"Keep still," whispered his mother. "There she is now, at the end of the fence there; look! do you see her red necklace? Here she comes! She 's going for the trap."

I could see her, too. A lean, long-legged capuchin monkey, with a sort of red collar around her neck, went skipping along the fence till she reached the top of the corner rail, where she stopped, and rose on her hind legs to get a view of the field. Finding the coast clear, she hopped down and slipped behind a pile of boards at the end of the furrow.

"Oh, Father!" cried Carlos, "quick, quick! Let's get the dog! She's coming this way—I saw her just now in the melon patch."

"Here's de dog," said the negro. "Come on—if he does n't get her, she knows more about witchcraft than I do. Let's head her off."

Our plan was to take the dog to the lower end of the orchard, where he could intercept the witch on her way to the high timber, while Carlos was

of the melon patch, with Carlos at her heels. He was driving her straight toward us, and through the middle of the corn field, when the dog suddenly broke away before Uncle Martin could grab him. He had caught sight of her and she of him, for she turned sharp around, passed Carlos like a flash, and disappeared in the copse of currant bushes. In the next second, the dog reached the thicket, but while he was racing up and down with his nose

on the ground, the sly witch slipped out at the other end, and made a break for the high timber. Our shouts and yells brought the dog on her track, and, spying her in the open field, he came sweeping down the furrow like the wind, and went over the fence with a flying leap, but a moment too late. The capuchin had reached the first tree, and mocked him with chattering grimaces from a height of sixteen feet.

"Just look at her!" laughed Uncle Martin. "She's too smart for us, ma'am."

"Yes, she has fooled us again," groaned Mrs. Ruan. "Oh, what a shameful crime is witchcraft!"

"Too bad," said I. "It seems these monkeys bother you all day, madam?"

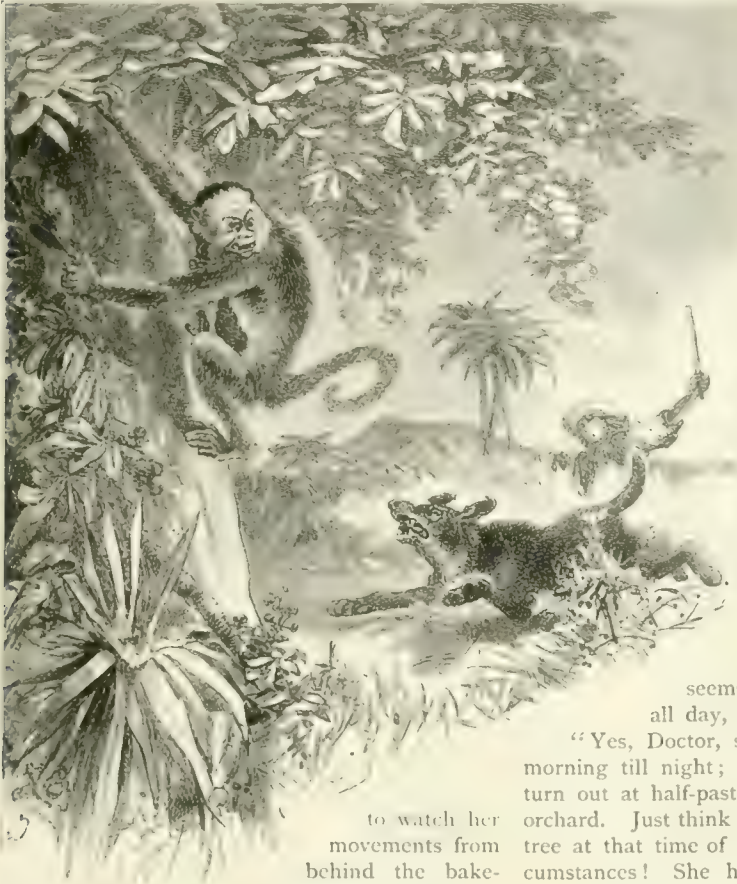
"Yes, Doctor, she keeps worrying me from morning till night; yesterday evening we had to turn out at half-past seven to drive her out of the orchard. Just think of that! Getting on top of a tree at that time of the day—a person in her circumstances! She has n't the least bit of self-respect, sir."

When we returned to the cottage yard, Mrs. Ruan's eldest daughter came running out of a side building. "Oh, Mamma," cried she, "Miss Gonzales was in our bakehouse last night!"

"Why, what has she been about, now?"

"Cook made a dozen dough-dumplings," said the girl, "and there are only ten left, now. They were covered up in a dish on the oven-bench, and Bennie says he never came near the oven, and I'm sure I did n't, either, so it must have been Miss Gonzales."

"Oh, the wretch! Oh, mercy, what shall we do



to watch her movements from behind the bakehouse, to let us know

when we ought to slip the dog. The farmer was too lame to join us, but his wife brought with her a club and a twisted rattan.

"I'll teach her manners, if we catch her," said she, with a flourish of her weapons.

We had already reached the outskirts of the wood, and passed the first tall trees, without any signal from Carlos; but when we were in the act of climbing the fence a little below the log-trap, the farmer on the porch gave a great shout, and, at the same moment, we saw the capuchin dash out

about it? This must be stopped, somehow! Why, she is robbing us night and day!"

"What!" cried the farmer, "you do not believe that she would eat raw dough, do you?"

"Oh, you do not know her yet," wailed the good wife; "there's nothing too wicked for her—nothing too wicked. A person that will resort to witchcraft is capable of anything."

"Why don't you borrow a gun and shoot her?" I asked.

"Bless you, no, sir!" said the farmer; "they would discharge me right off."

"Who would?"

"The gentlemen in the convent, sir; all this land belongs to their game-preserve, and they do not permit their tenants to use any kind of fire-arms."

"Oh, Doctor," said Mrs. Ruan, "could n't you be kind enough to send us some kind of a charm—a witch-charm, I mean? We would pay you the full value of it, and be ever so much obliged to you. If you say so, we can send Uncle Martin along, and pay you the next time you —"

"Never mind," I interrupted, "but let me tell you what I can do. I will see Mr. Cardenas, and borrow his American steel-trap for you."

"Will that do any good against a witch?" said the farmer, doubtfully.

"Indeed it will, señor," said Uncle Martin. "I saw them catch wolves and bears with such traps down in Texas, and a witch does n't know more than a cinnamon bear does, I don't care how smart she is."

"It will cripple her if she puts her foot in," I added. "Judge Cardenas lives somewhere out in the country, and I shall have to hunt up a guide in San Juan to find his place, or I would get you the trap before night."

"Judge Cardenas? You mean Judge Pedro Cardenas?" asked the negro. "Well, señor, you need n't go very far for a guide, den: he lives on dis side of de river, an' I can take you to his place in about three-quarters of an hour. Start now, ef you say so, sir?"

"Yes, let's go right now," I said; "we should n't find him at home after three o'clock. Come on."

We passed the convent hill and a thicket of talipot-palms, and then entered a caucho grove. The tropical forests are strangely quiet during the noon-tide heat; every living thing seeks the shade, and even the parrots sit under the thick foliage, or hide in hollow trees, like owls, and do not stir till the day cools off. The air was so still that we could hear the buzz of a gnat, and the rustling of the small lizards that skipped from tree to tree through the dry leaves, but when we entered the caucho grove we suddenly heard a piercing scream from

the depth of the woods—a curious shrill and long-drawn screech, like the yell of a big tomcat, and soon after the deep-mouthed bark of a hunting-dog.

"Listen! That 's Mr. Cardenas's deer-hound," said the old negro. "The judge must be somewhere in that thicket down there. Let 's hail him."

Our call was answered by a loud halloo from a wooded glen on our right, and, before long, a hunter stepped from the thicket, and waved his hat when he recognized us.

"Hello, Judge," I called out, "what 's the matter—have you been cat-hunting on that creek down there?"

"No, I was hunting pheasants," cried the judge, "and what do you suppose I caught?"

"What was it—a wild-cat?"

"No, no," said he. "Come along—I 'll show you; it takes three witnesses to prove it."

"My wood-choppers captured a sloth this morning," said the judge, as we walked toward the ravine—"a big black sloth—a 'bush-lawyer,' as the Indians call them. They tied him to the stump of a tree, and what do you suppose I found, when I came out to fetch him? Here we are! Just look at this happy family!"

The old sloth lay on his back, near the stump where the wood-choppers had left him, but in his claws he held the strangest animal I ever saw in my life—a black, hairy little brute, about the shape of a young bear, but with a big tail that turned and twisted left and right like a snake.

"What in the world do you call that?" I asked—"a monkey or an overgrown squirrel?"

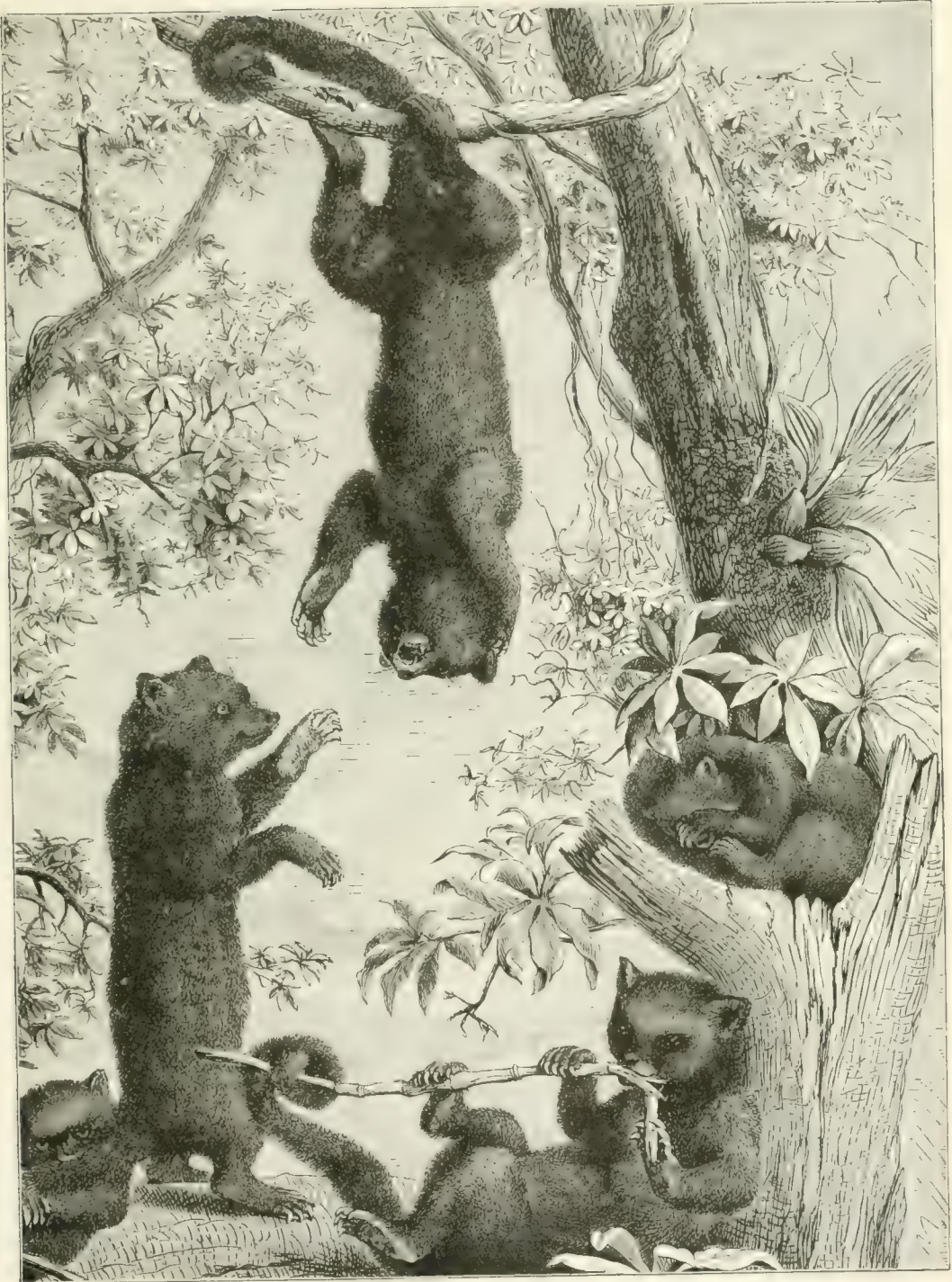
"No, it 's a honey-bear," laughed the judge—"a kinkayou, as we call them. Just look up—there 's half a dozen of them in that tree!"

On a catalpa-tree, near the stump, a whole family of the strange long-tails were eating their dinner, not in the least disconcerted by our presence, as it seemed, though two of them eyed us, with outstretched necks, as if they desired us to explain the purpose of our visit.

I stepped back to get a better look at them. They had snouts and paws like fat young bears, but in their movements they reminded me of a North American opossum; they could hang by their tails and use them as rope-ladders in lowering themselves from branch to branch. Now and then, one or two of them came down to take a look at their captive comrade, but the least movement of the old sloth would send them scampering up the tree with squeals of horror.

"That lawyer of yours has taken the law into his own hands," said I.

"Yes, I suspect those little imps kept fooling



"ON A CATALPA TREE A WHOLE FAMILY OF THE STRANGE LONG-TAILS WERE EATING THEIR DINNER."

with him until he grabbed one of them," said the judge. "Let's set that thing free, or he will squeeze it to death."

The old sloth held his prisoner as a spider holds a fly, encircling him completely with his long-clawed legs, and while the captive mewed and snarled, the captor uttered grunts that sounded like inward chuckles. It needed our combined efforts to unclasp his long grappling-hooks, and we were afraid the prisoner would die before we could liberate him, but as soon as his feet touched the ground, he bounced up the tree as if the fell fiends were at his heels.

"That fellow wont forget the day of the month," laughed the judge; "he will know better than to meddle with a lawyer the next time."

I explained to the judge that we had come to borrow his trap, and he told Uncle Martin to go and fetch it.

"Well, Judge, I'm much obliged to you," said the old negro, "but I guess we had better try dis four-legged trap first. You may call her Miss Gonzales or whatever you like, but if dis here lawyer would n't squeeze de witchcraft out of her, we might as well give it up for a bad job. Why, I could hardly get his claws off at all; I never saw the like before."

"It's only the old males of the black variety that will do that," explained the judge; "the brown ones are almost helpless, if you turn them over on their backs. Well, I must go along and see the fun," said he, "but if you catch that monkey, please do not kill her; if she can dance, I should like to take her home, and let my children make a pet of her."

The afternoon was far advanced; so when we reached the farm, all hands were promptly set to work to get the witch-trap ready without loss of time.

Near the log-trap, and just below the place where the monkeys used to cross the fence, we drove four short stakes into the ground and fastened the old sloth securely, but in a way that did not interfere with the upward and sideward movement of his arms and legs. All around him we strewed the ground with raisins and bits of bread, and Mrs. Ruan added a large slice of ginger-cake, which we fastened on a separate stake behind the living trap.

"We might as well try a wood-lawyer, since the other lawyer would n't help us," Mrs. Ruan told me. "Here 's my neighbor, Mrs. Lucas, she knows a recipe for curing such hags: You must make them drink a quart of boiling pepper-sauce, with sulphur and garlic. I've got a potful on the stove there, and if we catch her, she will have to swallow every drop of it. I'll hold her nose

and make her do it. Yes, sir, witchcraft must be suppressed."

"Here, Carlos, you take this ax," said his father, "go to the wood-shed, and make all the noise you can. That witch has a way of turning up as soon as she hears us chopping wood," he added. "I suppose she calculates that we can't watch her as long as we are hard at work."

Mr. Ruan then tied the dog to the bed-post, the good wife went to the bakehouse, and the rest of us marched to the south corner of the garden, where Uncle Martin posted us behind a clump of banana-trees.

Carlos, in the wood-shed, kept up a noise as if a company of lumbermen were at work with axes and cudgels, and, before long, the judge tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to the farther end of the fence. "There 's one now," said he—"a raccoon or a young monkey."

"Hold on! Dat 's de witch herself," whispered Uncle Martin. "I can see her now—she 's peeping over de top rail. Dere she comes—do you see her collar?"

The old capuchin took a good look at the trap, and then raised herself to her full length and surveyed the garden silently and carefully. Somehow, the prospect did not seem satisfactory, for instead of jumping down, she jogged along the top rails to the next corner and peered about the field once more. The coast seemed clear, and, after a last furtive glance in the direction of the cottage, the old marauder leaped down and disappeared in the weeds. Was she going to content herself with corn-ears? She could not possibly have overlooked the tidbits near the trap.

No, she had n't, nor forgotten them neither, for, two minutes later, she re-appeared at the right place, took up a piece of bread, examined it carefully, and then eyed the prostrate sloth with evident surprise.

"She does n't know what to make of all that," whispered the farmer.

"She will find it out mighty suddenly, if she aint kerful," chuckled Uncle Martin. "De lawyer is getting ready for her."

The "witch" approached the trap with great caution, peeped under the boards, smelled them, and looked thoughtfully in the direction of the cottage.

"What if it should be some new trick? Monkeys can not be too careful nowadays—farmers are so cunning; that poor fellow on his back, there, seems to have fallen a victim to their wiles," she appeared to be saying to herself.

She tapped his head and stole a look at his face. The lawyer never budged. She went around and examined him from the other side. "Where

did he come from? Is he dead? Why does n't he try to get away?"

The lawyer lay low.

"A queer customer! How did he get fast there, anyhow? What keeps him down?" She nosed around the strings, scrutinized the stakes, and tried to step over the corpse, or whatever it might be, in order to acquaint herself with the interior mechanism of this novel kind of trap. Perhaps she imagined it would take her only a moment, but in that moment the four arms clasped her like the fangs of a steel-trap, and a horrified screech announced the success of our stratagem. The lawyer had her.

Uncle Martin started off with a whoop, the boys



THE TRAP.

broke from the cottage with a simultaneous rush, and, a second after, the population of the farm galloped toward the trap, like race horses on the home stretch.

When the witch saw us come, the recollection of her sins made her redouble her shrieks and struggles, but she might as well have tried to break out of a straight-jacket and a pair of iron handcuffs; the old sloth neither stirred nor made the slightest noise, but held her with the merciless grip of a boa constrictor. Before we liberated her, Uncle Martin slipped a stout leather strap through

her collar, fastened it with a triple knot, and opened a big linen flour-bag, to have it ready for use. When we got her free, she leaped backward with a sudden jerk, but finding she could not break the strap, the poor creature crept into the sack of her own accord, glad to get out of sight at any price; but in the bottom of the bag we could hear her teeth chatter with fear, as if she expected every moment to be pulled out and shot.

"We have got her!" Mrs. Ruan called to the cook, who had watched us from the porch. "Run, Carlotta! Get the pepper-sauce ready!"

"I believe she is going to burn her alive," laughed the farmer, who had hobbled out with the help of a crutch.

"No, no, my friends; that would never do," said Mr. Cardenas. "You can not burn a witch that still has the form of a monkey—it would be cruelty to animals, and that's against the law."

"You hear that?" said the farmer. "The judge is right; we must n't get ourselves into trouble. We'd better sell her, or set her free on the other side of the river; witches can not swim, you know, so she would never get across the Rio Lerma."

"No, sir; that would n't do, neither," said the judge. "She can not be permitted to run at large. We must teach her a useful trade, and keep her locked up for the rest of her life."

"That's right! Lock her up and keep her hard at work, the miserable huzzy!" cried Mrs. Ruan, shaking her fist at the bag.

"Yes," said the judge; "but she must n't be maltreated, and I'll see if I can take her to board in my family. Look here, my friends, suppose I pay you four dollars for the damage she has caused you, and engage that she shall bother you no more? Will that be satisfactory?"

"Why, certainly," said the farmer. "I am much obliged to you, Judge."

"You are kind, sir," said Mrs. Ruan; "but——"

"But——what?"

"Step this way, sir, please," said Mrs. Ruan, with an uneasy glance at the bag. "I want to talk to you privately, where that creature can not overhear us." Then, stepping aside with the judge, she whispered: "You know more about law business than we do, but I must warn you that you must keep your eye on her. And it is not enough to lock the doors—the likes of her find other ways of escape. If they get hold of a broom, they make a rush for the nearest chimney, and off they go, whistling before the wind."

"Make your mind easy, my good woman," laughed the judge. "I am going to watch her closely. The first time I catch her on a broomstick, I shall turn her over to the police."



THE MAID OF HONOR.

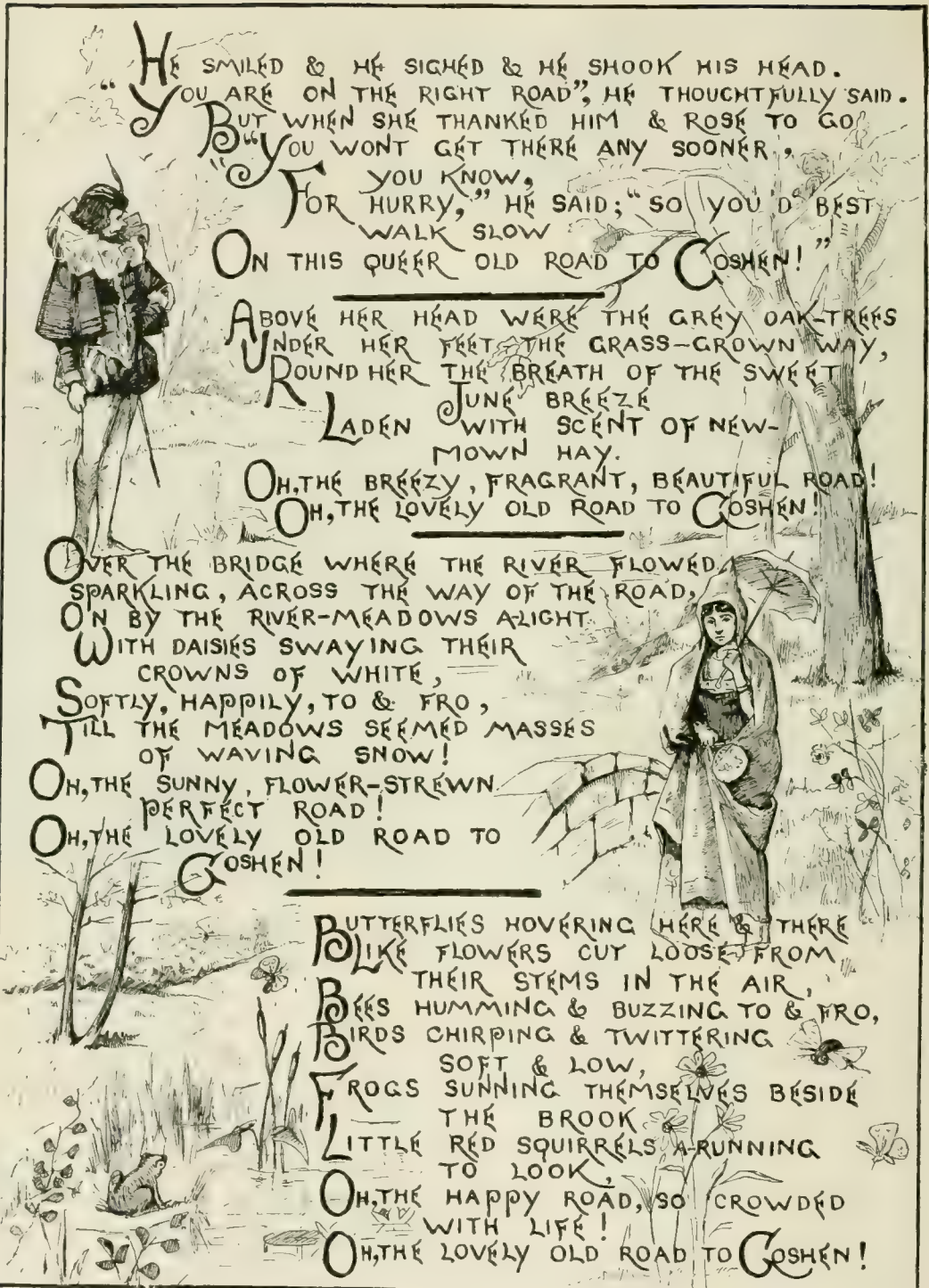
By EVA L. OGDEN.

SHE WAS PINNING THE TABLE-
CLOTH FAST TO THE LINE,
WHEN ACROSS THE GARDEN &
OVER THE CLOTHES,
ALONG CAME THE BLACKBIRD
FRESH FROM THE PIE,
AND SNIPPED OFF THE TIP OF
HER DEAR LITTLE NOSE!
BEFORE, YOU'D HAVE SAID, IT
WOULD SURELY BE
AN IMPROVEMENT; BUT AFTER-
WARD — OH, DEAR ME!
THE KING LAUGHED HARD & THE
QUEEN LAUGHED, TOO,
WHILE THE POOR MAID OF
HONOR CRIED "WHAT SHALL I DO?"
BUT THEY TOLD HER TO GO TO THE
WITCH IN THE WOOD,
FOR SHE'D KNOW HOW TO CURE
HER IF ANY ONE COULD.
"H-M-M! SO YOU'VE LOST THE
TIP OF YOUR NOSE!"
SAID THE WITCH. "GO TO
GOSHEN, & STAY TILL IT GROWS!"

WITH A PAINTED FAN & A PARASOL
AND A GOWN EMBROIDERED WITH
GOLD STORKS ALL,
AND AN OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
CLOAK AROUND HER, —
THAT WAS THE WAY SHE LOOKED
WHEN HE FOUND HER,
JUST ABOUT NOON
ONE DAY IN JUNE,
ON THE OLD, OLD ROAD TO GOSHEN.



AND SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES
AND SAID, "SIR, WILL YOU PLEASE
TELL ME THE WAY TO COSHEN?"
"I HAVE SOUGHT IT NEAR & HAVE SOUGHT IT AFAR
UP CHIMBORAZO, DOWN THE VALE OF THE AAR
IN ICELAND, SOUDAN & THE PYRENEES,
BUT I CANNOT FIND IT. SIR, WILL YOU PLEASE
TELL ME THE WAY TO COSHEN?"

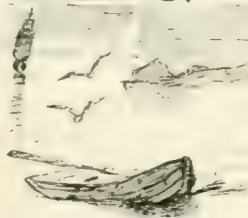


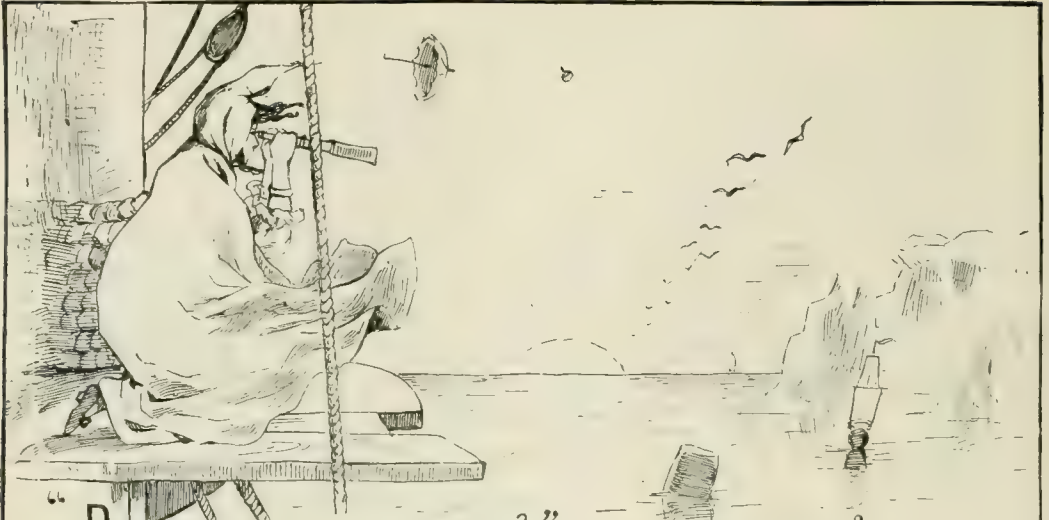


DAIRY-MAIDS CHURNING THE YELLOW
 CREAM
 OUT UNDER THE TREES BESIDE THE
 STREAM,
 DAMES RUBBING THE SOLID OLD
 TABLES WITH WAX
 OR CROONING OLD SONGS AS THEY
 SPUN THEIR FLAX,
 CHILDREN HUNTING WILD STRAW-
 BERRIES ALL THE FIELDS OVER,
 FARMERS RAKING & HEAPING THE
 SWEET RED-CLOVER,
 OH, THE ROAD WHERE ALL WERE SO
 BUSY & GAY!
 OH, THE LOVELY OLD ROAD TO COSHEN!

ON THROUGH THE PINE-BARRENS & OVER THE SAND,
 WITH SALT-MEADOWS STRETCHING ON EITHER HAND,
 AND THERE LAY THE ROUGH OLD, GREY OLD OCEAN
 RIGHT ACROSS THE WAY
 THAT LED TO COSHEN!

SO SHE TOOK A SHIP THAT
 WAS LYING THERE,
 AND SAILED ON, STILL
 SEARCHING EVERYWHERE
 FOR THE ROAD THAT HAD
 ENDED THERE AT THE
 OCEAN,
 THE LOVELY OLD ROAD
 THAT LED TO COSHEN!





“DID SHE EVER GET THERE?” HOW CAN I SAY?
SHE NEVER CAME BACK, AGAIN, ANYWAY,
BUT THE “WATER WITCH” WITH A STIFFISH BREEZE,
SAILING ALONG THROUGH NORTHERN SEAS,
CAME ON A CURIOUS CRAFT ONE DAY.

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS IT LAY
ON THE TOP OF A WAVE, WITH ALL SAIL SET,
WHERE THE ARCTIC CURRENT & GULF STREAM MET.

A MAID OF HONOR KNELT ON ONE KNEE
ON THE VERY TOP OF THE TOP-GALLANT TREE.
AND DOWN FROM THAT HEIGHT, THROUGH THE MISTY AIR,
FELL A VOICE LIKE A SUNBEAM BRIGHT & CLEAR

“AH, WATER WITCH,
IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WHICH
IS THE RIGHT ROAD TO COSHEN?”

POOR OLD CAPTAIN! HE DID N'T KNOW,
BUT HE WAVED HIS HAND TOWARD MEXICO,
AND THE SOUND OF A “THANK YOU”, SWEET & LOW,
FLOATED BACK LIKE A PERFUME THROUGH THE AIR,
AS, WITH SAIL SHOWING GREY 'GAINST THE CRIMSON SKY,
THE SHIP WITH THE MAIDEN SWOPT HIM BY,
DOWN THE BLUE GULF STREAM WITH ALL SAIL SET.
AND MUCH I FEAR, THOUGH I KNOW NOT WHY,
AT THE POOR MAID OF HONOR IS SAILING YET
ON THAT WATERY ROAD TO COSHEN!

THE END.



DESIGNS FOR LITTLE ARTISTS. 10-1001.

THE WHIRLIGIG CLUB.

By L. A. B.

THE Whirligig Club had been in existence more than two months, and the citizens of West Ridge, one and all, had several times called it a nuisance, although they could not help smiling with admiration at the boys as they whizzed past the houses and street-corners on their "bikes."

As for the mothers and sisters of the members, they had gradually become reconciled to it, and were no longer in hourly expectation of having the youngsters brought home insensible on shutters or cellar-doors, nor in dread of having to reach out and pick them off the iron fence, on the sharp points of which they had seemed determined to impale themselves at first, so wildly had their unmanageable steeds wobbled about.

Johnny had just joined the ranks. He had been an honorary member ever since the Club started; but now, the ownership of a machine made him at once a most active working member.

It was a proud day for Johnny when he found himself the possessor of a bicycle. He was a favorite with all the "Whirligiggers," so, when he came

into view, mounted on his new "steed," the group greeted him with a hearty cheer, and he was taken into full membership on the spot.

"It's even taller than mine, too," said Bob, as they all gathered around to admire it; and he said it so unselfishly that Johnny inwardly resolved to be his friend as long as he lived; for Bob had until now enjoyed the distinction of having the largest bicycle in the Club.

"We ought to do something to celebrate his initiation," said Frank, after each member had taken a trial trip on the new machine, and expressed an opinion on the working-powers.

"We must have a grand ride all together, some day soon," suggested Bob.

This proposal met with instant favor, and received the approbation of the entire Club; but when Joe suggested that they should go at night, and that nobody should know a word about it, some demurred. The proposal was rather startling. But the more they talked it over, the better they liked it; and even those who had at first

objected, came at length to the conclusion that it was the one proper way to have a celebration. So the Club stifled any whisperings of conscience about the propriety of going without leave, and unanimously declared the matter settled.

It took a great deal of talking to arrange the details of the plan; but it was finally decided that they should go out on the Mill road, and then cross over and come in on the West road, and that Thursday evening, at ten o'clock, would be the best time for the start.

Johnny and Ned, because the windows of their rooms were not adapted to a silent departure, were to get permission to spend the night with Bob and Joe, who possessed windows opening upon low roofs, which made a quiet exit easy. They were to meet at the cross-roads a little before ten, and to start as near that hour as possible.

When the evening came, the roads were found to be all that the most exacting bicyclist could ask. Joe and Ned were the first at the place of rendezvous, but they had not long to wait until all the others came speeding up to them, either singly or in pairs.

"Call the roll!" said Ben, as the last two rolled into the circle—for the Club, although it numbered only seven members, never started on any expedition without attending to this important duty.

"Ned Alvin, Johnny Ellis, Joe Gaddis, Frank Long, Ben Webster, Davie Faxton," called Bob Gridley, just above a whisper, and so rapidly that the owner of a name had barely time to answer before the next was called.

"Now we 're ready," added Bob; and on the instant the entire seven mounted their machines, and as Bob, who was leader for the evening, blew three notes softly on his whistle, away they flew.

Their place of meeting had been just on the edge of the town, and a few minutes' ride took them past the last house and out upon the country road.

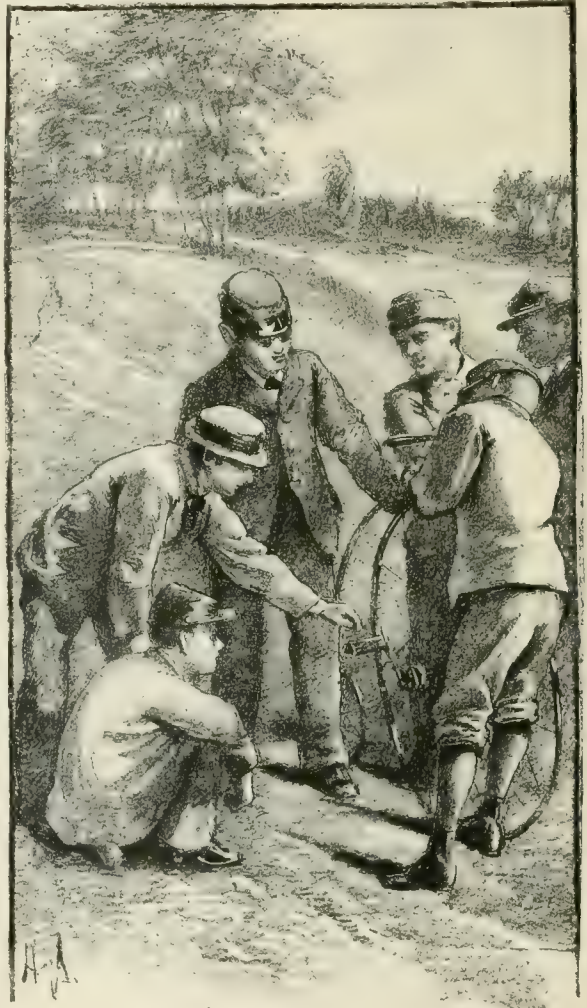
They had not gone half a mile when two notes from Bob's whistle made them slacken speed, and, as they drew up in a group around him, Bob suggested that when they came to the Mill road, which was only a little way ahead, they should turn off, and go around by Long Pond. The proposal took away their breath; but finally Davie found enough to exclaim: "Why, that is fully an eight-mile trip!"

"What is eight miles?" asked Bob; "there is n't one of us but can do it. To be sure, it is a

little farther than we ever have been, but of course we can make it."

"But how long will it take?" "More than twice as far!" "There 'll be a hill to go over," came from several members at once. But these objections were followed by an instantaneous "Let's go, any way," from the entire Club. And they filed into line again.

The road was smooth, and away they glided,



"THEY ALL GATHERED AROUND TO ADMIRE IT."

Bob leading and the others following, two and two. Their course lay straight ahead for a few paces, and then they turned squarely to the right, and on again. The moon was shining brightly, and hundreds of stars twinkled down on them through the tree-tops which leaned over the road. It was

just the evening for such a trip. They did not stop a minute to rest, but wheeled industriously on, sometimes in single file, when the road was not so good, then again two and three abreast. Many a clear, boyish laugh and loud halloo echoed through the woods.

Johnny and Bob regaled them with the air of "Row, brothers, row," sung to words like :

"Wheel, brothers, wheel—the night goes fast
The road is long and the stage is past."

which was received with much admiration by the other members, although the singers' voices were rather gaspy, owing to their being somewhat out of breath from a short race.

"Let's stop at the split-oak for lunch," called Frank, who was in the rear.

"All right!" came from the others, and they made their wheels spin until they came to the split-oak, full five miles from their starting-point. There the brigade stopped; the "bikes" were stood up against trees, and the boys settled down in a grassy place by the oak, where the moonlight was brightest, and where they applied themselves vigorously to demolishing the cheese and crackers which they had brought with them.

"Say, boys, do you know it's almost twelve?" said Joe, looking at his watch, which was the pride of his heart. The bright moonlight shone full on its face, and left no doubt of the time.

"Well, we ought to start," said Ned. "We've been nearly half an hour eating our lunch and talking."

"I tell you, boys, we have got to make pretty good time the rest of the way," said Johnny, as each rider brought up his steed and prepared to mount.

"Oh, we can easily be home in an hour and a half; we did n't start until after ten, and the oak is more than half-way," said Bob.

The road lay straight for the next mile; then came the hill, up which the Whirligiggers found it much the easier plan to walk. On the other side, the hill sloped by an easy grade to the foot, where the road crossed the pond by a long bridge. So they mounted again at the top, and made a quick run to the bottom, their speed increasing every moment, until, when they reached the foot, they were going so fast that they rushed across the planked bridge with a rumbling like distant thunder.

The Club was at length beginning to feel the effects of the unusually long ride; and, as the party came to the railway, Ben said:

"Let's rest here until the expresses pass."

"Agreed!" said Bob. "What time is it, Joe?"

"After one—ten minutes after. It must be

time for the train now," he answered, looking down the track.

The up-express was due at fifteen minutes after one, and the down-express at almost the same hour, but they seldom were on time. In a few minutes the trains would surely pass the spot where the boys now were, and they thought the sight worth waiting for, because the trains were through expresses, and always dashed along as if speed was the only thing cared for.

The boys agreed to wait. Two of them stretched themselves on the ground by the side of the wagon-road, and the others sat around on logs, glad to take a breathing spell, as Joe called it.

"I say," said Davie, suddenly, "the railway would be a splendid place for our machines to run on."

"So it would," said Bob. "The places between the ties have been filled and packed, and so many people use it as a foot-path, that it's as smooth and solid as a floor."

Just then, the up-express came whistling and roaring along the track, and dashed past them at tremendous speed, raising clouds of dust, twigs, and dry grass. The boys held their breath as the monster swept by them, without slackening speed even to cross the long bridge over the creek and the trestle-work beyond.

And then followed a strange crashing sound, as of earth and rocks rolling down-hill; but soon all was still again.

"Where are you going, now?" asked Ben, as Johnny and Ned suddenly jumped up, moved by the same impulse.

"To see how the track will do for our 'bikes,'" answered Johnny, as they trundled their machines toward the railway.

Bob had his mouth wide open to suggest that all the Club should follow, when a startled call from Johnny, echoed by one from Ned, caused them to rush down to where the two boys were.

Their faces turned as pale as were Johnny's and Ned's, when, in answer to their "What's the matter?" Ned pointed to a dark heap across the track, close to the bridge. A moment's glance showed them that one of the great rocks from the hill, no doubt shaken loose by the train which had just thundered past, had rolled down upon the track, carrying with it a mass of dirt and gravel. The rock was so large that the boys could not move it, although they at once tried their best.

"It's of no use," said Joe, as they gave up, panting.

"We must do something: it's time the down-express was here, now," cried Davie.

"We must signal them in some way. If we only had a lantern!" cried Frank, breathlessly.

"There is no time to lose!" cried Bob.

"Hay!" and with the word Ben and Ned were off, and, before the others could think what they meant, they were back with their arms full of dry hay, from a little shed which they had remembered seeing a short distance up the hill.

"We had better go beyond the fallen rock,

"The train is coming now, and, besides, our light won't be seen from around the bend!" cried Ned, as the boys stood staring blankly at one another, for at last they fully realized the danger.

"Some of us must cross the bridge and signal them from the other side of the river," said Joe.

"The ties are out from some places, and we should have to jump the gaps. Men were setting blocks under the rails when I came past there this evening; they were then going to leave the gaps, and replace the ties to-morrow," said Johnny.

"There won't be time to climb down and up the banks, and cross on the little foot-bridge, nor to swing across the gaps by holding to the rails," said Bob, his voice shaking as he talked.

"There were boards laid lengthwise across. I'll go over on them," cried Johnny, remembering that he had seen men wheel gravel, from the hill on the other side, along the whole length of the bridge, on a narrow path made of two boards; and he determined to cross by it, mounted on his wheel; there was not time for running.

"Get out all your handkerchiefs, tie 'em together, and put them in this pocket. Give me some matches, Davie—here, in my mouth. Hurry! hurry!" he went on, his fingers trembling as he looped his own handkerchief around a bundle of hay, so as to carry it on his arm and leave both hands free.

"You must n't go!" "You'll be killed!" "You can't cross on 'em!" they cried, trying to dissuade him while yet they went on doing as he told them.

It was a perilous undertaking; but the need was urgent,—not a second was to be lost! As Johnny reached the bridge, he felt like giving up; but the thought of what would happen if he should not go, gave him fresh courage.

"Tell 'em at home that I tried to do the best I



"THE LOOSE BOARDS RATTLED AS THE WHEELS SPUN OVER THEM."

and then, when we see the train coming, we'll set fire to the hay," said Joe, as they hurriedly divided the hay into several small bundles.

They had just started up the track, when there came a sound which made them stop. It was a faint whistle, far away around the curve.

could, if —" he shouted, but a choke in his voice would not let him finish. And he was off.

The loose boards rattled and shook as the wheels spun over them, and where the ties were out they seemed to bend beneath the weight. Johnny could hear the sound of the water far below him, but he did not dare to look down. When he was half-way over, he could hear the roar of the train as it echoed back from the hills, and he was almost afraid to look toward the turn of the track, for fear he should see the head-light of the engine gleaming around the curve.

If he could only get over in time!

Faster and faster spun the wheels, and faster and faster beat Johnny's heart, as he reached the end of the trestle-work, and turned the bend.

The head-light of the coming train shone bright and clear up the track.

"Oh, why do they go so fast?" said Johnny to himself, as he stopped, and leaped from his bicycle to light his signal. He crouched down beside the track and struck a match against the rail; but his hand shook so that the head of the match flew off. The next one burned, and he sheltered the flame between his hands until the hay and handkerchiefs were in a blaze. It seemed a long time to Johnny, but it really was only a moment until he was up and away again, on a run along the track, waving the flaming bundle back and forth.

"They must see it! Yes, they are whistling. They'll surely stop, now!" cried Johnny, half aloud, still waving the fiery signal. The flames blew against his hand, but he was too excited to mind the heat. The glaring eye of the engine grew brighter and brighter. But not until the train was close enough for him to see the anxious face of the engineer looking out from his window, did the brave boy jump from the track.

"They're stopping," was the last thing he thought, for he heard them whistle "down brakes," as he jumped off the track; and he knew nothing more until some men raised him in their arms and asked him if he was hurt. Then he opened his eyes to find his head on some one's shoulder, and a crowd of strange faces around him.

"Here, little chap, what did you stop us for?" asked an important man in blue uniform and brass buttons, coming up to the group around Johnny.



"HE WAS UP AND AWAY AGAIN, WAVING THE FLAMING BUNDLE."

"Rock's tumbled down just across the bridge," answered Johnny, wondering why he felt so tired and weak. "Where is my machine?" he added, trying to look around.

The conductor looked puzzled.

"Reckon this is it," answered the engineer, coming up with the bicycle and standing it against a tree.

"Well, he's a plucky chap, sure 's I'm a-livin', an' I can tell you some of us came pretty near gettin' dished," went on the engineer, who had been taking a view of the situation, and had

learned from the other Whirligiggers what a narrow escape the train had had; for the boys had run swiftly across on the foot-bridge, and had now reached the scene, out of breath from their rapid climb up the steep bank.

"If it had n't been for him, we 'd all 'a' been down there," finished the engineer, with an expressive wave of his sooty hand toward the creek, and a nod to the crowd of passengers.

Johnny did not hear the words of explanation and praise which followed, for when the conductor tried to help him to his feet, he fainted away again.

"Let me see—I am a doctor. He has had a rough tumble, and I am afraid he has broken some bones," said a passenger, stepping forth from the crowd.

The doctor was right; for Johnny's ankle was badly sprained, and one arm had been broken by striking against a stump as he fell.

But Johnny knew nothing more of what went on around him, until he opened his eyes again in his own room, in his own bed. The first thing he saw was his mother's face bending over him, and the first thing he heard was old Dr. Clark's voice saying, "He 'll do now."

"I know we ought n't to have gone without asking leave," said Johnny, at the end of a confidential talk with his mother, a few days later, when he was beginning to feel better. "I 'll never go again, that way, but I 'm glad I was there then."

"I 'm not afraid of my boy breaking his promise," said his mother, "but proud as we are of your courage, there are two kinds of bravery, Johnny, and it may be harder for you to keep your promise than it was to cross the bridge."

"I don't know," said Johnny, shaking his head, doubtfully. "I was badly scared, and my heart just thumped all the time I was going over. It 's a good thing I practiced so much at the gymnasium, and walking beams and things, or I could not have done it," added Johnny, hoping to reconcile his mother to the ruinous wear and tear his clothes suffered from athletic performances.

It was weeks before Johnny was able to be out again; for the ankle got well slowly, and for a time he had to use a crutch, even after his arm was well enough for him to leave off the sling.

The members of the Club were faithful in their visits, and came every day to see him, as soon as he was able to have company. They brought him all the school news, and did everything they could think of to make the time pass more quickly.

One day, about two weeks after their eventful ride, a box came by express, marked "John R. Ellis." When it was opened, there appeared a great roll of pink cotton, and nestled snugly in this was a solid silver cup, quaintly shaped and daintily engraved; but what gave it its greatest value was the inscription on the plain oval front:

"A testimonial to John R. Ellis, from the passengers who owe their lives to his bravery."

A PROBLEM.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

SANDY and Ned were brothers;
Ned was older than Sandy;
And they were busy dividing
A stick of peppermint candy.

Ned was earnestly trying
To make the division true,
And he marked the place with a fish-hook,
Where the stick ought to break in two.

But, alas, for little Sandy
And his poor painstaking brother!
'T was a long and short division—
One piece longer than the other.

Ned gravely looked at the pieces
And their quite unequal length,

And he wrestled with the problem
With all his mental strength.

And, at last, he said: "Oh, Sandy!
I can make it come out right,
If I take the piece that 's longest,
And bite off just one bite."

Their four eyes beamed and brightened
At this plan, so very handy,
Of disposing of the problem
And distributing the candy.

So Ned ate the pieces even—
'T was the simplest way to do it;
And he cheated little Sandy—
And they neither of them knew it!



TWINEGRAMS.

BY MRS. L. C. GIBSON.

"WELL, Miss Tragedy! What's happened now?" exclaimed Stevie. He was busy over his table and tool-chest in the piazza, near the library window, where his mother sat reading the morning paper. He had stopped in his merry whistling at his work when he had seen his sister come into the room with a very downcast face, and, throwing her hat on a lounge, sit down dejected beside it.

"Well, you may stop working at that trunk," she said. "She wont want it."

"Goldilocks not want her trunk! What ails her?—prostrated by the heat?—nose melted off?

—collapse from loss of saw-dust? Do tell a fellow! I'm her uncle, you know."

"Miss Bailey has shut May up in her room, and locked her in. I've been over there, and Miss Bailey says she's got to stay there all day."

"What has the little witch done, this time?"

"Why, coming home from school, yesterday, she wanted me to go with her to Nelson's bird-store, to look at the parrots and squirrels. I said no, for I knew Miss Bailey would n't like it,—and do you know, after she left me here, she went straight to Nelson's, and staid there till the clerk

brought her home at dark. He was afraid she might get lost. Miss Bailey means to punish her. So our fun's all over."

"Did you see May?" asked Stevie.

"No; Miss Bailey would n't let me. I begged her to let May off this time; but, dear me! there was no use in my saying anything to her."

"Suppose I go over and try," said Stevie, his eyes twinkling. "I'll make my best bow, you know; and"—turning quickly as his mother suddenly appeared at the door—"Mamma! Let me go over to Miss Bailey's, please?"

"Mamma! Would you go yourself?" asked Gracie, pleadingly. "We can't take our new dolls with us on Wednesday, unless we finish their things to-day. They have n't enough to go visiting with."

"Gracie, I don't like to ask Miss Bailey not to punish May. She's an unmanageable little thing, and a great charge. She's been perfectly spoiled at her grandmother's while her father was abroad; allowed to stay home from school whenever she liked, and to grow up an ignoramus. She does n't know what obedience is, and it is best she should learn it. Miss Bailey is strict, but she is kind, and it's May's own fault if she has to be shut in. But I'll go over and ask if you may take your work and stay with her, if you like. Will that do?"

"No, Mamma, it would n't. I have to show May so much about sewing, and it takes time; and we could never finish without my little machine; besides——"

"Stevie, what in the world ails you?" interrupted his mother. "Are you in pain?—and what are you upsetting all those boxes for?"

"Oh, I was spoiling for the chance to put in a word," said Stevie. "There's an idea got hold of me, and it's tearing me all to pieces. Now Gracie, look here: all you've got to do is to run up to your room, and get to work as soon as you please. Leave all the rest to me. I'll have you and May fixed in no time."

"What do you mean?" asked Gracie, wondering.

But Stevie was hurriedly poking into the receptacles in his tool-chest. "I mean," he said—"I mean to set up a line of communication between the outposts. I'm going to work a charm for the princess in prison (here is n't twine enough, either)—Gracie, does Miss Bailey go into the kitchen, mornings? Does she keep in the back part of the house, doing things?"

"Yes; why?"

"Is May's room the one over the porch, with the wistaria round it?"

"Yes; why?"

"Stevie! What are you going to do?" asked his mother. "I can't have any mischief going on, you know—any annoyance to Miss Bailey."

"No, Mamma, indeed," said the lad, feeling in one pocket after another. "I would n't do Miss Bailey the least harm in the world, and I'm only going to comfort May's little soul and keep her from crying her eyes out——"

He emptied his pockets inside out, and began selecting some small change from the miscellany usual in such depositories.

"Five, seven, nine," he murmured. "Mamma, lend me ten cents on next week's allowance?—Oh, please, do!"

"Tell me what you want it for?"

"Oh, 'never mind the why and wherefore,' Mamma. There is n't a minute to spare—and I'm not going to do the least mischief in the world, I promise you."

"I'm to be the judge of that, Stevie. You and I might not think alike about it. I certainly shall not give you the money till I know what you are planning to do with it."

"Well, then; see here," said the boy, and he began a description to his mother and sister, illustrating it with various motions and gestures, which seemed very amusing to them.

"But, after all," objected his mother, when he had finished, "is it worth while? Perhaps I had better try to get May excused this time. It will be such a trouble, Stevie; you won't have it ready till noon."

"Oh, no, Mamma! Don't say a word to Miss Bailey!" exclaimed Gracie. "Why, we'll be glad May's shut in, now. This'll be such fun!"

"And I'll have everything ready an hour after I begin," urged Stevie. "Oh, thanks," he said, taking the change his mother handed to him. "Now, Gracie, fly up to your room, and cut out your knife-fixings and what d'ye call 'ems. I'll be back in no time."

And Gracie ran gleefully upstairs, while Stevie caught his hat and dashed out into the street. As for Mamma, she sat reflecting a moment, and then she put on her bonnet, and stepped quietly over to Miss Bailey's.

In a few minutes Stevie came hurrying back to his sister's room. He hastened to her window and began operations there—boring two gimlet holes, one a few inches above the other, and into these firmly fastening two pulley-screws. "Now, I'm off—to May's," he said, and was gone.

Mischievous May had flung herself down on her bed, when Miss Bailey had locked her in, and had cried, mightily. But this was dull business, and did no good. Then she began to cast about for something to do to amuse her solitude, and she thought she would play baby-house. She was busily engaged with her dolls, when suddenly Goldilocks and her young lady friends tumbled

in a promiscuous heap, one over another. May flew to the window, hearing a familiar whistle. There stood Stevie, looking up at her. He checked her by a rapid sign, as she was going to call out eagerly in her joy, and began to climb to the roof of the porch. She watched him with wild delight, clapping her hands noiselessly, till soon he came close to where she stood.

He shook his head gravely, looking at her, and chanting:

"May, May, the twine
 Got to stay in here till it's dry."

"'Cause she went to see the squirrels play," added May, laughingly, and in a loud whisper.

"Are n't you sorry?" asked Stevie. "Will you ever do so any more?"

May nodded her curly head many times, regretfully. "And I wish I had some of 'em here to play with this morning," she said. "But what are you going to do?" she asked, wondering, seeing Stevie bore into her window



with his
 gimlet.

He sighed
 and made no
 reply.

"Tell me,"
 she said, as he
 fastened in a
 pulley-screw.
 "What are
 you doing?"

"Why, you
 see, it's so
 hard to make
 a good girl of
 you, we ——"
 he sighed and
 looked at her
 mournfully ;
 "there's go-
 ing to be a
 cord fastened
 to this."

"What for?"

asked May, with intense inter-
 est, as Stevie carefully set the second
 pulley-screw perpendicular to its mate.

He then drew a ball of twine from his pocket,
 and held it gravely before her.

May giggled softly. "And what are you pull-
 ing out another cord for?" she asked, as Stevie continued his work.

"Now do tell me, please."

"Yes, I'll tell you." Passing two ends of the balls over the
 pulley-wheels, Stevie firmly knotted them together. "Now," he said,
 "stand here at the window, and don't let the twine slip off the wheels ;

be sure you keep it in the grooves of the pulleys ; when I draw on it, let it run freely, but always
 keep it on the wheels. That's all you have to do till you hear from me again. It won't be long."



He let himself down to the ground, and walked fast toward his own home, the balls meanwhile unwinding themselves in his hands, till, when he came opposite his sister's window, only a yard or two remained. He whistled his signal, and called to her to lower a string, by which he sent them up. In a moment more he had joined her. There was little left to do. The ends were passed through the pulleys, and then both lines were shortened till they rose high in the air, floating between the two windows. Still they were tautened till they could be drawn no tighter. Then they were tied together, and the work was done.

"Hooray!" cried Stevie. "Now, let's send the first twinegram across—high and dry. Talk of cablegrams! Who wants a thing after it's been drowned? Where's your parcel, Gracie?—and the note? I want to add a postscript."

He fastened them to one of the cords, and, drawing the other toward him, the little roll rapidly began its transit and was soon at its destination.

May could hardly believe her eyes, as she stood wondering to see it coming nearer and nearer, till it was stopped against one of her pulleys. She untied it in excited haste, and eagerly read the note:

"Is n't this as good as being let out? Now, May, we can get the things done just as if you were over here. There's a lot of work all fixed for you in the parcel. Make another of your stuffs for me to cut out, and send it over. Tie it to one of the cords and draw the other one toward you."

Stevie had added:

"Dear Madame. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. All parcels and dispatches safely delivered. Orders promptly attended to. Terms, one cent for each twinegram. Payable on demand. Your obedient servants,

"The Stevens' Twinegraph Co."

May flew to make up her return parcel and write her reply. She fastened them to the twine, and hardly had it begun to move when she felt it hasten under her fingers, impelled from the opposite side. Soon it had disappeared.

There was a good laugh at the other terminus when her note was read:

"It's like fairie stories. It's the best fun in mi life. I was dread-ful lonesum, an cride and cride. Now I don't care a bit. mister twinegraph, did yoo think it up yourself. I think yoor the smartes boy I ever noo. I don't no abowt those turns. yoo must exkuze mi riting, fur I kant stop to think how to spel it. I wish wurds didnt hav to be spelt only wun wa. if yoo no wot thay meen wi isant wun wa as good as anuther. I wos so glad I jumped wen I herd stevvy wissle we sale the oshun bloo. I noo it wos him then. Send me anuther note pritty soon."

Work went bravely on. Parcels and messages passed to and fro, and Stevie went down to finish his carpenter-work, for he saw Goldilocks would want her trunk.

After a while he appeared at his sister's door. "Want something nice?" he said; and, behold—pleasant sight to a busy little sewing-woman on a

hot May day—a glass pitcher, with great lumps of ice tinkling against it, floating about in lemonade.

"Oh, is n't it good?" exclaimed Gracie, tasting it. "How I wish May could have some!"

"A bright idea!" shouted Stevie, promptly. "Happy thought! May shall have some," and he rubbed his hands merrily together.

"What!" says Gracie. "Lemonade! On the twine?"

"Lemonade, on the twine," he replied. "Wait a minute and see." He darted out and down the stairs, returning shortly with his hands full—a dish with large pieces of ice in one, a bowl of sugar in the other, and a lemon, with some of his father's lined envelopes held under his arm. On one of these he wrote:

"Have some fresh water brought to your room. We're going to send you some iced lemonade."

Then he filled it with sugar, and, pinning it firmly round the twine, sent it over.

Hardly, in her amazement, had May taken it off, when the cord moved again. The next arrival was a row of envelopes, containing the lemons, rolled soft, and lumps of ice.

By and by came May's answer:

"I never laft so in oll mi life; the lemunade is bewtiful: thares a pitcher full, an don't yoo beleeve I ges Mis Bailey noes. I powndid on my dore fur Soozun to cum. She wos sweeping. I told her to fech me a picher, an wen she brot it she was lafing. I made her wate an hav sum, an i told her not to tel Mis Bailey, and she sed she gest thare wosent much to tel, fur yoor mama an Mis Bailey wur standing by the parlor windo a wile ago, an looking out an lafing an wispring abowt sumthing. Ant it fun. send me sum more wurk."

The next note was from Stevie:

"Gracie is n't up from lunch yet. I'm afraid she's eating more berries and milk than is good for her. When she comes she will send you the work; you must puff the basque, and put on a shirred fold. Have a Pompadour kilt-pleating, and trim it with lace fichus. Take your time; we shall get through nicely, and I've finished Goldilocks' trunk. I'm glad the lemonade was good. You see I'm running up a big bill. Don't forget the terms."

Next came a note from May, and one of Stevie's envelopes filled with chocolate creams. She wrote:

"Ime real glad to have sumthing to send yoo, Cappen Bailey gav them to me. don't yoo beleeve Ive been to lunch an i ges thay noe. wen I went in Mis Bailey was saying, 'now, father, don't ilood to it before the child; you musent kowntnuns her'—wot doos that meen. Mis Balee didnt say ennything to me abowt it; she kep her lips the wa Stevy ses as if she sed prizzum, but her ize lookt as if thay was lafing; an sumtimes Cappen Bailey lookt at me and laft; he's fat an shakey all over, but he didnt say ennything, an wen he went awa he put a big paper of choklit creams bi mi plate, an sed thare was too menny fur me to ete all bi myself, and he gest Ide hav to giv awa sum an wen he got behind Mis Bailey he kep pointing his thum over yoor wa, an laft all over. I ges if Mis Bailey noes she dont care, becoz it kepes me out of mischeef, an wen I wos going to pore out a lot of the choklits bi her plate, she sed, 'no, mi deer, Ime not edicted to sweets,' but her ize lookt as if she wantid to laf. tel stevy yes; weel make the things as he ses, an then tel peepi thats the wa thare unkle wantid it. ask him if I don't pa the turns, if lle hav to go to jale."

Rosalie, Gracie's new doll, was worthy to be an example, that busy day, to all little girls in dress-making time. She had no rest, so to speak. So many things had to be fitted and tried on; and as she was the same size with Goldilocks, she had to do double duty. But her face kept all its sweetness through the long ordeal. The smile never left her lips; and she merely opened her large blue eyes every time she was lifted, and closed them tranquilly again when she was laid down. At last all the cutting and fitting and sewing were done; and work was laid aside.

Stevie brought up a light basket, filled with great red and golden raspberries, bordered with green leaves. He carefully tied soft paper over basket and all, and fastened it to the cord. The twine sank downward with its weight, and the basket began to swing back and forth like a trapeze performer. People at the windows stared. People in the street looked up in wonder, and stopped to see what that strange thing might be. Still it moved on, more steadily, however, as Stevie drew the cord more slowly, and at last it safely reached May's hand.

And now came one and another of the children's neighboring school-mates to inquire how they, too, could have twinegrams and express lines. Captain Bailey looked on, laughing, from his easy chair in the porch.

"Why," he said to a lad, "I expect you'll have as much rigging overhead in a week's time, among you, as there is in my ship. Ho! ho!"

There was no question about Miss Bailey's "noeing" now,—as May would have written it,—for when May took down her basket of beautiful fruit at dinner, and laid at each plate a saucerful, with a smile and a kiss for Miss Bailey, that lady returned both affectionately, and said:

"I think these must be a kind of enchanted raspberries, that climb into little girls' windows without coming up from the ground. Don't you, Father?"

And then she inquired of May if she had passed

a pleasant day, adding that, as for herself, she did n't know when she had had such an enjoyable Saturday, with no wild little runaways to be anxious about.

Gracie was sitting on her father's knee, in the library, chatting with him, after they all had left the dining-room. Stevie had gone down street only a few minutes before, with a school-mate who had called for him.

When he came back he found Captain Bailey and May upon the piazza with his father, mother, and sister; and to them he imparted the news that many more of the twine arrangements were going up in the village.

"Why, Charlie Morse is rigging one between his window and Dick Leslie's, and Harry Barnes says Emma wont give him any peace till he has put one up for her and Bessie Denison. I've been showing half a dozen fellows how to do it, and the clerk at Steel & Cutter's wants to know what 's up, with all this demand for twine and pulley-screws. And we told him there were three or four hundred yards of linen twine up, already, and there 'd be several more hundred yards wanted pretty soon."

And then May, with the Captain's aid, settled her account for the day with the Stevens' Twinegraph Company, by handing to Stevie the sum of eighteen cents in silver and copper coins. Whereupon that young gentleman immediately returned them all to her, telling her to present them to Miss Bailey, with his compliments, as payment of damages to her property.

I am sorry to say, however, that May never gave the money to Miss Bailey, preferring to return it to the Captain, who had given it to her. And the business of the Stevens' Twinegraph Company, as well as of all the other companies, soon after came to a disastrous failure on account of the powerful opposition which suddenly developed among the grown people of the village.

But Stevie was always proud of his invention, even although its success lasted only one day.



"WHEN my ship comes in from over the sea,
Such wonderful things it will bring to me!"
So he launched his shoe in the water-pail,
And over the sea his ship set sail.

MAGIC CLOVERS.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.



FIG. 1.

FROM time immemorial it has been considered good luck to find a four-leaved clover. Some have said that the discoverer of one was certain to become wealthy and wise; others, that the fairies would grant him every wish; and others, that the little magic leaves could show where gold was lying buried in the earth. And certainly

there does seem to be something very wonderful in the fact that, in a large field containing millions of little plants furnished with groups of three leaflets, there should be only one or two of the four-leaved variety. I do not mean that some varieties of clover bear leaves *all* in groups of four or five, for this is not the fact. Perhaps one four-leaved clover will grow upon a plant that has fifty threes, although occasionally several fours or fives will be found in a bunch on the same plant.



FIG. 4.

have seen several like Figure No. 2, in which the fourth leaflet is borne out on a separate stalk. Figure No. 3 shows it growing on the stem, a considerable distance below the other three. Figure No. 4 represents it very much smaller than they; Figure No. 5, smaller still, and growing directly upon one of the larger; Figure No. 6, as set upon a distinct stem above the main leaves; while Figure No. 7 depicts a four-leaved clover with two leaflets grown into one.



FIG. 3.

The clovers shown at Figures Nos. 8 and 9 are quite uncommon. The former specimen has four leaflets, one rolled inward, and borne on an upright stem, at the base of which is a little bract. The

latter has three leaves of ordinary size; a fourth, smaller and turned upward; and a fifth, rolled inward, and springing upon a tiny stalk from the under side of the fourth. Five-leaved clovers, like Figure No. 10, occur almost as often as four. Frequently fours and fives are found growing together. Some say that you must not pick a five-leaved clover—it will neutralize all the good luck brought by a four. Others assert the direct contrary, and say that it is



FIG. 7.



FIG. 2.

four-leaved clover. As a general thing, three leaves are nearly of a size, while the fourth is somewhat smaller—though this does not always follow. I



FIG. 5.



ing up the magic wand, and presently finding himself wafted away on invisible wings to Elf-land.

Once I found a seven-leaved clover, like Figure No. 11. The leaflets were arranged in two rows, three growing upon four. I have heard of fifteen-leaved and seventeen leaved clovers,—and seeing as many as I do of the wonderful freaks of nature, I do not doubt that there are such things.

Aside from the wide-spread interest attaching to the duplication of the leaflet, clovers seem special favorites of poets and romancers. It is said that, when St. Patrick was preaching to the unconverted Irish, some of them ridiculed the idea of the Trinity. For answer, he caught up a trefoil from the sod, and told them that here was a leaf exemplifying three in one. Hence, the three-leaved clover, or shamrock, was adopted as the national emblem of Ireland. Some say that the

common wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*) shares with the white clover the credit of being the true shamrock. One authority says that this oxalis is a native of Ireland, while the clover is of comparatively recent introduction. In a song by the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, the shamrock—whether oxalis or clover he does not say—is mentioned as “Old Erin’s native shamrock.”

very much more potent for good than the four-leaved stalk. According to one legend, only the holder of a five-leaved clover can be admitted to the fairy-court. Several pretty stories describe the fortunate one as standing out on the grass at midnight, hold-



The scientific name of clover is *Trifolium*, or “three-leaved.” The most familiar varieties are the pink, or field-clover, noticeable for its full, rich heads and large, dark green leaves, with a light green crescent in the center of nearly every leaflet; the white, or shamrock, with its smaller, white heads, and plain, green leaves; the rabbit-foot, with its long-haired, silky heads and narrow, folded leaves; and the larger and smaller yellow clovers, each with bright, golden heads and small, dark leaves. I can not say whether the leaflets of any of these latter are ever grouped in fours or fives or not—but these varieties, so far as I know, are to be found mostly among the red and the white clovers.

As I said at first, the discovery of a four-leaved clover was regarded, even centuries ago, as an omen of good luck. But in a poem by Robert Herrick, who wrote a short time after Shakespeare, is a mention of “lucky four-leaved grasse”; and, in another very old volume, it is soberly stated that, “if a man walking in the fields finds any four-leaved grass, he shall, in a small while after, find some good thing.” Several mentions to the same effect are made in the writings of other poets.

I hope you will have many a hunt for magic clovers in the sweet-smelling summer fields; for I find, in that charming occupation, “luck” sufficient,—even when no “lucky four-leaved grasse” rewards my search.



SILVERHAIR'S QUEST.

BY RUTH HALL.

I.

DOWN in the meadow-land, far and fair,
I met, this morning, sweet Silverhair.
"What do you here?" I asked the small rover.
"Oh, I am seeking a four-leaved clover!"

II.

"What will that do for you, little one?"
"Give me all good things under the sun,—
Not me, only, but Mother, moreover:
That 's why I look for a four-leaved clover!"

III.

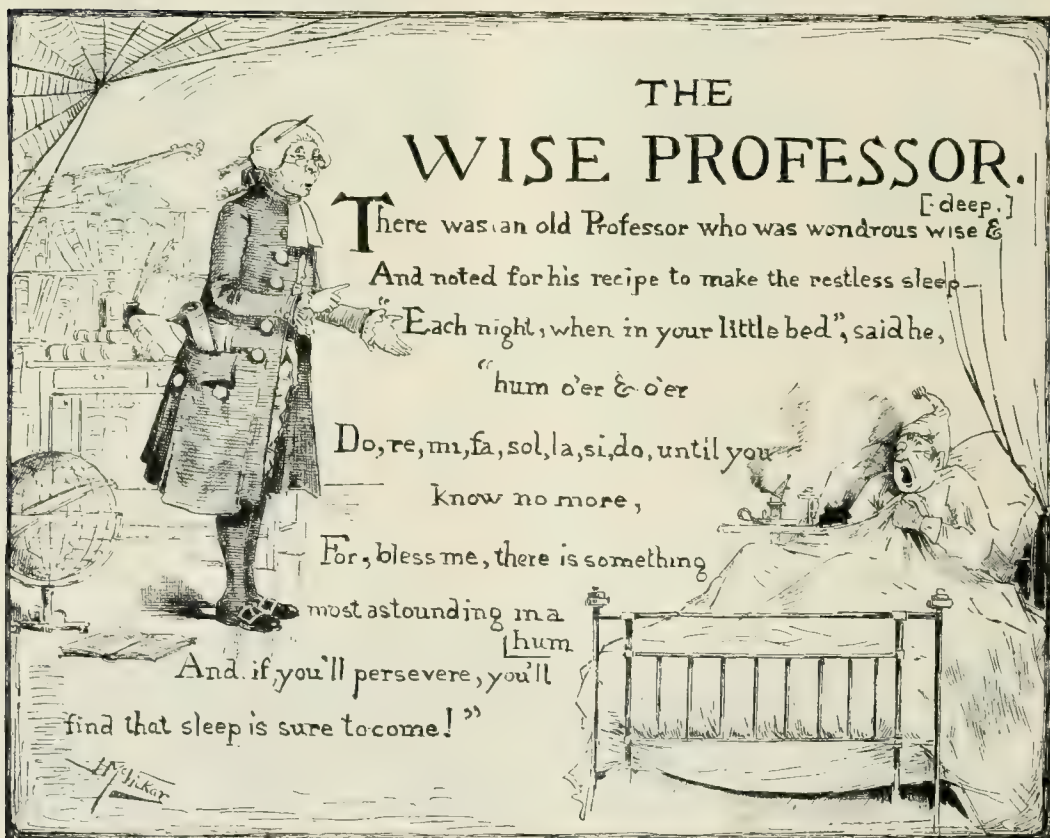
"Would not your service, these morning hours,
Do her more good than a field of flowers?"
Ah, she but murmured over and over:
"No, I must find her a four-leaved clover!"

IV.

All about us the larks were singing,
Roses their sweet warm breath were flinging:
Heedless of duty, and pleasure, moreover,
Silverhair looked for a four-leaved clover.

V.

Ah, older seekers, the broad land over,
Are looking, to-day, for a four-leaved clover!



JANE AND ELIZA.

MANY of our readers, doubtless, remember a very entertaining paper by Mr. Horace E. Scudder, printed in St. Nicholas for January, 1877. It was entitled "Great Grandfather's Books and Pictures," and was illustrated with pages taken from the New England Primer and Webster's Spelling-book. All who read the article, we are sure, must have enjoyed the absurd little pictures and Mr. Scudder's interesting account of the school literature of those days.

Now we propose to copy, word for word, a little book printed in Newark many years ago. It bears the romantic title of "Jane and Eliza," and has a picture on every page. Doubtless, it was considered quite a delightful little work by many a girl and boy of that day.

JANE AND ELIZA.

Come, children, come, the mother said,
Let's wash your face and comb your head,
For as it is the first of May,
You both must go to school to-day.
Jane and Eliza, 'though yet small,
Obedient to their mother's call,
Were wash'd and dress'd all in a trice
From head to foot, in clothes so nice,



New frocks, new gloves and aprons too,
New shoes, new capes and bonnets blue,
And as the school would last 'til night,
That they might stay their appetite;
Two little baskets were well stor'd
With what the pantry could afford.
Fresh bread and butter and smok'd beef,
But apple-pie it was the chief.
They on their arms their baskets hung,
Then round their mother's neck they clung;
Each kiss'd good bye, nor sullen pout
Mark'd either face as they set out.

The art of engraving on wood has advanced very rapidly of late, but in the days of our grandparents and great-grandparents it seems to have not been considered worthy of attention. Certainly, in those times, the illustrations of cheap books for little folk were extremely crude, as you will see by the specimens shown on this page and the two that follow.

We now leave you to enjoy the thrilling story, with all its sore temptations, punishments, and repentances; and you surely will hope, with the distinguished author of "Jane and Eliza," that

Ever since, as he has heard,
Eliza faithful kept her word.

Now hand in hand together walk
Of school and Madam sprightly talk:



And scarce two prettier girls are seen,
Among the whole who trip the green.



But as they wend their way along
Some Butterflies a puddle throng,



These caught Eliza's wand'ring eyes,
 "Oh! sister, see those Butterflies;



"Let's catch them," eagerly she cried.
 "No! sister, no," Jane stern replied,



"Let's go to school as good girls should,
 "Nor stop to play along the road."
 "O yes I will! Sweet Butterflies!"
 "I'll go and leave you," Jane replies.

"Go!" said Eliza in a pet,
 And on the grass her basket set,
 Then slyly crept to seize her prize,
 But as she crept she saw them rise
 And fly a little further on,
 And there again they settle down.
 To catch them she seem'd fully bent,
 And in pursuit again she went,
 And that she might the more command,
 She took her bonnet in her hand,
 And when within her reach she thought,
 Her bonnet quickly o'er them brought,
 But soon to her surprise she found,
 Her bonnet only *caught the ground*.
 The Butterflies again took flight,
 And very soon were out of sight.
 Nor was it all she thus was foiled,
 Her bonnet with the mud was soiled.
 For Jane she called in sad affright,
 But Jane alas! was out of sight.
 With saddened heart her steps she traced
 To where her basket she had placed:
 When lo! a hog with muddy snout,
 Had turned her basket inside out;
 Her bread and butter, beef and pie,
 All scattered on the ground did lie.
 Jane! O! sister Jane! she cried—
 Jane had beyond her hearing hid.
 In spite of all could do or say,
 The hog, her dinner bore away.
 Sobbing and crying now she stood
 When trav'ling along the road,
 A gentleman saw her distress
 And ask'd her what the matter was?
 She told as plain as she could tell,
 The mishaps on her way befel.
 Ah! naughty girl! the good man said,
 This had not happ'd had you not play'd
 The truant, like a little fool,
 Instead of going straight to school.
 But as it is your first offence,
 I hope you'll learn a lesson hence.
 Eliza owned she had done wrong
 In staying from her school so long,
 And freely promised o'er and o'er
 That she would never do so more.
 "Here," then said he, "this sixpence take,
 "And buy yourself some ginger cake,
 "At old Dame Goodie's on the green,
 "Which from your school house door is seen."
 Eliza, thankful, curtsied low,
 Whilst he returned it with a bow:
 She onward skip'd with new delight,
 And he soon gallop'd out of sight.
 But as the school house now she viewed,
 The anguish of her heart renewed.
 An angry Madam fancied there,

And little school-mates' scornful sneer.
 At length she gain'd the school house door,
 Where many a truant stood before;
 Trembling she stood nor ventured in,
 So great she thought her crime had been.
 Her little heart went pitty-pat,
 Thinking of this and now of that,
 'Till Madam came to chide her stay,
 And heard what happen'd on the way.
 "You see, my child," the good dame said,
 Eliza trembling with dread,
 "How naughty children are repaid,
 "Who have their mother disobey'd;
 "But as you seem repentant now,
 "I will your punishment forego."
 So saying, she with tender look,
 Seated Eliza at her book,
 Nor long she sat; for very soon
 The school was out, for it was noon;
 And all in playful sports are seen
 Among the trees upon the green.
 Eliza now old Goodie's sought,
 And with her sixpence cookies bought,
 Round hearts, long cakes and cookaroos,
 And many others which she chose.
 Then seated at her sister's side,
 She freely did her cakes divide.
 Some she exchang'd with a little Miss
 For apple-pie, brown bread and cheese.
 Thus did the cakes her sixpence cost
 Supply the dinner which she'd lost.
 Amidst the rambles on the green
 Eliza now is foremost seen.
 'Till old Good Dame does loudly call
 To school! to school! when one and all
 With one accord are quickly seen
 To leave their sports and quit the green.
 Now all are seated at their book,
 Nor does the one at t' other look,
 Nor can you hear a whisp'ring sound,
 Such perfect stillness reigns around.
 They conn'd their lessons o'er and o'er,
 Until the Village clock struck four;
 When all again from school are free,
 And hie them home right merrily.
 Jane, as she entered, 'gan to tell
 Her mother, what mishaps befel
 Eliza on her way to school,
 Eliza look'd like little fool,
 Nor could she now from tears refrain,
 To hear her faults rehearsed by Jane.

She sobb'd as if her heart would break:
 Her mother now did pity take,
 And kindly said "come, my dear child,
 "Though you have thus your bonnet spoil'd



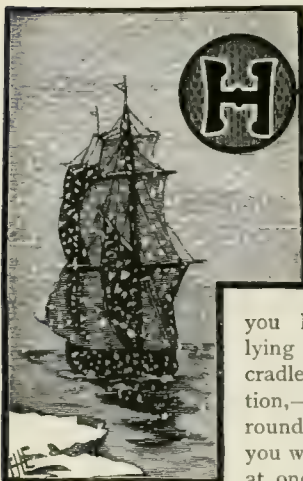
"And truant 'long the road have play'd,
 "Dry up your tears, be not afraid;
 "Your first offence I'll overlook,
 "If you'll hereafter learn your book,
 "And always mind what I shall say,
 "And ne'er again the truant play,
 "Nor let your little wand'ring eyes
 "Be gazing after Butterflies."
 "I will, dear mother, as I live,
 "If you will only now forgive."



Her mother clasp'd her to her breast,
 And on her lips sweet kisses press'd:
 And ever since, as I have heard,
 Eliza faithful kept her word.

SEALS AND SEAL-HUNTING IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



ARDLY five years ago I knew a blue-eyed, brown-haired, and peach-cheeked little girl, just now beginning to read in ST. NICHOLAS, whom her father used to call his "harbor-seal." If

you had ever seen her lying face down in the cradle,—her favorite position,—holding up her round, fuzzy little head, you would have understood at once why he called her

so; for that is precisely the way a seal looks, when he is resting on a rock or a piece of ice.

Scores of years back, before the settlement of North America by Europeans, seals were wont to come to its shores even as far southward as the Carolinas, and were common visitors from New Jersey northward. Robin's Reef, in New York Bay, passed by all the Coney Island steamboats, gets its name from the Dutch word *robin* or *robyn*—"seal," because those animals used to resort there in great numbers. To-day they are uncommon even along the coast of Maine, scarcely abundant in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and are slowly being driven inside the arctic circle.

Now, this disappearance of the seals from our own coast has been brought about by incessant persecution, and it seems to me very unfortunate. How much it would add to the pleasure of a voyage down the bay, or a ramble along the weedy and wave-polished beach, if we could see, here and there, trim, brown animals creep up from the water on some projecting rock, and gaze at us with no fear in their mild eyes, while shaking the drops of water from their coats! But sadly for our amusement, and for the seals themselves, their bodies have a value in the market—and great fleets every year are fitted out to engage in this fishery.

The word "fishery" ought to imply a "fish" to be caught; but the term has become perverted: for instance, we speak of whale, sponge, coral, crab, and oyster, or clam fisheries, yet none of these animals is in the least a fish. Neither is the seal, although it lives in the water, swims and dives.

It is, indeed, nothing but a warm-blooded, fur-coated mammal, with all the internal organs and outside structure of a quadruped.

"What!" you exclaim, "all the outside structure of an otter, for example?"

Yes, but not the same appearance. Let me explain to you how this is: If we study the outlines of the two heads, and the pictures of the two skulls—the first, those of the common harbor-seal, and the second those of the otter,—we shall see at once how the bones, and the shape and arrangement of the teeth in one, resemble those in the other. And if we had also a picture of the skull of a cod-fish, we should see how different from it are the skulls of the otter and seal.

Now look at the limbs. I have heard of a boy who defined a quadruped as an animal having a leg at each corner. Perhaps that would fit the otter, but you think that, certainly, it would not describe the seal, "which has n't legs at all," you say, "but fins or 'flippers.'"

If I had the time, I could prove to you that the difference between the fin of a fish and the bone-leg of an otter or of a dog, or your own arm, is not so very great; and it would be easy to show how nearly alike the flipper of the seal and fore leg of a land mammal really are. On examining diagrams of the bones in a seal's flipper and an otter's fore leg, you will find that you can match every bone of the one by a similar bone of the other. The shapes of the bones, to be sure, are altered to suit the varied uses of swimming in the water and walking on the land; but all the parts of the arm and hand (or fore foot) of the otter, or any other mammal, are seen also in the flipper of our subject—only there they are shortened, thickened, and covered with a membrane which converts them into a paddle instead of a paw.

The same comparison will hold good for the hind feet of the otter and the hind flippers or "tail" (which is *not* a tail) of the seal; and it is equally true of the walrus and of the whale, porpoise, grampus, blackfish, and other cetacea.

Of course, being mammals, these animals must breathe air. You could drown any of them by forcing it to remain under the water too long. Whales can stay down an hour or more, if necessary, and seals can hold their breath for fifteen or twenty minutes, though they do not like to be under as long as that. Of course, it is necessary for seals, therefore, in the arctic seas, where mainly

is their home, to be able to reach the air, even in spite of the sheet of thick ice which for half the year covers the whole ocean. But in large bodies of ice there always are some holes, no matter how cold the weather may be; and these holes afford the seals of that region an opportunity to come to the surface to breathe. There are some species, however, that keep round, smooth-edged air-holes open for themselves by continually breaking away the young ice as fast as it is formed; these holes are never very large at the surface—sometimes only big enough to let one animal poke his nose up through; they are much like chimneys, indeed, for the ice may sometimes be a hundred feet thick.

Before I go further, let me say that the word "seal" applies to several families of Pinnipeds, only one of which concerns us at present. This is the Phocidæ, or family of earless seals, of which the common harbor-seal, the ringed seal, the harp, or Greenland seal, and the bearded, or hooded seals, are chiefly to be remembered. Concerning the gigantic sea-elephant of the antarctic pole, the huge sea-lions of the Pacific, and the various "fur" seals, we have no occasion to speak. All our subjects inhabit the arctic zone, and principally the coasts of Greenland and Newfoundland,—washed by the North Atlantic.

While the breathing-holes in the ice afford the seals their only possibilities of life, they often prove to be death-traps, since many foes lie in wait near them.

The enemies of seals, other than man, are not a few, both on land and in the water. The polar bear, finding their holes, watches as quietly and vigilantly as a cat for a mouse, and leaps upon them as they rise to breathe, or even chases them into the sea, and so captures a great many. The arctic wolves and foxes, the raven, and probably also the great snowy owl, attack the young before they are able to defend themselves or escape. These enemies are so active that the heavy and awkward parents have hard work to defend their babies. The full-grown seals, as well as the young, are seized in the water by sharks and sword-fish, and also by killer-whales, which, though of small size, are able to murder the monstrous right whale by biting out his tongue.

Travelers say that when a sword-fish sees a seal upon a floating "pan," or cake of ice, he will get on one side and tip the pan down to such an angle that the seal must slip off, and then will devour it. So great is a seal's terror of these water-foes that, should a man be on the pan when sword-

fish and sharks are after him, the seal will run between his feet for protection. Many seals are killed, too, by fighting among themselves, and by the fierce storms of the frozen zone.

The most ingenious and dreaded enemies of the seal, however (leaving out of sight for the present the white men), are the Eskimos. To them seals are of the utmost importance, and we may say that in many parts of the arctic world men could not live without these animals. The Eskimos' methods of hunting this game, and the hundred ways in which they utilize its body, will be interesting matters to look into.

The harbor-seal [see page 627] is, perhaps, the



A SEAL SEEKING A MAN'S PROTECTION FROM A SWORD-FISH

least serviceable of seals, since he is not common very far north of Labrador; but his flesh is considered the best, and on the Pacific coast the Indians take whole herds at once, by stealing upon them when they are basking on the beach or in shallow bays, and drawing a seine around them. The hides



A HARP-SEAL MOTHER AND HER BABY

of the old ones are good only for tents, but those of the young are highly prized; and no present is more acceptable to a Greenland damsel than the prettily mottled skin of a *kassigiak* (as she would call it), out of which she will make the wide, warm trousers that serve her in the place of petticoat.

Another seal, of which the Greenlanders do not get many,—the bearded seal,—is very large, and is especially prized on account of the thickness of its skin. Out of it they make not only the slender-pointed canoe-like boats, called “kayaks,” in which they chase this and other wandering species, but also the stout lines to which their harpoons are attached. It makes durable soles for their boots, too, and strong harnesses for the dogs, besides which the flesh is sweet. It is one of the most easily killed of all seals, because it is not watchful. The harp-seal is also readily killed along the edges of the ice-floes, by the kayaker, but he values it little, excepting to eat; the hooded seal or “square-flipper,” on the contrary, shows fight, taxing the courage and skill of the bravest of those hardy natives to overcome its fierce resistance and avoid its terrible bite.

The one seal useful above all others to them, and eagerly pursued, is their favorite *netsick*, one of the smaller species. It is the one called in our books the ringed seal, or *floe-rat*.^{*} It is confined to the polar seas, rarely wandering south of Labrador, but it belongs also to the arctic shores of Europe, Asia, and Alaska, so that not only the Eskimos proper, but many arctic Indian tribes, regularly hunt it.

Although it is hunted throughout the year, the most profitable time for killing the *netsick* is in April, when each mother seal is accompanied by a young one. Here, perhaps, I may digress a little

in order to tell you something of the babyhood of the Greenland seal.

Of the different sorts of seals I have mentioned, all but two are migratory—that is to say, the whole body of them move from north to south each autumn, and back from south to north each spring. Upon this important fact the great fleets of fishermen, of which I shall give an account presently, depend for their success. The annual southward journey of the restless harp-seal furnishes a vivid picture of these great migrations which are so prominent a feature of polar history. Keeping just ahead of the “making” of the ice, or final freezing up of the fiords and bays, at the approach of winter they leave Greenland, and begin their passage southward along the coast of Labrador, freely entering all the gulfs and bays. They appear first in small detachments of half a dozen to a score or more of individuals; these are soon followed by larger companies, until in a few days they form one continuous procession, filling the sea as far as the eye can reach. Floating with the Arctic current, their progress is extremely rapid, and in but one short week the whole multitude has passed. Arriving at the Straits of Belleisle, some enter the gulf, but the great body move onward along the eastern coast of Newfoundland, and thence outward to the Grand Banks, where they arrive about Christmas. Here they rest for a month, and then they turn northward, slowly struggling against the strong current that aided them so much in their southward journey, until they reach the great ice-fields stretching from the Labrador shore far eastward—a broad continent of ice.

During the first half of March, on these great

^{*} A field of floating ice, in the arctic phrase, is a “floe,” so long as it remains a firm sheet; when it breaks up it becomes a “pack,” or “pack-ice.”

floating fields of ice, are born thousands of baby seals—only one in each family, to be sure, but with plenty of play-fellows close by—all in soft woolly dress, white, or white with a beautiful golden luster. The Newfoundlanders call them “white-coats.” In a few weeks, however, they lose this soft covering, and a gray, coarse fur takes its place. In this uniform they bear the name of “ragged-jackets”; and it is not until two or three years later that the full colors of the adult are gained, with the black crescentic or harp-like marks on the back which give them the name of “harpes.”

The squealing and barking at one of these im-

makes a mistake nor feeds any bleating baby until she has found her own. If ice happens to pack around them, so that they can not open holes, nor get into the water, the whole army will laboriously travel by floundering leaps to the edge of the field; and they show an astonishing sagacity in discerning the proper direction. It is supposed that they can smell the water at a long distance.

Sometimes great storms come, breaking the ice-floes in pieces and jamming the fragments against one another, or upon rocky headlands, with tremendous force. Besides the full-grown seals that perish in such gales, thousands of the weak babies



THE HARBOR SEAL. [SEE PAGE 625.]

mense nurseries can be heard for a very long distance. When the babies are very young, the mothers leave them on the ice and go off in search of food, coming back frequently to look after the little ones; and although there are thousands of the small, white, squealing creatures, which to you and me would seem to be precisely alike, and all are moving about more or less, the mother never

are crushed to death or drowned, notwithstanding the dauntless courage of their mothers, in trying to get their young out of danger and upon the firm ice. And it is touching to watch a mother-seal struggling to get her baby to a safe place, “either by trying to swim with it between her fore flippers, or by driving it before her and tossing it forward with her nose.” The destruction caused

by such gales is far less when they happen after the youngsters have learned to swim.

Does it surprise you that seals, which are constantly in the water, have to *learn* to swim? Well, it might stagger the phocidæ to be told that men have to be taught to walk. The fact is, a baby seal is afraid of the water; and if some accident, or his mother's shoulder, pushes him into the surf when he is ten or a dozen days old, he screams with fright and scrambles out as fast as he can. The next day he tries it again, but finds himself very awkward and soon tired; the third day he does better, and before long he can dive and leap, turn somersaults (if he is a bearded seal), and vanish under the ice, literally "like a blue streak," the instant danger threatens. But he had to learn how, to begin with; like any other mammal.

It is when the seals are busy in caring for their helpless babies and giving the better-grown youngsters their early lessons, that the Eskimo hunters seek most diligently to kill them. This is not merely for the pleasure of it,—not that at all, perhaps,—but because their flesh and skins are imperatively needed. Those pursued by the Eskimos, however, are not the species that make the great southward migrations which I have just described, but the ringed seals (*Phoca fatida*) which remain on the far arctic coasts all the year round. Upon this animal the Eskimos place almost their entire dependence for food, fuel, light, and clothing. Its capture is therefore exceedingly important to every family.

At the end of winter each of the female seals creeps up through the breathing-hole (which is named *atluk*); and under the deep snow overlying all the ice-field she digs a cave, eight or ten feet long and three to five feet wide. At one end of the excavation is the breathing-hole, affording a ready means of retreat in case of danger. In this cave the young seal is born, and though protected from the sight of its enemies, here it is often captured.

About the first of April the Eskimo hunter leaves his winter encampment, taking his family and a few bits of furniture on his dog-sledge, and goes to some locality where he expects to find seals abound. Arrived there, he cuts out square blocks of hard snow, piles them up into a round hut with a domed roof, clearing away the snow from the inside, down to the hard ground or ice-surface. Over this hut he throws water, which, in freezing, cements all the blocks together; and then he has a good tight house—as warm as though made of stone, as soon as he has built his fire. This done, he and his family are as comfortable as if they were at their winter home, and if his hunting is successful, he is contented and happy.

The old-fashioned native manner of hunting—

some of the Eskimos now have guns, and this spoils the interest—called for much skill and patience. In it, each hunter has a trained dog which runs on ahead, but is held by a strap around his neck from going too fast and far. The dog scents the seal lying in its excavation under the snow (the level surface of which of course gives no sign of the cave), and barks; whereupon the hunter, who is close behind, hastens forward, and by a vigorous jump breaks down the cover before the young seal can escape. If he succeeds in cutting off its retreat, it is an easy prey, for he simply knocks it on the head; otherwise he must use his seal-hook very quickly or his game is gone.

"It sometimes happens," says Mr. L. Kumlien, "that the hunter is unfortunate enough to jump the snow down directly over the hole, when he gets a pretty thorough wetting. The women often take part in this kind of sealing, and become quite expert. The children begin when they are four or five years old: the teeth and flippers of the first catch are saved as a trophy, and are worn about the little fellow's neck; this they think will give him good luck when he begins the next year.

"As the season advances and the young begin to shed their coats, the roof of their *igloo* or cave is often or perhaps always broken down, and the mother and young can be seen on sunny days basking in the warm sunshine beside their *atluk*. The mother will take to the water when the hunter has approached within gunshot, and will leave the young one to shift for itself, which generally ends in its staring leisurely at the hunter until suddenly it finds a hook in its side. A stout seal-skin line is then made fast to its hind flipper and it is left into the *atluk*. It of course makes desperate efforts to free itself, and is very apt to attract the attention of the mother if she is anywhere in the vicinity. The Eskimo carefully watches the movements of the young one, and, as soon as the mother is observed, begins to haul in on the line; the old one follows nearer and nearer to the surface, until, at last, she crosses the hole at the proper depth, when the deadly harpoon is planted in her body and she is quickly drawn out. If, however, the mother has seen the hunter approaching the *atluk*, she will not show herself."

If you were to examine the weapons by which the Eskimos manage to capture these and other seals,—specimens of them are in the National Museum at Washington,—you would be astonished at their roughness. It is very difficult, especially for the northern bands, to get any wood, excepting sticks that are washed ashore, and a piece long enough to make a good spear-handle is extremely rare. In most cases, therefore, they are obliged to splice two or three short pieces together,

and this they can only do by slanting both ends, and binding the pieces at their juncture with strings of raw-hide or strips of intestine. The striking end of the spear usually consists of a long and pretty straight piece of bone, such as can be got from a whale's or walrus's skeleton, and this is tipped with a sharp point of bone, or flint, or (nowadays generally) of iron. Sometimes this tip is movable, so that when it penetrates the prey it will come off and only be held by the line, while the handle floats, secured by a loop. Other spears have each a skin buoy attached, this making it

up and the Eskimos can go out in their kayaks, the crankiest of primitive craft, on the ugliest of voyages; but this is an adventure they never shirk, and one that their acquaintance with Europeans has not changed at all. The kayak is eighteen or twenty feet long, but is so light that it can be carried by the one man who forms the crew. It is all decked over, excepting a little round hole through which the young Eskimo squeezes his legs and sits down. Then he puts on a tight oil-skin coat over his garments, and ties it down to the deck all around him, so that no water can pour



HEAD OF THE HOODED SEAL, OR "SQUARE FLIPPER,"— "THE SEALER WHICH SHOWS RIGHT" [SEE PAGE 626.]

more difficult for the poor animal to swim away, and also helping to float the weapon if the hunter misses his aim. The stout lines are made of seal-hide, or sometimes of braided spruce roots. The "hooks" mentioned above have wooden or bone shafts, to the end of which a curved and sharpened hook of bone is firmly bound. Besides, there are other rough weapons, and a kind of net, in all of which the seal's hide and bones contribute to his tribe's destruction, and which are marvels of savage ingenuity.

Many of them are used later when the ice breaks

in "tween decks." But, on the other hand, he must untie the knots before he can get out; so if by chance he capsizes, he must either be content to navigate head down and keel up, or else must right himself by a sort of somersault, which shall bring him up on the opposite side—and this he often actually does.

When the kayaker catches sight of a seal, he advances within about twenty-five feet of it, and hurls his harpoon "by means of a piece of wood adapted to support the harpoon while he takes aim." This

is called a throwing-stick, and curiously enough the Australasians had a similar contrivance for hurling their javelins. As he throws, the kayaker loosens the bladder and tosses it off. The animal struck dives, carrying away the coiled-up line with great speed; if in this moment the line happens to become entangled, the canoe is almost certain to be capsized and dragged away with no chance of rising again, and many an Eskimo has lost his life through a similar mischance. But if the attack has been successful, the bladder moving on the surface of the water indicates the track of the frantic animal beneath it, and the hunter fol-

Late in the summer, when the young seals have grown able to take care of themselves, and the herds are away enjoying the open sea and getting fat on the abundant food they find at that season, the Eskimo has to pursue them with great caution, crawling over the ice face downward, and imitating their awkward, tumbling play until near enough to hurl his spear; or he must get into his frail kayak and chase the herds far up glacial fiords and away across the rough and chilling sea, where they are living on the floating ice.

The food of seals is various, but consists chiefly of fish, though the young ones, when companies



SEALS IN SIGHT!—RACING TO THE FLOE. [SEE PAGE 632.]

lows with the large lance, which, when the seal re-appears, he throws like the harpoon. This he does again and again, the lance always disengaging itself, until the poor seal becomes so weak that it can be overtaken, and killed by a lunge of the knife.

The flesh of the netsick serves for food all through the summer, and is "cachéd," or concealed, in the snow, or dried for winter use. From the skins of the old seals the arctic natives make their summer clothing, while under-garments are fashioned from those of the young netsick. Children often have entire suits of the white skins of the baby seals in their first fuzzy coat. With the flesh and skins of the netsick, too, the Eskimo travels southward to the Danish settlements, and trades for such civilized articles as he is able to buy.

of them first begin to hunt in the shallow water near shore, seem to like crabs better than anything else; and to several species of shrimps, abounding in northern seas, the observant sailors have given the name "seals' food." Shell-fish of various sorts, too, are cracked in their strong jaws and devoured—especially the arctic mussels. They swallow many pebble-stones also, not for food, but, it is supposed, in order to aid digestion.

Now I must force myself to leave this hasty sketch of the natural history of these most interesting and serviceable animals, regretting that I can not dwell longer upon many of its features, and turn to the exciting incidents of the chase con-

ducted against them every spring by ships and crews from America and Europe. In this case, however, I am obliged to say that I must not go greatly

larger in point of numbers than any that go out now, consisted wholly of sailing vessels, many of which were of small size, notwithstanding the long



A SEAL ALONG ON AN ICE-BAN.

into details, since they would present a horrible picture of blood and cruel warfare against one of the most innocent and child-like creatures that ever breathed. But I suppose that, much as we might wish it, it will be impossible always to keep out of our sight objects and acts that make us shudder; that is, if we are to know what is actually going on in the world.

The phocine seals of the Atlantic are not hunted for their fur, as are their Alaskan cousins, but chiefly for their oil, and secondarily for their skins. It is an industry which profitably employs hundreds of ships and thousands of seamen, and it receives the name of "sealing." The principal sealing-grounds are Newfoundland, Labrador, and the islands which lie between, but especially the ice-floes off the coast of Western Greenland, the Spitzbergen and Jan Mayen seas; Nova Zembla, the White Sea, and the Caspian Sea. Of these the most important is that first-named, where, as long ago as half a century, three hundred and seventy-five vessels assembled annually, and, twenty-five years ago, five hundred thousand seals were taken in a single season. These early fleets, which were

and tempestuous voyages they had to endure. The most of them hailed from Newfoundland. All these were concerned in "ice-hunting," which is the most extensive and profitable, though by far the most dangerous, of all the methods in vogue for capturing seals.

You will remember that at the end of winter enormous herds, chiefly of the harp-seals, come down and congregate upon the floating fields of ice eastward of Newfoundland, where the young are born in March. These are the place and season of the largest fishery, but the locality is never fixed nor certain; the fields, approached simultaneously by sailing fleets and steamers from Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Scotland, England, France, Germany, and Norway, must be sought for every year as though for the first time. This is in the icy, tempestuous North Atlantic, at the most stormy period of the year. Dreadful gales may drive the ships anywhere but where they seek to go, bergs may be hurled against them, the ice may jam them between its ponderous edges and crush the doubly braced hulls into splinters, or cleanly cut away parts of the bottom, and leave the



STEAM-SHIP DASHING INTO THE ICE.

vessels to sink and the men to save themselves as best they may upon broken and drifting ice. Strange to say, steam-ships are more liable to harm from the ice than sailing ships, which will

path. Then the ship dashes into it as far as its power can force it. When it sticks, the crew leap overboard, chop and break the field into cakes which are shoved under the floe or hauled out on top: or, if it is too thick to be broken, saws are brought out, and a canal is slowly made for the ship's progress. This is a time of great desire for haste, and you may well believe that every man works with all his might.

"Sometimes," writes an eye-witness, "a crowd of men, clinging around the ship's bows, and holding on to the bights of rope . . . would jump and dance on the ice, bending and breaking it with their weight and dragging her on over it with all their force. Up to their knees in water, as one piece after another sank below the cut-water, they still held on, hurrahing at every fresh start she made, dancing, jumping, pushing, shoving, hauling, hewing, sawing, till every soul on board was roused into excited exertion."

Well, when all this toil and danger are passed,—sometimes greatly prolonged, and in the midst of a frozen sea and the most violent storms,—and the ship has the good luck to sight a herd, then begins for the crew of hardy sailors a season of about the most arduous labor that one can imagine.

If the weather permit, the vessel is run into the ice, and moored there; if not, it sails back and forth in open spaces, managed by the captain and one or two others, while the remainder of the crew, sometimes sixty or seventy, or even more in number, get into boats and row swiftly to the floe. The



A "SEAL-MEADOW," OR A HERD OF SEALS UPON AN ICE-FLOE.

be lifted up instead of crushed. Often a field of thin "bay-ice," or a solid floe, will lie right in the young seals lie scattered about here and there, basking in the sun or sheltered under the lee of a hum-

mock, and they lie so thickly that half a dozen will often be seen in a space twenty yards square.

endurance, his nerves to peril, and his heart to bitter cruelty;—but every pelt is worth a dollar!

By night, after a "seal-meadow" has been attacked, the decks of the vessel are hidden under a deep layer of fat, slippery pelts. After these have lain long enough to get cool, they are stowed away in the hold in pairs, each pair having the hair outward. The hold is divided by stout partitions into compartments, or "pounds," in order to prevent the cargo from moving about and so rubbing the fat into oil, which would speedily fill every part of the hold and the cabins, spoiling all the provisions. A vessel once had to be abandoned from this accident, because it had not been "pounded." The European ships, however, generally separate the fat at once and stow it in casks.

Sometimes, instead of bringing the pelts to the ship as fast as they are obtained, the hunters pile them up and



AN ESKIMO IN HIS KAYAK, ABOUT TO HARPOON A SEAL. [SEE PAGE 619.]

They can not get away, or at most can only flounder about, and their plaintive bleatings and white coats might almost be those of lambs. The old seals are frightened away by the approach of the sailors, and never show fight, and the youngsters are easily killed; so the men do not take guns, but only clubs, with which they strike the poor little fellows a single blow on the head, usually killing them at once.

Having struck down all they can see within a short distance, the small squad of men who work together then quickly skin, or (as they call it) "sculp" them, with a broad clasp-knife, cutting clear through the thick layer of fat which lies underneath the hide, and so leaving a surprisingly small carcass behind. Bundles are then made of from three to seven "pelts," and each man drags a bundle toward the boat. This is sometimes miles distant, the ice is rough and broken, he must leap cracks, trust himself to isolated cakes, and often he falls into the freezing water, or loses his way in a sudden squall of snow. It is limb-cracking and life-risking work, and, to accomplish it successfully, a man must school his muscles to



SAILORS DRAGGING BUNDLES OF "PELTS" OVER THE ICE TO THEIR BOAT.

place a flag on the heap, so that no other crew will take them, for there may be a score or two of vessels all attacking the herd at once; and this

claim is respected. But in very many cases a snow-storm hides these heaps, or they break away from the floe, or the ice "jams" and crushes them, or the ship itself is driven too far off to return, so that they are lost and wasted; hence the practice of thus piling up the pelts is ceasing.

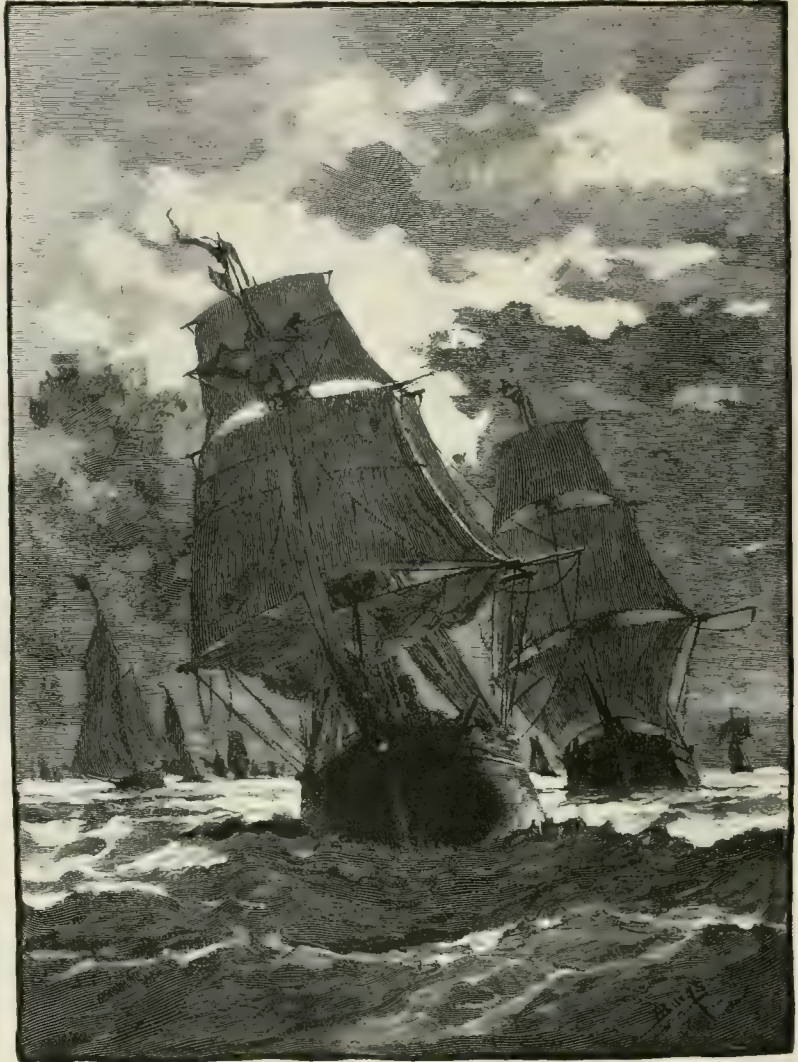
Perhaps I have given you the impression that it is only the young seals that are taken on these expeditions, but that is not wholly correct. Two voyages are ordinarily made, each lasting about two weeks. The first voyage brings home few old seals, but on the second voyage the sealers find the youngsters pretty well grown, and as well able to escape as the old ones. They must therefore use guns somewhat, and otherwise manage to secure adult, or nearly full-grown seals, if they are to get any at all.

Besides the skins and the fat, parts of the flesh are preserved for food, and those who are accustomed to it recommend it highly. The flesh is a "universal remedy" among the Eskimos. When the "Pandora" left England on her arctic expedition in 1874, her interpreter, Joe, an Eskimo, had a bad cough, but he refused all medicine, saying, "Bimeby, eat seal, get well." And, sure enough, his coughing was heard no more after he had feasted on his favorite food for a few days. "For young ladies and gentlemen who can not succeed in making their features sufficiently attractive on chicken and cheese-cakes, no diet is likely to succeed so well as delicate cutlets from the loin of a seal."

There are several methods of capturing these animals along the shore, by driving companies of them into nets, set among rocks or spread under-

neath the ice at their breathing-holes; by surprising them asleep on the shore and cutting off their retreat; by shooting, harpooning, and so on; but I can not weary you in detailing them, although they are exciting and picturesque.

When a cargo of pelts is brought home, the fat is carefully removed and converted into oil, either



ON THE WAY TO THE SEALING-GROUNDS.—LEADING THE FLEET.

by the sun or, in less time, by the aid of steam; but the latter produces a quality poorer in some respects both for lamps and for the lubrication of machines. The skins are salted and packed, and become cured in three weeks, finding ultimate use as shoe-leather, and as covering for knapsacks, valises, small trunks, etc. It would be interesting

to enlarge on this point, too, but readers must be content with only a skeleton of a history of seals and the seal industries, which they can fill out with all the more pleasure to themselves by independent reading in books of arctic travel, of zoology, and of the fisheries.

The sealing in the North Atlantic alone gives employment every spring to, say, twenty-five steamers from Newfoundland, built expressly for the purpose, besides unnumbered sailing vessels; the crews

of this fleet making a navy of about ten thousand eager young men. The starting is a scene of the greatest bustle, and when the men return with rich cargoes, and get their pockets full of money, there is great hilarity around the usually dull towns of that far-northern island. It is said that in one year, recently, a round million of seals were taken in the North Atlantic alone. Yet there seems to be little or no diminution in the crowds that throng the ice-floes as each March comes round.

THE CORRECTION BOX.

BY KITTY WHITE.

YESTERDAY morning a missionary man came to our Sunday-school, and told us all about the little heathen. They don't have to be dressed up, nor learn the catechism, nor sew patchwork, nor behave, nor do anything disagreeable. And they don't know the value of money; they'd a great deal rather have a bright button than a gold dollar.

In the afternoon, when we were ready for church, Mother gave us each a five-cent piece. "That's to put in the correction box," says she. "The missionary is going to preach, and your father and I want you to give him something for the heathen."

On the way to church, Johnny said: "It is n't the least use to send five centises to the heathen. They'd rather have a bright button than a gold dollar, and of course they would n't care about five cents. And there's no candy in heathenland, so what do they want of money, anyhow?"

Then I said: "If I only had my button-string, we could each give a button, and spend the five centises for candy, and so we'd be pleased all 'round." Johnny said that was a good idea; and "there's a button loose on my jacket this minute; and if I can twist off another before the correction box comes 'round, I'll give it to you, Kitty."

I thought it was a lovely plan, for Johnny's buttons are just beauties. I heard Mother tell sister Em that they cost two dollars a dozen. They look like gold. But when we got to church, they made me go into the pew first, and Father put Johnny beside him next the door, so 's we could n't talk.

The missionary talked a long time, and then they sang "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and then they went 'round with the correction boxes. Father takes one of them, and they're on long sticks like a corn-popper, and deep, so 't other folks can't see what you put in. I had to drop in my

five cents, and then Mother and Em put in their money, and last of all Johnny put in his button. He held his hand close to the box when he did it, and then he looked at me behind the others, and nodded, so I'd know he had his five cents all safe.

This morning we bought five lovely squares of taffy. We did n't have time to eat it before school, and when we were going home, Johnny said: "Let us wait till after dinner, and then give everybody a piece; and then I'll tell Father what the missionary said, and may be after this he'll give buttons, and it'll save him a great deal of money."

So we waited, and after dinner, just as we took out the candy to divide it, Father pulled something bright out of his pocket, and rolled it across the table to Mother. She thought it was money, and said, "Just what I wanted!" But it was n't money; it was a brass button.

"How did you come by this?" said she.

"I found it in the correction box, yesterday afternoon," said Father. "Some little rascal put it in, I suppose, and spent his money for candy, and whoever he is, he ought to have a wholesome lesson. If he was my son—"

And then Mother said, "Why, it is just like Johnny's buttons!" And sister Em said, "Well, there's one gone off his Sunday jacket. I noticed it this morning, and meant to speak about it."

Everybody looked at us. Father asked what we had in that paper, and "John, is this your button?" And what could we say but yes? They called us unhappy children, and sent us upstairs.

We've both had a wholesome lesson. I had one 'cause they said I put it into Johnny's head. For two weeks, Father is going to put our pennies away for the heathen, to make us remember.

Johnny says he wishes he was a heathen.



IN THE GARDEN:

By Margaret Johnson.

"Bright hollyhocks that grow so tall
Beside the mossy garden wall,
Bend down with slender stem to me
That I your crimson cups may see,
And pluck them from beside the wall
O hollyhocks that grow so tall!"

So sang wee Nell one summer day
Within the garden old at play.
The yellow sunshine slanted down
And touched her curls into a crown.
"Dear blossoms, bend to me I pray!"
Sang winsome Nell that summer day.

LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THE poets who love children are the poets whom children love. It is natural that they should care much for each other, because both children and poets look into things in the same way,—simply, with open eyes and hearts, seeing Nature as it is, and finding whatever is lovable and pure in the people who surround them, as flowers may receive back from flowers sweet odors for those which they have given. The little child is born with a poet's heart in him, and the poet has been fitly called "the eternal child."

Not that all children or all poets are alike in this. But of him who has just gone from us—the honored Longfellow—we think as of one who has always been fresh and natural in his sympathy for children, one who has loved them as they have loved him.

We wish he had given us more of the memories of his own childhood. One vivid picture of it comes to us in "My Lost Youth," a poem which shows us how everything he saw when a child must have left within him a life-long impression. That boyhood by the sea must have been full of dreams as well as of pictures. The beautiful bay with its green islands, widening out to the Atlantic on the east, and the dim chain of mountains, the highest in New England, lying far away on the north-western horizon, give his native city a roomy feeling not often experienced in the streets of a town; and the boy-poet must have felt his imagination taking wings there, for many a long flight. So he more than hints to us in his song:

"I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

Longfellow's earliest volume, "The Voices of the Night," was one of the few books of American poetry that some of us who are now growing old

ourselves can remember reading, just as we were emerging from childhood. "The Reaper and the Flowers" and the "Psalm of Life,"—I recall the delight with which I used to repeat those poems. The latter, so full of suggestions which a very young person could feel, but only half understand, was for that very reason the more fascinating. It seemed to give glimpses, through opening doors, of that wonderful new world of mankind, where children are always longing to wander freely as men and women. Looking forward and aspiring are among the first occupations of an imaginative child; and the school-boy who declaimed the words:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,"

and the school-girl who read them quietly by herself, felt them, perhaps, no less keenly than the man of thought and experience.

Longfellow has said that—

"Sublimity always is simple
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning,"

and the simplicity of his poetry is the reason why children and young people have always loved it; the reason, also, why it has been enjoyed by men and women and children all over the world.

One of his poems which has been the delight of children and grown people alike is the "Village Blacksmith," the first half of which is a description that many a boy might feel as if he could have written himself—if he only had the poet's command of words and rhymes, and the poet's genius! Is not this one of the proofs of a good poem, that it haunts us until it seems as if it had almost grown out of our own mind? How life-like the picture is!—

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like half-train of the living fire."

No wonder the Cambridge children, when the old chestnut-tree that overhung the smithy was cut down, had a memento shaped into a chair from its boughs, to present to him who had made it an immortal tree in his verse! It bore flower and fruit for them a second time in his acknowledgment of the gift; for he told them how—

"There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street
 Its blossoms white and sweet,
 Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
 And murmured like a hive.

"And when the winds of autumn, with a shout
 Tossed its great arms about,
 The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
 Dropped to the ground beneath."

In its own wild, winsome way, the song of "Hiawatha's Childhood" is one of the prettiest fancies in poetry. It is a dream of babyhood in the "forest primeval," with Nature for nurse and teacher; and it makes us feel as if—were the poet's idea only a possibility—it might have been very pleasant to be a savage baby, although we consider it so much better to be civilized.

"At the door on summer evenings
 Sat the little Hiawatha;
 Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
 Heard the lapping of the water,
 Sounds of music, words of wonder:

Light me with your little candle,
 Ere upon my bed I lay me,
 Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
 * * * * *

"Then the little Hiawatha
 Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How they built their nests in summer,
 Where they hid themselves in winter,
 * * * * *

"Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid;
 Talked with them when'er he met them,
 Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'"

How Longfellow loved the very little ones can be seen in such verses as the "Hanging of the Crane," and in those earlier lines "To a Child," where the baby on his mother's knee gazes at the painted tiles, shakes his "coral rattle



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE — ONCE WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

'Minne-wawa!' said the pine-trees;
 'Mudway-aushka!' said the water.
 Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
 Flitting through the dusk of evening,
 With the twinkle of its candle
 Lighting up the brakes and bushes.
 And he sang the song of children,
 Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
 'Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
 Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
 Little dancing, white-fire creature,

with the silver bells," or escapes through the open door into the old halls where once

"The Father of his country dwelt."

Those verses give us a charming glimpse of the home-life in the historic mansion which is now so rich with poetic, as well as patriotic associations. Other glimpses of it he has given us also. Some

years ago, many households in our land were made happy by the pictured group of Longfellow's three children, which he allowed to be put into circula-



A SCENE IN LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

tion,—three lovely little girls, who became known to us through the poet's words as—

"Grave, Alce, and longling Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair."

How beautiful it was to be let in to that twilight library scene described in the "Children's Hour":

A sudden rash from the stair-way,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall!

"They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me,
They seem to be everywhere.

"Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old castle as I am
Is not a match for you all?

"Have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

"And there will I keep you forever,
Yea, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away!"

Afterward, when sorrow and loss had come to the happy home, in the sudden removal of the mother of those merry children, the father who loved them so had a sadder song for them, as he looked onward into their orphaned lives:

"Must wander on, through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load,
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease, and rest begin,
A woe which I have felt."

And later, as if haunted by a care for them that would not leave him, he wrote the beautiful sonnet beginning:

"What would befall these children? What would be
Their fate, when I am dead?
For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said,
Would be a volume wherein I have read
But the first chapters, and no longer see
To read the rest of their dear history,
So full of beauty and so full of dread."

Very sweet to those children must be the memory of such a father's love!

Longfellow loved all children, and had a word for them whenever he met them.

At a concert, going early with her father, a little girl espied Mr. Longfellow sitting alone, and begged that she might go and speak to him. Her father, himself a stranger, took the liberty of introducing his little daughter Edith to the poet.

"Edith?" said Mr. Longfellow, tenderly. "Ah! I have an Edith, too; but *my* baby Edith is twenty years old." And he seated the child beside him, taking her hand in his, and making her promise to come and see him at his house in Cambridge.

"What is the name of your sled, my boy?" he said to a small lad, who came tugging one up the road toward him, on a winter morning.

"It's 'Evangeline.' Mr. Longfellow wrote 'Evangeline.' Did you ever see Mr. Longfellow?" answered the little fellow, as he ran by, doubtless wondering at the smile on the face of the pleasant gray-haired gentleman.

Professor Monti, who witnessed the pretty scene, tells the story of a little girl who last Christmas inquired the way to the poet's house, and asked if she could just step inside the yard; and he relates how Mr. Longfellow, being told she was there, went to the door and called her in, and showed her the "old clock on the stairs," and many other interesting things about the house, leaving his little guest with beautiful memories of that Christmas day to carry all through her life. This was characteristic of the poet's hospitality, delicate and courteous and thoughtful to all who crossed his threshold. Many a trembling young girl, frightened at her own boldness in having ventured into his presence, was set at ease by her host in the most genial way; he would make her forget herself in the interesting mementos all about her, devoting himself to her entertainment as if it were the one pleasure of the hour to do so.

It is often said, and with reason, that we Americans do not think enough of manners—that politeness of behavior which comes from genuine sympathy and a delicate perception of others' feelings. Certainly our young people might look to Mr. Longfellow as a model in this respect. He was a perfect gentleman, in the best sense of that term, always considerate, and quick to see where he might do a kindness, or say a pleasant word.

A visitor one day told him in conversation of a young lady relative or friend, who had sent to Mr. Longfellow the message that he was the one man in the world she wanted to see.

"Tell her," said the poet, instantly, "that she is the one young lady in the world whom I want to see."

Some young girls, from a distant part of the country, having been about Cambridge sight-seeing, walked to Mr. Longfellow's house, and venturing within the gate, sat down upon the grass. He passed them there, and turning back, said:

"Young ladies, you are uncomfortably seated. Wont you come into the house?"

They were overjoyed at the invitation, and on entering, Mr. Longfellow insisted upon their taking lunch with him. They saw that the table was set for four, and were beginning to be mortified at finding themselves possible intruders upon other guests. They so expressed themselves to their host, who put them at ease at once, saying that it was only his regular lunch with his children, and that they would be happy to wait.

One of a group of school-girls whom he had welcomed to his house sent him, as a token of her gratitude, an iron pen made from a fetter of the Prisoner of Chillon, and a bit of wood from the frigate "Constitution," ornamented with precious stones from three continents. He wrote his thanks in a poem which must be very precious to the giver,—*"Beautiful Helen of Maine,"*—to whom he says of her gift that it is to him—

"As a drop of the dew of your youth
On the leaves of an aged tree."

Longfellow's courtesy was as unailing as the demands upon it were numerous and pressing. Very few imagine what a tax it is upon the time of our more prominent authors simply to write the autographs which are requested of them. He almost invariably complied with such requests, when made in a proper manner, wearisome as it must often have been to do so. Not long since, he had a letter from a Western boy, who sent his name,

desiring him to translate it into every language he knew, and send it back to him with his autograph! The poet was much amused at the request, but it is doubtful whether he found time to gratify that boy.

Still another incident related of him is that he was one day walking in a garden with a little five-years maiden who was fond of poetry and occasionally "made up some" herself.

"I, too, am fond of poetry," he said to her. "Suppose you give me a little of yours this beautiful morning?"

"Think," cried he, afterward, to a friend, throwing up his hands, his eyes sparkling with merriment,—*"think what her answer was! She said: 'Oh, Mr. Longfellow, it does n't always come when you want it!' Ah me,—how true, how true!"*

The celebration of Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday by school-children all over the country is something that those children must be glad to think of now—glad to remember that the poet knew how much they cared for him and for what he had written. Even the blind children, who have to read with their fingers, were enjoying his songs with the rest. How pleasant that must have been to him! Certainly, as it seems to me, the best tribute that the young people of the country can pay to his memory is to become more familiar with his poems.

Of our older poets, whose greatness time has tested, only a few remain. One of them, writing of Longfellow's departure, says sadly: *"Our little circle narrows fast, and a feeling of loneliness comes over me."*

We should not wait until a great and good man has left us before giving him honor, or trying to understand what he has done for us. A dreary world ours would be, if there were no poets' songs echoing through it; and we may be proud of our country that it has a poetry of its own, which it is for us to know and possess for ourselves.

Longfellow has said:

"What the leaves are to the forest
With light and air and food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,
That to the world, are children":

and something like this we may say of his songs. There is in all true poetry a freshness of life which makes the writer of it immortal.

The singer so much beloved has passed from sight, but the music of his voice is in the air, and, listening to it, we know that he can not die.

LONGFELLOW'S LAST AFTERNOON WITH CHILDREN.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever:
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing."

"I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea."

"And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon."

IN the early part of March, some lads belonging to the Dwight School, Boston, wished to visit Professor Longfellow, with whose poems they were becoming familiar.

"Let us write to him," said one of the boys, "and ask his permission to call on him some holiday afternoon."

They consulted their teacher, who favored the plan, and the following note was sent to the poet:

"HONORABLE PROFESSOR—Dear Sir—Will it be agreeable to you to receive a call from four boys of the Dwight School? . . ."

Four names were signed to the note.

In a few days the following answer was returned:

"Mr. Longfellow would be pleased to meet the boys of the Dwight School on Saturday afternoon."

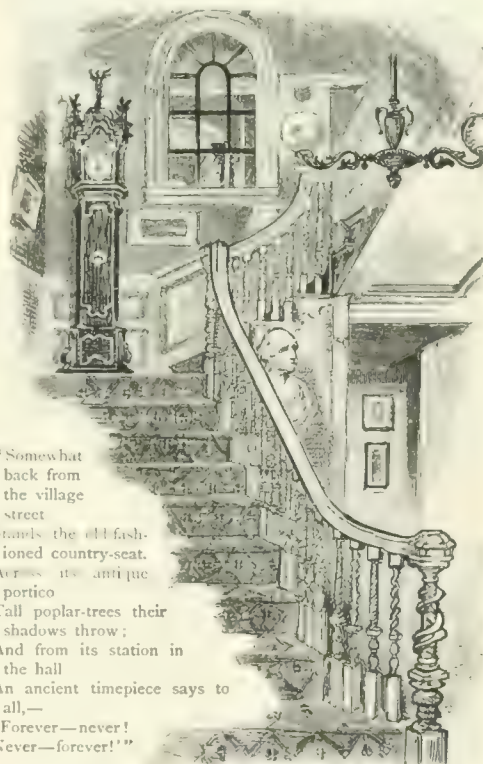
The boys were delighted. They procured a choice bouquet of flowers to give to the poet, and on Saturday afternoon, March 18th, went to Cambridge, and made the last visit to Longfellow that he ever received. Soon after they left him, he walked on the piazza of the ancient house, and being there exposed to the raw March winds, he contracted the sudden illness that ended his life.

On their way to Cambridge, the boys left Boston by the Charles River bridge, over which incessantly day and night a procession of footsteps goes and returns, as restless as the tide that ebbs and flows among the wooden piers and there makes its ceaseless murmur.

Many years ago, in loneliness and despondency, the great poet himself had been accustomed to go over the wooden bridge in the same place; and often he went at night, when the city clocks around Beacon Hill solemnly announced the hours. There was a great furnace then on the Brighton Hills, and its red light glowed weirdly in the shadowy distance. That sad time and lonely scene were in his mind when he wrote:

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

A horse-car ride of half an hour took the boys past Harvard College, where the poet had spent many happy years as a professor, to his home—the mansion that Washington made famous in history as his head-quarters. It resembles the one described in "The Old Clock on the Stairs":



"Somewhat
back from
the village
street
Stands the old-fash-
ioned country-seat.
Across its antique
portico
Tall poplar-trees their
shadows throw;
And from its station in
the hall
An ancient timepiece says to
all,—
'Forever—never!
Never—forever!'"

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

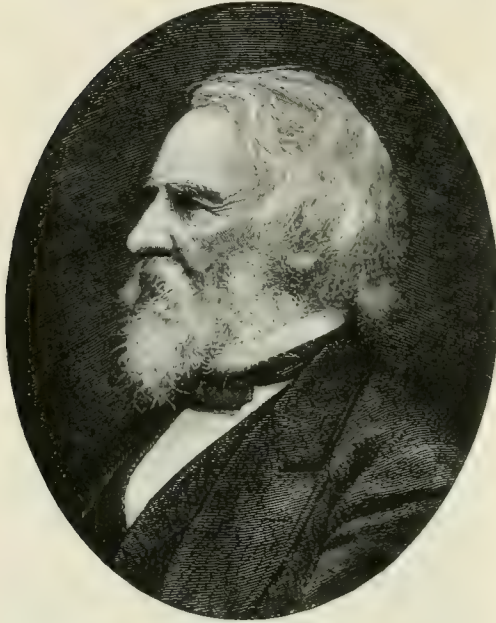
This poem was suggested by the French words, "*Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!*"

In that house the "Psalm of Life" was written. This poem, which to-day is known and admired wherever the English language is spoken, was at

first not intended for publication, but was merely an expression of the poet's own views and purposes.

Longfellow once told the writer of this article the story of the composition of this poem, and added the following pleasing incident:

"As I was returning from my visit to the Queen



Henry W. Longfellow

in London, a laborer came up to my carriage and extended his hand. 'I wish,' he said, 'to shake hands with the author of "The Psalm of Life!"' Few incidents of my life have been more pleasing. *That* was a compliment I could appreciate!"

In this house, too, "Evangeline" was written, the story being given to the poet by his friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Here, also, was written "Excelsior," after the poet had been reading a letter, from Charles Sumner, full of noble sentiments; here, besides, Longfellow wrote the "Wreck of the Hesperus," when the sad news of the loss of the Gloucester fishing-fleet, and the mournful words "Norman's Woe," so haunted him that he could not sleep. Here were produced nearly all of his poems that have become household words in many lands.

The poet received the boys most cordially and graciously, accepted their present of flowers, and expressed his pleasure in it. He then showed them the historic rooms, and the articles associated with Washington's residence there. He was accus-

tomed to exhibit to older visitors a piece of Dante's coffin, Coleridge's inkstand, and Thomas Moore's waste-paper basket.

The old poet, crowned with his white hair, chatted pleasantly awhile with the four boys, whose faces wore the beauty and inquisitive intelligence of the years that had vanished from him forever.

One of the lads, a Master Lane, then asked him a question which must have revived tender memories: "In your poem on the River Charles," he said, "there is a stanza beginning in some books with the line 'Four long years of mingled feeling.' In other books it begins with 'For long years with mingled feeling.' Will you please tell me which is right?"

"'Four long years,'" answered the poet, thoughtfully.

"Is that the River Charles?" asked one of the boys, pointing outside.

The poet looked out on the flowing stream. It was almost the last time that he gazed upon it; perhaps *the* last time that his attention was directed to it. "Yes," said he, mournfully, in answer, "that is the Charles."

Years before, when his manhood was in its prime, he had sung of this river:

"Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver:
I can give thee but a song.

"Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

"And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

"Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

"Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

"More than this;—thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

"Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart!"

And again, after the death of his friend Charles Sumner, when age had silvered his hair:

"River, that's dead with sorrow and pain,
 And the stars of the night are so dim,
 And the moon is so low, and the waves are so dim,
 And the stars are so dim, and the moon is so dim,
 Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
 And the stars of the night are so dim,
 And the moon is so low, and the waves are so dim,
 And the stars are so dim, and the moon is so dim,
 Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
 Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
 Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
 That are no more and shall no more return.
 Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
 I stay to watch the embers that still burn,
 To cover up the embers that still burn."

The poet bade the kids an affectionate farewell, and for the last time he saw the forms of children depart from his door. He gave them his autograph, and copies of the poem he had written for the children of Cambridge, after they had presented to him a chair made from a tree that stood near the shop of the village blacksmith, whose honest history he had taken for the subject of one of his poems.

The last view of the River Charles and of happy children! How the scene must have awakened in the poet's mind memories of the past, even although he could not then know that the shadow of death was so near!

The hand that wrote "The Children's Hour" now rests in sweet Auburn, Boston's city of the

dead. The River Charles flows by, and its banks will still grow bright with every spring-time. Charles Sumner, for whose name the poet loved the river, sleeps there, and Cornelius Felton, of Harvard College, whom also the poet loved. There, too, rests the universally loved and honored Louis Agassiz, another of those "three friends," each of whom left him for years but a "majestic memory."

The birds will come there in summer, and sing among the oaks and the fountains. The children will go there, too, and never by them will their own poet be forgotten. They may love to remember that his last reception was given to children, and that with them, when the friends of other years had passed away, he looked for the last time upon the River Charles.

"Come to me, O ye children!
 And what I say is true,
 What the birds and the winds are singing
 In your sunny atmosphere.

"For what are all our contrivings,
 And the wisdom of our books,
 When compared with your caresses,
 And the gladness of your look.

"Ye are better than all the ballads
 That ever were sung or said;
 For ye are living poems,
 And all the rest are dead."



THE WESTERN ENTRANCE OF LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE. FROM THE PLAZA THERE IS A VIEW OF THE RIVER CHARLES, BOSTON, AND THE DISTANT HILLS.

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE "G. B. C."

DOROTHY was made very happy one day by Uncle George handing her the little copy-book diary, and saying that she and Donald could read as much of it as they wished.

"Oh, Don; see here!" she exclaimed, holding up the book as Donald, by invitation, joined her in the Cozy Corner. "It's all right. Uncle says so. We'll begin at the first page and read every single word!"

The diary, it seemed, contained nothing startling, but it gave them an excellent idea of Aunt Kate's happy girlhood. She spoke of many things familiar to them, and above all they were interested in her frequent allusions to "our new dog, Nero," evidently her own special pet.

Poor Nero! So young then, and now so very old! This was his last winter. He had become blind of late and very feeble; but, nevertheless, when the end came, it was a shock to all, and a sore trial to Don and Dorry. Many a time after that day they would stop in their sports to bend beside the little head-stone under the evergreens and talk of him—the faithful friend they had loved all their lives, who had reached his prime and died of old age during their own youth.

We must pass rapidly over the next few months, only pausing to say that they were busy ones for the D's. In the first place, the new tutor, as Don expressed it, was "worked by steam" and was "one of the broad-gauge, high-pressure sort"; but Uncle George noted that his nephew and niece made great advancement under what *he* called Dr. Sneed's careful and earnest teaching.

But they had, too, their full share of recreation. Don and Ed found the gymnasium not only a favorite resort in the way of pleasure, but also a great benefit to their physical development. After a few weeks' exercise, their muscles began to grow stronger and harder, and the startling climbs, leaps, tumbles, hand-springs, and somersaults which the boys learned to perform were surprising.

When the summer came, Don and Ed Tyler secretly believed themselves competent to become members of the best circus troupe in the country, and many a boy-visitor was asked to "feel *that*, will you?" as each young Hercules knotted the

upper muscles of his arm in order to astonish the beholder. Even the girls caught the spirit, and, though they would not for the world have had the boys know it, they compared muscle in a mild way among themselves, and Dorry's was declared by admiring friends to be "awfully hard."

Little Fandy Danby, too, became so expert that, after giving himself numberless bruises, he finally attained the summit of his ambition by hanging from the horizontal ladder and going hand over hand its entire length, though not without much puffing and panting and a frantic flourishing of little legs.

Don and the boys had great fun in "stumping" each other, which consisted in one performing a certain feat and challenging the others to do it, and if matched in that, then daring them to some bolder and more difficult attempt.

Uncle George himself took part in these contests, and, though often beaten, threatened to distance them all after a few months' practice. "There's a plentiful share of limberness tied up in these old muscles," he would say, "and when it's set free, boys, look out for your laurels!"

Well, the spring passed away and no bones were broken. Boating and bathing, berrying and other sports came with the advancing season; but the great feature of the summer was the G. B. C., or Girls' Botany Club, of which Dorry was president, Josie Manning secretary, and Dr. Sneed inspirer, advisory committee, and treasurer, all in one. Nearly all the nice girls joined, and boys were made honorary members whenever their scientific interest and zeal in hunting for botanical treasures entitled them to that distinction.

Ah, those were happy days! And if the honorary members were troublesome now and then, scaring the girls half to death with lizards, toads, or harmless garter-snakes, why it was only "the boys"; and after all it really was fun to scream a little by way of lightening the more solid pursuits of the club. Besides, the boys often were a real help, especially in rocky places and in the marshes, and — Well—it was less troublesome to have them than to do without them.

So far, only one real shadow had fallen across the sunny hours, and that was when Dorry had proposed Charity Danby as a member, and some of the foolish girls had objected on the plea that the Danbys were "poor folks."

"Poor folks," indeed! You should have seen

their president then ! You should have heard her spirited remarks, her good, wholesome arguments, and seen her glowing, indignant presidential countenance ! The opposition had been stubborn at first, gathering strength in secret and losing it in public, until at last good sense and kindness prevailed. The motion to admit Charity as a member of the G. B. C. was carried unanimously, and almost the first she knew about it she was a full member, eagerly searching hill-side and meadow with the rest, and wondering deep in her inmost soul whether she ever, ever could "catch up" to the other girls. They knew so much from books, and she had been able to study so little !

Poor Charity—she was wiser than she knew. Her habit of close observation, and her eager desire to learn, soon made her a valuable addition to the club. She knew where to find every wild flower of that locality in its season, from the trailing arbutus in the spring to the latest bloom of the autumn, and "Charity Danby says so" soon became a convincing argument in many a discussion.

But we must now go back for several weeks, and learn how it happened that our busy Charity was able to accept the invitation of the G. B. C.

It was early in July ; remnants of exploded fire-crackers still lingered in the trampled grass near Mrs. Danby's white-washed fence. She—busy soul !—was superintending the mending of her home-made chicken-coop, now trembling and quivering under the mighty strokes of Daniel David. With one breath the mother was making suggestions to her young carpenter, and with the next screaming to Helen and Isabella to be careful or they would tumble into the pig-pen, when, suddenly, she saw Dorry at the back gate.

"Massy ! Here comes Dorothy Reed, looking like a fresh rose, as she is, and not a thing in the house to rights. Well, I can't help it—ten children so, and everything to—Ah, Dorothy !" continued Mrs. Danby, exchanging her silent thoughts for active speech, "walk right in, dear, and do please excuse everything. Charity's in the house, picking up and putting away ; I'd call her out, but——"

No need to finish the sentence. Dorry, with a cheery : "Oh, no, indeed, thank you !" had already vanished under the morning-glory vines that shaded the door-way.

"Bless her heart !" pursued Mrs. Danby, now talking to Daniel David, "but she's a beauty ! Not that my own are humbly, either. Charity's no fright, by ... means, and there's your sister Amanda—why, only last summer Master Donald's teacher drew a picture of her, because she was so

picturesky, which I'll keep to my dying day. There, Dan Dave, you don't need no more slats on that side ; take this broken one out here, that's a good child ; it scrapes the old hen every time she goes under. Look out ! You'll break the whole thing to pieces if you aint careful. My ! How strong boys are !"

Meantime, Dorry, as we know, had entered. The house *was* out of order, but Charity was doing her best to improve matters. With one hand she was "picking up and putting away," and with the other stroking the bumped head of baby Jamie. Though now able to walk alone, the little one had just experienced one of his frequent tumbles, and was crying and clinging to Charity's skirts as he trotted beside her. No one else was in the room,



"SO IT TELLS!"

and perhaps this was why the busy sister was softly saying to herself, as she worked :

"Queen Elizabeth was one, William-and-Mary's Mary was another, and Lady Jane Grey and Queen Victoria—Oh, do hush, Jamie, dear, I've kissed it twice already—there !"

Suiting the action to the word, she pressed her lips of healing once more upon Jamie's yellow hair, and lifting her head again, she saw Dorry in the door-way, laughing.

"Oh, Dorothy, how you startled me ! I did n't hear you coming at all. I'm so glad ! But you need n't laugh at me, Dorry—I'm only trying to remember a little hist'ry."

"I'm not laughing at *you*," Dorry protested, merrily. "But it was so funny to hear you putting the English queens into the pots and pans ; that was all. Here, let me help a little. Come, Jamie, sit on Dotty's lap, and she'll tell you all about Bluebeard."

"Oh, no ; that's too old for him. Tell him

about the chickies," suggested Charity, in a business-like way, as, disengaging her gown from his baby clutch, she sprang upon a chair, in order to put something away on the highest shelf of the dresser.

"It's no use," she said, jumping down again, almost angrily, and raising her voice to be heard above Jamie's outcry. "Oh, dear, what *does* make you so naughty, Baby?"

"He is n't naughty," said Dorry, soothingly; "he's only tired of being indoors. Come, Jamie, we'll go out and play chickie till Charity gets through, and then we'll all take a nice walk."

Jamie seized Dorry's hand instantly, and out they went.

"Be careful!" called Charity, after her, setting a chair down hard at the same time. "Look out, or he'll get right under the cow's feet; he always does."

"I'll be careful," sang out Dorry. "Come as soon as you can. This delightful air will do you

heart more than once; and so Dorry was not in the least surprised to find Ellen Eliza in the act of comforting a draggled-looking fowl, which she held tenderly in her arms in spite of its protest.

"Is it hurt?" asked Dorry.

Ellen Eliza looked up with an anxious countenance as she murmured:

"Oh, no, not exactly hurt; he's complainin'. I think he's hungry, but he won't eat."

"Dear me!" was Dorry's unfeeling comment; "then I'd let him go hungry, I declare if I would n't."

"Oh, no, you could n't be cruel to a poor sick rooster?" Here Ellen Eliza pressed the uneasy fowl to her heart. "May be, he's got a sore throat."

"Do you know what I think?" said Dorry, quite disregarding the patient's possible affliction.

"What?" asked Ellen Eliza, plaintively, as if prepared to hear that her feathered pet was going into a rapid decline. And Dorry went on:

"I think that if people with tender hearts would remember their sisters sometimes, it would be —"

"What do you mean?" interrupted the astonished Ellen Eliza, releasing the now struggling bird as she spoke.

Dorry laid her hand kindly on the little girl's shoulder.

"I'll tell you," she said. "If I were you, I'd help Charity more. I'd take care of this dear little brother sometimes. Don't you notice how very often she is obliged to stay from school to help with the work, and how discouraged she feels about her lessons?"

"No!" answered Ellen Eliza, with wide-open eyes. "I did n't ever notice that. I think it's nice to stay home from school. But, anyhow, Charity would n't trust me. She dotes on Jamie so. She's always been afraid I'd let him fall."

Dorry smiled.

"Oh, that was long ago, Ellen. Jamie can walk now, you know, and if you look after him sometimes, you'll soon be able to help Charity wonderfully."

"All right!" was Ellen Eliza's cordial answer. "I'll do it. Somehow, I never thought of it. But I often help Mother. She says I'm the best-hearted of all the children, and so I am. You see if I don't help Charity after this."

The conversion seemed too sudden to be very lasting; but Ellen Eliza, who was really sincere, proceeded at once to put her new resolution into practice. To be sure, her renowned tender heart did not make her all at once an experienced housemaid, seamstress, and nurse, as Charity was; but from that day it made her, at intervals, a willing little hand-maiden, and so gave her sister many a



"HE 'S COMPLAININ'."

good." Then, seeing Ellen Eliza, the ten-year-old Danby girl, standing not far from the house, she led Jamie toward her.

Ellen Eliza had a very tender heart. Every one who knew Mrs. Danby had heard of that tender

leisure hour for reading and study. More than this, Ellen Eliza and Dorry became close friends in Charity's behalf, and one thing led to another, until Charity actually attended school regularly. She was behind most of the scholars, of course; but many a day she spent an hour in the Cozy Corner, where Dorry helped her to study her lessons. Her progress was remarkable.

"You make everything so beautifully plain, I can't help improving," she would say to Dorry. And Dorry would laugh and protest that the teacher was learning as much as the pupil, and that they were a wonderful pair, any way.

All this while, Charity, bright and hopeful, was doing a goodly share of house duties, and making the Danby home more sunny with her happiness. Little Jamie was her delight, as she was his; but she was no longer jaded and discouraged. Ellen Eliza looked at her with pride, and willingly submitted to the school-teaching that Charity, in turn, was able to give her.

"I can't bear 'rithmetic," was the tender-hearted one's comment, "but I have to learn my tables, else Charity 'd worry and Dorry would n't like it. And jography 's nice, 'cause Pa likes me to tell him about it, when he comes home. Soon 's I get big, I mean to make Helen and Is'bella learn their lessons like everything."

Alas! The new educational movement met with a sudden but temporary check in the shape of the measles. One fine day, that unwelcome visitant came into the house, and laid its hand on poor little Helen. In a few days, Isabella and Jamie were down beside her—not very ill, but all three just ill enough to require a darkened room, careful nursing, and a bountiful supply of Dorry's willing oranges.

This was why Charity, for a time, was cut off from her studies, and why she was quite taken by surprise when word came to her of the G. B. C., and that she was to join it, as soon as the little ones could spare her.

You have seen Charity botanizing on the hill-side with the other girls, but to understand her zeal, you should have heard her defend the science against that sarcastic brother of hers—Daniel David. In vain that dreadful boy hung dried stalks and dead branches all about her room, and put dandelions in her tea-cup, and cockles in her hair-brush—pretending all the while that he was a good boy bringing "specimens" to his dear sister. In vain he challenged every botanical remark she made, defying her to prove it. She always was equal to the occasion in spirit, if not in knowledge.

One Saturday morning, though, she had her triumph, and it was an event to be remembered.

Daniel David had listened, with poorly concealed interest, while Charity was describing a flower to Ellen Eliza,—how it has calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistils; how some flowers have not all these parts, but that *all* flowers have pistils and stamens,—when he, as usual, challenged her to "prove it."

"Very well," said Charity, with dignity, and yet a little uneasily; "you bring the flowers, and I think I can satisfy Your Majesty."

Out he ran, and in a moment he came back, bearing defiantly a fine red-clover blossom.

"Ha, my lady!" he said, as he handed it to her. "There 's the first flower I came to; now let 's see you find your pistils and stamens and thingamies."

Instead of replying at once, Charity looked inquiringly at the pretty flower in her hand. She seemed rather puzzled and crestfallen. Daniel David laughed aloud; even Mrs. Danby and the poetic Amanda smiled.

"Oh!" said Charity, at last, with an air of great relief. "I see it now. How funny! I never thought of it before; but the clover-blossom is n't *one* flower at all—it's a good many flowers!"

"Ho! ho!" cried Daniel David. "That's a good one! You can't get out of it in that way, my lady. Can she, Ma?"

Ma did n't know. None of the rest knew; but they all crowded about Charity, while, with trembling fingers, she carefully pulled the blossom to pieces, and discovered that every piece was a flower. "See!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "Dozens of them, and every single one complete. Oh, my! Is n't it wonderful?"

"I surrender," said Daniel David.

"But you've helped me to find out something that I did n't know before," said the enthusiastic sister, forgiving in an instant all his past taunting. "I wonder if Dorothy knows it. Let's go right over and ask her."

"Agreed," said Daniel David. "Wait till I slick up a bit." Off he ran, whistling, and in fifteen minutes he and Charity were with Dorry in the Reed sitting-room, examining the separated, tiny clover-flowers through Donald's microscope.

Dorothy explained to them that the clover-blossom or head is a compound flower, because a head is made up of many flowerets, each complete in itself.

But when she went further, and told them that not only the clover, but every dandelion and daisy in the field is made up of many flowers, even Charity appeared incredulous, saying: "What! Do you mean to say that the daisy, with its yellow center and lovely white petals, is not a flower?"

"No, I don't mean that," said Dorry. "Of

course, the daisy is a flower. But it is a compound flower. What you call white petals are not exactly petals. Anyhow, the yellow center is made up of hundreds of very small flowers. That's what I mean. I have seen them magnified, and they look like yellow lilies."

Daniel David hardly dared to say "prove it" to so elegant a creature as Dorry, but his looks were so expressive that the president of the G. B. C. at once proposed that he should go and gather a dandelion and a daisy, for them to pull to pieces and examine the parts under the microscope.

All of which would have come to pass had not Donald rushed into the house at that moment, calling:

"Dorry! Dorry! Come up on the hill! We're going to set up the targets."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SHOOTING-MATCH.

THE targets, eight in number, which had been made by the boys a few days before, were really fine affairs. They were painted on sheets of strong pasteboard, and were each about eighteen inches in diameter. Every circle from the bull's-eye to the outer ring was carefully made out, and all the targets were of exactly the same measurements. Eight rough tripods already awaited them at the shooting-range, and each tripod had its upright piece of eighteen-inch plank at the top, to which a pasteboard target was now to be firmly fastened.

On any ordinary occasion one or two tripods would have been considered sufficient, but on this special day there was to be a real "match," and a target to each man would be required, so that the contestants could show a clear record of every shot. Experience had proved this to be the best plan.

The spot selected for the shooting-range was well adapted to the purpose. It was a plateau or broad strip of level land, forming the summit of the long slope that rose from the apple-orchard back of the Reed mansion. At the rear or eastern limit of this level land was a steep, grassy ridge, called by the D's the second hill.

Perhaps you will see the plateau more clearly if you read this description which Dorry afterward wrote to a friend at boarding-school:

"* * * Don and the boys have made a lovely summer-house by an apple-tree on the second hill, back of the house. It's so high up that you can look across our place from it, and see the lake in front and the village far down at the left. It is beautiful, looking from the summer-house at sunset, for then the lake sometimes seems to be on fire, and the trees in the orchard between us and the road send long shadows that creep, creep up the hill as if

they were alive. You see we really have two hills, and these are separated or joined, whichever you please, by a long level strip more than a hundred feet wide, forming a grassy terrace. I often imagine a long row of enormous giants resting there on the grass side by side, sitting on the great wide level place, with their backs leaning against the second hill and their feet reaching nearly to the edge of the first hill. Now, I hope you understand. If you don't, you will when you come here to visit me this fall. Well, it was on this level ground that we had the shooting-match I'm going to tell you about, and where something happened that I'll never, never forget as long as I live * * *

While Don and Ed, assisted by the doughty Daniel, are at work setting up the row of targets close to the base of the second hill, so that stray bullets may be safely buried in the soft earth-wall, and while Dorry and Charity are watching the boys from the shady summer-house, we may look into Mr. Reed's study.

He is sitting in his arm-chair by the window, but the warm breeze stealing through the closed blinds is not lulling him to repose; his face is troubled, and he holds something in his hand which he is studying intently, though it seems to give him no satisfaction. It is a small gold chain or necklace, with an old-fashioned square clasp. On a graceful mahogany stand near by are several articles carefully laid together beside an open box, as though he had been examining them also. They were there when Donald knocked at the door, a few moments ago, to ask his uncle to come up later and see the completed arrangements for the shooting-match. But Mr. Reed, without unlocking the door, had said he was very busy, and begged Don to excuse him.

"Certainly, Uncle; but I'm sorry," Don had replied, and even while trudging up the hill with the targets his mind had been busy:

"What is the matter? Something is troubling Uncle George yet. I've noticed it very much of late. There's more to be told, and I must soon have a good square talk with him about it. There's no use in putting it off forever. I can't excuse him from the match, though. Why, it would spoil the whole thing not to have Uncle see it. Would n't it, Dot?" he asked aloud, as Dorry at that moment joined him.

"Would n't what?"

"Why, not to have Uncle here at the match."

"I don't understand," she said, looking puzzled.

"Why, the study door's locked and he's very busy. I was just thinking it would be a pretty go if he should n't come up this afternoon at all."

"What a ridiculous idea!" said Dorry, with a laugh. "Why, of course, Uncle will come there. I'll bring him myself."

And she did.

Of all the company of boys and girls that came trooping up the green slope to the shooting-range that afternoon, not a brighter, happier-looking pair

of faces was seen than Mr. Reed's and Dorry's. The little maid evidently had chased away his troubles for that day.

Donald was too busy to do much more than glance at them, but that glance did him good; his hearty "Ho, Uncle!" did Mr. Reed good, too.

After a careful inspection of the arrangements, and a few words with Don and the other boys concerning the necessary rules and restrictions for the general safety, Mr. Reed retired to the grassy seat of honor that had been prepared for him. The other spectators stood beside him, or settled themselves comfortably upon the turf near by.

Sailor Jack stood at a respectful distance with the smallest youngsters about him, explaining to them "as to how they 'd best stand close, and keep a sharp lookout, for dry land was a pesky dang'rous place at all times, and now, with bullets flyin' about, there was no tellin' what might happen. But if they wanted to see right clever shootin', they could just wait a bit, for Master Donald had the sharpest eye he ever seed in any youngster on sea or shore."

There were to be eight contestants. All had arrived excepting Ben Buster. He had been invited to shoot, but had loftily replied that he had other affairs on hand, but he 'd come if he could. Anyhow, they 'd best have a substitute ready.

Mr. Reed's two rifles and Don's and Ed Tyler's were the only arms to be used; for Mr. Reed had objected to a fully equipped party of young gunners ranging across his estate. But they were not like Creedmoor shooters, who must not only use their own special rifles, but must clean them after every shot. The Nestletown boys were used to trying borrowed weapons, and though a few had grumbled at a fellow not being allowed to bring his own gun, the spirit of sport prevailed, and every face wore a look of eager interest in the occasion.

Ben Buster was missing, but a substitute was soon found, and the match began in earnest, four on a side,—the Reds and the Blues,—each wearing ribbon badges of their respective color.

Dorry had made the four red rosettes and Josie Manning the four blue ones. Besides these, Josie had contributed, as a special prize to the best marksman, a beautiful gold scarf-pin, in the form of a tiny rifle, and the winner was to be the champion shot of the club, ready to hold the prize against all comers.

Ed Tyler had carefully marked off the firing line at a distance of forty paces, or about one hundred feet from the targets, and it was agreed that the eight boys should fire in regular order,—first a Red, then a Blue, one shot at a turn, until each had fired fifteen times in all. This was a plan of their own, "so that no fellow need wait all day for his turn."

As Ed Tyler was a "Blue," and Don a "Red," they found themselves opponents for once. Both were considered "crack shots," but Don soon discovered that he had a more powerful rival in another of the "Blues"—one Barry Outcalt, son of the village lawyer. It soon became evident that the main contest lay between these two, but Don had gained on *him* in the sixth round by sending a fourth bullet, to Barry's second, into the bull's-eye, when Ben Buster was seen strolling up the hill. Instantly his substitute, a tall, nervous fellow, who had outgrown his strength, proposed to resign in Ben's favor, and the motion was carried by acclamation,—the "Blues" hoping everything, and the "Reds" fearing nothing, from the change.

Master Buster was so resolute and yet comical, in his manner, that every one felt there would be fun if he took part. Seeing how matters stood as to the score, he gave a knowing wink to Barry Outcalt, and said he "did n't mind pitchin' in." He had never distinguished himself at target practice, but he had done a good deal of what Dorry called "real shooting" in the West. Besides, he was renowned throughout the neighborhood as a successful rabbit-hunter.

Shuffling to his position, he stood in such a shambling, bow-legged sort of an attitude that even the politest of the girls smiled; and those who were specially anxious that the "Reds" should win felt more than ever confident of success.

If Don flattered himself that it was to be an easy victory, he was mistaken. He still led the rest; but for every good shot he made after that, Ben had already put a companion hole, or its better, in his own target. The girls clapped; the boys shouted with excitement. Every man of the contestants felt the thrill of the moment.

The Blues did their best; and with Outcalt and Ben on the other side, Don soon found that he had heavy work to do. Moreover, just at this stage, one of the Reds seemed to contract a sudden ambition to dot the edge of his target with holes. This made the Blues radiant, and would have disconcerted the Reds but for Don's nerve and pluck. He resolved that, come what might, he would keep cool, and his steadiness inspired his comrades.

"Crack!" went Don's rifle, and the bull's-eye winked in response. A perfect shot!

"Crack!" went Ed's, and *his* bull's-eye did n't wink. The second ring, however, showed the bullet's track.

"Crack!" The next Red left his edge-dot on the target, as usual.

"Crack!" went Outcalt's rifle, and the rim of the bull's-eye felt it.

Another Red went straight to the left edge of the center.

The third Blue sent a shot between targets, clean into the earth-wall.

"Crack!" went the next Red. His target made no sign.

Ben Buster, the Blue, now put in his third center shot. He was doing magnificently.

In the next round, and the next, Donald hit the center, but it was plain that his skill alone would not avail to win the match, unless his comrades should better their shots; so he tried a little generalship. He urged each of the three in turn not to watch the score of the enemy at all, nor to regard the cheers of the Blues, but to give attention solely to making his own score as high as possible. This advice helped them, and soon the Reds once more were slightly ahead of the Blues; but the advantage was not sufficient to insure them a victory. As the final rounds drew near, the interest became intense. Each marksman was the object of all eyes, as he stepped up to the firing-line, and the heat of the contest caused much wild shooting; yet the misses were so evenly divided between the two companies that the score remained almost a tie.

Don stepped to the firing-line. Bull's-eye again!

Ed Tyler next. He gave the Blue's score a lift.

Now for the rim-dotter. He pressed his lips together, braced every nerve, was five minutes taking aim, and this time put his dot very nearly in the center!

Outcalt was bewildered. He had been so sure Jones would hit the rim as usual, that now he seemed to feel bound to do it in Jones's stead. Consequently, his bullet grazed the target and hid its face in the earth-wall.

The third Red fired too hastily, and failed.

Third Blue—a bull's-eye!

Fourth Red—an "outer."

Ben Buster stepped to the line. The Blues cheered as he raised his gun. He turned with a grand bow, and leveled his piece once more. But triumph is not always strength. His previous fine shooting had aroused his vanity, and now the girls' applause quite flustered him. He missed his aim! Worse still, not being learned in the polite art of mastering his feelings, he became vexed, and in the next round actually missed his target entirely.

Poor shooting is sometimes "catching." For a while, neither Reds nor Blues distinguished themselves, until finally only one shot was left to be fired on each side; and, so close was the contest, those two shots would decide the day.

It lay between Ben Buster and Donald.

Each side felt sure that its champion would score a bull's-eye, and if both should accomplish this, the Reds would win by two counts. But if Ben should

hit the center, and Don's bullet even should fall outside of the very innermost circle, the Blues would be the victors. It was simply a question of nerve. Ben Buster, proud of his importance, marched to position, feeling sure of a bull's-eye. But, alas, for overconfidence! The shot failed to reach that paradise of bullets, but fell within the first circle, and so near the bull's-eye that it was likely to make the contest a tie, unless Donald should score a center.

Don had now achieved the feat of gaining nine bull's-eyes out of a possible fifteen. He must make it ten, and that with a score of voices calling to him: "Another bull's-eye, Don!" "One more!" "Don't miss!"

It was a thrilling moment, and any boy would have been excited. Don was. He felt his heart thump and his face flush as he stepped up to the firing-line. Turning for an instant he saw Dorry looking at him proudly, and as she caught his glance she gave her head a saucy, confident little toss as if sure that he would not miss.

"Aye! aye! Dot," said Don under his breath, as, re-assured by her confidence, he calmly raised the gun to his shoulder and took careful aim.

It seemed an age to the spectators before the report sounded. Then, those who were watching Don saw him bend his head forward with a quick motion and for a second peer anxiously at the target. Then he drew back carelessly, but with a satisfaction that he could not quite conceal.

A few moments later, the excited Reds came running up, wildly waving Don's target in their arms. His last bullet had been the finest shot of the day, having struck the very center of the bull's-eye. Even Ben cheered. The Reds had won. Donald was the acknowledged champion of the club.

But it was trying to three of the Reds, and to the Blues worse than the pangs of defeat, to see that pretty Josie Manning pin the little golden rifle on the lapel of Donald's coat.

Little he thought, amid the cheering and the merry breaking-up that followed, how soon his steadiness of hand would be taxed in earnest!

Mr. Reed, after pleasantly congratulating the winning side and complimenting the Blues upon being so hard to conquer, walked quickly homeward in earnest conversation with Sailor Jack.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANGER.

THE company slowly dispersed. Some of the young folk cut across lots to their homes; others, remembering errands yet to be attended to in the village, directed their course accordingly. And

finally, a group of twelve boys, including Donald and Ed Tyler, started off, being the last to leave the shooting-range. They were going down the hill toward the house, talking excitedly about the match, and were just entering the little apple-orchard between the hill and the house, when they espied, afar off, a large dog running toward them.

The swiftness and peculiar gait of the animal attracted their attention, and, on a second look, they noted how strangely the creature hung its head as it ran.

"Hello!" exclaimed Don, "there's something wrong there. See! He's frothing at the mouth. It's a mad dog!"

"That's so!" cried Ed. "Hurry, boys! Make for the trees!"

A glance told them plainly enough that Don was right. The dog was a terrible foe, indeed, for a party of boys to encounter. But the apple-trees were about them, and as all the boys were good climbers, they lost not a moment in scrambling up to the branches.

All but Donald; he, too, had started for one of the nearest trees, when suddenly it occurred to him that the girls had not all left the second hill. Most of them had quitted the range in a bevy, when the match was over; but two or three had wandered off to the summer-house, under the apple-tree, where they had been discussing the affairs and plans of the Botany Club. Don knew they were there, and he remembered the old step-ladder that leaned against the tree; but the dog was making straight for the hill, and would be upon them before they could know their danger! Could he warn them in time? He would, at least, try. With a shout to his companions: "The girls! the girls!" he turned and ran toward the hill at his utmost speed, the dog following, and the boys in the trees gazing upon the terrible race, speechless with dread.

Donald felt that he had a good start of his pursuer, however, and he had his gun in his hand, but it was empty. Luckily, it was a repeating-rifle; and so, without abating his speed, he hastily took two cartridges from his jacket and slipped them into the chamber of the gun.

"I'll climb a tree and shoot him!" he said to himself, "if only I can warn the girls out of the way."

"Girls! Girls!" he screamed. But as he looked up, he saw, descending the hill and sauntering toward him, his sister and Josie Manning, absorbed in earnest conversation.

At first he could not utter another sound, and he feared that his knees would sink under him. But the next instant he cried out with all his might:

"Back! Back! Climb the tree for your lives! Mad dog! Mad dog!"

The two girls needed no second warning. The sight of the horrible object speeding up the slope in Donald's tracks was enough. They ran as they never had run before, reached the tree in time, and, with another girl whom they met and warned, clambered, breathless, up the ladder to the sheltering branches.

Then all their fears centered upon Donald, who by this time had reached the plateau just below them, where the shooting-match had been held. He turned to run toward the apple-tree, when, to the dismay of all, his foot slipped, and he fell prostrate. Instantly he was up again, but he had not time to reach the tree. The dog already was over the slope, and was making toward him at a rapid, swinging gait, its tongue out, its blood-shot eyes plainly to be seen, froth about the mouth, and the jaws opening and shutting in vicious snaps.

Dorry could not stand it; she started to leave the tree, but fell back with closed eyes, nearly fainting, while the other girls clung, trembling, to the branches, pale and horrified.

To the credit of Donald be it said, he faced the danger like a man. He felt that the slightest touch of those dripping jaws would bring death, but this was the time for action.

Hastily kneeling behind a stump, he said to himself: "Now, Donald Reed, they say you're a good shot. Prove it!" And, steadying his nerves with all the resolution that was in him, he leveled his rifle at the advancing dog and fired.

To his relief, the poor brute faltered and dropped—dead—as Don thought. But it was only wounded; and, staggering to its feet again, it made another dash toward the lad.

Don was now so encouraged, so thankful that his shot had been true, that, as he raised his gun a second time, he scarcely realized his danger, and was almost as cool as if firing at the target on the range, although the dog was now barely a dozen feet away. This was the last chance. The flash leaped from Don's rifle, and at the same moment he sprang up and ran for the tree as fast as his legs would carry him. But, before the smoke had cleared, a happy cry came from the girls in the tree. He glanced back, to see the dog lying flat and motionless upon the ground.

Quickly reloading his gun, and never taking his finger from the trigger, he cautiously made his way back to the spot. But there was nothing to fear now. He found the poor brute quite dead, its hours of agony over.

The group that soon gathered around looked at it and at one another without saying a word.

Then Dorry spoke: "Stand back, everybody. It's Uncle know. Ask him if we shall bury it right dangerous to go too near. I've often heard that." here." "That 's the best," cried Dot, excitedly,



THE GIRLS LOOKED ON, TREMBLING AND HORRIFIED.

"Yes," said Don, "the body must be disposed of at once."

"Bury it right here where it lies," suggested Ed; and Donald nodding a silent "Certainly," added, aloud: "Poor fellow! Whose dog can he be?"

"Why it 's our General!" cried one of the boys. "As sure as I live it is! He was well yesterday." Then, turning pale, he added: "Oh, I must go right home ——"

"Go with him, some of you fellows," Don said, as she started off. "Jack and I'll bring spades." gravely; "and Dot, suppose you run and let "Yes; but tell Uncle!" Don shouted after her.



"DON LEVELED HIS RIFLE, AND FIRED."

A CURIOUS ROLLING BRIDGE.

SOME of our readers may remember that in Robert Browning's famous poem of "Hervé Riel," which was reprinted in our "Treasure-box of Literature" for September, 1881, the poet mentions the town and roadstead of St. Malo. This old sea-port town of Normandy is situated upon a

made up his mind to be buried on it. At the extreme end of the rock, so close to the edge that it is a wonder how the grave was ever dug, stands a plain granite cross,—his only monument.

"I had often admired the pretty bay, and wondered to see so many islands near the land; but



lovely little bay, and the curious contrivance shown in the above picture was used as a bridge across part of this bay.

We do not know whether this queer bridge still exists or not, but you will be interested in the following description of it by an English traveler:

"A little after midday, our vessel steamed into the bay so famous for its beauty and its oysters.

"Just before we entered it, we had passed a French lightship, and I had been much amused by watching our union jack being hauled up and down, to say 'Good-morning' in nautical language to our foreign friend.

"The bay is studded with islands of various sizes and forms, the largest of all being surmounted with a fort, while another, near enough to land to be reached on foot at low water, contains the grave of the great French writer Chateaubriand.

"He was born at St. Malo, and the townspeople presented this rocky island to him.

"It was rather an awkward present, after all too small to live upon, and too large to carry away and put in a museum; so Chateaubriand

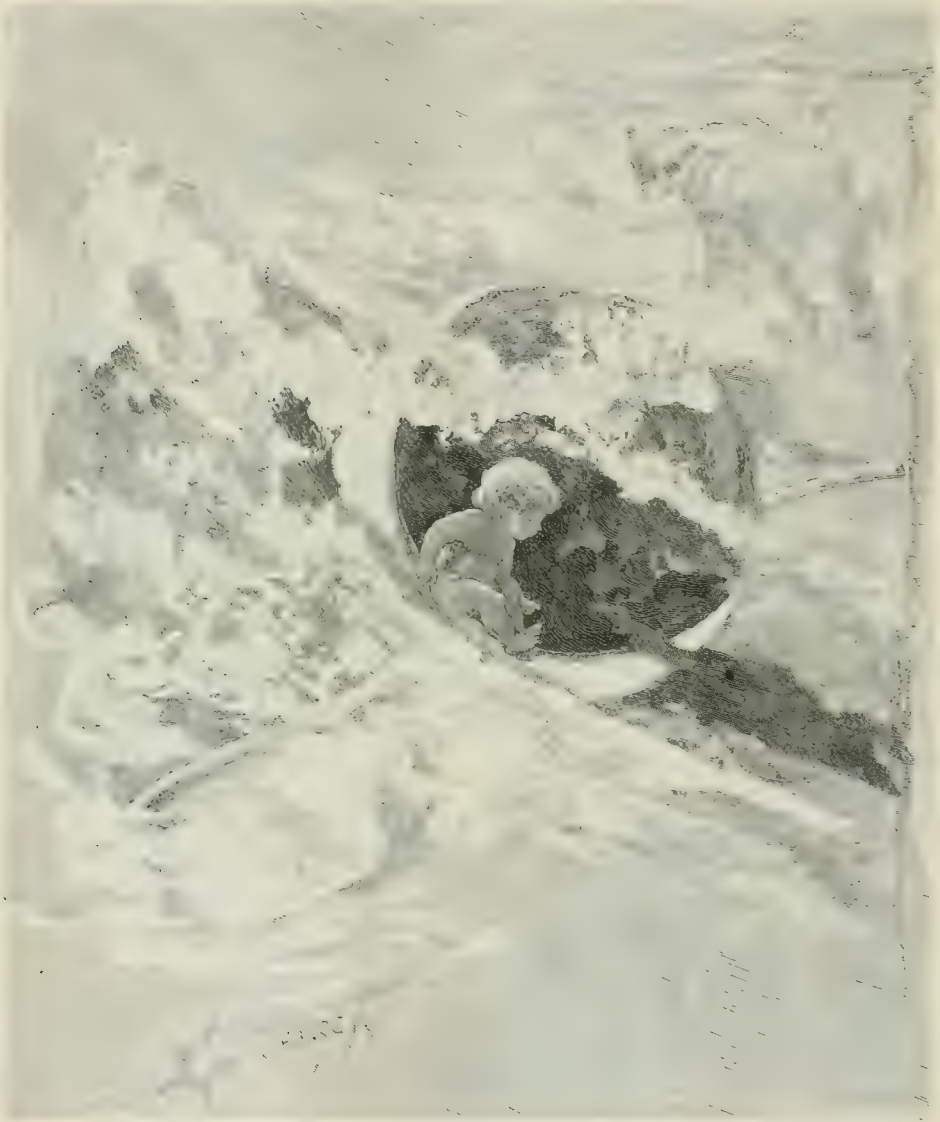
now for the first time I learned the cause of this, being told by a Frenchman that formerly there was no bay, but that centuries ago the mainland had been split by a great earthquake, which had let in the ocean.

"I was interested by this account, and was wondering over it, when the sight of a ghostly looking machine, creeping along across our path, roused me.

"It was the rolling bridge that plies between St. Malo and St. Servan. The 'bridge' is a sort of railed platform, bearing a small covered cabin, and supported high in air by slender trestle-work; beneath the trestle are set the wheels, which run on rails laid upon the bottom and visible at low water. The passengers being all on board, a man sounds a trumpet, and then the machine glides silently and swiftly across, worked by a little engine on one side of the harbor. When it is high water, and the lower part of the bridge can not be seen, it is most peculiar to watch the spidery-looking contrivance making its way across without any visible propeller."

THE BOY IN THE MOON.

BY CLARA L. BURNHAM.



A WEE baby boy sitting up in his cradle,
With fleecy cloud-curtains draped high o'er his head.—
He blinks at the "dipper," that big starry ladle,
Nor fears that the "great bear" will tread on his bed.
But night after night, as he sails through the heavens,
His cradle is changed to a golden balloon,
And baby, grown older, leans out and looks earthward,
Where children hail gayly the Man in the Moon.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A QUEER FLY.

By L. H.

It was on Little Snake River, near the Colorado line, that I saw my queer fly, one bright, sunny day, in the early summer, when the vegetation was just blossoming in that high latitude, although much further advanced in more favored regions. On a well-beaten path in the alkaline soil, which the sun had warmed and dried, the fly was hurrying along, dragging, with its slender legs, another insect, apparently dead, which seemed a heavy burden for it. The little creature would stop every few minutes to take a breathing-spell, and at these times it would spread its wings upon the ground and lie perfectly motionless; then, as if receiving increase of strength from contact with the earth, it would shake itself, and return to its wearisome task. We soon discovered that its purpose was to find a perfectly dry and safe spot in which to bury its burden, until the occupant of the egg that she was about to lay in it should come to life, feed on the entombed insect, and at last rise from its grave, expand its iridescent wings, and fly away.

There were four of us, officers of the army, watching the performance, which was new to all, and, as the sequel proved, very interesting. After a few moments, the fly dropped her burden and went off to select a spot suitable for her purpose. But, in a short time, apparently fearing that her treasure might be disturbed during her absence, she started to fly back. While she was gone, however, one of us moved her prey a short distance away from where it had been left, and when she returned and did not find it, she fell into a flutter of excitement. She flew swiftly about in circles, widening at every round, until she became wearied, when she spread herself prone on the ground until rested, and then retraced her path, lessening the circles and never becoming confused. Soon the insect was placed where she could find it, when she seized it with unmistakable pleasure and bore it away to the site of the grave, and, after resting a second or two, began to dig with might and main. Her manner of excavating was peculiar; she stood on her head and, spinning swiftly around like a top, bored into the ground like an auger, making a humming noise with her wings. When exhausted by this violent exercise, she was not satisfied with

merely resting on the ground, but sought the shade cast by a blade of grass or a leaf of a tiny shrub, which afforded a cool retreat to her slender body.

The hole was soon bored out, and smoothed to exactly the right width and depth to receive the seemingly dead insect, although no measurements had been made by this Lilliputian engineer, who had worked with unerring skill, unheeding the giants watching her. Having completed her task, she took a good rest within the shadow of her favorite leaf, and then sought her burden. But, again, it was gone!

At this, she acted precisely as if she were saying: "Oh, dear, dear! I laid the thing there, close by the grave, as sure as sure. And yet I must be mistaken; for I had paralyzed it with my sting so that it could neither fly nor walk; and those hulking giants standing around here would not be so mean as to steal it from me. Oh, fie! There it is. I fear my brains are in a whirl from overwork in this hot sun. I could have sworn I laid it on *this* side, instead of on *that*." (One of us had moved the insect again.) Then she laid an egg in the insect.

The burial did not take her long; deftly she patted down the dust, and butted at it, using her small head as a battering-ram; but before she had half finished, she was forced from sheer weakness to seek again the shady covert of the leaf.

And during this interval,—so eager were we to observe the little worker's queer ways,—we took advantage of her absence to remove the insect from its hole and lay it on the ground alongside. When she returned, she looked at it intently for a moment, and then patiently went to work to put it back; and this was repeated twice, with the same result. Finally the patient fly, after resting a longer time than usual, returned to give the finishing touches to the grave, and finding it again despoiled, seemed to become terribly enraged, as if convinced that the insect was trying to make a fool of her. She fell upon it and stung it again and again, and finally destroyed it by repeated blows.

At this unexpected *dénouement*, we walked away to our tents, amazed that so small a head should contain such a volume of wrath.



BY AUNT FANNY.

"WHAT you fink I dot in dis box?" asked Ma-yo, hold-ing out a lit-tle yel-low pa-per box that once had held ice-cream.

"I don't know," said Aunt Ni-na.

"Well, you dess," said Ma-yo.

"Oh, must I? I guess it is ice-cream!"

"No!" shout-ed Ma-yo. "It is two 'it-tle mous-ies." And o-pen-ing the box, he dropped in his aunt's lap two ti-ny mice, quite dead.

"Where *did* you get these?" asked Aunt Ni-na.

"Mar-gy gave dem to me. She shaked 'em out of a 'it-tle red box."

"Oh, poor lit-tle things! That red box was a trap; it killed them, and now their moth-er is look-ing for them. Poor mam-ma mouse!"

"Tell me 'bout it," said Ma-yo, ea-ger-ly, and he climbed to his aunt's lap and put the mice back in the box. Aunt Ni-na began:

"Once up-on a time, there lived un-der the pan-try floor a brown mouse, and she had two lit-tle mous-ies named Brown-ie and Black-ie. They were ver-y hap-py. They played hide and go seek, and they had plen-ty to eat, for the serv-ant let ma-n-y crumbs of bread and cake fall on the floor. The moth-er mouse was al-ways tell-ing her chil-dren nev-er to go near a big creat-ure that lived in the house, and that had great green eyes and fierce whisk-ers, and would pounce up-on them and eat them up, if he should catch one of them.

"So, when Brown-ie and Black-ie came through the lit-tle hole in the cor-ner of the pan-try, just a-bove the floor, their bright black eyes looked right and left, and up and down, to see if that dread-ful creat-ure was a-ny-where near.

"Some-times the pan-try door was o-pen, and they would see the creat-ure sit-ting close by, and then, whew! they would rush back through the hole, their hearts beat-ing fast be-cause they were so fright-ened. Do you know the name of that big creat-ure?"

"I dess it was a nor-ful bear," said Ma-yo.

"No; it was a CAT!" said Aunt Ni-na. "Let us look at the poor lit-tle mice in the box. Don't you see that a cat is twen-ty times big-ger than one of these mice? A cat seems as big to a lit-tle mouse as an el-e-phant seems to you.

"Well, one day the pan-try door was shut, and out came Brown-ie and Black-ie to hunt for a break-fast. It was not a dark pan-try, for there was a lit-tle win-dow in the side of the wall. They whisked and frisked a-round, and soon saw in one cor-ner a great ma-n-y bread-crumbs. In an-oth-er was a lit-tle heap of su-gar, a-bout as large as a sil-ver dol-lar, and at least half a crack-er lay near it. Here was a splen-did feast!—too much, in-deed; so the good lit-tle things car-ried the crack-er to the hole and pushed it through, so that it might be hand-y when sup-per-time should come.

"'Let 's play hide and go seek,' said Brown-ie, who could not work for long with-out hav-ing a game of play.

"'Oh, yes!' cried Black-ie. 'And I'll be the one to hide first—why, what 's that?' he asked, point-ing with his sharp nose at a small red box un-der the shelf.

"'Let 's go and see,' said Brown-ie. 'Oh, how nice some-thing smells!' And he went sniff, sniff, sniff-ing, close up to the box. 'Look! There is a

round hole in it! — sniff, sniff. ‘I do de-clare, it is that lit-tle yel-low lump, in-side, that smells so sweet! Dear me, Black-ie! It makes me feel so hun-gry that I’ll have to go and try a bit of it.’

“‘No; let me go!’ cried Black-ie.

“‘No! I found it first,’ said Brown-ie.

“‘Well, so you did,’ an-swered the good lit-tle broth-er; ‘but don’t you eat it all, will you?’

“‘Why, no! I would n’t be so mean.’ Then Brown-ie ran quick-ly and put his head through the hole.

“‘Click!’ went some-thing, and a shin-y wire hoop, that was ly-ing on top of the box, flew up and made an arch. Brown-ie’s legs kicked a lit-tle, and then he was quite still.

“‘Dear me, how long he stays!’ thought Black-ie, quite read-y for his bite of the yel-low lump. ‘I do be-lieve he means to eat ev-ery sin-gle bit. I think it is too bad of him.’

“He went to his broth-er, and tried to pull him out by his legs, but Brown-ie did not stir. At this, Black-ie be-came ver-y an-gry, and said: ‘I’ll just go home and tell my moth-er how mean he is!’ Then he ran a-round the red box, and what should he es-py but an-oth-er hole, and in-side of it an-oth-er yel-low lump!

“‘O-ho!’ he cried, ‘I can have a feast, too! What fun!’

“He poked his head, in a great hur-ry, through the hole, and the next in-stant that sound came a-gain — ‘Click!’ And an-oth-er wire hoop flew up on top of the box.

“And oh, what a pit-y! Both lit-tle broth-ers were ‘caught, and killed in the cru-el trap — and here they are, dead, in your box. Are n’t you sor-ry?’

“Yes,” said Ma-yo. “Poor ‘it-tle mous-ies! ‘at was a jef-ful bad t’ap to kill poor fings!” and he took them up gent-ly and smoothed their soft fur.

Then, what do you think that lit-tle boy did? He slid down from his aunt’s lap and went to Mar-gy, the cook, and begged her to give him the red box; and at last she gave it to him. Then Ma-yo went in-to the gar-den and poked the trap a-way un-der a cur-rant-bush, where no-bod-y would ev-er think of look-ing for it. “Bad box!” he said, shak-ing his fing-er at it; “you s’ant kill a-ny more poor ‘it-tle mous-ies!”

He car-ried Brown-ie and Black-ie ‘round the house all that day. He showed them to the gar-den-er, and the coach-man, and the cook; and in the af-ter-noon his aunt coaxed him to dig a hole un-der a rose-bush, and there they bur-ied the two lit-tle broth-er mice.

Ma-yo still feels sor-ry for the “poor ‘it-tle mous-ies.” I do, too. Don’t you?

THE LETTER "B."

B stands for Builder, so skillful and quick,
Who makes a fine dwelling of marble and brick.

B stands for Bird, who, the first time he tried,
Made a nice cozy nest for his gay little bride.

B stands for Bee who builds the fine cell,
To hold the sweet honey you all love so well.

B stands for Beaver, a nice dam he made,
And borrowed no hammer, nor trowel, nor spade.

And Benny can build a card **A** as you see,
Though he is a builder beginning with **B**.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HOW DO BIRDIES LEARN TO SING?

How do birdies learn to sing?

From the whistling wind so fleet,
From the waving of the wheat,
From the rustling of the leaves,
From the rain-drop on the eaves,
From the tread of welcome feet,
From the children's laughter sweet,
Little birdies learn their trill
As they gayly float at will
In the gladness of the sky,
When the clouds are white and high,
In the beauty of the day
Speeding on their sunny way,
Light of heart, and fleet of wing—
That's how birdies learn to sing.

Jack says so, any way.

HO, FOR A NEW CANDY!

DEAR JACK: Having just seen a curiosity, one which I am sure will be found very interesting to many of your readers, I thought I would write to you about it. It is "Violet Candy," made of violets grown in Paris. It was given to my uncle in New Orleans, by a gentleman who had just received it from France.

It is beautiful as well as delicious, for it retains its shape and color, and, wonderful to say, its *flavor* also, if I may so express it. The whole violet, with its stem and every petal perfect, is conserved, and in both smell and taste it is as fragrant as a freshly plucked flower.

Yours truly,

FRANK BETHUNE.

Poor violets! What are they coming to?

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAIL-MARK.

THERE is a mark of a finger-nail minted on a certain Chinese coin, and it originated, I'm told, in the time of the great Queen Wentek. A wax model of a proposed coin was brought to her for inspection, and in handling it she happened to leave upon it the impression of one of her finger-

nails. Nobody dared to efface it, and for hundreds of years the curious nail-mark has appeared on that Chinese coin. And it has even been copied in those of Japan and Corea.

SOME QUEER FACTS ABOUT CHICKENS.

"HUMPH! a pretty pass things have come to, when people must know everything about everybody," said a timid feathered friend of mine when I told him of a letter I had received, detailing some particular secrets of Mr. Chanticleer and his family, and I sympathized with him. "The interests of science, you know," was all I could say. And here is the letter:

DEAR JACK: A gentleman friend of mine, who is very familiar with the habits of chickens, says that the rooster, when danger approaches, almost always gives a peculiar warning cry of alarm. It is not noisy, like the crow of defiance or triumph, but when the human ear has once observed it, it does sound very strikingly like an alarm. It has a guarded "Look out—something is wrong!" sound, and is given whenever the rooster is startled, or sometimes when he is suddenly disturbed.

If there is no rooster about, the hens will sometimes make the sound described; and the mother-hen will always do her best for her chicks in time of danger. I have known them to so thoroughly hide themselves, under her instructions, on the approach of a hawk, that I did not dare step about in the half-grown clover for fear of treading upon them; yet she had not staid by them. I found her near by, under some tall bushes, the clover probably being too short to hide her.

My friend raises many chickens, and whenever an egg is near hatching he can tell, by placing it suddenly close to his ear, whether the chick inside is a rooster or not; for it will give an alarm note resembling the one I have told you of.

I suppose he would not be absolutely certain that silence meant a cunning little Dame Pullet inside, but he says that he has very often heard Master Chanticleer declaring in advance, while not yet out of his shell, his determination to protect himself and his friends.

Yours truly,

M. A. P.

A VILLAGE CAPTURED BY BEES!

If you don't believe it, just read this item from a trustworthy newspaper:

"The village of West Fairview, Cumberland County, Pa., has been afflicted with a plague of bees. Two of the citizens keep some one hundred and thirty hives, and as bad weather made other food scarce, the interesting insects invaded the stores and houses in quest of sweets. Half a bushel of them swarmed in one man's kitchen, of which they remained sole tenants for a week. In that house, on their account, all fruit canning and preserving had to be done at night, and for many days all the family had to climb out and in by the windows, the bees laying siege to the doors. In addition to this, whole orchards of fruit and arbors of grapes were devoured by the bees. Dozens of persons were badly stung while passing along the streets, and a reign of terror was established."

Your Jack has nothing to say for those bees—excepting that when men "invade" the bees' homes "in quest of sweets," we seem to see no newspaper notices of "a reign of terror"! But the bees may take account of it, perhaps, in some way of their own.

MUSIC-LOVING RATS

DEAR JACK: In the December number of the ST. NICHOLAS I read about a music-loving squirrel, which made me think of a story my mamma often tells us. When she was a little girl, she used to stand in a window near a stable, in the yard of which there were a great many rats. As soon as she began to sing, one rat after another would stick his head out of a hole; but as soon as she stopped, away they would go. In a house we used to live in, there were a great many rats, which made such a noise in the garret that it sometimes frightened strangers who came to stay all night. We had a bag of chestnuts on the stairs. One night the rats discovered them, and we could hear them pitter-patter up and down the stairs, scamper across the floor, and then drop the nuts down between the walls. This they kept up until we spoiled their fun by taking the nuts away.

Your faithful reader,

BLANCHE MCCORMICK, 12 years old.

SIDE-SADDLES FOR MEN.

WONDERS will never cease! Who would believe that in *any* part of the world men would ride on ladies' saddles? But an English gentleman,—Mr. Palgrave,—who has been to Arabia, says that it is all the fashion in one part of that country, where both men and women ride their donkeys with side-saddles.

THE SPERM WHALE.

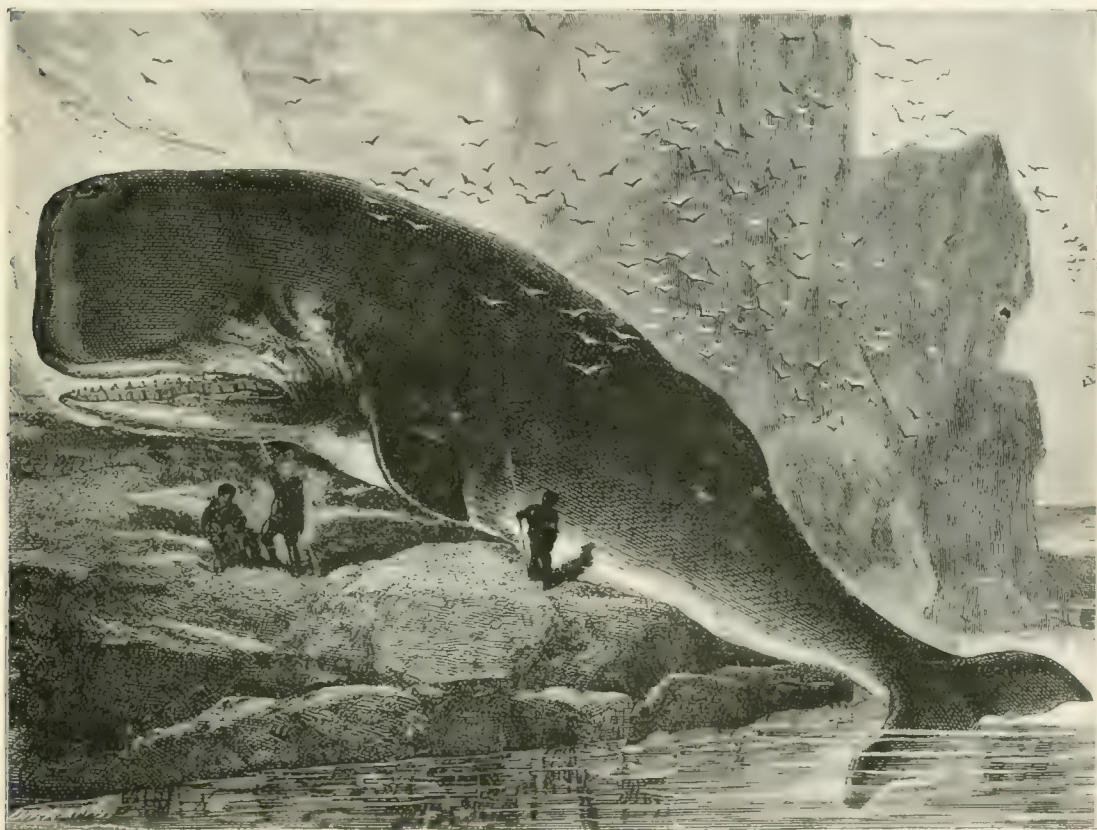
HERE is a letter, my friends, which to a land-lubber, like your Jack, is very interesting, and I am sure it is true. So let's read it together, and take a good look, too, at the picture.

As I am an honest Jack, the enormous, finny, fish-tailed fellow shown here looks very like a fish.

and dragged up high and dry for inspection. He reminds me, somehow, of a story about one Gulliver that the Little School-ma'am tells. But here is the letter:

DEAR JACK,—Here is a picture of a "great fish" that is not a fish, and I am sure you may be pleased to show it to your young friends. Though whales live in the water, you may say, they are not really like fishes. They can not breathe under water, and would be drowned, just as we should, if kept there too long. They hold their breath while below, and when they come to the surface they blow out the used air through blow-holes near the top of the head.

The two kinds of whales are called Boned whales and Toothed whales. The boned whales have no teeth, but have instead a mass of what is known as "whalebone," hanging down from the roof of the mouth at each side of the tongue. By means of this whalebone they secure their food, which consists of very small, soft, floating creatures. The toothed whales, on the contrary, have stout, strong teeth, and with these they kill and tear to pieces the great animals on which they feed. The sperm-whale is the largest of the toothed



But the letter says he is not a fish. And I am told that Mr. Ingersoll says the same thing about those queer creatures, the seals, in this very number of *St. Nicholas*.

By the way, Jack does n't quite see how that whale ever got up on the shore so nicely. It is n't enough for some of you clever youngsters to say that the artist *drew* him up there. We want something more scientific. May be, the huge creature has been thrown up by some terrible storm,—and, may be, he has been caught by whale-fishermen

variety, and it is a sperm-whale which is represented in the picture I send. Some of them grow to be sixty-five and even seventy feet in length. The sperm-whale is killed not only for the sake of the oil or blubber which it yields, but also for the spermaceti—a material which is found in the head of the whale, and which looks something like camphor gum and is used for making candles and other things. Another curious product, which is sometimes found in the body of the sperm-whale, and which is worth more, even, than the spermaceti, is called ambergris. It is a substance used in the manufacture of perfumery, and brings a very high price.

The sperm-whale feeds chiefly on cuttle-fishes, which it easily destroys with its very strong teeth, sometimes killing cuttles that are nearly as long as itself. It is found mostly in the seas near the equator, unlike some of the other species, which seem to love the cold.

Will you tell your children all this, with my compliments, and believe me, dear Jack,

Yours truly, W. O. A.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

As a great many of our new subscribers may not have seen the earlier volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, they may be glad to read here one of Mr. Longfellow's contributions to this magazine,—the fine poem of "The Three Kings," originally printed in the Christmas ST. NICHOLAS for 1877.

THE THREE KINGS

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltazar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they traveled by night and they slept by day;
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And the Wise Men knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night over hills and dells,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at the way-side wells.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltazar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news,
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered: "You ask in vain:
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain
Like riders in haste who can not wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;
And said: "Go down into Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will.
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,—
The child that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet;
The gold was their tribute to a king;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With the clatter of hoofs, in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

IN connection with the mention of "The Old Clock on the Stairs," in the two articles concerning Mr. Longfellow, given in the present number, it should be said that the clock upon the stairs in his house at Cambridge was not the one mentioned in his famous poem. That special clock stood in the house of Mr. Longfellow's father-in-law, at Pittsfield, Mass. But the poet was in the habit of pointing out particularly the favorite old-fashioned clock on the stairs of his Cambridge home, and naturally visitors sometimes made the mistake of supposing this one to be the old clock of the poem.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You asked in the April number who could say more about "El Escorial." I think, as I have seen it, I shall be able to do so. It was built by Philip II., king of Spain, three centuries ago, in memory of a battle fought on the day dedicated to San Lorenzo, who was martyred on a gridiron, for which reason the palace is built in the shape of a gridiron. By some it is called the eighth wonder of the world. It is situated about two hours' ride from Madrid, and on the edge of a hill, in a prominent position. It is comparatively plain on the outside, but very handsome in the interior. There is a church in the center, under which is a grand and beautiful mausoleum, built of marble from all parts of the world. Many kings of Spain are buried there and several niches are empty, waiting for future kings. The walls of some of the rooms are inlaid with woods which came from South America and cost seven million francs.

I am always very anxious to receive ST. NICHOLAS, and all the time I was abroad I watched for it with as much interest as we did for letters. Yours truly, EMMA W. COMFORT, 12 years.

MR. WILLSON'S article in the February ST. NICHOLAS, on "How to Run," has, it seems, proved very popular among the boy-readers of ST. NICHOLAS; and the following, which is one of the best letters that we have received, shows how practical and useful Mr. Willson's hints have been:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We read that article in your number for February on running, and we tried breathing through our noses. Though not able to run a quarter of a mile before, yet the first time I tried it I ran nearly three-quarters of a mile, and I can now run a mile and a half without any difficulty, and my sister, who is writing with me, ran a mile the first time *she* tried.

MARGARET W. STICKNEY.
WESTON STICKNEY.

In connection with this article, also, we must add the following newspaper items concerning two famous runners, which have been sent to us by kind correspondents:

"Count Eugène Kinsky, of the old Czechian nobility, was noted in Austria as an athlete and runner. A friend of his in Pesth was the other day singing the praises of the 'Orloff' trotters, which at one time did excellent work in the trotting races in Vienna. The Count made a large bet that he would beat this pair on foot at a short-distance race, viz., half a length of the Pesth Rondeau, some two

[illegible]

afternoon of June 11, 1831, he entered the Kremlin at 10 o'clock A.M. on June 25, having accomplished the distance, 1,760 miles, in thirteen

couriers when marched against them. He never walked, but invariably ran, his only refreshment being one biscuit and an ounce of raspberry syrup per day, and two short rests of ten or fifteen minutes, leaning against a tree or other support; at such times he covered his face with a handkerchief and slept. After the nap, he pursued his way as much refreshed as though he had slept for hours. In 1836, while in the employ of the East India Company, Mensen was charged with the conveying of despatches from Calcutta to Constantinople through Central Asia. The distance is 5,615 miles, which the messenger accomplished in fifty-nine days, or in one-third of the time made by the swiftest caravan. At last he was employed

THE author of "The Children's Fan Brigade" (printed in *S. N. Y.*) has shown that the Drill Prompter, suggested in that article, is rather a hindrance than an aid, as it is confusing to have a voice break in when the drill must go bar by bar with the music, and each bar brings the next movement to mind. The drill is essentially a silent one, as each child carries the movements mentally, and the music itself is the prompter.

She calls attention also to an error in one of the illustrations of the article. In the picture entitled "Gossip," there should be only one row of girls. The illustration shows two rows of girls, and this movement are correct, as they include but one row of girls.

The Fan Brigade has proved to be one of the most popular entertainments in the country. For these corrections for the benefit of any persons who are thinking of performing this entertaining and picturesque drill.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FIFTEENTH REPORT

At the time of making our latest report the highest number on our register was 2143. Now we number 2630—making a gain, in two months, of nearly 500. At this rate, we may hope for a membership of 5000 before Christmas.

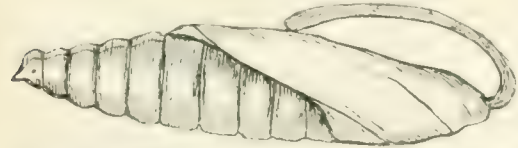
1. *Explain the importance of the following factors in the development of a country's economy:*

Minerals.—H. E. Sawyer, 37 Gates St., So. Boston, Mass.
Other flowers, for any violets excepting *Viola cucullata, blanda,*
and *calceoliflora*.—J. J. Collins, 111 Columbia St.,
Columbus, Wis.
Foreign and native woods, sea-mosses, wood-mosses, shells, ferns,
flowers, and minerals.—Wm. C. Phillips, New Bedford, Mass.
Geodes, from the size of a walnut to the size of a water-bucket.—
Z. T. Snively, Wayland, Clark Co., Mo.
"The Mysterious Island," "Dropped from the Clouds," and
"Abandoned," by Jules Verne.—Russell D. Jannez, Marietta, O.
Birds' eggs and woods, for eggs.—I. B. Russell, 95 Belleville Ave.,
Newark, N. J.
Engrinite stones for sea-shells.—John T. Nixon, Osage City, Kan.
A great variety of minerals, for others or Indian relics.—A. J.
Martin, Jr., 174 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Sea-shells and sand-dollars, for ores.—Philip C. Tucker, Jr., Gal-
veston, Texas.
Insects.—G. W. Pepper, Taunton, Mass.
Five cocoons of *Attacus Cecropia*, for one living cocoon of *At-
tacus Luna*. Also, ores and pearl shells for exchange.—Thomas B.
Emery, 3238 Dearborn St., Chicago

[illegible]

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Within the year we have added to our cabinet many specimens of minerals and precious stones; 100 pressed floral balls, corals, and woods; 20 species of river shells (*Unio*); 15 land shells and 50 sea shells; and about 100 miscellaneous specimens. The entire collection is now valued at more than \$250.



Late in the fall, my brother and I found in the river a very large chrysalis. At first I thought it was dead, but when I got home and was showing it to Mother, it moved, and I am now anxiously wait-

ing for the appearance of the moth. It has a curious stem-like appendage growing from the head, curved backward, and fastened

Questions for the A. V. I. W. I. What will the model be? II. What is the appendage? III. How did the chrysalis get into the river?

Our collection is rapidly increasing; an interesting feature of it is a tarantula's nest. It is made of mud and clay, and has a trap-door, apparently on hinges. The spider enters, closes the door, and it is impossible to open it. The only visible fastening is a small white spot, just inside the door; but the manner of holding it closed is, I presume, a mystery.

Let us exchange California flowers for seeds and cuttings. We will mount them, and wish others to do the same. Please reprint the secretary's address, giving the name of _____ Yours truly, _____

MAUDE SMITH.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1882.

This branch was organized on Wednesday, the 25th of January, 1881, and although the society is only a year old, in the treasurer's book are recorded the names of one hundred and twenty-five members. We have a cabinet filled with specimens, fifty dollars' worth of which we purchased.

We have a small library of volumes by the very best authors in natural history. We have everything we need, excepting a microscope, and we intend to purchase one some day. We have a picture of Louis Agassiz hanging over our cabinet.

GEO. W. POUND, Sec.

[This letter is truly inspiring. It is an illustration of what might be done in hundreds of towns if young and old, school committees and teachers, parents and children, would all unite. Not much sale for dime novels in Lockport!]

PIGEON COVE, MASS., Feb. 27, 1882.

We now number nine active and two honorary members. We formed in February, 1881, and now our cabinet overflows with valuable specimens. We have most of the common minerals in our vicinity. [Good!] We have for exchange marine curiosities and Cape Ann minerals, some of which are found nowhere else. Please refer us to Chapters in the West and South.

CHAS. H. ANDREWS, Curator.

Will you admit us as a Chapter of your Association? I am a type-setter, and work ten hours in the office, and walk four miles besides, every day. [Think of that, boys, who think you "have n't time!"] This is a young lady, too—you must know! Three others are my sisters, from nine to nineteen. Seven others are bright,

hard-working, economical German boys and girls, and the rest are Americans. We none of us know anything, in a systematic way, about natural history, but some of us know all about where the earliest flowers grow, can tell ever so many different kinds of wood in the lumber, and all know marvelous stories of the instinct and "human ways" of domestic animals. We have few books and almost no books of reference. We have little time, and less money to spend. Now, do you want us? We are ready to do our best.

[Thrice and four times welcome! A Chapter after our own heart.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 25, 1882.

We have ten members. Our aim is not to have a large number, but to have a few good workers. We have honorary members, among whom are Prof. Bastin of the Chicago University, and Prof. Delfontaine of the High School. Prof. Bastin recently gave us a lecture on the "Motions of Climbing Plants." We use Geikie's Geology, printed in the Science Primer edition, and assign passages to be elaborated by our members. One of our number was lately fortunate enough to win a \$110 microscope, in a prize examination in microscopy open to the students of any incorporated college in this city. C. S. BROWN, Sec., 117 Park Place.

[The whole "A. A." will feel pleased that one of its members has won this fine instrument. The adjective "fortunate" is entirely too modest.]

GENEVA, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1882.

The scholars and teachers of the "Quincy School" have been much interested in the Agassiz Association. We have formed a Chapter under the name "Geneva A. A.," with twenty-five members. Our first meeting was held last week. We talked about sponges. Six boys took part. At the close of a very interesting discussion, a Venus basket-sponge was presented to us. Our next talk will be on gamebirds. We shall be glad to correspond and exchange with other chapters. MISS N. A. WILSON, Sec.

[These school Chapters constitute one of the pleasantest features of the A. A. Teachers and scholars work much more frequently side by side than formerly, and it is an excellent thing for them both.]

COLUMBUS, WIS., Feb. 26, 1882.

Our time has been divided among flowers, insects, and minerals, and we have good collections of each.

We consider our seventy-five specimens of flowers as only a beginning. We have them nicely mounted, with a full analysis of each, and we are very anxious for spring, that we may again search the woods and meadows. There are so few of us, that we think of having painted badges. Yours for the cause, F. T. GRISWOLD, Sec.

DEPERE, WIS., Feb. 27, 1882.

We have eleven new members, making twenty in all, to which number we have limited our Chapter for the present. Our badges are of double-faced satin ribbon, pink on one side, and blue on the other. They are stamped with A. A. in gilt, and painted, on the blue side, with trailing arbutus. The pink side, being used to distinguish the officers, is painted with wood violets and grasses. At our last meeting, some very convincing evidence of animals' counting was given, in the case of a water-spaniel. If his master, while hunting, drops two birds, he will not return to the boat without both, and if only one has fallen, he returns satisfied when he has found that one.

MRS. R. W. ARNDT, Sec.

WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

At first we were six, but we now number twelve. There is not a boy among us, and we are going to see what the girls can do alone. We are making mineralogy a study. We have a very simple method for making spirit-lamps: Take a glass bottle with a wide mouth, a cork to fit it tightly, a thimble without a top, and some cord wicking or piping cord. The thimble must be forced through a hole in the cork, and the wick drawn through the thimble. With alcohol in the bottle, the lamp is ready for use. For a blow-pipe, we use a common clay pipe, placing the bowl at the mouth to blow.

EDITH SAMSON.

6 AVE. DE CHATEAU, NEUILLY, FRANCE.

I notice, in my letter printed in ST. NICHOLAS, it says that Agassiz was born by Lake Geneva. I should have written Neuchâtel Lake.

We have to pay a good deal, because almost everybody sends a postal and no stamp. KENNETH BROWN.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Feb. 28, 1882.

I collect caterpillars and keep them under glasses, feeding them until they change. I sometimes have a hundred glasses at a time. I learn what they eat, and their habits. My two sisters are interested alike with me, and assist in getting specimens. We have Edwards's, Harris's, and Packard's books, yet we often have great difficulty in finding the right names. Are there catalogues of butterflies and moths, with descriptions of Massachusetts insects? Last July, I found near a pond what looked like a caterpillar covered with chinchilla feathers. Its body was a beautiful pink underneath. Black head, and some black lines on the body. The most beautiful colors I have ever seen on a caterpillar. In less than half an hour it went into a pink cocoon, half wrapped in a blackberry leaf. The cater-

pillar was about three inches long. The moth came out yesterday. It measures about two inches from tip of wing to tip. It is of a dusky reddish brown. There are zig-zag lines of darker shade, blending into white. On the upper wings a sort of diamond spot which looks like a *Polyphemus*. Both upper and lower wings scalloped; the edges white, with a line of black inside. Under the magnifying glass it is just the color of a fox with snow dusted over it. I wish to learn its name. WILLIE C. PHILLIPS.

[Here is a fine opportunity for a little study. Who will be the first to send me the name of this beautiful insect, and the name of a satisfactory and exhaustive insect manual?—H. H. B.]

Some people have spoken of the wisdom of bees and wasps in constructing their cells in a hexagonal shape. Now, on the contrary, others believe, and I have been taught, that their wisdom has nothing to do with it. If a bee begins to build around himself as a center, he naturally makes a cell in the shape of a cylinder. As the different bees build, and their cells press against one another, they will be crowded into the form of a hexagon. A good way to illustrate this is to take a small tube and some not too soapy water, and blow air through the tube so quickly that the bubbles formed on the surface will be crowded together. They will be pressed into hexagonal shape. A. B. G.

[A. B. G.'s reports are always very suggestive and interesting. The Chapters may like to discuss this question. If the above theory is correct, the outer row of cells should be cylindrical, since they are not subjected to pressure. Is this so? Will a bee make a cell if placed alone in a glass case? Let this be tried, and if he makes a hexagonal cell, the pressure theory is disproved; and *vice versa*.]

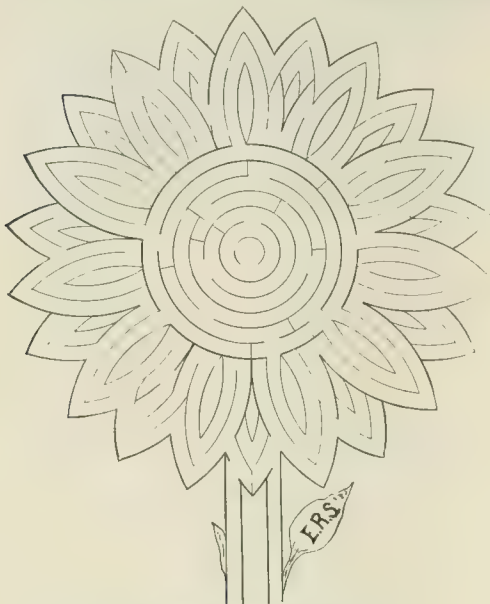
NEW CHAPTERS

No.	Name of Chapter.	Members.	Address.
184	Peoria, Ill. (B).....	10..	Eddie Smith, 1143 So. Adams St.
185	Ashtabula, Ohio (A).....	15..	May H. Prentice.
186	Geneva, N. Y. (A).....	25..	Nellie A. Wilson.
187	Albany, N. Y. (A).....	7..	J. P. Gavit, 3 Lafayette St.
188	Newport, R. I. (A).....	5..	R. S. Chase.
189	West Medford, Mass.....	15..	Edith Samson, Box 175.
190	Duncannon, Pa. (A).....	12..	Annie J. Jackson.
191	New York, N. Y. (E).....	4..	Harry L. Mitchell, 23 W. 12th St.
192	Waterbury, Conn. (B).....	5..	Charles Merriam.
193	Providence, R. I. (A).....	7..	Florie E. Greene, 261 Pine St.
194	Minneapolis, Minn. (B)....	7..	Burtie W. McCracken, 1016 Western Ave.
195	Rutland, Ind. (A).....	5..	Birdie Blye.
196	Dayton, Ohio (A).....	24..	Abbie L. Dyer.
197	Philadelphia, Pa. (G).....	6..	Geo. Cattrell, 1934 Jefferson St.
198	Philadelphia, Pa. (H).....	6..	W. R. Nichols, 2016 Arch St.
199	Wellsboro, Pa. (A).....	11..	Margaret S. Potter.
200	Germantown, Pa. (B).....	4..	Frank Brown, 123 Price St.
201	Fitchburg, Mass. (C).....	12..	Ellen Snow.
202	St. Louis, Mo. (C).....	10..	Letty M. Follett, 3014 Cass Ave.
203	Framingham, Mass. (A)...	4..	C. F. Cutting.
204	San Francisco, Cal. (C)....	5..	Bert. W. Stone, 2104 Jackson St.
205	Waco, Texas (A).....	23..	Jennie Wise, (care Rev. S. P. Wright).
206	State College, Pa. (A)....	5..	Geo. C. McKee.
207	Bowling Green, Ky. (A)...	5..	Jessie P. Glenn.
208	Washington, D. C. (D).....	6..	W. B. Emory, 1234 6th St. N. W.
209	Brownville, N. Y. (A)....	7..	John C. Winne.
210	Lowell, Mass. (B).....	7..	Geo. A. Whitmore.
211	Pittsfield, Mass. (B).....	5..	R. H. Peck.
212	So. Boston, Mass. (B)....	8..	Homer C. Clapp, 79 E. 4th.
213	Fort Wayne, Ind. (A).....	13..	John L. Hanna, 219 Madison St.
214	Austin, Minn. (A).....		Please send address.
215	The Oaks, Tioga Center, N. Y. (A).....	4..	Angie Latimer.
216	Allegheny City, Pa. (A)...	7..	David K. Orr, 138 Jackson St.
217	Hyde Park, Mass. (A)....	11..	Lillian E. Rogers.
218	Clinton, Mass. (A).....	6..	Gerald Alley.
219	Taunton, Mass. (B).....	10..	A. C. Bent.
220	De Pere, Wis. (C).....	14..	Jessie R. Jackson.
221	De Pere, Wis. (D).....	7..	Carrie Dubois.
222	Highgate, Eng. (A).....	4..	Geo. S. Hayter, Gleugle, Woodlane, Highgate, N.
223	Cambridge, N. Y. (A)....	5..	W. J. B. Williams, Box 33.
224	Cambridgeport, Mass. (A)...	5..	Frank T. Hammond.
225	Burlington, Kansas (A)...	7..	P. M. Floyd, Lock-box 9.

TWO EASY WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. A kind of grain 2. A trembling fit. 3. A melody.
4. Observed. II. 1. A time of blossoms. 2. Employed. 3. Necessity. 4. A current.

WESTON STICKNEY



SUNFLOWER MAZE.

ENTER at "one of the openings in the stem, and trace a path to the center, without crossing a line.

E. R. S.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-six letters, and form one line of a short stanza.

My 1-9-41-23-31-52-15-23 is poet laureate of England. My 5-

54-26-22-29-36-18 discovered the satellites of Jupiter. My 45-8-40-55-56-15-23 is a castle rendered famous by Byron. My 2-54-10-12-9-1 is the hero of one of Shakespeare's plays. My 43-22-20-6-33-37 is a number. My 27-4-19-43-41-54-21-48-47 is the name of a battle which occurred in 1708, in which the French were defeated by the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. My 35-54-25-34-49-50-51-25 is the name of a famous battle fought in 1066. My 6-54-21-3-13-19 was killed in the latter battle. My 46-49-17-35-7 is a number. My 53-11-42-24-30 is a nickname sometimes given to a naval officer. My 46-52-14-47-44 name one of Queen Elizabeth's favorites, who was beheaded in 1601. My 45-11-39-45-32 was an enchantress. My 26-27-50-38-16-9-56-12-3-28 is the name of the poet who adapted from the German the stanza from which my whole is taken.

LILA.

AN AVIARY.

EACH of the following puzzles may be answered by the name of a bird. Example: A consonant and a rank or file. ANSWER: C-row.

1. A time of darkness, a preposition, and a high wind.
2. A metal, part of a fish, and one-half of a word meaning idle talk.
3. A consonant and a place of safety.
4. A beverage and a consonant.
5. The young of a fowl, a vowel, and a consonant.
6. Fruit, and the cover of an opening in a ship's deck.
7. A boy's nickname, a vowel, and part of a chain.
8. A sound made by a bird, and a consonant.
9. A fowl, a vowel, and a number.
10. To cut quickly, and a vowel.
11. A scourge, impetuous, and a nickname.
12. A girl's nickname, and an article of food.
13. A manner of drinking, and a side-building.
14. One-half of a word meaning a diagram, and above.
15. A monarch and one who angles.
16. Three-fourths of a word meaning a slender cord, and a snare.
17. To disfigure, and a metal.
18. To box, and to impel by means of oars.
19. A number, and a tin vessel.
20. One-third of a word meaning a royal seat, and to move with rapidity.

CLARA J. CHILD.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

THE initial and central letters, when read downward, form three words; these name a famous event which took place on the 18th of June, less than one hundred years ago.

- ACROSS: 1. An arbor. 2. To degrade. 3. An appellation. 4. Something given for entertainment. 5. A kind of tree. 6. A girl's name. 7. Oxygen in a condensed form. 8. To scowl.

M. C. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Levi—live—veil—vile—evil.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Aristides. 1. Sp-A-in. 2. Ti-R-ed. 3. Pa-I-nt. 4. Pa-S-te. 5. Ti-T-le. 6. Ca-I-rd. 7. Bo-D-le. 8. Ab-E-le. 9. Ha-S-te.

INVERTED PYRAMID. ACROSS: 1. Foliage. 2. Folio. 3. Old. 4. S. PROVERB REBUS.

He that leaves certainty, and sticks to chance,
When fools pipe, he may dance.

J. F. B. and others: Answers to puzzles should be addressed to "St. Nicholas Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 33 East 17th Street, New York City. The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received from "Marna and Bae."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 20th, from "North Star" and "Little Lizzie," 8—"Sunflower," 6—Myra Doremus, 3—Alise M. Ballou, 1—"Warren," 4—V. P. J. S. M. C., 6—Genie Callmeyer, 12—Severance Burrage, 2—Nellie Blodgett, 5—Arthur, 4—Emma Drake, 3—Annie Falge, 7—Edith M. Bradley, 1—G. I. and J. W., 5—Florice Baker, 7—Seyon, 4—May Beadle, 8—Anna Guion, 2—"Bantam," 5—Joseph H. Targis, 3—Minnie B. Murray, 12—E. F. G., 1—"Rory O'More," 4—Florence E. Pratt, 11—Everett Lane Jones, 3—Jesse S. Godine, 2—Camilla W. Mansur, 8—Jenny Noyes, 5—Robert O'Hamilton, 3—C. F. Horne, 13—May L. Shepard, 8—Edith Baffington Dalton, 5—"Two Cousins," 5—Stella E. Goodlett, 3—George A. Joplin, 3—Bessie H. Smith, 7—Nellie Mott, 1—Anna Clark, 6—Effie K. Talboys, 11—Henry L. M. Mitchell, 5—Lizzie D. Tyler, 5—"Griffin," 8—"Alciabades," 13—John W. Gary, 3—Helen Phillips, 3—"D. and D.," 5—Josie Mitchell, 1—"Partners," 10—May, Bessie, and Jennie, 8—George F. Hall, 6—"Professor & Co.," 13—"H. F. and B. B.," 8—Mary D. Reeve, 1—James R. Moore, 5—Eliza L. McCook, 5—Katie L. Robertson, 8—Amy Mothershead, 9—Paul England & Co., 12—Zaita, 4—Raymond D. Thurber, 10—Eleanor Telling, 7—D. B. Shumway, 8—Anne Lovett, 12—Sallie E. Hewit, 10—Lalla E. Croft, 1—Carrie H. Wilson, 2—Sidney and Charlie Russell, 2—Bertie Bushnell, 12—Marguerite, 7—Mamie Baker, 1—Ariana Moore, 11—Edith McKeever and Amy Elliott, 7—C. O. B., 7—Grace and Blanche Parry, 12—Nellie Caldwell, 5—Ethel and Oscar Weekes, 11—E. F. Biddle, 9—Charles H. Parmy, 10—Louise Kelly, 5—Algernon Tassin, 8—Frank and Maud, 1—Virginia Crater, 6—Maud and Sadie, 6—Lena, Elsie, and Lusia, 6—Emma D. Andrews, 8—Clara and her Aunt, 13—Bessie C. Rogers, 12—Vin and Alex, 8—Louise Gilman, 9—Kittie, Mary, Flora, Dora, and Birdie, 4—Appleton H., 13—The Two Millies, 4—Carrie L. and Anna C. Lindholm, 3—Julia T. Pember, 11—Louis F. Zimmerman, 8—Livingston Ham, 2—Hugh Burns, 11—Busby B's, 13—James H. Strong, 10—Fred. Twaits, 13—X. Y. Z., 10—T. W., 8—"Queen Bess," 12—Sallie Viles, 10—B. B., 7—Robert C. Stearns, 6—Madge Tolderlund, 4—Adele, 5—Emilie and Rosa, 8—Mary Ann and Susan Jane, 5—Lyde W. McKinney, 10—Lottie A. Best, 12—Verna Barnum, 4—Helen E. Mahan, 10—Florence Leslie Kyte, 12—Maud Badlam, 1—J. S. Tennant, 10—M. W. and W. Stickney, 3—R. Kibbourne, 1—F. P. Jones, 1—Eirie, 0—G. E. M., 2—D. F. and E. B. Barry, 7—R. S. and H. Lowrie, 1—M. D. and Polly, 3—A., M., and F. Knight, 11—S. R. Marshall, 1—Clara J. Child, 12—Frederick Pember, 1.



THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

[See page 70.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

JULY, 1882

NO. 6.

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INSIDE A FISH-NET

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

OF all the stories which have been written since the world was made, it is safe to say that this one is the first written inside a fish-net.

There are three of them,—nets and reels,—and all of them stand about two hundred feet from land, by the side of a pier that heads out into the sea full one hundred feet beyond the reels. With its lonely and almost desolate surroundings it is, indeed, a curious place in which to write a story.

The net was bought only last summer, and it cost of somebody's money eight hundred dollars. But the story itself is now to be told.

Three or four winters ago, when the ice began to grow along the shores of Cape Cod, and grew so fast and so strong that it shut up all the fishing ships before they could get to land, the "Little Katie" was caught in its grasp. On the "Little Katie" was Captain John Rose, and in Provincetown, on the Cape, were his wife and Wild and Johnny, the girl and boy who saved their father by building a big kite and flying it out to the ship when all Provincetown was trying, in vain, to devise some manner of getting food to the boats. That blessed kite carried the string that carried the line that carried the bread that carried life to the starving crew of the "Little Katie."

After that hard winter, Captain Rose said that he would not go to the "Banks" any more for cod-fish, but would catch menhaden along the shores of the ocean and in the bays and inlets of the coast, while the fishing season should continue, and then, when the very cold weather should come on, he would

stay in his house and let Cape Cod sands blow all over it and pack it down as solidly as they might.

And this is what came of that venture:

The first season, everything moved along happily, and the fish came to the seine, or rather the seine went around the fish, so that the Rose family began to see prosperous days and to dream of a time when they might move from Cape Cod and live somewhere upon the "Main."

The first summer, Captain Rose was only a mate, and the fishing gang to which he belonged carried their menhaden to a floating fish-oil mill, anchored in one of the inlets on the coast of Maine.

Before another summer came, the oil-ship burned, and everything in and upon it was utterly destroyed. Captain Rose, his wife and children heard the bad news with dismay in their hearts.

It was Wild who said: "Never mind, Father: there are more oil-ships and more nets, and more fish in the sea a-growing every single minute."

"And more fishermen a-growing to use them, too!" groaned Captain John, with a wild look of despair in his face at the thought that the oil-ship owner might not be able to pay him for his last season's labor. Captain Rose had been living on credit until the oil should be sold, and now the oil had ascended to the sky in flame; and it might be that no man would trust him with food; for the news of his loss was abroad in Provincetown.

That was a dark day in the sand cabin, and many a bright and long-cherished hope of good things to come turned to leaden facts.

A week went by, and there was no word of news from the oil-ship owner. Meanwhile, Captain John and his son John (Johnny's first trip) went to the Banks on a fishing schooner, for, come what would, bread must be won.

When they were well away, and the topsails of the schooner had slipped down almost out of sight, Wild said to her mother: "We may as well go on fixing up the clothes, for clothes will be needed, fishing or no fishing." And so they worked while they waited.

It was in the spring, in March, that Captain Rose and Johnny went. They had been a week gone when one of the fiercest gales that ever blew on any coast, since coasts were made, blew down from the north, and shouted in from the east, and tore fearfully through the sands of Cape Cod. It was during this storm that a letter for Captain Rose was carried to the cabin by a brave neighbor lad, who struggled with it through the shifting sands, with a vague feeling that it might have in it good news; and the lad—it was he who had helped Johnny to build the famous kite—was very glad to fetch any good news to Wild Rose. A rushing blast swept in at the door as he opened it and panted into the kitchen, closing the door with his foot as he sank into a chair, the letter standing well out of his jacket pocket.

"Peter Petit!" exclaimed Mrs. Rose. "Whatever in this world sent you over here in such a storm?"

"Nothing sent me. I just came," answered the boy, rising and drawing the letter forth. "I was down to the post-office when the mail came in, and the post-master took notice of this letter, and says he: 'I hope,' says he, 'that this here letter's got some good news in it for John Rose, I do. It comes from the owners of that oil-ship that burned up his summer's work!' When he said that, says I, 'Give it here, and I'll take it over,' and here it is,"—handing the envelope to Mrs. Rose.

"Open it, Mother, do!" pleaded Wild, with flushed face. "Who knows but that it ought to be answered?"

"Course! That's what made me fetch it," said Peter. "It would keep jest as well in the post-office as 't would here."

"I never open Father's letters," said Mrs. Wild; "he would n't like it."

The sand just then beat in showers against the cabin, and the sea sound came raging over the Cape from the Highland Light.

"I wish you was over in the town to-night, where there's more folks to hear it blow with you, and I'm just sorry I came, if I have n't got any good news inside that letter," said Peter; and then he rose and bade them "Good-night."

He went away, feeling disappointed; for Peter had a vague feeling that things were going all right whenever Wild's eyes gleamed with happiness,—but to-night there was no happiness shining in them.

Wild took a dozen good hard looks at the big envelope before she went to bed, and thought it too bad in her mother not to open it.

Ten days later,—the storm having blown out itself and ships and souls together,—a letter, addressed to the oil manufacturer in Wild's peculiar handwriting, was mailed at Provincetown. This was the letter:

"CAPE COD, March 15, 1879.

"MR. WASHINGTON WILES: Father went off to the banks a week ago afishing and your letter is come, but nobody has opened it, cause mother says father 'don't want anybody to.' Please, if it's good news, wont you keep it for father, cause we all need good news so much—*more'n you can tell.*"

WILD ROSE."

Wild's letter went over the distance between the sand cabin of John Rose and the pleasant village home of Mr. Wiles, and chanced to be given into his hands just at the moment when his neck was clasped about by the arms of his daughter Maud, a young girl as old as Wild Rose herself; and Maud was saying, in her most entreating tones:

"Papa, dear! Don't you remember, you promised me a new piano this spring? And I want it now, before my new teacher comes."

"Let me read my letters first, Maud, and then I will tell you."

Maud's gray eyes penetrated to the very heart of Wild Rose's letter as she looked at it.

"Tell me, Papa, all about it. Who is she, and why do they need good news?"

"I have never seen the child," said Mr. Wiles, "but I have heard how Captain Rose's children saved him and his fishing crew from starving, by getting a kite-string out to the boat, across the ice, where no man could go; and this letter is from Wild, the girl."

"But why do they need good news? Does she want a new piano, I wonder?"

Mr. Wiles smiled. He had once seen the sand cabin, as the neighbors called John Rose's habitation. Presently, his face grew very grave, as he said: "Maud, this Wild Rose means that they have no money to live upon; that all her father's summer work was burned up in the oil-ship. Perhaps they have no bread in the house. I am very sorry for him, my child."

"So am I, Papa. When you get me my new piano I'll send this Wild my old one. She will be glad to get it. What makes you look so grave, Papa?"

"Maud," said her father, "I did promise you a new piano, but I have been thinking a good deal, lately, of Captain Rose and his hard lot, and I

know of but one way to help him. If you will give up the new piano for this year, I will take the money it would cost, and with that buy a new seine, and give Captain Rose the new yacht, 'Rosemary,' and let him have a chance this summer."

"Why can't you do both, Papa?"

"Because I have not the money. I lost a great deal of money when the oil-ship burned."

"Then, what did you write about?"

"I told him that there was no money for him, and that I could not give him work this summer. I was very sorry to write it, Maud, and I am very glad his poor wife did not open the letter when he was away."

Maud inserted a quick little kiss just above the sharp edge of her father's collar, and said, very swiftly: "I *won't* have any piano! I want Captain Rose to have the 'Rosemary.'"

"Very well, my child. Write, yourself, to this Wild Rose, and tell her the good news."

Maud wrote:

"Dear Wild Rose— I don't know you, but Papa got your letter. He says he wrote you a letter that there was n't any boat, nor any seine, for him; but since your letter got here, there is a yacht, the 'Rosemary,' and there is going to be a new net for him, too, and he is going to get back from fishing. Papa says—and he told me I might write the letter to you and tell you the good news. I hope he'll take you up to me in the boat some time. I want to see you, and have you tell me all about that kite you and your brother made. I wish you would write me a letter, and tell me all about Cape Cod and everything you do down there."

"Very truly, Maud Wild."

Everybody knows just how anxious and worried and agonized all the fisher folk of Cape Cod were, that spring-time, when the great gale had blown over, and the boats did not get home. When the days came one after another, and families looked their eyes dim with peering past the Highland Light to catch the first glimpse of the inward-bound sail, that might mean great joy to some one of their number, Wild Rose was there early and late.

"He will come! He *must* come! Oh, I know he will come back to us, and Johnny with him!" she kept saying over and over to herself, as she went her way across to the light-house in the morning; and, in the evening, as she turned her back upon the wild, tossing sea, she still repeated the comforting assurance to herself; and she whispered it to her sorrowful mother as she bade her "good-night" after each dreary day.

At length, the clothes they had made ready were put out of sight, and the waiting became full of pain.

A week went by, and then it was Peter, again, who fetched Maud's letter to Wild—Peter kept careful watch over the sand cabin in those days. Wild was just setting forth to take one

more look at the spread of ocean, from the Highland itself, when Peter shouted to her from afar, holding up the white envelope.

Wild ran, as fast as the sands would let her, to meet him. Had her father reached some port, and sent them word of his safety?

With panting heart, and fingers all in a flutter of eagerness, she reached out to receive it.

"It's something so out of the ordinary for a letter to come for *Miss* Wild Rose, that I thought I'd just come right ahead with it. Provincetown watches all its letters mighty close just now, you'd better believe, Wild, and if there's any news, let's have it right off, and I'll run back with it."

Peter went on talking, whilst Wild got inside the envelope with all speed.

"Oh, Peter! Peter!" she cried, as she read. "Father *will* come now,—I'm sure he will,—to get the good news. He's going to be captain of a yacht, and have a new net all to himself, and we'll have *such* times!"

At any other period in her life—excepting when her father was caught in the ice—Wild would have been gladdened to the utmost of joy. Now she ran with the letter to her mother, and then, holding it fast, she made her way to the Highland once again, to search for the sign by which she should know her father's sail. Wild was the only watcher that day, and, when the light was trimmed and the keeper gone, she had the place to herself. Poor, young, faithful Wild, with such good news for a father who might, at that very moment, be lying beneath the ocean!

Wild leaned forth from the tower, and looked northward. She opened wide Maud's letter. She shook it as a signal. She cried out: "Oh, Father, Father! Come! Come! Come to your new sloop and your new net! Come *home*, you and Johnny!"

Four sails came into sight during the watch, but not the sail for sight of which her eyes ached. Wild went down and homeward, meeting, as she went, the housewives whose work-day at home was over, and who might, in the afternoon, take the dreary march across to the Light.

Wild had folded away her good news, and it lay in her pocket as she passed one and another. It was Peter whom she saw, when about half-way home, plodding valiantly through the yielding sands to come to her in haste.

"There's somebody a-waiting, Wild, to see you to home," said Peter, from afar, the words brimming from his heart through his lips and flowing onward to Wild, who responded:

"Who is it?"

"It's a man and a boy: it's Captain Rose and Johnny—it's your father and brother, Wild Rose,

it is!" and Peter laid hold on Wild's hand to pull her onward.

"Peter Petit! You're not cheating, are you?" gasped Wild, feeling with her free hand for the good news in her pocket.

"Cheating you, Wild! Did I ever cheat you in my life? They are there, safe and sound; but the batteredest-looking things! When the bark came to dock, the old sails were nothing but string strips, and they just whipped around the mast; the wind went through and through everything like a chopping-knife. But every man is safe."

"Oh, Peter!" cried Wild,—her feet never did seem to sink so deep in the sand before,—"I think I'm the happiest girl! I'd rather be just Wild Rose than anybody else in the whole world; God is so full of goodness to me. Peter, are any other boats safe, did they say?" And so talking they came to the sand cabin, which, for that night, held within it as much joy as a palace could contain.

The next two weeks found the Rose family packing up their effects and flitting from Cape Cod to Long Island.

A small house on its northern shore was taken for a temporary home, for it was within the waters of Long Island Sound that the new yacht was to cruise for fish. Captain Rose went over to Connecticut to take command of the "Rosemary," and back to Long Island to gather his crew, and it was there, within sight of his new home, that the seine was to be made ready.

It was brought, a huge bundle of netted twine, and opened in the presence of all the family. When its grand length was outspread over a wide field, Wild went about it with intense joy, and begged her father to let her help to finish it; for it had to be tarred, lined, corked, and leaded before it was ready for use.

Neither her father, nor Johnny, nor even Peter—for Peter was to be one of the crew on the "Rosemary"—despised her deft helpfulness, and the end of May found everything ready for the first start.

Mrs. Rose and Wild went down to see the seine put into the boats and the yacht sail away over the blue in search of menhaden. Three hours later, Wild had the happiness to see the two seine-boats row from the yacht and payout the net, half of it from one and half from the other boat, as they described a huge circle in the water, in which circle were imprisoned thousands of white-fish.

Two months went by, and not once had the yacht returned to the place whence it had sailed.

The soft summer days slipped into the beginning of July, and then Captain Rose wrote that he should run over to spend the Fourth at home. He had only pleasant things to relate of his summer, thus far. Half a million fish had come into the new

seine, and, if all went well, last year's misfortune would be more than made good.

On the morning of the fifth, the "Rosemary" was to set sail in the early dawn. That all might be in readiness, Captain Rose and Peter slept on board, while Johnny, who said he should not fail to hear the horn-call, staid at home.

We who live within sight of Long Island Sound all remember how the thunder called to us that night; how the peals of sound rolled from cloud to cloud, following the lightning flash; how we seemed wrapped in a blaze of light and crash of thunder.

The "Rosemary," lying at anchor, lay in the lightning's way. A ball of fire shot through the cabin—and lo! the fishing yacht flashed into flame! Wild and her mother and Johnny saw it together, as the yellow fire wrapped it about.

Half-dressed, they got down the oars and made haste to the dock. There was no time to summon the nearest neighbor to the rescue, and they must do what could be done, with speed.

As they got into a great row-boat, Johnny saw, for the first time, that Wild carried an ax. "What in the world did you fetch that for?" he questioned.

"May be we can cut a hole in the yacht and so save her," said Wild, obeying her brother's instructions to herself and her mother in regard to their combined management of one oar.

They worked with courage undaunted, pushing out, by the lightning's blaze, over the white-caps to the burning yacht. The seine-boat was awkward and heavy, and the great oar was hard to hold.

At last a shout was heard. Somebody was alive on the burning boat.

"Coming! Coming!" called Johnny, rowing harder; while his mother gazed wildly at the flames, and clung with both hands to the big oar.

On the bowsprit stood Captain Rose and Peter. They were cut off by the fire from everything that could aid them. Even the boat, anchored at the stern, they could not reach.

"Father! Father! Let us save the new net," called Wild, as Captain Rose and Peter dropped into the boat. "And see! I've fetched an ax to scuttle the yacht," she added, as the boat pushed off to avoid the fire.

It took but a moment to row around and cut loose the other seine-boat, in which lay fully half of the great net.

While Johnny and Peter, Wild and her mother dragged at the other half of the seine, which lay on deck, and was surrounded by flame, to get it into the water, anywhere away from the burning, Captain Rose wielded the ax against the side planks of the "Rosemary," that he might sink her, if possible, and thereby save something for her owner. The planking gave way and the water poured in,

but the flames poured up and over and drove both boats away. With scorched hands, the net being saved, they sorrowfully left the pretty "Rosemary" to her fate and pulled away to witness the burning.

"She 's sinking!" cried Peter, as they watched.

"She 's surely going down!" echoed Johnny.

"She is!" confirmed Captain Rose, as the mast with flames curling about it swayed and swayed and slowly settled down, lower and lower, until the cooling sea surged into the flame on deck and put out the fire.

The crew had been aroused, in their boarding-house, and had made haste to the shore; but the brave "Rosemary" could cruise no more for them.

"Misfortunes never come single," said the mate, as Captain Rose reached the wharf.

to learn the full extent of the loss. It chanced that only Wild was at home when he arrived, and thus she had opportunity to tell the story in her own words.

"I know," said Wild, "that my father tells the truth always, and he says a ball of fire came right into the cabin and set everything into a blaze, and he would have saved the pretty yacht if he could. I'm very sorry for you, Mr. Wiles," she added, "to lose so much money; and for my father, too, and for everybody; but it is a comfort to know that God took it all, is n't it? I believe He 's going to send us back something a great deal better in its place, don't you?"

The oil manufacturer turned away, not knowing what to say to the girl who held such faith in the all-goodness of the Power that rules our



"WITH COURAGE UNDIMINISHED THEY ROWED OVER THE WHITE WAVES TOWARD THE BURNING YACHT."

"Something better than the 'Rosemary' is coming for my father," said Wild. "I *know* there is; but I am glad we've saved the new net with only one edge burned a little—see."

It was in the dawn, and the blackened edge of the netted twine lay on the water between the two boats that had brought it to shore.

The telegram sent over to Connecticut in the early morning of the fifth of July contained the words:

"The 'Rosemary' was struck by lightning and burned to the water's edge last night. Net saved."

The same day, Mr. Wiles crossed to Long Island

lives; nor do we know what to say more than that the seine saved from the burning yacht has been brought across the Sound and reeled here, to await the finding of a new fishing-boat for its captain, John Rose.

For dear Wild Rose's sake we pat its brown meshes softly as we write the last words, and hope that her faith may grow and grow until it blossoms in the good times, and even better times, that she dreams of; for this is a real net and a real reel, and this story has really been written here, and the pretty yacht was struck by lightning and burned on the night of the Fourth of July.

TINKEY.

BY S. A. SHEILDS.

"SCHOOL-TIME, Tinkey! Nearly nine o'clock!"

Tinkey was in the attic, stretched out at full length upon some sacks of potatoes, reading a fairy story. His Latin grammar lay in front of him, open at the lesson he should have been studying. Tinkey really had intended to divide the hour before school-time between Latin grammar and fairy tales, but when his mother called, he found the hour was over, and the fairy tales had had the whole of it.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Tinkey, looking up from his book, and putting his fists under his chin. "Oh, dear!" He kicked up both feet, by way of a preparation for changing his lazy position, and said, wistfully:

"I wish there were fairies nowadays!"

"And who told you there were not?" cried a very sharp, thin voice that came from close before him, right under his nose, it seemed to Tinkey. He looked up quickly. Was that a fairy? It was certainly unlike anything Tinkey had ever seen before, and a sight to startle anybody. A little old woman in a scarlet cloak, a black pointed hat, and tiny high-heeled shoes, leaning upon a crutch, and standing upon the pages of Tinkey's open Latin grammar.

"Who told you there were no fairies?" she repeated, thumping her crutch upon the book, and looking into Tinkey's



"WHO TOLD YOU THERE WERE NO FAIRIES?" SHE REPEATED, bewildered face. "There are just as many fairies now as ever, and they are just as powerful, too."

Dear me, boy, don't stare at me so! The eyes will drop out of your head. You don't believe me, eh?"



"I WISH I WAS THAT CALF AND NEED N'T GO TO SCHOOL."

"I am sure, ma'am," stammered Tinkey, "I did not say ——"

"No, but you thought! Nobody need ever speak to a fairy. You do not believe I *am* a fairy. Well, perhaps you will, before the day is over, for I mean to grant the very first wish you make. Be careful, now, what you wish for first; for, as surely as I am a fairy, whatever it is, you will get it!"

Then the funny little old woman made one jump on to the sill of the attic window; and Tinkey, looking after her, saw a tiny carriage, with sails like a boat, and ten butterflies harnessed to it, waiting for her. She sprang into it, took a seat, waved her crutch to the astonished boy, and the butterflies carried her up and up in the air until she was quite out of sight.

Wondering, yet half inclined to think he had been dreaming, Tinkey took up his grammar, tucked his fairy-tale book under a potato-sack, and went slowly down the stairs. There was no one in the entry as he took his hat from the rack

and sluggishly dragged his unwilling feet across the garden walk into the road.

Not one single lesson had Tinkey studied, and he was half tempted to wish he knew them all. But, no! He would not waste a fairy wish upon one day's lessons! Perhaps he would wish for a bicycle, or a new fishing-pole, or, better still, for a million million dollars, and then he could buy anything he wanted.

It was a scorching day in June, and the road to school was very hot and dusty, excepting at one spot, where a little wooden bridge crossed a narrow creek that crept through the meadows on each side of the road. The water rippled by with a cooling, musical gurgle, and Tinkey stopped to rest his chin on his hand, his elbow on the railing, and follow the stream with his eyes, into his father's meadow, till it wound around under a clump of large trees,



HE TRIED TO FIND HIS POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

where a group of cows and their babies stood knee-deep in the water, under the cool, shading branches. The school-bell was clanging noisily: the sun was pouring its hot rays on Tinkey's head; punishment was in store for neglected lessons; and reality for a moment was stronger than hope. Quite forgetting his fairy visitor, Tinkey cried, aloud:

"Oh, dear, I wish I was that red-and-white calf under the willow, and need n't go to school!"

In one second there was a cool rippling of water around Tinkey's feet, and, instead of two legs clothed in dusty trousers, there were four covered with hair, in the running stream, while something went flopping on one side and the other, keeping away all obtrusive flies.

Tinkey turned his head, and took a long look at his hairy sides, his long, awkward legs, and the reflection of his face in the clear water. Then he burst out into one long, wailing cry, the well-known bleat of a distressed calf.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Tinkey. But it sounded like "B-a-a, b-a-a." "I have made my wish, and wasted it by turning myself into a hateful, ugly calf. Oh! Oh!"



HE WAS LEAVING FOR SCHOOL.

Here a motherly old cow lifted her head, and tossing it up, said:

"Be quiet! Don't make such a row!"

But, as Tinkey had not yet learned the cow language, it only sounded to him like "Moo-o-o," and he paid no attention to it. The old cow lowered her head, and gave him a sharp dig with her horns, which made his tears flow faster than ever. But not being accustomed to weep over a brook, Tinkey wanted his pocket-handkerchief, and, forgetting he no longer possessed pockets, he reared up on his hind legs and tried to find his pocket with his fore legs; he strained his neck in looking up and down his sides, and cut up such antics in the water that the cows became quite indignant at having their quiet so disturbed, and fairly drove him away.

"Mrs. Whiteface always did spoil that calf," said one old cow, pettishly; "he is really too rude to be in decent society, making such a noise and commotion! Just see how he has muddied the water with his capers!"

"Let the little plague amuse himself in the



HE WAS ATTEMPTING TO BEHAVE.

sun awhile, until he learns to behave himself properly," grumbled another.

But Mrs. Whiteface, the motherly old cow who

had first spoken to the distressed calf, was sure something dreadful must be the matter with her baby. Never before had he acted so strangely, and, full of anxiety, she slowly waded to the bank



"HERE I AM, PAPA," SAID TINKEY, TRYING TO TAKE A SEAT

and followed him across the meadow. He was seeking a shady spot under a great spreading oak-tree, walking slowly and clumsily along, his head and his tail hanging down in the most disconsolate way.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mrs. Whiteface, kindly.

"Moo-o-o," sounded in Tinkey's ears; and, afraid of feeling the old cow's horns again, he tossed up his head, and trotted away as fast as his awkward legs would carry him.

He ran across the meadow, through the corn-field, around the duck-pond and into the yard adjoining the school-house, a bare stretch of ground without shade or shelter. He was all out of breath, and trembling from head to foot, as he stood for a moment's rest under the school-room window. The voice of the school-master came through the open window, calling out the names of the boys.

Now Tinkey's proper name was Frank Kirke, but the school-boys had each a nickname, and were known at home and in play-time quite as well by such names as Tinkey, Bobo, Fuzzy, or Tip, as by their proper names of Frank, Harry, Tom, or George. But Tinkey knew very well who was meant when the master asked:

"Where is Frank Kirke this morning?"

"Here I am, sir," said Tinkey, thrusting his head in at the open window.

"B-a-a-a," said the calf, and all the boys shouted, and the girls giggled, making a great commotion in the school-room. Even the master felt a little twitching in the muscles about his mouth, but he only said, very sternly:

"John Smith, drive that calf away!"

Tinkey looked around for the calf, and then suddenly remembered that he, Tinkey Kirke, was the animal to be driven away.

"John Smith," thought Tinkey, scornfully; "he had better try it. I can lick John Smith any day." So, when John Smith lazily sauntered into the school-yard, he was amazed to see a calf bristling all over with fight, that, before he could make an effort to drive it away, rushed forward, thrust a hairy head between his legs, and sent him sprawling upon the ground.

But Tinkey had forgotten that he could not throw stones, and, before he could make another charge, John had pelted him so rapidly with heavy stones that he was glad to run away, bruised and sore all over. As he stood in the hot June sun, afraid to venture near the water, or into the meadow, Tinkey thought, mournfully, that it was not much fun to be a calf, after all. He wandered about sore and sorry, until, suddenly, with a rush and loud shouts, the boys and girls came pouring out of the school-house.

"Recess! Hurrah!" thought Tinkey, hurrying to join his school-fellows, and quite forgetting he was a calf, as he trotted into the play-ground.

Here were boys eating luncheon, boys playing marbles, boys spinning tops, boys swapping pencils and jackstones, boys whittling "pussy" sticks, but not a boy, no, not one, reading or studying.

Tinkey ambled up to one group after another, but none of the boys noticed him, except to shove him away, if he came too close. His especial



"HE DREAMED OF COOL WATERS AND SHADY LANES."

friend, Jim Jones, was one of three boys playing marbles, and Tinkey, unrecognized and unnoticed, stood near, sadly conscious that he could not use any one of his four long, clumsy legs to join in the game. But as no one drove him away, he stood watching the play until Tom Bates cheated. There was no doubt about it, and Tinkey thrust his head into the group, crying:

"Tom Bates, you're cheating!" At least, that is what he thought he said. What he really did say, was—"B-a-a-a!"

Never was a game broken up more quickly! Every boy was on his feet, with a stick or a stone, and, in an instant, every other game was abandoned to make general war upon poor Tinkey.

Driven away, he found two boys strolling down the road, talking, and heard this sentence:

"He 's only playing off sick, I know. Tinkey Kirke is the laziest boy in school; he never knows his lessons."

"I 'm no lazier than you are, Bobo Wells," cried Tinkey, in a prolonged "B-a-a-a!" at the same time giving Bobo a vicious dig in the ribs with his head.

"Jiminy!" screamed the boy. "What 's that? Hey! Here 's a young mad bull, boys! Hey! At him!"

Every boy in the play-ground answered the loud call, and Tinkey, with a wholesome fear of stones and sticks, galloped away, followed by a shower of boy ammunition.

He was very sore all over, very weary, very hot, and there came over him a great longing to put his aching head down into his mother's lap to be petted, and have a good cry. He was very hungry, too, and the attempt which he made to eat grass proved a miserable failure. "It is too nasty for anything," Tinkey decided. Just as he reached home, the family were sitting down to dinner, and Mr. Kirke asked:

"Where is Tinkey? He is always late!"

"Here I am, Papa," said Tinkey, in his long "B-a-a-a," walking in at the door and trying to take his seat.

With laughing shouts, the whole family sprang up to drive him away, and Tinkey ran to his mother for protection. Surely, surely, his own dear mother would know him!

But Mrs. Kirke ran screaming away. Something was the matter with the calf, she thought, and she was afraid of it. Mr. Kirke caught him at last, but not until every chair was upset, the table-cloth pulled off, the dishes smashed and scattered, the dinner a wreck, and the room in direst confusion.

Well belabored with a heavy stick, Tinkey was led to the barn and tied up, to think over the delights of being a calf and the misery of being a well-fed school-boy with a happy home.

He was horribly hungry, and made several attempts to eat the hay and oats before him, but he could not swallow them.

On a level with his head there was a kitchen window, plainly visible through the great space left by the barn doors standing wide open. It was baking day, and loaves of bread stood on the table;

three large, tempting pies were cooling on the window-sill, while a pitcher of milk was just behind them on the table. Tinkey tugged and jerked, until he succeeded in breaking the rope holding him, and was once more free. He trotted off to the window, only to meet a new difficulty. It did not occur to him that he could eat a pie in any way but with plate, knife, and fork, or, without these, by taking it in his fingers. His hands, or fore legs, would not reach up to the window-sill, try as hard as he would to make them, and, in his efforts,



AT THE END OF THE CHAPTER, TONKEY HAD TO PUT HIS LEG INTO THEM."

he knocked two of the pies to the ground, breaking them to pieces. Only one remained, and, inspired by hunger, Tinkey at last put his nose down to the plate and ate up the pie. By a great effort of stretching he got the pitcher over on its side, and eagerly lapped the milk as it ran out. But, suddenly, a most tremendous blow fell upon his head, as his mother shouted:

"Get out! Go away! Father, the calf has broken loose!"

Quite sure that his father would find a stronger rope the next time, Tinkey ran away as fast as he could, through the cabbage-patch, over the flower-beds, around the house, from the kitchen window to the front porch, where he stood panting and listening as his father hunted in the barn and at the back of the house for him. The front door was standing ajar, and as Tinkey looked at it a brilliant idea rushed into his head—he would go into his own room and take a nap.

His head ached, and every bone in his body seemed to be sore with the variety of hammering he had received. Nobody was about. Indeed, the confusion in the dining-room was likely to keep everybody busy for one afternoon, and

nobody saw Tinkey as he made frantic efforts to walk upstairs on his hind legs, and hold the balusters with his fore legs. By and by it occurred to him to try the ascent with all his legs down, and at last he accomplished it in that way.

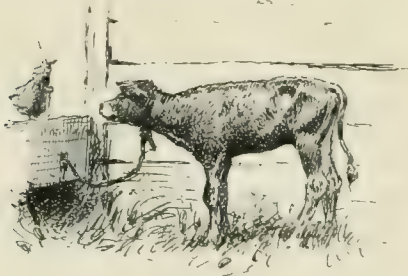
Getting into bed presented another difficulty, as his legs would not go up high enough to scramble in, in his usual fashion, but, after many efforts, the desired result was gained by standing sidewise and rolling himself over. Then a long sleep fell upon the weary little boy-calf, and he dreamed of cool waters, of shady lanes, of refreshing drink, until a welcome sound awakened him—the tea-bell.

But he was confused by his nap, and he mistook the bell for the summons to breakfast. Upon a chair were thrown his best suit and some clean underclothing that his mother had been mending; and, knowing he would be late, as he must have failed to hear his mother's usual morning summons, Tinkey scrambled awkwardly to the floor and took up a shirt.

By a great effort he reared up, and tried to lift this garment over his head. All in vain! Struggle as he would, it only hung upon the hoofs that had no fingers to grasp it, until it fell upon the floor. Perhaps he could do better with the trousers! At least he could try.

But the trousers were still worse. He braced himself against the wall, and hung the waistband upon his fore legs, but all his efforts failed to get even one hind leg into them. He reeled over, he fell upon the floor, he reared up, and tipped over. He even tried to crawl into his clothes, after pushing them into place upon the floor.

But it was of no use, and, while he was still working over this problem, harder than any sum he had ever puzzled out in school, the door opened.



"SO YOU DO BELIEVE I AM A FAIRY?"

Again that dreadful shout, now so familiar to him, fell upon his ears, as Bob, his younger brother, rushed into the room.

"Oh, Papa! Mamma! Here 's fun. Here 's that calf in our room, pulling Tinkey's clothes all over the floor!"

"You just shut up!" said Tinkey, in a terrific "B-a-a-a!"

"Sho! Get out of my room!" shouted Bob.

"It is just as much my room as it is yours," cried Tinkey, angrily, dashing at Bob and driving him against the wall. "Oh! Oh! Papa! Come! He 's killing me!" yelled Bob.

"You big baby," sneered Tinkey, in calf language. "I have n't touched you!"

But while he spoke, Mr. Kirke and two hired men were coming up the stairs, and another chase ended in poor Tinkey's defeat.

But it was not until the neat, pretty bed-room of an hour previous looked as if there had been a whirlwind through it. Everything that could be knocked down *was* knocked down; everything that could be smashed *was* smashed; and from the dire confusion he had made, Tinkey was at last led out, and tied, very strongly this time, with these words of his father's to comfort him:

"I can't imagine," said Mr. Kirke, "what ails that calf; but I will send him to the butcher's in the morning!"

Tied up securely, the barn doors closed and fastened, Tinkey had plenty of time to think over his day's experience.

The butcher! Cold chills ran over him, as he thought of the long, bright knife he had seen many times in the hands of the butcher. Great tears ran down his face, and he was bitterly regretting his rash wish, when there was a soft whirr in the air, and the fairy car, drawn by butterflies, floated down upon a corn-bin. The wee woman stepped daintily down, and walked along the edge until she stood in front of poor, shivering Tinkey.

"So," she said, "you don't like it! You are tired already of being a calf!"

"Oh, yes! yes! Very tired! Please, dear Mrs. Fairy, make me a boy once more, and I will never, never be so foolish again!"

"I 'm not so sure of that! You don't like Latin grammar."

"But I like it better than being stoned and beaten and driven about. Oh, please, please don't go away and leave me a calf, dear Mrs. Fairy."

"Oh, ho! So you do believe I am a fairy?"

"I am sure of it."

"I will not be a cruel fairy, then. You shall have one more wish. Be a boy again!"

She waved her wand as she spoke, and a queer, numb feeling crept over Tinkey. The barn faded away; the fairy car floated up out of sight; for a moment all was black, and then he found himself lying on the potato-sack, in the attic, with the Latin grammar still open before him.

With a joyful shout he sprang to his feet, very glad to be a boy once more!

THE CONSCIENTIOUS CORREGGIO CAROTHERS.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS

CORREGGIO CAROTHERS was a man of much renown;
 The dolls he made and painted were the talk of all the town;
 In a room half shop, half study, he would gayly work away,
 Completing, by his diligence, one dozen dolls a day.

If it chanced to be fine weather, every Monday he would go
 With a number to the toyman's, where he 'd lay them in a row.
 And some would be so beautiful that one could scarce refrain
 From kissing them; while others would be very, very plain!



"Correggio, Correggio," the toyman oft would cry,
 "Oh, why do you persist in making dolls no one will buy?
 In my second-story wareroom I have hundreds stored away;
 And, if each had a pretty face, they 'd not be there to-day!"

"My work is conscientious, sir," he proudly would explain;
 "As dolls are mimic people, some of them must needs be plain.
 I can not, I assure you, give good looks to every doll,
 Since beauty is a priceless gift that does not come to all!"

THE YELLOW PANE.

BY WALTER LEARNED.

WHEN overhead the gray clouds meet,
 And the air is heavy with mist and rain.
 She clambers up to the window seat,
 And watches the storm through the yellow pane.

At the painted window she laughs with glee;
 She smiles at the clouds with a sweet disdain.

And calls: "Now, Papa, it's sunshine to me,"
 As she presses her face to the yellow pane.

Dear child, in life should the gray clouds roll,
 Heavy with grief, o'er thy path amain,
 Stealing the sunlight from thy soul,
 God keep for thee somewhere a yellow pane!

AN EARLY AMERICAN REBELLION.

BY F. N. DOUBLEDAY.

THE event I want to tell you about took place more than two hundred years ago, and it was exactly one hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was framed at Philadelphia—which makes the date 1676, an easy one to remember. If you will recollect this date and the story of Bacon's Rebellion, you will have learned of one of the most important and interesting occurrences in the history of our early colonies. The affair was of so much consequence that I should think every American would be familiar with the story; but if you will ask some of the older people what it was all about, they will very likely answer that they "used to know, but somehow have forgotten," and they "have not studied United States history for so long a time, you know"—or in other words of that kind.

All that now remains of old Jamestown, the first settlement made by the English under the famous Captain John Smith, is an old stone wall which once formed a side of the first church in Virginia, where the people assembled from all the country around to worship as their custom had been in England.

At the time of which we write, Jamestown was quite a colony; the people had built for themselves comfortable houses; the ground they cultivated yielded them good crops of tobacco, much of which they sent to England, where it was just beginning to be considered a great luxury. They received a good price for their commodities, and they would have gotten along very well if they had not happened to have a very unsatisfactory government, which taxed their lands heavily and interfered greatly with their liberty.

The Governor of Virginia at this time was Sir

William Berkeley, who had been appointed to the post by his King, Charles II. of England. Sir William was not a popular officer; he was grand and dignified; he felt himself to be above the common people. He lived in Jamestown, a short distance above the James River, in a big house, which was filled with servants and attendants. In everything he did he sought to make a great show and to appear very grand. When he rode about, he went in a ponderous great coach; nothing in Virginia had ever been seen like it, and by the simple planters it was regarded with awe. He could afford to cut such a fine figure and to keep up such style, because he was very rich, and made a great deal of money from the Indians, to whom he sold gunpowder; and as he was the only one allowed to trade in that dangerous commodity, you may be sure his profits were enormous.

To disturb such good customers as the Indians was far from his intention. Although the savages often attacked the settlers, and carried off cattle and sheep whenever they had a chance,—and they took care to make a good many chances,—the Governor would not seriously attack them, and issued a mandate forbidding any company of settlers to do so.

Among the owners of plantations was a young man of good family, named Nathaniel Bacon. He was warm-hearted and generous; the sufferings of his neighbors had awakened his sympathies, and he determined to make some effort to lessen their troubles. Although only thirty years old, the settlers must have had great confidence in him, for they had already elected him to a seat in the Governor's council.

When, therefore, this man called his neighbors together and said that, whether the Governor liked it or not, he meant to go out against the Indians with whosoever would follow him, four hundred men immediately placed themselves under his command.

The company started; but they had not gone far when a messenger came up with them, and, in the name of the Governor, denounced all those as rebels who should not return immediately to their houses and abandon the expedition.

Now, in those days, to be known as a rebel was a very serious matter. It meant that the person thus entitled would be the victim of any abuse the

started out to drive off the Indians who had robbed them and slain their friends, and they would finish the undertaking.

The little band now pressed forward into the wilderness, confident of soon coming on the savages and striking a quick and decisive blow. But they learned, as many have learned since, that one of the most difficult parts of Indian warfare is to find the Indians. For days they wandered about, keeping up an earnest but fruitless search.

Then a new trouble appeared: their supply of food ran low; starvation looked them in the face; it seemed for a time that nothing remained to do but to return in humility to Jamestown and submit

to what punishment the Governor might be pleased to inflict.

Bacon's pluck, however, never failed; he sought to encourage his men by cheering words and to push on till food could be obtained of some friendly tribe. It was in this, their darkest hour, when all were disheartened, that they suddenly came upon the hostile Indians. The spirits of the little band of white men rallied instantly. Now was the time to show that it was not safe to rob and kill the English settlers. Before the savages had time to prepare, an attack was made on their stronghold. For a time the fight was fierce; but quickly the Indians wavered, deserted their defense, and fled into the thick woods. The victory was complete, although the red men numbered three times as many



GUTHRIE'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE REBELS' ATTACK ON THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

people might choose to heap on him, and not only would he be made the object of taunts and jeers, but if the Governor and his council should so decree, his property, of whatever kind, might be taken from him. Among so many difficulties the "rebel" would be in a sorry plight indeed.

None understood better than Bacon's men the danger they ran in disobeying Sir William's command; and, although all the four hundred were attached to their young leader, only fifty-seven had the courage to stick by him. But those who were left were brave and determined men; they had

as the little company of half-famished settlers.

Bacon hurried back to Jamestown. He was satisfied that, for a while at least, no trouble was to be feared from their old tormentors. The news had gone before him, and the people received the brave leader and his men with every show of joy and esteem; they insisted that, in spite of his being a "rebel," he should again occupy in the council the seat to which they had elected him.

Of course, Bacon's triumph over the Indians did not add to Berkeley's regard for him. But the Governor was shrewd enough to see that this was

no time to inflict punishment; so, after the young man had asked forgiveness for going against the Indians without permission, he no doubt thought it a great condescension when, a few days after, the Governor accosted him in the Council-room, saying, with a great deal of affected sorrow: "Mr. Bacon, if you will live civilly but until next quarter court, I will promise to return you to your place there," and he pointed to Bacon's empty seat.

The quiet that now reigned in Jamestown did not last long; for soon the cry went around the country: "Bacon is fled!" "Bacon is fled!" and tumult and uncertainty ensued. The forgiven rebel had doubted the Governor's sincerity, and had fled for safety. Moreover, he was dissatisfied, and wished to have the right to go against the foes of the colony whenever he might think proper. So, once more he gathered his friends around him, and within a few days he returned to Jamestown, which he entered without resistance, accompanied by five hundred armed men. All was confusion in the settlement; no one in authority dared to act.

Bacon issued an order commanding the members of the Council to appear before him, and while he waited he walked excitedly along a line of troops drawn up to receive the expected Councilmen. Of a sudden, some one forced a way through the crowd, and made toward the young leader. It was Governor Berkeley, pale and agitated. Scarcely knowing what he did, he thrust himself before Bacon, and baring his breast, cried: "Here! Shoot me! 'Fore God, fair mark! Shoot!"

Bacon stepped back, resting one hand on his sheathed sword, and respectfully holding his hat in the other. Simply, and with cool politeness, he said to the frantic Governor: "No; may it please your honor, we will not hurt a hair of your head. We have come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, and," he added, with less calmness, "we shall have it before we go."

Sir William said nothing, but turned and walked away. The next day Bacon

received his commission, granting him the right to go against the Indians whenever he might choose.

But their strife did not end here. When Bacon next attacked the savages, the Governor denounced him again as a traitor; and when Bacon heard of it, he replied: "We will go see why he calls us traitors;" to which his men all shouted, "Amen!" But when Berkeley found that the man he had called a traitor was coming back to Jamestown, he fled, and tried to rally a few followers to support him against his enemy. These friends having come together, as soon as he began to speak, cried, "Bacon! Bacon! Bacon!" and refused to listen. All this and a great deal more is related in the full history of Jamestown.

When the troops arrived, the Governor was nowhere to be found, for he had sailed down the James River, to be out of harm's way. In a tumult of excitement and rage the men set fire to the houses; and from the deck of his ship the craven Governor looked on helplessly at the destruction of what to him had been a little kingdom. It took but a few hours to completely destroy the little settlement: the people then dispersed, and in process of time built new houses for themselves among the surrounding plantations. It was, perhaps, on the whole, well that Jamestown was destroyed; for the place was very unhealthy.

In this expedition Bacon brought on a serious illness by exposure and fatigue; he rapidly became worse, and soon died. He was deeply mourned by the people, for during his short life he had been a faithful friend and protector to them.

Governor Berkeley staid in America several years after this, and when he was recalled home, in dishonor, he was a feeble old man, and he did not long survive his disgrace.

This old Jamestown, the first English settlement in America, was never rebuilt, and the church wall, covered now with vines a century old, is all that remains to mark the spot where once so much that was stirring and interesting took place.



THE OLD CHURCH WALL AT JAMESTOWN.

TAG'S 'COON.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



"WHAT'S DAT?"—EVERYBODY STARTED IN ALFRIGHT. [SEE PAGE 686.]

It was a bright scene in front of the house at Ormsley farm, one September night, just after supper. The night was dark, but the lawn and the porch were lighted up by several torches of "fat pine," which were blazing in the hands of some negro men and boys; a number of dogs were running about, barking and yelping as if they were impatient to go somewhere; three white boys stood on the steps of the porch, talking to some young ladies who seemed in a very merry mood; and in the door stood a pleasant-faced, middle-aged gentleman.

"What are you all waiting for?" said this latter personage. "You make so much preparation and noise that I don't believe you 'll do any hunting at all, and I 'm afraid that Walter will never see a 'coon until some steady person like myself goes out with him."

"Oh, Father," cried one of the young ladies, "if Walter never sees a 'coon till you go with him,

he 'll have to buy a book on natural history to find out how the animal looks."

"Perhaps that is true," said the gentleman, smiling.

"Early has gone to tie up Tag," said one of the boys on the steps. "You know we can't start till he is tied up. But here comes Early, and now we are off, sir."

The boys ran down the steps, and started away, followed by the dogs, the negro boys carrying the torches, and the negro man with an ax.

"Good luck to you!" shouted one of the girls from the porch. "If you don't find a 'coon, perhaps we 'll take Walter out some night."

Walter Mason was a boy from the North, on a visit to his Virginia cousins, Gilbert and Joe, who were now taking him out on his first 'coon hunt.

The party rapidly made its way out of the great gate, across the road, and over the fields, toward a high hill-side covered with forests, about a mile from

the house. Here the 'coon hunters entered a wood-road, and more slowly made their way among the high trees. They had gone but a short distance into the woods, the dogs sniffing and yelping ahead of them, when a rush and a bark were heard behind the party, and, in a moment, a large dog was jumping and barking around Gilbert and Joe.

"Here is Tag!" cried Gilbert. "Why, Early, I thought you 'd tied him up."

"Dat no 'count good-for-nuffin' Tag!" exclaimed Early, the negro man. "I done tied him up, but he 's bruck loose."

"We might as well give up 'coon hunting now," said Joe.

"I 'se a great mind to hit yo' in de head wid de ax," said Early, glaring at the dog. "What yo' mean, sar, comin' here to spile de fun?"

"Let him alone," said Gilbert. "Now he 's here, he 'll have to stay. Perhaps he wont spoil the fun after all."

Tag was a long-bodied, woolly dog, with a black face and a tawny body. On looking at him, one could not help thinking he ought to be a handsome dog, but he was not. He looked as if he were a good watch-dog, but he was not that. He was not a good sheep-dog. He would not drive hogs. He caught no rats. In fact, he was of no use at all; and was justly called by Early "a no 'count dog." Nobody wanted him on a 'coon hunt, because it was well known that Tag would never pursue rabbits, nor any other creature, but would jump among the other dogs and begin to fight them, and so give the game a chance to escape. He was larger than the other dogs, and would probably interfere so much with them if they were after a 'coon that there would be no sport at all. But now he was here they must make the best of him, and so they started on again.

Tag was certainly an absurd dog. The other dogs were now on the track of a 'coon, but he paid no attention to this important fact, and trotted along by himself as if he had changed his mind about joining the party and was thinking about going home. Reaching a cross-road he turned into it, and ran quickly into the darkness.

"Tag 's done gone!" suddenly exclaimed one of the negroes.

"Glad of it," said Joe. "I hope he wont come back! And now, boys, keep your pine-knots burning, or we shall all break our necks."

The whole party was now hurrying forward as fast as the darkness, only fitfully dispelled by the light of the torches, would allow. The dogs were far ahead, and when the boys came up to them they were barking and clawing at the foot of a tall persimmon tree.

"Now, Walter," cried Gilbert, "they 've treed a

'coon. He is somewhere up that tree. We 'll cut it down, and then we 'll have him."

Two of the negro boys were holding the torches as high up as they could. "Dar he!" cried one of them—"dar he, Mahs'r Joe."

Looking up, the boys saw in a crotch of the tree, not very far above them, a mass of fur, not larger than a lady's muff, with a sharp nose and two twinkling eyes in front of it, and a cross-barred tail hanging down behind.

"Is that the 'coon?" cried Walter.

"That is the 'coon!" joyfully replied his cousins.

"Cl'ar away now!" shouted Early, beginning to swing his ax, "and I 'll have dis yer tree down in no time."

With strong arms, Early now began to cut into the tree. The chips flew, the dogs barked, the boys shouted, and the 'coon sat up aloft and watched the whole affair with its little twinkling eyes. Soon the tree began to lean slightly to one side. "Stand back!" cried Joe. And then it came crashing down.

At this moment the hunters and the dogs sprang forward, and the 'coon sprang, too. But the boys and the dogs sprang toward the top of the tree as it lay on the ground, while the 'coon sprang on the branch of a chestnut tree it brushed in its fall. The dogs dashed in among the fallen branches, and the hunters, with their torches, looked in vain for the game.

"Whar dat coon?" cried Early. But no one could give him an answer.

Gilbert was an observing and thoughtful boy, and he presently suggested that the 'coon must have jumped into the chestnut tree as the persimmon fell. It was not easy to see into the thick foliage of the chestnut, but the torches, being held up, soon revealed the 'coon creeping cautiously out toward the end of one of the lower branches.

"Climb up dar, you 'Lijah," said Early to one of the negro boys, "and shake him off. If you jump on de lim' he 'll drap."

"P'r'aps he 'll bite me," said Elijah, reluctantly climbing the tree, assisted by a boost from the other boy.

"Go 'long, and jump on de lim'," said Early. "De 'coon wont bite you if you don't bite him."

Elijah clambered out on the limb, and, standing on it, took hold of the branch above, and began to shake the branch he stood on. The 'coon was a good deal bounced, but he did not intend to be shaken off. He turned and ran along the limb toward the tree. Elijah, sure he was about to be attacked, gave a yell of horror, and drew himself up with his hands, jerking his bare feet and legs high into the air. The 'coon dashed under him, reached the trunk of the tree, and disappeared.

Whether he ran out on another limb and got upon a neighboring tree,—for the woods were very thick just here,—or whether he had concealed himself in the top of the chestnut, the hunters could not tell.

Early himself climbed up into the tree, and a torch was handed him, but he could see nothing of the 'coon. The tree was too valuable to be cut down, and the hunters concluded they would have to let that 'coon go.

"I hate to give up a thing like that," said Joe, "but it 's no use wasting our time. There are plenty more 'coons in these woods."

Off they went again, dogs, boys and Early, and in less than fifteen minutes they were all after another 'coon. This creature did not seem to want to go up a tree, and it led the dogs and hunters a doleful chase. Through thickets and brambles, over fallen trees, half the time in darkness and guided only by the noise of the dogs, the boys pushed bravely on.

"This is hard work, Walter," said Joe, as the two boys panted along together, "but we are bound to get a 'coon. I'd be ashamed to go back to the house without one."

"That 's so," cried Walter, cheerfully; "we 're not going to give it up yet."

When at last the 'coon was kind enough to go up a tree, the hunters had descended to the other side of the hill, and found themselves on the bank of a small creek. The 'coon had run up a low, crooked tree on the very edge of the water, and the dogs were furiously barking below.

"You 'll have to be careful how you cut down this tree," said Joe to Early, "and see that it falls on shore and not into the water."

"I don't reckon I 'll have to cut it any way," cried Early, who was holding a torch out over the creek. "Look-a-dar! He 's gwine to jump!"

Everybody looked, and they saw the 'coon sitting near the end of a limb that hung over the water. He was a larger animal than the other one, and much quicker in making up his mind. The next instant, he leaped from the limb and plunged into the water.

"At him! Sic him! Catch him!" shouted the boys, and the dogs dashed into the water. Before the 'coon could reach the other side the dogs surrounded him, and a terrible fight ensued.

In the water a 'coon has great advantages over dogs, as these fellows soon found out. The 'coon seemed to have half a dozen mouths, and every dog snarled and yelped as if they had all been bitten at the same moment. They kept up a furious attack, however, upon their common foe; the boys and negroes, meanwhile, urging them on with shouts and cries.

There was one dog in the water that belonged

to Joe. This was a setter named Ponto, and was, indeed, much too good a dog to go on a 'coon hunt. The 'coon appeared to find out that Ponto was the best of the dogs, and thinking, probably, that if he conquered him he could get away from the others, he seized the setter by the nose and began to pull his head into the water.

Poor Ponto jerked up his head, and the other dogs splashed and snapped at the 'coon, who was nearly out of sight beneath the surface; but the brave little creature held on firmly, and down went Ponto's head again.

Everybody was greatly excited, and especially Joe. He was sure his dear Ponto would be drowned. The struggling animals in the creek had drifted a little down the stream, and were near a fallen log that lay across the creek. On to this log sprang Joe. If he could seize his Ponto he would pull him out of the water, 'coon and all. But, alas! there was a crack and a crash! The rotten log broke in the middle, and down went Joe into the dark stream! For a moment he disappeared, and then, by the light of the uplifted torches, he could be seen struggling to his feet.

In an instant Gilbert, Walter, and Early dashed in to his assistance. The water was about up to their waists, but they did not stop to think whether it was deep or shallow.

Early seized Joe, and attempted to pull him to the bank, but Joe, by this time, had hold of Ponto, whose nose was held by the 'coon, upon whose hind quarters and tail two dogs had now fastened, and so the negro man had rather a heavy tow. Joe shouted to him to let go of him, for he was not going to leave Ponto. Gilbert also seized hold of the setter, and Walter made several cracks at the coon with a stick he had picked up.

Suddenly all was darkness. The negro boys on the banks, in their excitement, had forgotten to renew their fat-pine torches, and for some minutes Elijah had held the only one left burning; this had burned down to his fingers without his noticing it, and then he had suddenly dropped it.

In the dark confusion which then ensued, everybody scrambled to shore, but Joe did not let go of Ponto. The boy and the dog climbed up the bank together, but there was no 'coon on Ponto's nose. Gilbert had some matches in an upper pocket, and there were several pine-knots left. These were lighted, and the boys looked at one another and laughed.

Joe was wet all over, and the others were dripping to their waists. The dogs were climbing out of the water, and the 'coon was gone.

"Look h'yere!" cried Early to the negro boys, "jump 'round lively now, and pick up some dry wood! We 'se got to have a fire and all get dry

afore dere 's any more huntin' done. I don't want to take anybody home wid de rheumatiz."

It was not long before a fire was blazing merrily in an open space among the trees, and those of the party who had been in the creek were glad to gather around it and dry themselves. Ponto, who had had enough active exercise for the present, remained with the group near the fire, but the other dogs were scattered about in the woods, sniffing around for the track of another 'coon.

Joe was just beginning to feel that he was about half dry,—and that is generally dry enough for a boy who has a good deal of walking or running before him,—when, suddenly, among the trees, a short distance from the fire, was heard a dreadful crash. High overhead there was a sound of breaking limbs, then a rush and a clatter, and a thump on the ground, followed by a muffled cry and a great stir and confusion among the dark and spectral trees.

Everybody started in affright, and the eyes and mouths of the negroes flew wide open.

"What 's dat?" whispered Early, his legs trembling beneath him.

Nobody answered a word. In fact, the white boys were nearly startled out of their wits.

The disturbing noise had now ceased, and in a moment Elijah opened his mouth: "It 's little Jacob!" he gasped.

"Little Jacob!" exclaimed Walter.

"Yes," said Elijah; "he done died day 'fore yist'day."

"Stupid!" said Joe, who was now beginning to recover himself. "You darkey boys are always looking out for ghosts. What do you suppose poor little Jacob would be doing up a tree?"

"And he was so drefel thin," said Early, who was glad to assure himself that he had not heard a ghost, "he could neber 'a' made all dat noise a-fallin'."

"Let 's go and see what it is," said Walter. And the white boys, followed at a little distance by the negroes, proceeded cautiously to the spot where they had heard the noise. There, by the light of the fire and the torch, they saw upon the ground a large dead limb, broken to pieces, while in the trees above them there began a flapping and a fluttering.

"Oh, hi!" cried Early, holding up a torch. "I'll tell you what all dis bizness is, Mahs'r Joe. Dem yar 's tukkey-buzzards a-roostin' up dar. Dey was scared by de fire, and one of 'em jumped on de rotten limb and down come he. And dat was de whole magnitude of de t'ing! And, now, I tell yo' what 't is, yo' boys," said he, turning to Elijah and his companion, "yo' ought to be 'shame' o' yo'selves, bein' skeered at ghos'es. Yo 's allus get-

ting skeered half to death every time you hears a little noise."

"Oh, ho!" cried Elijah, boldly. "Yo' was skeered yo'self, Uncle Early. Yo' done reckoned it was little Jacob, coffin and all!"

The white boys burst out laughing. "You were just as much frightened as anybody, Early," said Gilbert.

"I neber did hear anybody make such a talkin' and clatterin' as dese two boys," said Early, still glowering at Elijah and the other negro. "Dey 's enough to frighten all de 'coons out o' de woods."

"Come on!" cried Joe. "We are ready to start now, and we'll see if there are any 'coons left."

The party clambered up the hill again, considering it better to make their way toward home. They had scarcely reached the top of the ridge when the dogs started another 'coon. The hunters followed for a short distance, but as the chase led down into a deep ravine, filled with brushwood and bushes, the boys stopped, feeling that they had had enough of that rough kind of work for the night.

The late moon had now arisen, and by its light the boys could see the dogs clamoring at the foot of a tall tulip-poplar tree on the other side of the ravine.

"That 's the meanest thing of all!" cried Joe. "There 's a 'coon in that tree, and he just went up there to make us feel badly. He knows we can't cut down that tree, for it is the finest poplar in these woods. People come out here just to look at it. We might as well keep on. But I do hate to go home without a 'coon. I hope the folks are all in bed."

The boys found it very difficult indeed to get the dogs away from the poplar tree. The animals would not listen to their calls, and the negroes were at last obliged to cross the ravine, and drive them away from the tree. The party had now reached the wood-road by which it had first entered the forest.

The torches were all burned out, but the light of the moon occasionally breaking through the tree-tops enabled the hunters to see their way. It was not long before they heard the barking of a dog in the distance.

"Have any of those dogs got off again?" said Joe, turning to Early. "I told you to keep them with us. We don't want any more break-neck chases to-night."

"Dey 'se all here, Mahs'r Joe," said Early. "I done tied a string to old Zack and I 'm leadin' him, and de udders wont go for no 'coon widout he goes fust."

"The dogs are all here," said Gilbert, who had

called them to him. "It must be some other dog we hear."

The barking of this dog was heard more plainly as they proceeded, and when they reached a cross-road, Early stopped and exclaimed

"Mahs'r Joe, dat 's Tag!"

"It can't be Tag," said Joe; "he went home long ago."

"It 's bound to be dat dog," persisted Early. "I knows his bark just as well as if 't was my old dad a-speakin' to me."

"Let 's go see!" said Joe. And the whole party ran along the road.

They had just gone around a little bend, when they saw Tag at the foot of a tall young tree. He was standing on his hind legs, with his fore feet against the tree, barking furiously.

"Well I declare!" cried Joe; "I do believe that Tag has treed a 'coon!"

There was no doubt of the fact. On one of the straggling limbs of the tree, which stood out in the full moonlight, a 'coon could be plainly seen.

"Did yo' eber see such a dog as Tag!" shouted Early. "He 's been a tryin' to scratch up dis tree by de roots. He 's done dug holes all 'roun' it."

"I guess he 's been here all the time," said Joe.

"And what 's more," said Gilbert, "I believe that he was on the track of that 'coon when he first turned into the road and left us."

"And if we 'd followed him I guess we might have had a 'coon long ago, might n't we?" asked Walter.

"I reckon so," said Joe; "but nobody ever follows Tag."

"I s'pose it 's about time to quit preachin' and go to cuttin'," said Early. And, taking the ax from his shoulder, he began to hack away at the tree.

Tag retired to a little distance, and sat down on his haunches, apparently satisfied that he had done all that could be expected of him, and that the enterprise would now be carried on by other parties. The boys, white and negro, stood back, holding the dogs out of the way of Early's ax. In a very short time the tree came crashing down. As its top fell into the road the dogs and the hunters dashed to the spot, and the 'coon was seized almost before he touched the ground.

Then there was a lively time! The 'coon laid down on his back, spinning around like a top, and bit and clawed until the dogs became almost afraid to touch him. Tag absolutely refused to have anything to do with the fight, and Ponto, whose nose was still sore from his adventure in the creek,

was not at all anxious to have another 'coon fasten upon him, and therefore showed but little zeal in this affray.

Then Joe, who was fearful that the 'coon would spring up and get away from the dogs, ordered Early to kill him with a club, which was accordingly done.

The 'coon was hung to a pole, and the hunters started home in triumph, everybody petting and patting Tag.

"Wid Tag to tree 'em, an' a bull-pup to fight 'em," said Early to his two companions as they followed in the rear of the party, "an' me to cut down de tree, dere would n't be no use for nobody else gwine on a 'coon hunt 'round here."

"Yo' go 'long wid yo' blowin', Uncle Early," said Elijah, contemptuously; "de tukkey-buzzards 'ud frighten yo' cl'ar out de woods!"

When the hunters reached home, they found the house lighted and the family up. It was late, but nobody wanted to go to bed until the 'coon hunters returned. The 'coon was pronounced a splendid one, and Mr. Ormsley gave directions to have it carefully skinned.

"Who do you suppose really got the 'coon?" asked Joe.

"Give it up," cried everybody, anxious to know.

"Tag!" said Joe.

"Not Tag!" cried the girls.

"Yes, Tag!" said Gilbert.

"Tag?" ejaculated Mr. Ormsley.

And the boys, in chorus, answered: "Tag!"



THE SULTAN OF THE EAST.

BY PALMER COX.

THERE was a Sultan of the East
 Who used to ride a stubborn beast:
 A marvel of the donkey-kind,
 That much perplexed his owner's mind.

The beast was measured o'er with care;
 They proved him by the plumb and square,
 The compass to his ribs applied,
 And every joint by rule was tried;



By turns he moved a rod ahead,
 Then backed a rod or so instead.
 And thus the day would pass around,
 The Sultan gaining little ground.
 The servants on before would stray
 And pitch their tents beside the way,
 And pass the time as best they might
 Until their master hove in sight.
 The Sultan many methods tried:
 He clicked and coaxed and spurs applied,
 And stripped a dozen trees, at least,
 Of branches, to persuade the beast.
 But all his efforts went for naught;
 No reformation could be wrought.
 At length, before the palace gate
 He called the wise men of the state,
 And bade them now their skill display
 By finding where the trouble lay.

With solemn looks and thoughts profound,
 The men of learning gathered round.



But nothing could the doctors find
 To prove he differed from his kind.
 Said they: "Your Highness! It appears
 The beast is sound from hoof to ears;

No outward blemishes we see
To limit action fair and free.
In view of this, the fact is plain
The mischief lies within the brain.
Now, we suggest, to stop his tricks,
A sail upon his back you fix,
Of goodly size, to catch the breeze
And urge him forward where you please."

The Sultan well their wisdom praised.
Two masts upon the beast were raised,
And, schooner-rigged from head to tail,

With halliards, spanker-boom, and sail,
In proper shape equipped was he,
As though designed to sail the sea!

And when the Sultan next bestrode
That beast upon a lengthy road,
With favoring winds that whistled strong
And swiftly urged the craft along,
The people cleared the track with speed;
And old and young alike agreed
A stranger sight could not be found,
From side to side the province round.

THE EXTRA TRAIN.

BY YOUNG JOE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SECRET.

YOU'D better believe I was glad when that letter came from Uncle Joe; for Mother and Father had promised me that, if I should get a good average in my marks at school, I might go and spend the vacation at Uncle Joe's. I put in and studied like a Trojan, and, at the end of the term, I stood third in my class. Jim Stearns and Wally Lyon were ahead of me; but Jim is sixteen, and Wally's mother helps him at home. At any rate, Father and Mother were satisfied, and that's all I cared for.

But, about Uncle Joe's letter. Oh, was n't I glad! Uncle Joe is a splendid man; I was named after him, and he always calls me Young Joe. He lives in Massachusetts and is President of a Railway Company. He said in the letter that I must be sure to come, for he was going to take us young ones away somewhere to have a good time all summer.

As luck would have it, school was just over when the letter came. I was measured for a new roughing suit of clothes; Father bought me a stunning fishing-rod and tackle, and I squeezed in my baseball and bats after Mother had packed my trunk—I had to laugh when I saw how she had put all the socks and handkerchiefs in little rows and piles. I thought they would n't stay that way a great while. And right on the top of all I put the presents I bought for Cousin Hal and Susy and Baby Bunting. At last I started. I went by the Fall River boat, and Father stood on the pier waving his handkerchief until we were out of sight.

Cousin Hal met me at the train the next morning when I got out. They were all real glad to see me, and Aunt Maria had a tip-top breakfast. Hal's school had closed the day before; but Uncle Joe said we should not start off on our trip until the next week, so we should have two or three days to knock around in.

It was a great secret where we were going. Hal did n't know. Susy did n't know. And when we asked any questions Uncle Joe had a funny twinkle in his eye and Aunt Maria laughed. They said it was n't to the seaside, nor to the mountains, nor to a hotel, nor to a boarding-house, nor on a ship, nor in a tent. At last, Susy guessed "up in a balloon," and everybody laughed; but Uncle Joe shook his head again, and so we gave up guessing.

That was on Sunday night, just before we went upstairs. Hal went down, when he was half-undressed, to ask if it was in a cave; and when his father said "no," Hal said, then it could n't be anywhere. We went to bed at nine o'clock, for we were going to start early the next morning.

Hal and I were up before everybody else. We could n't eat much breakfast, in spite of all that Aunt Maria said. We had a good many things to see to. Hal was going to take his dog, Susy her canary, and Baby Bunting a pet rabbit, which we carried in a box. Uncle Joe said it was a regular menagerie.

We went down to the depot in two carriages, with a lumber wagon behind to carry all the baggage. We had hardly got there, when the train came along. We had a whole car to ourselves, and, as Uncle Joe is the President, of course we were "passed," and the conductor did n't come around to take our tickets. So Hal made believe

he was the conductor, and put a badge on his hat and went up and down the aisle, calling out at every step, "*Tickets, please!*" and Baby Bunting gave him a bit of card, and it tickled Baby Bunting 'most to death.

We went through a good many towns and places, but we did n't stop, except once to "water up." It was past noon when all at once we "slowed up," in a wild sort of place out in the woods, and pretty soon we began to back. We backed and backed as much as a quarter of a mile, on a side track, until we came to a place that was all woods on one side and clear, open fields upon the other; and then we stopped. We asked Uncle Joe what it meant, but he told us to keep still and we should see very soon; and then he got up and went out and talked with the engineer and brakemen. We could n't hear what they said, but pretty soon the engine went off and left us. We told Aunt Maria, and she laughed again, but said nothing.

By and by, Uncle Joe came back and said: "Now, youngsters, come with me!"

We all jumped up and followed him in Indian file. He went out and unlocked the door of the next car and told us to go in. We rushed past him into the car and stopped, and all cried:

"Oh!"

What do you think it was? Why, the car was made into a parlor—not a Pullman palace-car, but a regular parlor, such as we have at home. All the seats had been taken out, there was a carpet on the floor, there were the sofa and easy chairs from Aunt Maria's room put around the wall, there was the piano at one side, there was a center-table and some shelving for books, just like a room at home.

We asked Uncle Joe lots of questions, but he only smiled and again said: "Come along!" and went on to the next car. Then we all shouted again, for that was fixed up for three sleeping-rooms: one for Uncle Joe and Aunt Maria, at one end, a little one in the middle for Susy and Baby Bunting, and then one at the other end for Hal and me. There were six little iron beds, and all the rooms were divided off with heavy curtains, and there were funny little wash-stands, and combs and brushes, and lots of nails to hang our clothes on, and it was just the jolliest thing you ever saw!

Then Uncle Joe led us into the next car, and there was a dining-room—a large table in the middle, a lot of chairs, and a cupboard up in the corner with plenty of crockery.

As soon as we saw that, we all clapped our hands and cried out:

"Oh! now we know the secret: we are going to live in the cars all summer!"

Uncle Joe smiled and looked at Aunt Maria.

"But where 's the kitchen?" cried Susy. "Are we going to cook out-of-doors?"

Uncle Joe did n't answer, but went to the door and beckoned, and there was another car! And when we went in, we found it was a splendid kitchen, and there sat our own cook and second girl from home, laughing and kind of blushing to see us rush in. They had a nice little bed-room partitioned off for them at the further end of the car, but when Aunt Maria asked them how they liked it, we all laughed to hear the cook answer:

"Shure, 't is very nate an' foine ma'am, but we 'd he sheared out of our lives wid the wild bastes an' Injuns."

"Now, pickaninnies," said Uncle Joe, when we went out, "this is to be your home for the summer!"

We shouted with delight, Hal and I threw up our hats, Susy danced a little jig, Baby Bunting flourished his fat little arms, and altogether we made so much noise that Aunt Maria begged us to stop.

"This is to be our summer home," said Uncle Joe, again. "And now the question is, what shall we call it?"

"Let 's call it 'The Sportsman's Bower,'" cried Hal, thinking of his gun and fishing-rod.

"Or 'The Huntsman's Haunt,'" said I.

"Or 'The Railroad Ranch,'" cried Susy.

"Or 'The Traveling Troupe,'" said Hal.

"Or 'The Roving Roost,'" said I.

"Why not call it what it is?" asked Uncle Joe—"The Extra Train."

We all thought that would be first-rate, and said: "Yes, let 's have that!"

"Very well," said Uncle Joe. "I will have a sign painted, and send it down to-morrow when Bo's'n comes with the horse."

"Is Bo's'n coming?—and the horse, too? Oh, what fun!" cried Susy.

"Yes," said Uncle Joe.

"Where will they stay? There is n't any stable," suggested Hal.

"We shall have to build one," said his father.

"Let 's go out now and choose a spot."

We all went out and jumped off the car, and then we saw what a beautiful place we were in. It was very high ground. There was a mountain not very far off on one side, and a little lake quite near on the other. There was a splendid view; we could see miles and miles away. There were ever so many hills,—big hills, too,—and lots of towns and villages 'way, 'way off in the distance, so that we could just see the spires of the churches—oh, I can't tell you how grand it was!

Uncle Joe told us that the track we were on ran about a quarter of a mile farther to a gravel-pit,

but that it had not been used for several years and we should not be disturbed. He said, also, that the cars were old cars that the company did n't want any more, and that 's how he came to take them. The engineer and brakemen had blocked the wheels tight before they went away, so that we could n't move. The track was not sandy as most railway tracks are, but the grass came clear up to the rails, and the blackberry vines ran all over the sleepers in some places.

We hunted around for a spot in which to build the stable, and Uncle Joe at last picked out one in a little clump of trees, at one side of the big open

measured off and arranged, Aunt Maria came out to join us, and we played all the afternoon.

After that there was the prettiest sunset I ever saw: the lake was all gold and the mountain deep purple. But it seemed sort of solemn and dreary at first, when the night came on, there were so many queer sounds. For, besides the crickets and tree-toads, there were lots of whippoorwills and something else, now and then, that Uncle Joe said was a screech-owl. I could n't help thinking then of what the cook had said about the "wild bastes an' Injuns," but I did n't say anything to Hal about it, for he would have laughed at me.



THE STOPPING-PLACE OF THE EXTRA TRAIN.

place. We left him drawing plans upon a piece of paper while we ran and capered all over the wide green pasture, which we named "The Field," playing "Tag" and "Gule" and "Leap-frog," till all at once Aunt Maria came out of the dining-room car and stood on the steps ringing a big bell. We wondered what it was for, but when we went in we saw a splendid dinner ready, set just as it is at home. We were glad to see it, too, for we were pretty hungry by that time.

After dinner, Uncle Joe said we should go out and pitch the lawn-tent and set up the croquet wickets. We found a fine place, and after we had got it

We forgot about the woods pretty quickly when we went in; for Aunt Maria had the big astral lamp lighted on the center-table, and we had games, and some music on the piano, and then we thought it was great fun going to bed in those droll little beds and bed-rooms. We knew nothing after that until old Meg, the cook, rang a tremendous big bell for us to get up in the morning.

We did n't know where we were at first, but we soon were dressed and out. And, oh, you never saw anything so fresh and sweet as the woods were, nor heard such a racket as the birds made!

We had breakfast pretty early, because Uncle

Joe was going away. We went with him down to the main track; he shook his handkerchief when the train came along, and the engineer, who was on the lookout, stopped and took him up.

That afternoon a car was switched off upon our track by the "up" freight-train, with two carpenters and a lot of lumber on it. The carpenters went right to work building the stable. It was a rough-looking little shed when it was done, but it was nice and warm inside, and it was hidden by the trees, so its looks did n't matter. The carpenters staid two days, and did a lot of little jobs for Aunt Maria; they made some steps to go up into the cars by, for the car-steps were too high to be easy; then they made some benches to put around in "The Field," where Aunt Maria could come and sit to see us play, and where we could sit when we were tired.

The day after the stable was done, Bo's'n came with the horse. We were awful glad to see him. You ought to have seen how he grinned when he saw the stable and we told him about naming "The Extra Train." Bo's'n is a real good-natured fellow; he is as strong as a giant, almost, and knows how to do everything. His name is n't really Bo's'n, you know—it is George Latham; but we call him Bo's'n because he was once a real boatswain on a great ship. He said he would show Hal and me how to snare rabbits and partridges in the woods, and teach us to swim and dive and float and a lot of things.

Aunt Maria said she felt more "to rights" after the carpenters had gone and Bo's'n had come; for she confessed she had been a little afraid, before, though Hal said she need n't have been, for he had his shot-gun.

Bo's'n found a splendid spring in the woods, and used to bring the water every day in big buckets. Then he found an old grass-grown road by which we could drive the horse and carriage out to the highway; and then we used to take a long ride all 'round the country every day.

Uncle Joe came down 'most every night, and always brought a big basket of things from the city. That makes me think I have n't told you how we did our marketing.

Why, the morning train used to stop and drop it off, in a big market-basket, two or three times a week, and Bo's'n was down there to get it. The engineer soon knew the spot, and used to give us a salute whenever he went by—a kind of "toot, toot!" on the steam-whistle. We liked to hear it, but I guess the passengers in the cars thought it was funny.

Saturday night an engine came down late on purpose to bring Uncle Joe, who had been kept by business too late to take the cars. Then Aunt

Maria said, as long as the engine was there, she wanted the cars shifted so as to put the sleeping-car at the farther end from the kitchen, which was a good deal better; for then we did n't have to go through "the sleeper" to get to the dining-room.

You know now, pretty well, what sort of a place we lived in, and so I'll go on and tell you some of our adventures.

CHAPTER II.

"JIM CROW."

AFTER the first week, we felt just as much at home on "The Extra Train" as in our own houses. Our papers and letters were thrown out of the cars every day by the expressman, in a little canvas bag, and Hal and I went down the first thing in the morning to get it.

Uncle Joe took us down to the lake one day, and picked out the very prettiest boat there, and hired it for the season. Her name was "Undine," and she was the fastest boat on the lake. Bo's'n rather turned up his nose at her, at first, I think, and said:

"She's all well enough, p'r'aps, for *fresh* water."

She was nothing but a row-boat, of course, but he fixed her up with a cat-rigging and we used to have some jolly sails in her.

Aunt Maria said it was a sweet little lake; and so it was; and not so very little, for it was six miles long. We used to go fishing 'most every day, at first; we caught perch and horn-pouts, and, now and then, a pickerel. We took Baby Bunting one day, and he actually caught a fish—a funny little flat fish—and pulled it in with his own fat little hands, and his eyes stuck out of his head, almost.

He took such care of that fish! He wrapped it up in a piece of paper, he put it in his pocket, he carried it home, and took it to bed with him, and cried as if his heart would break, next day, when Aunt Maria said it must be thrown away. But he stopped crying when we promised to get him some more. And so we did; we made a little aquarium out in a hollow rock, and put in two or three little fishes; but they did n't thrive, for Baby Bunting would take them out and nurse them every day, and squeeze them affectionately in his fat little fists.

But speaking about the boat makes me think of the first scrape we got into; and it *was* a scrape, I tell you. Everybody was scared 'most to death for a while. This is the way it happened:

Aunt Maria said, the day before Hal's birthday, that we should have a huckleberry pudding next day for dinner if we would go and pick the berries.

Of course we were glad enough to do that; so,

in the afternoon, Hal and Susy and I set out to go to the hills. But, after we had gone about half a mile, Hal stopped, all of a sudden, and said he remembered seeing lots of huckleberries over on Crow Island, and we 'd better go there.

Crow Island is the biggest island in the lake, and it got its name from always having flocks of crows flying and cawing 'round it.

We thought it would be ever so much more fun to go to the island; so we got the "Undine" and rowed over. We found lots of berries, and picked our baskets heaping full. It was nearly sundown when we started to come home. We were just getting into the boat, when Susy pointed to a large pine tree, not far away, in which the crows were making a great noise. We went 'round to see what it was, and discovered a big crow's nest near the top.

"I 'll bet there are some young ones up there!" I said.

"Come on, let 's go up, then!" cried Hal. "It would be such fun to have a young crow; we 'd teach him to talk."

Without another word we both started up the tree; it was pretty hard climbing, and when we got about half way up the old crows began making a horrible noise over our heads. But we climbed on, up and up, until we were within reach of the nest. There it was, sure enough, so full of young birds that it was a wonder some of them did n't tumble out.

The old crows made a great fight, and darted right at our faces. Hal said he was afraid they 'd pick out our eyes; and so was I. Worse than that, we were up so very high that I was dizzy and my knees shook like everything. I kept hold, though, like grim Death. Hal shouted:

"Brace right up, now, and don't go flunking!"

And I did n't. He kept the old ones off by fighting them with his hat, while I grabbed a fine young crow, and we scrambled down. I did n't dare to look below, for I thought I should fall every minute; and that young varmint of a crow—my goodness, did n't he caw and kick, though! He opened his mouth as if he were going to swallow me, tree and all. He knew he was being kidnapped, I can tell you.

But Hal and I did n't feel guilty, for we knew we were going to civilize that crow, and give him the advantage of an education; and then, if he wanted to, he could go back as a missionary to the other crows, you know. Any way, we got down with him all right, and now begins the scrape.

Just as we reached the ground we heard a cry from Susy. We ran toward the lake, and what do you think? There was the boat, with Susy in it, out in the deep water, half a dozen rods from the shore, and Susy herself, with one of the

oars, was paddling for dear life, and all the time only making the boat go 'round and 'round in a circle! She was so scared, when she first found herself floating away from shore, that she had lost overboard the other oar.

This was a pretty pickle; for Hal and I could only swim a few strokes then, and of course we could n't go 'way out there in that deep water. We made believe not to be scared, but we were; for the night was coming on, and we were left alone upon the island without any way of getting off. And there was the boat, with poor Susy in it, crying as if her heart would break, floating off toward the farther end of the lake, from which she would have to walk miles and miles through the woods to get home. Besides all that, we knew Aunt Maria would be frightened within an inch of her life.

We shouted to Susy not to be afraid, but to sit still in the boat, and she would float ashore; and then Hal and I began calling and shouting and hooting, in the hope that somebody would hear us. And soon we were both as hoarse as frogs. But of course Aunt Maria thought we had gone toward the mountain, and she would hunt in that direction first, when she missed us.

But all this time poor Susy kept floating farther and farther off, until she looked like a big speck on the water, and the light was fading fast.

At last, we saw somebody moving on the shore. We both tried to shout, but we were too hoarse to shout loudly.

Then what do you s'pose we did?—why, Hal stripped off his shirt, and we tied it to a tall pole by the sleeves, so as to make a white flag; and we waved it back and forth, taking turns at it, until our arms ached.

Pretty soon we heard a voice calling. We tried to answer, but we could n't make much of a noise; so we kept on waving the shirt.

By and by the voice came nearer, but the evening was becoming so dark that we could n't see anything plainly. In a few minutes we heard the splashing of oars, and then came Bo's'n's voice calling us by name. We managed to make him hear us this time; and, when he came up to the rock where we were, we both leaped into the boat and almost hugged him, we were so glad. He had brought along Tearer, Hal's dog, who nearly ate us up with delight, just as if he understood all about the scrape we had been in.

When we told Bo's'n about Susy, he seemed a little scared at first; but in a minute he said:

"Never you fear, she 's all right; we 'll git her—but we must give your ma the signal first; she 's over there on the shore, an' she 's e'en a'most crazy. I told her, ef 't was all right I 'd signal."

And striking a match as he spoke, he lighted a

lantern in the bottom of the boat and swung it 'round his head three times.

"There; that 'll ease *her* mind, I reckon, an' now we 'll go after the little one!"

With that, he just "lay to" the oars, as he called it, and made the boat almost fly through the water

would reach the other end of the lake. *We* thought he had made a mistake in changing his course, but he only said:

"Now, you jest leave this 'ere to me, boys; you jest leave this 'ere to me."

By and by, we saw the dark shadow of the woods on shore. We all shouted:

"Susy! Susy!"

But not a sound came back excepting a kind of echo from the woods. I kept swinging the lantern all the time, Hal was frightened nearly out of his wits, and Tearer barked like a good fellow.

Hal and I were going to get out, but Bo's'n stopped us. He said we could hunt better in the boat than on shore.

Then he rowed along shore, keeping well in, and pretty soon we saw some object in the bushes. We rowed up, and there, sure enough, was the "Undine," but — *she was empty!*

Oh, how scared Hal and I were! We could hardly breathe at first, and I felt all kind of hollow inside. We thought Susy was drowned, but Bo's'n kept saying:

"Don't you be scared a bit; set right still here in the boat! I 'll find her."

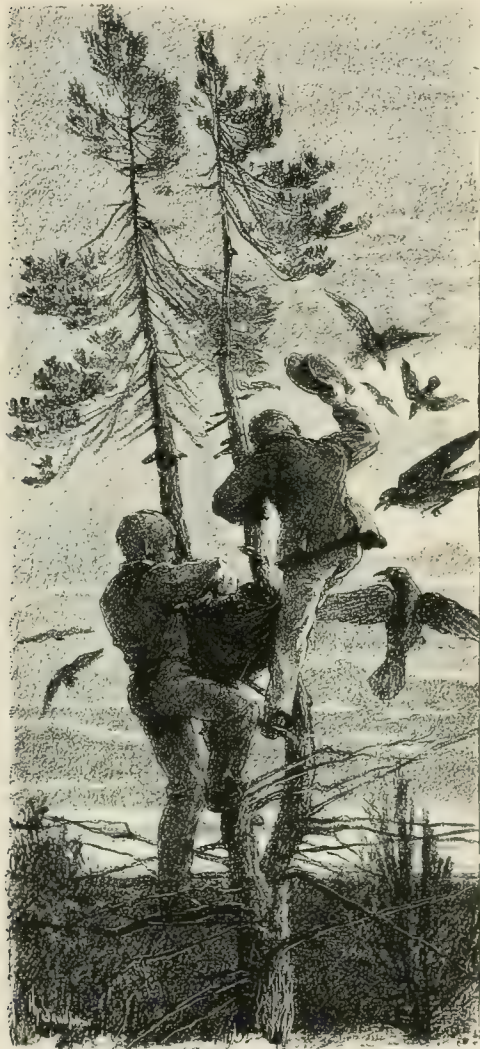
He jumped out, and called the dog. Tearer went bounding into the woods, and we could hear him, for a little while, racing back and forth, this way and that, trying to find the scent. In a few minutes the sound of Bo's'n's footsteps and the barking both died away, and it was terribly still and dark and lonely.

We waited and waited and waited, it seemed as if 't was almost a year, and by and by, after a long, long time, we heard a shout; then Tearer's bark; then the crackling of the bushes, and pretty soon out came Bo's'n with Susy in his arms. He came right on board, took off his coat and wrapped her in it, and put her down on the seat between Hal and me.

She acted in a very funny way, at first; she laughed one minute and she cried the next, her teeth chattered, and she shivered all over. Bo's'n said he guessed she'd got "the histrikes" slightly, but she 'd get over *them* quick enough when she got back to her ma.

We did n't lose much time in getting home, you can imagine, and there was poor Aunt Maria waiting on the shore in the greatest fright. I expected she would scold Hal and me, but she did n't; she hugged us and kissed us and called us her dear children, and took us home and gave us a splendid supper, and was as kind as ever she could be. And she has never said a word about it since, nor forbidden us to go again, nor anything of the sort.

And I guess that was the best way, for Hal and



"HAL KEPT THE OLD ONES OFF BY FIGHTING THEM WITH HIS HAT."

in the direction we showed him. Now and then he stopped and wet his finger, and stuck it up in the air to see which way the wind blew. Then he would change his course and row harder than before. Hal and I were so anxious, that we did n't say much; but we kept a sharp lookout, and every now and then I swung the lantern. It seemed as if Bo's'n had rowed a tremendous distance, and that he never

I felt as bad as we could, any way, and I think it would have been a sort of relief to be scolded. Instead of that, Aunt Maria was so awful good to us that it cut us up worse than ever.

And that was our first regular scrape, but I forgot to tell one thing. After we had reached home and we stood shivering around the fire, Aunt Maria said to me suddenly:

"Why, my dear, what's that you have in your hand?"

I looked down, and there was the poor little crow which I had tied up in my handkerchief and carried all the time, without ever knowing it. He was all alive and well, in spite of what he had been through. We called him "Jim," in honor of the renowned "Jim Crow." We taught him a good many tricks and he grew up to be a wonderful bird—I wish I had time to tell you some of the funny things he did.

CHAPTER III.

GOING UP THE MOUNTAIN.

NOW I must tell you about our trip up the mountain, for that was rather an exciting event; at least, we thought so.

We had been waiting ever so long to go, so, at last, Aunt Maria said one evening that we should start the next morning. It was a splendid day. We had an early breakfast. Aunt Maria packed a big basket with luncheon, and Bo's'n drove us over to the Mountain House, a hotel right at the foot of the mountain, where we left the carriage.

There was a good path, so we thought there was no danger of losing the way, and it was easy going, at first. Bo's'n carried Baby Bunting, and Hal and I carried the hamper. But, pretty soon, the way became steeper, and it got to be awfully hot. We all sat down in a shady place to get cool. We were so thirsty that we almost choked. While we sat there groaning for a drink, all at once Tearer, who had been dashing about in the woods, came rushing up to us.

"There! There! See that! He's found it!" shouted Bo's'n, and pointed at Tearer's feet.

We looked at, and, sure enough, his feet were all wet. Then Hal and I jumped up, took a pail and went hunting about in the woods with him; and there, about half a dozen rods from the path, we found a splendid brook.

The water was as cold as ice and as clear as crystal. We took back a pail of it. Aunt Maria said it was the best water she had ever tasted, and that we must stop there on the way down, to get another drink.

Now, just that one remark of Aunt Maria's was

the cause of all the trouble that happened to us, and a pretty muddle it was.

We went on up to the top, and there we met a delicious breeze, as cool as could be, and saw the view—only there was so much of it that, of course, we could n't half see it.

Hal said he wished he had eyes like telescopes, and Aunt Maria said she would be a fairy god-mother for once, and gratify his wish. Then she smiled and said: "Presto—change!" and pulled a big spy-glass out of the basket. We took turns looking through it. It was funny to see Baby Bunting—he always shut up the wrong eye.

By and by we had luncheon, and when we were rested we started down. After a while, Aunt Maria and Susy wanted to sit down. Bo's'n said he "guessed he'd keep right on, and have the carriage ready for us when we got down." So off he went, with Baby Bunting on his shoulder.

Susy became so tired that Aunt Maria had to stop pretty often for her to rest, so Hal and I ran ahead. When we came to the place where the spring was, we remembered what Aunt Maria had said, so we struck into the woods to go over there, thinking she would stop when they came along.

Hal and I took a drink, and then went to work building a little dam, expecting every minute to hear Aunt Maria. We waited ever so long and did n't hear her, and so we filled our pail and came out upon the path. Aunt and Susy were n't there, and so we sat down and waited another long while, but still they did n't come. Then we thought perhaps they had gone past, and we hurried on.

After we'd gone about half a mile, we found in the path a whistle that I had made for Susy; then we knew they must be ahead, and ran as fast as we could to catch them.

Pretty soon, we came to a place where the path branched off in two directions, which we had n't noticed in going up. Hal and I took the left-hand path, which turned out to be right. We hurried down to the hotel, and there was Bo's'n and baby sitting in the carriage, but they had n't seen a sign of Aunt Maria. Then we knew right off that they must have taken the wrong path and gone astray.

We did n't wait a minute, but just turned 'round and cut right back. It was a pretty good distance, but it did n't take us long. It's funny that we did n't think of taking "Tearer," but we did n't; we left him behind in the carriage. We ran along the right-hand path, calling and whistling as loudly as we could, until pretty soon the path branched off again. Then we did n't know what to do. At last we agreed that Hal should go one way and I the other, and come back to that spot to meet.

And now the muddle begins: Aunt Maria and Susy came out upon some road at the foot of the

mountain, where they met a farmer driving along in an old-fashioned wagon, and he told them they were several miles away from the hotel, so they hired him to drive them around.

But, meantime, Bo's'n thought something must have happened to us, and so he tied the horse and left Baby Bunting in the carriage, with Tearer to watch him, and he started off up the mountain to find us.

Then Baby Bunting got lonesome without any of us, and he got out of the carriage and went wandering about, crying, until a lady found him and took him up to her room at the hotel; but all he could tell was that his name was Baby Bunting, and he lived on "The Extra Train"—which was n't very clear to the lady.

Then Aunt Maria drove up and found the empty carriage, and was dreadfully frightened. She asked if anybody had seen a small child and a man and two boys. Nobody had seen the two boys and the child, but a man told her that he had seen Bo's'n get out of the carriage and start off up the mountain a few minutes before. Then Aunt Maria hired the man to go with her, and she started off up the mountain again.

Now to come back to myself: After I had followed my path a long way, and found it end in a swamp, I went back to wait for Hal at the spot appointed.

He did n't come, but while I was waiting, Bo's'n came up and found me; we stuck a note into the tree for Hal and started back. We met Aunt Maria and the man. Then Aunt Maria and I went back toward the carriage, and sent Bo's'n and the man to find Hal.

After Bo's'n had told Aunt Maria that he had left Baby Bunting in the carriage alone, you can imagine she did n't think of anything but finding the Baby. We ran 'most all the way back. And then, lo and behold! Susy was gone, too! Aunt Maria had left her in the carriage and charged her not to stir.

It seemed as if everybody was bewitched.

I thought Aunt Maria would faint away, she was so tired and excited. But it turned out all right: somebody had told Susy that her little brother was in the hotel, and she had gone in to see; and while Aunt Maria stood there so bewildered, they both came out on the piazza, and how they *did* run when they saw her!

Then I wanted to go off after Bo's'n and Hal, but Aunt Maria would n't let me. She said she had had Box-and-Cox enough. So we got into the carriage and waited; and pretty soon up came Hal from just the opposite direction that we expected, and after a long time poor Bo's'n came back with Tearer; and how he did grin when he saw us all seated in the carriage.

It was long after dark when we got back to "The Extra Train," and found the two servant girls scared half to death at being left alone. And what do you think they said? Why, that Uncle Joe had come home and got alarmed about us, and he had started off toward the mountain to find us. Aunt Maria dropped into a chair and gasped out:

"Oh, dear, this caps the climax!"

Bo's'n stood there looking dreadfully sorry for a minute; then all at once he brightened up and said:

"I've got it! I'll fetch him; never you fear, marm!"

Then he ran out to the stable. Hal and I wondered what he was going to do, but we were so tired we did n't follow.

In a minute there was a tremendous rushing noise outside, and we ran to the window and saw what it was.

Bo's'n had set off a sky-rocket!

We had a half-dozen left from the "Fourth," and Bo's'n set off three—one after another. Sure enough, it did the business! Uncle Joe saw them, and knew we must have got home and that the signal was meant for him, so he came hurrying back, just in time to eat supper with us.

Aunt Maria said it seemed as if she was never so glad in her life, and that she had had enough of climbing mountains; that mountains were made to look at, but not to climb.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CANADIANS.

THE days went by, and we had lived a good while without anybody having come near us, so we never thought of there being any danger. We had no neighbors, you know, and folks could n't see us from the road. We were so hidden among the trees that they never suspected any one was living there. We used to play all around where we liked, and Aunt Maria used to go away to spend the day whenever she wanted, without worrying about us.

But at last we had our eyes opened. We had a visit that we did n't forget. Hal and I used to read Walter Scott's novels, and wished there were castles nowadays and we could be in one just once, when it was besieged. We never thought our wishes would be granted. But they were. And this is the way it happened:

One fine day, just after dinner, Aunt Maria took Susy and started off for a town seven or eight miles away, to do some shopping. Bo's'n went with them to drive. The two servant girls had

done up their work and gone off for a walk in the woods. Hal and I were out in the field. I was painting the hull of a little ship we had been making for Baby Bunting, and Hal was fixing the rigging in a way that Bo's'n had showed him. Baby was inside, taking his afternoon nap on the parlor sofa, and Tearer was lying on the floor by his side.

It was just as still as it could be. The birds had stopped singing, because it was so warm, and there was n't any noise except the rustling of the trees and now and then a squirrel whistling in the woods.

All at once, Hal started up and said:

"What 's that?"

We listened, and heard a furious crackling of dead branches in the woods, as if some one was running, and in a minute more out rushed our two girls, with their faces as white as a sheet. Hal and I sprang up and asked what was the matter. They could scarcely speak, at first, but they managed to stammer out:

"Ugh, ugh! Run, Misther Hal! Run, both o' yees!"

"What is it?"

"Oh, they 're comin'. They 'll kill us—they 'll murther us, and ate us!"

"Who?"

"Thim wild Injuns;—the woods is full of 'em! Quick! quick! Get into the kairs, like foine byes, now—they wont lave a stitch of flesh on yer bones, av they onct lay hands on yees!"

Hal and I began to laugh at this wild story, but just then there was a sound of trampling in the woods, coming toward us, and we scrambled into the cars. Hal darted into the kitchen after the girls, and I was going to follow, but I happened to think of Baby Bunting, and rushed into the parlor-car.

Luckily, the two other cars were well locked. The girls always locked up the dining-room, between meals, on account of the silver, and Aunt Maria had locked "the sleeper" before she went.

As soon as I had got in and locked both doors of the car, I stuck my head out of the window to see what it was. But I popped it in again as quick as a flash; for there, close to us, was a party of rough-looking men coming through the trees. Then I ran and pulled down all the blinds, so that they could n't see into the car.

They came up and stared and stared all 'round "The Extra Train." They could n't make it out. I could see them, as plain as could be, through the shutters. They were about as dark as Indians, but they were n't Indians. I did n't know what they were until I thought all at once of what Bo's'n had said about there being a party of Canadians

encamped somewhere about the lake. I knew then it must be they.

They were rough, loaferish men, and I did n't like the looks of them at all. I wished I were in the same car with Hal. I wondered what he was doing. All the time, though, I kept a sharp watch on the Canadians. There were three middle-aged men and one young man.

Pretty soon they came up the steps and tried the door. Tearer jumped up; I grabbed him and stuffed my cap in his mouth to keep him from barking. But he is n't a barking dog. He does n't usually waste breath in barking; but when there 's any danger he takes right hold. And so, when I saw him get up and go to the door and stand there so still, with the shaggy hair bristling up all over his neck, I did n't feel quite so scared.

The Canadians tried hard to get in. They shook the door; they dashed against it and they tried their best; but it was too strong for them. Then they went around and clambered up to look through the windows; but the blinds were shut, so they could n't see anything. I kept whispering to Tearer all the time, to keep him from growling. I thought perhaps if they did n't hear nor see anybody they might go away.

All at once the fellow at the window up with his fist and hit the pane a rousing crack. It was very thick glass and it did n't break, but I knew it would n't stand many such knocks as that. Just as he lifted up his fist to strike again, and I began to wonder what I should do, there was the sound of a gun, and the man jumped down to the ground like lightning.

I knew in a minute it was Hal, and I wanted to hurrah and clap my hands. He had opened the window and fired his shot-gun. I guess the Canadians were well scared, for they ran up to my end of the train, all four of them, and stood there under my windows, jabbering a lot of gibberish and looking around with an ugly scowl.

Just then I happened to see our little brass cannon under a chair in the corner. I knew it was loaded; we always kept it loaded—but only with powder, of course—so as to be ready for a salute.

I picked it up, put it on a little table close to one of the windows, raised the sash softly, and *bang!* it went, right over their heads!

I thought they would all jump out of their skins! I giggled right out, but they did n't hear me; they ran, as tight as they could go, across the field, over by the stable, and hid in the bushes.

The cannon waked Baby Bunting, and he began to cry. I had to quiet him, and by that time the Canadians had rallied, and began to throw big stones to break the glass.

Crash! crash! went two of the windows in a twinkling. I began to be afraid again.

I saw two of them go creeping off through the woods, and I knew they meant some mischief. I was afraid they meant to set fire to the train.

Hal shot off his gun again, but I had no more powder.

The Canadians kept well behind the trees, which showed they were afraid; but now and then one threw a stone. Luckily, they were a good way off.

At last, when I was just beginning to hope they had got tired and gone away, I heard a queer little noise under the train. In a minute more, we began to move. Then I knew what they had done: they had taken the blocks away from the wheels and pushed until they had set the car in motion. I was awfully scared at this; for it was a down grade clear to the main track, and if the train once got going I knew we could never stop it. Besides, it was 'most time for the regular express up-train, which would surely run into us and smash us all to atoms.

back, and there were two of the Canadians running across the field with Tearer at their heels. They disappeared in the woods. Hal loaded his gun with some more powder, and we went across toward the stable.

Somehow we were n't so afraid now we had seen them run.

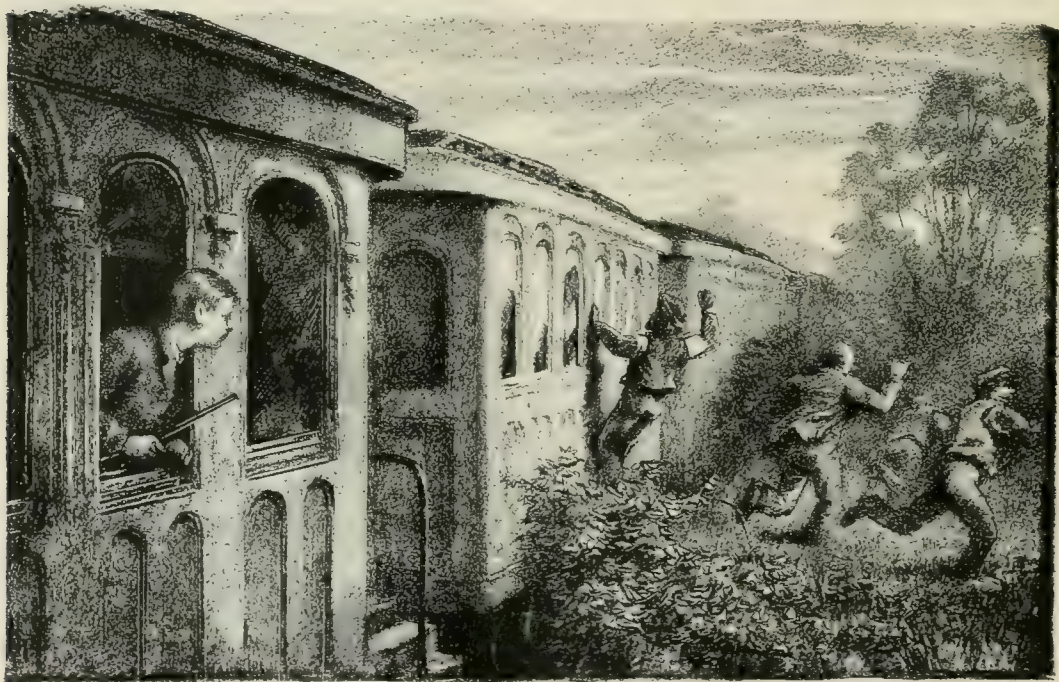
We heard a tremendous tussle going on in the woods. We hurried up, and when we got into the edge of the woods we found that Tearer had put the whole of them to flight!

He had seized one by the coat-tail, and the fellow just slipped out of the coat and ran for his life.

Then Tearer pulled another down, and was just going to spring upon him, when another Canadian came up with a big club and cracked Tearer over the head.

Then Tearer turned upon him, and the first one got up and ran like a deer. The fellow with the club fought like a tiger for a few minutes, but at last he dropped his stick and darted up a tree.

Tearer flew after him, growling furiously, but the



THE EXTRA TRAIN IS BESIEGED.

That made me really desperate. I did n't wait another instant, but opened the door and sprang out on the platform, yelling like a Mohawk. Hal came out of his car the same minute. I set Tearer on the Canadians and we both sprang to the brakes.

As soon as we had stopped the train we looked

Canadian managed to draw himself up to a big limb, out of the way. Then Tearer sat down at the foot of that tree and held him prisoner. The fellow shouted to us, and talked a lot of gibberish, but we could n't understand him. We went up and patted Tearer on the head and pointed to the

man, and told him not to let his prisoner escape, and we knew he would n't.

When we got back to the train, there was the carriage, and there was Aunt Maria hugging Baby Bunting and listening to the story which the two girls were telling of the "wild Injuns."

Hal and I made believe 't was n't much of anything, so as not to scare Aunt Maria; but we told Bo's'n about the man in the tree, and he slipped out there to look at him, as soon as he had put up the horse. He patted Tearer, and nodded his head, and muttered:

"We've got *you* trapped, my fine feller!"

We expected Uncle Joe early that afternoon, and he came just at sundown. We took him out to the barn and told him all about the whole affair, and how the tramp was "treed."

Uncle Joe flared up like gunpowder. He said things had come to a pretty pass if folks could n't be safe from savages in New England, by this time. He said he would send those fellows packing that very night, and told Bo's'n to harness up the horse right away.

Then he went out into the woods where Tearer was still keeping the man prisoner in the tree. Uncle Joe called the dog off, and told the man to come down.

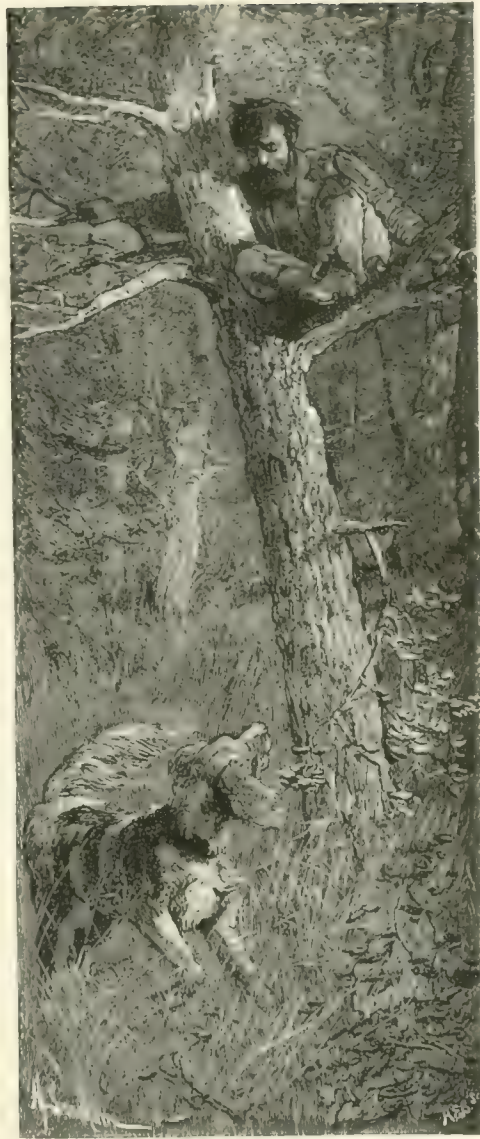
At first the man was n't going to, but Uncle Joe has an air of authority about him,—he is used to commanding men,—and he put on a stern look which the man did n't dare disobey. So at last he came sneaking down, and Uncle Joe marched him back to the stable, and made him get into the wagon. Then Uncle Joe got in, took the reins, and drove away.

It was about an hour before dark. They drove a couple of miles over to where one of the selectmen of the town lived.

Uncle Joe got him, and then they went and hunted up the Canadians in their camp down by the lake, made them pack up their duds in their old tumble-down wagons, and clear off out of the town. Uncle Joe and the selectman followed them for several miles and threatened to arrest them if they were ever seen in those parts again.

And now my story draws to a close. There are a great many things more I should like to tell, but I guess you must be tired by this time. The summer was 'most gone, and there were only a few more days left of vacation—but I must tell you about the end of it, for that was real funny—the funniest of the whole, I think, and makes it all seem now, to look back upon, almost like a fairy story.

We had had a splendid time. We were awfully sorry to go home; we knew, of course, we should



"TEARER HELD HIM PRISONER"

have to go pretty soon, but we did n't ask any questions—we did n't like to think about it. Uncle Joe and Aunt Maria had n't said anything, either, but at last, one evening,—it was Friday night, I remember,—Uncle Joe went out to the door, about nine o'clock, and came back pretty soon saying he guessed it was going to rain, and we 'd better get our playthings in.

We were in the midst of a game of "Logomachy," 'round the parlor table; but we jumped up and went out, and got in all our traps. It was real cloudy, and we thought Uncle Joe was right

about the rain, and never suspected anything, but went to bed as innocent as lambs.

But were n't we astonished in the morning, though? I waked up pretty early; I had been having dreams of rolling off a precipice and flying through the air, and lots of disagreeable things. I went to the window and looked out, rubbed my eyes, looked again, turned around and stared at Hal, rubbed my head, looked again, and finally roared out to Hal to get up and see what under the sun was the matter. He came to the window and rubbed *his* eyes.

What do you suppose it was? Why, the lake was gone, the mountain had disappeared, and there we were standing in the midst of a strange town. Finally, Aunt Maria came in laughing, and told us we were half way home: that Uncle Joe had ordered a locomotive to come up on purpose to take us, that we had started very early so as not

to interfere with the regular trains, that we were "watering up," now, and should go on in a minute, and, finally, that it was time for us to get up, for breakfast was almost ready.

We hurried, and were ready in less than no time. It seemed queer enough to be sitting there, the whole family about the breakfast-table, as comfortable as could be, while the cars were flying along like the wind.

When we arrived at our own station and got up to go, it almost seemed like leaving home. We all felt rather down in the mouth, I guess; but, just as we alighted on the platform, something happened that made us all laugh.

A man with a big carpet-bag, bundle, and umbrella came rushing up to Uncle Joe, all out of breath, and asked: "What train is this?"

"This," said Uncle Joe, with a twinkle in his eye, "this, sir, is 'The Extra Train.'"

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

BY A. L. A. SMITH.

"At the battle of Jena, when the Prussian army was routed, the Queen, mounted on a superb charger, remained on the field attended by three or four of her escort. A band of hussars seeing her, rushed forward at full gallop, and with drawn swords dispersed the little group, and pursued her all the way to Weimar. Had not the horse which her majesty rode possessed the fleetness of a stag, the fair Queen would infallibly have been captured."

I.

FAIR Queen, away! To thy charger speak—
A band of hussars thy capture seek.
Oh, haste! escape! they are riding this way.
Speak—speak to thy charger without delay;

They 're nigh.

Behold! They come at a break-neck pace—
A smile triumphant illumines each face.

Queen of the Prussians, now for a race—

To Weimar for safety—fly!

II.

She turned, and her steed with a furious dash—
Over the field like the lightning's flash—

Fled.

Away, like an arrow from steel cross-bow,
Over hill and dale in the sun's fierce glow,
The Queen and her enemies thundering go—
On toward Weimar they sped.

III.

The royal courser is swift and brave,
And his royal rider he strives to save—
But no!

"*Vive l'empereur!*" rings sharp and clear;
She turns and is startled to see them so near,
Then softly speaks in her charger's ear
And away he bounds like a roe.

IV.

He speeds as tho' on the wings of the wind.
The Queen's pursuers are left behind.

No more

She fears, tho' each trooper grasps his reins,
Stands up in his stirrups, strikes spurs, and strains,
For ride as they may, her steed still gains

And Weimar is just before.

V.

Safe! The clatter now fainter grows;
She sees in the distance her laboring foes.
The gates of the fortress stand open wide
To welcome the German nation's bride

So dear.

With gallop and dash, into Weimar she goes,
And the gates at once on her enemies close.
Give thanks, give thanks! She is safe with those
Who hail her with cheer on cheer!



WORKING BY THE DAY.

SWORDS.

BY JOHN LEWIS.

ONE of the most clearly marked differences between man and the brute beasts lies in the fact that with his own unaided strength man is seldom able to take the life of his fellow-beings. Consequently, when we wish to put ourselves upon a level with the tiger and the wolf, and to qualify ourselves for the shedding of blood and the taking of life, we are obliged to find some other weapons than those nature has given us. Here and there may be a man who can kill another man by the exertion of his unassisted strength, but it is very seldom indeed that human life is taken by human beings without the use of an artificial weapon.

The first weapon used by man was probably a club; and it is also likely that in time this was made of very hard wood, and somewhat sharpened on one or more sides, so as to inflict a more deadly wound. Wooden weapons of this kind are now in use by some savage races. Then it was found that more effective weapons of the sort could be made of a harder substance, and short, unwieldy swords were hewn out of stone, very much as our Indians

made their arrow-heads of flint. But a sword of this kind, although a terrible weapon in the hands of a strong man, was brittle and apt to break; and so, in time, when the use and value of metals came to be understood, swords were made of these substances. The early Romans, and some other nations, had strong, heavy swords made of bronze. But when iron and steel came into use, it was quickly perceived that they were the metals of which offensive weapons should be made.

Thus it may be seen that the sword was one of the first weapons made by man; and, in time, it became the most important arm and auxiliary of warfare.

By a careful study of the form and use of the sword, from its first invention until the present time, we may get a good idea of the manner in which, in various ages, military operations were carried on. At first, men fought at close quarters, like the beasts they imitated. They struggled hand to hand, and with their short swords they banged and whacked at each other with all the fury and strength they

possessed. But as the arts of warfare began to be improved, and as civilization and enlightenment progressed, men seemed anxious to get farther and farther away from one another when they fought, and so the sword gradually became longer and longer, until, in the Middle Ages, a man's sword was sometimes as long as himself.

But there is a limit to this sort of thing, and when the use of projectiles which would kill at a great distance became general, it was found that a soldier was seldom near enough to his enemy to reach him with his sword; and so this weapon gradually fell into disfavor, until, at the present day, it is seldom used in actual warfare except by cavalymen, and these frequently depend as much on the fire-arms they carry as upon their sabers. It is said that cavalry charges, in which the swords of the riders are depended upon to rout the enemy, do not frequently occur in the warfare of the present day; and those naval battles of which we all have read, where the opposing ships are run side by side, and the sailors of one, cutlass in hand, spring upon the deck of the other, and engage in a hand to hand fight, are now seldom heard of. Our iron-clad ships fire at one another from a great distance, or one of them comes smashing into another with its terrible steel ram; and a sword would be a very useless thing to a modern sailor. Our armies lie a mile or two apart, and pop at each other with long-range rifles and heavy cannon, and to the great body of the opposing forces swords would be only an incumbrance. Even bayonets, which may be considered a sort of sword, though they more nearly resemble the lance, are not so much used as formerly in actual warfare.

The officers, even in the infantry service, now wear swords, but these are merely insignia of rank, and are seldom used to fight with; and, indeed, I have heard that it is not considered proper for an officer to have his sword sharp, because, when using it in marshaling and leading his men, he might accidentally hurt some of his command.

Swords have been made in so many different forms, on account of the various methods in which they have been used and the widely differing tastes of the people making and using them, that a description of all the different kinds of swords with which we are acquainted would cover a great deal of printed space. Some of the more distinctive forms of the weapon, however, are shown in the illustrations to this article.

First we see the short, bronze sword, used by the early Romans before they knew how much harder and better a weapon could be made of steel or even iron. There was also a longer, bronze sword with a formidable sharp point, but a very awkward

handle. After the Romans made much better swords, they still preferred the short, thick form, although a longer weapon was sometimes used. The most usual form of the ancient Roman sword is seen in the picture of the sword of Hadrian. These blunt, heavy weapons were employed in hand to hand conflicts, and their blows were warded off by stout shields or bucklers, which the warriors wore upon their left arms. The sword of the fourteenth century, which is shown in the next illustration, though in some respects more clumsy than the Roman sword, is longer, which shows that fighting men had already begun to get farther away from one another.

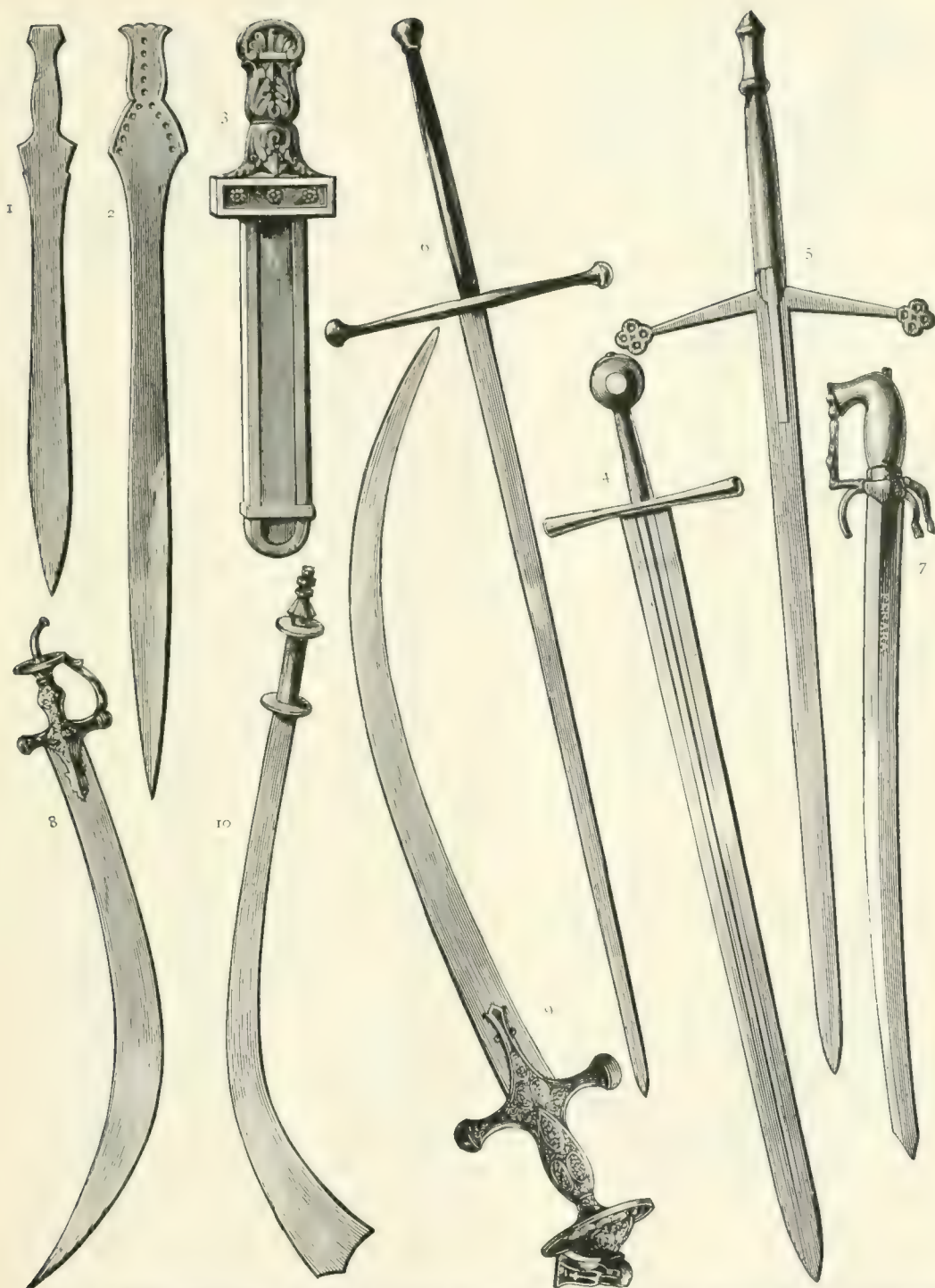
The claymore, once famous in Scottish history, was a very long sword, with a hilt so large that it could be grasped by both the hands of the warrior who wielded it, and when this tremendous weapon was swung around by any of the brave

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,"

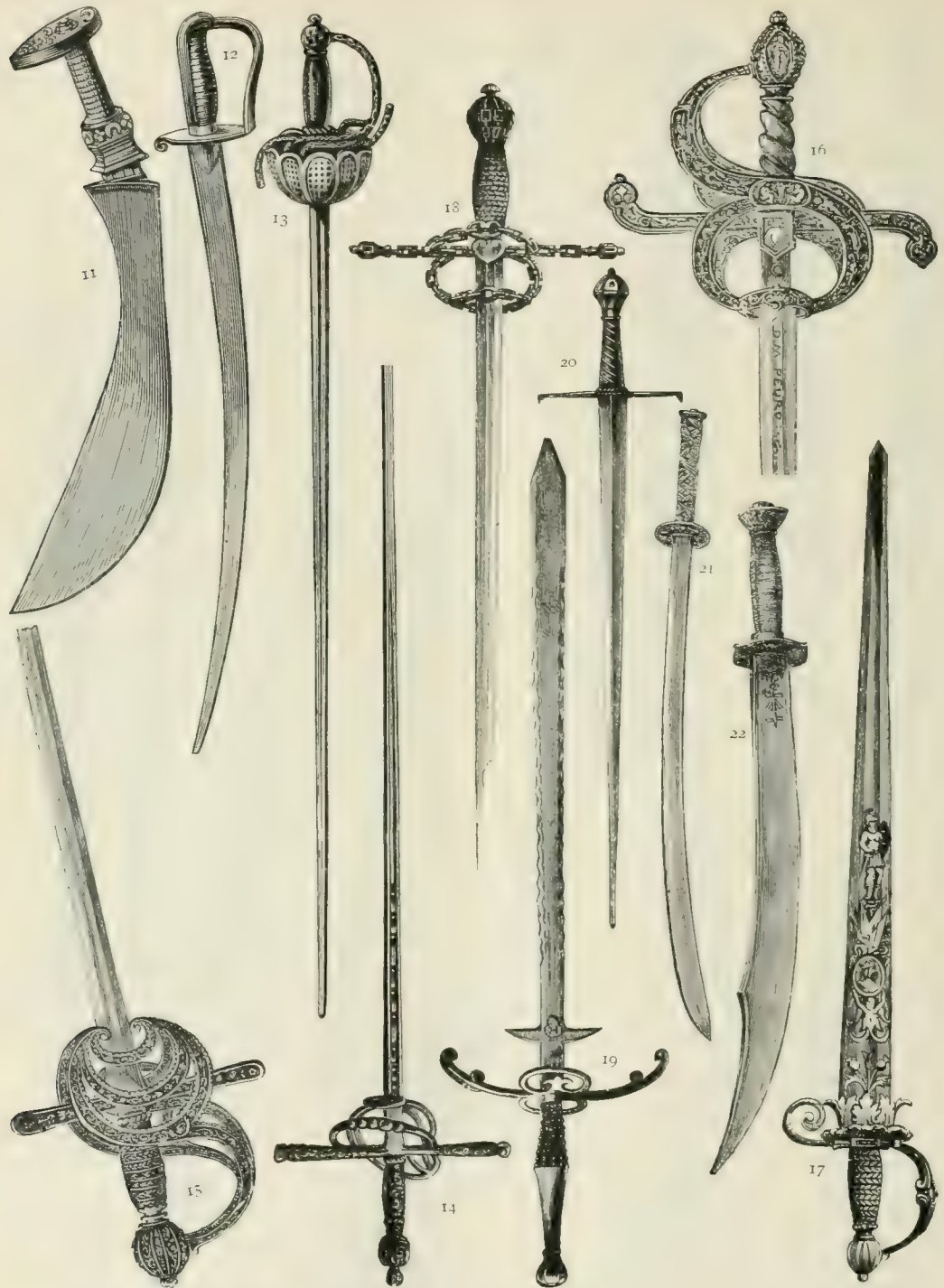
there was every reason for the opposing soldiers to want to get as far away as possible. Long, two-handed swords were in use in various parts of Europe during the Middle Ages, but it is from Scotland that we have heard the most about them.

Andrea Ferrara, who was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, was a celebrated Italian armorer, and he made swords which were well known throughout Europe for the fineness of their temper and the beauty of their ornamentation. The hilt of the Ferrara sword shown in Figure 7 is of a rather curious form, although not very elaborate. But some of the swords made about this period for the rich knights and nobles who delighted in elegant armor and handsome as well as useful arms, were very elaborately ornamented, the hilts often being of complicated and artistic forms.

In Eastern countries, also, the ornamentation of swords was carried to a great extent. The East Indian saber, or Tulwar, shown in the illustration, has a neat and pretty hilt, while the East Indian scimitar is more highly and artistically ornamented. The Malabar sword is a simple weapon, but very broad at the end, and apparently intended to be used more as a hatchet than as a sword. The East Indian cutlass, or Polygars knife, is a weapon of somewhat similar shape, although not so blunt at the end. A cut from one of these heavy blades, wielded by a quick and powerful arm, must be a terrible thing. The modern cutlass, shown in Figure 12, page 704, was used very much in the same manner as these East Indian weapons—that is, its stroke was always a cut and never a thrust; but a blow with its comparatively slight blade must have



1 and 2 Bronze Roman sword. 3. Sword of Hadrian. 4. Sword of the fourteenth century, at the British Museum. 5. Claymore.
6. Mediæval two-handed sword. 7. Andrea Ferrara sword. 8. Indian saber, or Tulwar. 9. East Indian scimitar. 10. Malabar sword.



11. East Indian cutlass, called a Polygars knife. 12. Cutlass. 13 and 14. Rapiers of the sixteenth century. 15 and 16. Swords of the sixteenth century. 17. Italian Malchus. 18. German sword. 19. German two-handed sword. 20. Michel Angelo's sword. 21 and 22. Japanese swords.

been much less effective than one delivered with any of the ponderous, curved weapons of the East.

From the first invention of the sword down to the period when the fifteenth century was drawing to a close, this weapon had always been used as an arm of offense. The person wielding it thrust it or hewed it into the body of his antagonist whenever he had a chance, and the only defense against it was stout armor or an interposed shield. It is not to be supposed that an ancient warrior, or one belonging to the earlier Middle Ages, never thrust aside or parried with his own blade a stroke of his enemy's sword; but this method of defense was not depended upon in those days; the breast-plate, the helmet, or the buckler was expected to shield the soldier while he was endeavoring to get his own sword into some unprotected portion of the body of his antagonist. But about the time of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, the science of fencing was invented. This new system of fighting gave an entirely new use to the sword: it now became a weapon of defense as well as offense. Long, slender rapiers, sharpened only at the point, were the swords used in fencing. Armed with one of these, a gallant knight, or high-toned courtier, who chose the new method of single combat, disdained the use of armor; the strokes of his opponent were warded off by his own light weapon, and whichever of the two contestants was enabled to disarm the other, or to deliver a thrust which could not be parried, could drive the sharp point of his rapier into the body of his opponent if he felt so inclined. The rapier, which was adapted to combat between two persons, and not for general warfare, soon became the weapon of the duelist; and, as duels used to be as common as lawsuits are now, it was thought necessary that a gentleman should know how to fence, and thus protect the life and honor of himself, his family, and his friends.

Swords of elaborate and wonderfully executed hilts, like those of the sixteenth century, shown in the cuts on page 704, excited the admiration of lovers of art, as well as of warriors.

People who understood such things regarded these beautiful weapons with as much interest as we look upon any work of art of our day; and, indeed, some of these sword-hilts were so admirably executed that those which are preserved in museums command as much admiration now as they ever did. The blades of swords were also sometimes beautifully ornamented, as may be seen in the cut of the Italian "Malchus" (Figure 17). The German sword next shown (Figure 18) exhibits a very artistic peculiarity of hilt.

Some of the German swords, used by the mercenary soldiers in the French religious wars, were enormous two-handed weapons, with sharp points, jagged edges, and great spikes near the base of

the blade (Figure 19). These were used only by soldiers who were uncommonly strong and skillful; for any awkwardness on the part of a man swinging such a tremendous blade was apt to inflict as much injury on his companions as on the enemy. Some of the long swords of the Middle Ages were used more for show and ceremony than for actual service. The sword of Edward the Third, which is preserved in Westminster Abbey, is seven feet long, and weighs eighteen pounds. This, it is said, was carried before the King in processions, and was probably never used in any other way.

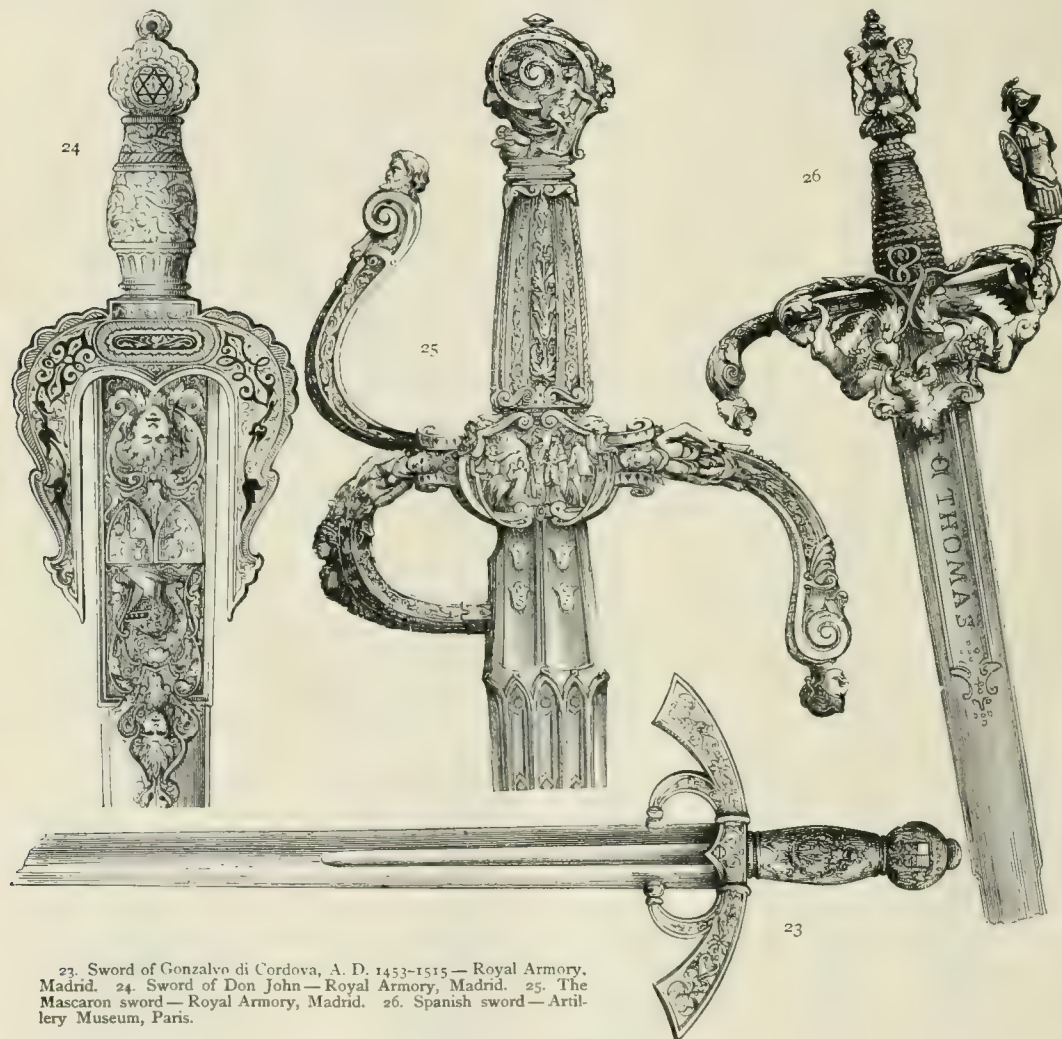
But the art shown in sword-making was by no means confined to beautiful forms and elaborate ornamentation. The greatest skill was exercised in the manufacture and tempering of the blade, which, in the days when swords were not only worn but used, was more important than any other part of this weapon. In Europe, the sword manufacturers of Spain first began to have a reputation for producing work of superior quality, and the armorers of Toledo stood foremost among their countrymen. A "Toledo blade" was considered to be a weapon of great value, and, even now, when we wish to speak of something remarkably fine-tempered and sharp, we compare it to one of these swords. The peculiarity of the Toledo blade was not only its extreme hardness, which enabled it to receive and retain the sharpest and most delicate edge, but its elasticity, which allowed it to be bent without being broken. Some of the most famous of these swords could be bent so that the points touched the hilts, and yet they would spring back to a perfectly straight line. It is said that, in Toledo, sword-blades have been seen in the cutlers' shops coiled in boxes like watch-springs, and although they might remain in this position for some time, they would become perfectly straight when taken out. Other places in Europe were also famous for producing good swords. Many excellent weapons were made in Italy, and Andrea Ferrara, the Italian sword-maker, who has been mentioned before, was better known throughout Europe than any other of his craft. To possess a genuine Ferrara blade was considered a great thing by the nobles of France and England.

But it is to the East that the world owes the production of the most finely tempered swords it has ever seen; and the steel of Damascus has been celebrated for many hundred years as superior to any other metal that has ever been made into sword-blades. Even the cutlers of Toledo doubtless owed their skill and knowledge to the Moors, who brought from Damascus the art of making blades that were as hard as diamonds, as sharp as razors, and as elastic as whalebone.

Wonderful stories are related of these Damascus

swords. We have been told that with one of them a full-grown sheep could be cut in half at a single blow, a heavy iron chain could be severed without turning the delicate edge of the sword, and a gauze veil floating in the air could be cut through by one gentle sweep of the glittering blade. These wonderful scimitars are not manufactured now, but their

their manufacture will be attempted. We should consider, however, that although the present age is preëminent as an inventive and manufacturing period, there are some things which have been produced by the ancients and the artificers of the Middle Ages which we of the present day have not been able to equal. It is possible, therefore,



23. Sword of Gonzalvo di Cordova, A. D. 1453-1515—Royal Armory, Madrid. 24. Sword of Don John—Royal Armory, Madrid. 25. The Mascaron sword—Royal Armory, Madrid. 26. Spanish sword—Artillery Museum, Paris.

SOME FAMOUS SWORD-HILTS

fame has exceeded that of any other weapon of their kind, and it is quite certain that their extraordinary excellence has not been exaggerated. It is probable that the workers in steel of the present day might be able to discover the peculiar methods by which the Damascus steel was made, but as there would be little use or demand for the blades after they had been produced, it is not likely that

that our steel-workers might never be able to make a Damascus blade, even if they wanted to.

Some of the swords of Japan are said to possess wonderful qualities of hardness and sharpness. The story is told that if one of these celebrated blades is held upright in a running stream the leaves floating gently down with the current will cut themselves in two when they reach the keen

edge of the sword. Samples of Japanese swords are shown in Figures 21 and 22, on page 704.

But these Japanese swords, some of which were held in such high esteem that they were worshiped, and temples were built in their honor, were only hard and sharp; they had no elasticity, they could not bend and they might break, and in this respect they were far inferior to the splendid scimitars of the Moors and Saracens.

To show still further the extent to which the art of ornamentation was carried in the manufacture of swords, we give pictures of the hilts of some of these weapons which are preserved in museums. Figures 23, 24, and 25 show the sword of Gonzalvo di Cordova, the sword of Don John, and the "Mas-caron" sword, all preserved in the Royal Armory of Madrid; and Figure 26 represents a Spanish sword, of very beautiful workmanship, which is to be seen in the Artillery Museum of Paris.

Having said so much about the art of ornamenting and making the sword, we must add that the literature of the weapon has been as widely extended as its use. When the story-tellers and troubadours of the Middle Ages told or sang about a noble knight, his trusty sword was mentioned almost as often as himself. In those days, many of the swords were named, and in reading about them you might almost suppose that they were actually personified, and that they thought out in their own minds, and carried into execution, the brilliant deeds that are recorded of them. We all have heard of King Arthur's famous sword "Excalibur," and of the sword of Edward the Confessor, which was called "Curtana," the cutter, although we are told it was not very sharp. But even before the days of chivalry, the favorite swords of warriors bore titles and names. The sword of Julius Cæsar was called "Crocea Mors"—"yellow death"; and the four blades used by Mohammed were called "the Trenchant," "the Beater," "the Keen," "the Deadly." The sword of Charlemagne, called "Joyeuse," is famous in story.

Not only were names given to swords, but inscriptions intended to indicate their quality, or the deeds they were expected to perform, were engraved upon their blades. Some of these were of a very vaunting and boastful spirit. The best inscription upon a sword of which I ever heard was one upon an old Ferrara blade, which read thus: "My value varies with the hand that holds me." On a great many of the blades made at Toledo was the inscription: "Do not draw me without reason, do not sheathe me without honor." Among the vaunting inscriptions was this: "When this viper stings there is no cure in any doctors' shops." A Sicilian sword bore the announcement: "I come," meaning, probably, that

everybody else had better go away; while a Hungarian sword declared: "He that thinks not as I do thinks falsely." These are but a few of the legends by which a man's sword, in the days when cavaliers and warriors used to do as much talking as fighting, was made to imitate its master.

But the sword was not always used for the mere purpose of taking human life. From its first invention to the present day, it has, of course, like every other weapon, offensive or defensive, been mainly used in war or private quarrel, but, unlike all other weapons, it has a dignity and a quality, not so great now as formerly, but still recognized, which is entirely distinct from its character as an instrument for shedding blood. It was so long the constant companion of rank and valor that it acquired a dignity was used in representative of its state, which are cessions, and on them are the "Black sword," sword," and the sword." In the

of its own. Thus the sword many ceremonies as a rep-owner. In England, at there are various swords of borne in Lord Mayors' pro-other occasions. Among "Pearl sword," the the "Sunday "Common



THE SWORD-BEARER OF EXETER.

accompanying picture is seen the ceremonial weapon borne by the sword-bearer of the city of Exeter.

But not only did the sword represent and indicate rank and high position, whether civil or military, but it was used, and is still used in parts of Europe, as an instrument for conferring rank. When an English commoner is to be made a knight, and he kneels before his sovereign as plain

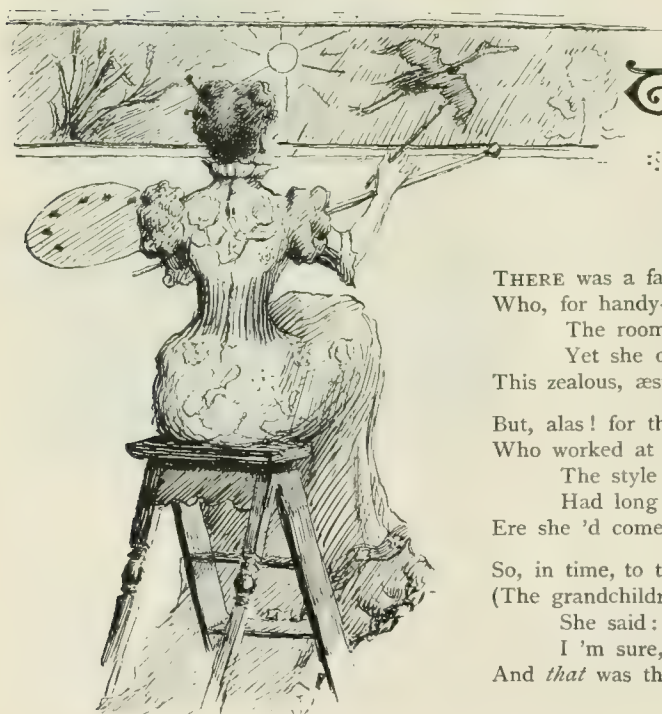
Mr. Thomas Brown, the regal personage touches him on the shoulder with the tip of a sword, and he rises—*Sir* Thomas Brown. Nothing but the sword-blade is considered adequate to confer knighthood. A man might be touched by his monarch with a battle-ax of solid gold, or a most costly rifle, but he would never consider himself a genuine knight or baronet. It is the sword alone which is aristocratic enough to confer aristocracy.

Not alone, however, for such noble purposes has the sword been used. In many countries, both barbarous and civilized, it has been the weapon of the executioner, and we read of great blades made for this purpose, containing within them a narrow channel in which ran a column of quicksilver. This heavy and fluid metal, suddenly flowing from hilt to point as the sword was swung, gave an additional impetus to the blow, and made the work of the headsman easier and more certain. The sword was used, too, in the bull-fights of Spain, to dispatch the wounded and maddened animals.

But, as we have said, such uses as these are merely incidental, and do not detract from the rank and character of the sword, which, although it is not relied upon now, as formerly, in war and combat, is yet emblematic of all that it once was. Thus, when a general surrenders his army he hands his sword to the commander of the conquering forces, thereby indicating that he gives up his power to lead his men into further combat.

It is not at all likely that cannon, pistol, gun, or any weapon that may be invented will ever attain the peculiar regard and high estimation in which the sword has been held so long. A weapon which was the personal companion of its owner, and derived its greatest value from its holder's skill and courage, was considered almost a part of the soldier or cavalier, and with it he often carved his way to fortune or to fame.

But in our times, fame and fortune are seldom won, even in military life, by mere hewing and stabbing. The palmy days of the sword are over.



The Æsthetic Young Lady



THERE was a fair maid named Louise,
Who, for handy-work, painted a frieze;
The room was quite big,
Yet she cared not a fig!
This zealous, æsthetic Louise.

But, alas! for the Lady Louise,—
Who worked at her task by degrees,—
The style of that day
Had long passed away
Ere she 'd come to the end of her frieze!

So, in time, to the group at her knees
(The grandchildren whom she would please)
She said: "'T will improve it,
I 'm sure, to remove it,"—
And *that* was the end of her frieze!

THE BOY WHO LOST THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

NICK TWEDDLE sat astride the hen-house, whittling. The roof of the hen-house could not be said to afford a comfortable seat, especially in the position which Nick always chose; but it was a retired spot, and therefore suited to meditation, and Nick's mind was so absorbed that he thought little of his bodily comfort; besides, he liked to get astride the hen-house when he wanted to form a very brilliant plan, because it suggested being on a horse's back, and gave him a sense of courage and freedom.

He could n't be on a horse's back, because Aunt Jane did n't believe in boys riding horseback. The very worst thing about Aunt Jane was her skepticism; there were so many things that she did n't believe in.

She did n't believe in two pieces of pie.

She did n't believe in swapping jack-knives.

She did n't believe in circuses.

She did n't believe in dogs.

She did n't believe in guns.

She did n't believe in playing all day on Saturday.

She did n't believe in camping out.

She did n't believe in playing Indian, and would n't let Tommy be scalped.

She did n't believe in base-ball.

She did n't believe in carrying jam-tarts and pickles to bed.

She did n't believe in making a noise.

She did n't believe in leaving things 'round.

She did n't believe in red-headed boys, any way.

When she expressed that last sentiment, as she did very often, Nick found it hard not to regard it as personal; for his hair was undeniably red—so red that people were always making unpleasant jokes about its being a beacon light on the top of Tweedle's hill, and the men who lounged in the village store pretended to light their pipes by it. Perhaps Aunt Jane "did n't mean anything," as his father always assured him, but Nick thought it was a little singular that it never happened to be light-haired boys, nor brown-haired boys, nor black-haired boys that she did n't believe in.

She did n't believe in tearing trousers, nor being forgetful, either. In fact, Nick was of the opinion that a list of her unbeliefs would be longer than the catechism that he had to say in Sunday-school.

To-day, Nick had planned to go fishing with Jack Deering; they were going to Lazy Brook, where, as Jack declared, the trout were so thick and so willing to be caught that they would "peek out and

wink at you," and Aunt Jane had commanded him to stay at home and weed the garden, because she did n't believe in going fishing.

And Nick had made up his mind that there were some things that no boy could endure.

He had fully determined to run away.

Just how and where to go were the subjects to which he was now giving his attention. Although he sat astride the hen-house and whittled, no brilliant ideas seemed to come.

Nick did n't want to do anything commonplace; he was convinced that he had uncommon talents. He had thought of running away to sea, but three boys from the village had already done that, and so it seemed rather tame. Besides, Dick Harris, who had come home, darkly hinted that there was more hard work than fun about it, and it was a peculiarity of Nick's that he liked fun better than hard work.

Jacob, their hired man, had secured a position in a menagerie to educate a whale. That was an occupation that would just suit himself, Nick thought, but from inquiries that he had made he judged that whale educators were not in great demand. Not everybody was as lucky as Jacob—though Aunt Jane thought he had better have staid on the farm, and said she did n't believe in menageries nor whales.

Another thing that Nick wanted was to be a magician and take a cat and three kittens out of a hat that would n't begin to hold them, but he did n't know just where he could go to learn the business. His father could not tell him, and as for Aunt Jane, she did n't believe in magicians.

He had thought somewhat of joining an Arctic exploring expedition, until he read that the provisions almost always gave out; Nick never thought there was much fun where there was n't plenty to eat, and he read a list of the supplies that were usually taken, and found no mention of pies. After that he went over to Aunt Jane's way of thinking, and did n't believe in Arctic exploring expeditions.

He had intended to invent a telephone which should be so superior to those already in use that, instead of merely transmitting the sound of voices, it should do the talking all by itself. But he had not succeeded as yet, and it would hardly be prudent to run away from home trusting to that as a means of support, although, once out of Aunt Jane's reach, his chance of success would be much better, for he had no opportunity to experiment

now, because she did n't believe in telephones. Another plan that occurred to him was to ride around the world on a bicycle. He thought that by the time he got to Kamtchatka he might make money by exhibiting himself, as it was quite probable that they did n't have bicycles there; but there was a difficulty in the way—it would take money to get as far as Kamtchatka, even on a bicycle. A boy might possibly endure to sleep out-of-doors with only ambition to keep him warm, but Nick was of the opinion that ambition would never keep a boy with a big appetite from being hungry.

It is very sad, but one has to take a practical view of matters, even if one is a genius and expects to do great things in the world; so Nick decided that he would not attempt the tour of the world on a bicycle, even if he could get a bicycle, which was very doubtful, as Aunt Jane did n't believe in them.

Walking on a tight-rope he regarded as an agreeable and elevated means of gaining a livelihood; but an experiment of that kind which he had tried, with the rope fastened to the high beams of the barn, had proved so disastrous that he was forced to the conclusion that his talents did not lie in that direction.

Going to fight Indians on the Western plains was another of his favorite plans, but the unpleasant habit of scalping people which the Indians indulged in so freely made him feel some hesitation. He might be like the "Red-handed Rover of the Rocky Sierras," whose adventures he had read, who always turned upon the twenty-seven uncommonly large Indians who were about to scalp him, and scalped them with their own weapons. But although he might not have acknowledged it, he had some doubts, drawn from his experiences in the fighting line, whether his abilities were as great as the Red Rover's. He reflected that he had once "licked little Billy Shannon out of his boots," but when Billy Shannon's big brother came upon the scene the results of the contest were sadly changed. He was as ready as anybody to "stand up man to man," but when it came to encountering twenty-seven uncommonly large Indians, all in war-paint, and brandishing tomahawks, Nick felt that he would rather not.

To be a soldier had always been his greatest desire. He was very patriotic, and wanted an opportunity to defend his country, but as there seemed no prospect whatever of a war he felt almost discouraged about that. He had gotten up a sham fight at the last Fourth of July celebration, and with several other boys had become so excited as to entirely forget that it was a sham, and the result had been more lively than delightful.

And Aunt Jane did n't believe even in ten-cent

pop-guns, nor two bunches of fire-crackers under a tin pan at four o'clock in the morning, nor even in the dinner-bell and a fish-horn—which did n't make any noise to speak of,—and she said she did n't believe Nick wanted anything but to give her a headache.

There really seemed to be no way of giving vent to patriotic feeling without being misunderstood.

Nick concluded that it was a hard world for a boy, but still he did n't think he could find anything harder in it than staying at home with Aunt Jane and her unbeliefs, and he was just resolving to go and be a tramp until he could raise money enough to buy out a tin-peddler, when Tim Harri-man, a next-door neighbor, came along and called out to him that he had brought him a letter from the post-office.

"Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Nick.

His list of correspondents was extremely limited. In fact, he had received but one letter in his life, and that was from Aunt Jane when she had gone to pay a visit, telling him that she did n't believe in boys wasting money on postage stamps, so he need n't write to her. There was nobody who would be likely to write him a letter, so it must come from somebody who was unlikely to, and that might be the Khan of Tartary, who had written to offer him the position of Grand Vizier, or Decapitator General, or whatever the highest dignitary of his court was called.

After such a splendid vision it was somewhat disappointing to open the letter and find it was from their old "hired girl," Tryphosa, who had married Augustus Spilkins, and moved up into the back-woods. Tryphosa wrote:

"MY DEER BOY: me and augustus Wants yu to kum and sea us, And Stay A long Spell. we Kepe tarvern and hev a Plenty off Good Vittuls. not exceptin Pys. yu Kan take augustuses Old Muskit and Shoot the cros that is eatin' up all the Corn and aint a mite Afrade off the scarcro though it is maid to look edzacly like augustus and yu kan brake in the Colt that is caliker and a romun Nose and One Good i and Terrerble Skitish, and yu kan help augustus maik Jinger Ail wich has to bee Plenty bein a temperunce hous and not Another Drop though soshyble. me and augustus always set by yu and we Want yu to kum sertin sure pertukerly as it kant bee none two kumfurtin' wher thare is sich an Onbeleiver az sum fokes that yu and i noes off. with Respects yores respects
TRYPHOSA."

"p. S. Kum Rite Of."

If a visit to Tryphosa was not so delightfully exciting as the adventures which Nick had been proposing to himself, it had an advantage over them which was not to be disregarded in this uncertain world—it was a possibility.

And there was a wild attractiveness about the prospect of shooting crows, and breaking in the calico colt, with his one eye and his skittishness.

Besides, Nick liked Tryphosa; she knew how to sympathize with a boy that had an Aunt Jane; and

her sympathy did not take the form of hugging and kissing—things which Nick could not endure—it took the form of pie. If there was a person in the world who thoroughly understood the art of pie-making, it was Tryphosa, and she was never known to cut a pie into stingy little pieces.

Augustus Spilkins was very agreeable, too, and had gifts that distinguished him. He could balance a pitchfork on his eye-lid, and do a trick with cards that the school-master could n't find out. He could swallow a cent and take it out of his sleeve, and he could fiddle and dance so that the minister could n't help listening and looking on. And, though he came from Nova Scotia, there never was a Yankee who could equal him at whittling; he could whittle out a pig that could almost squeal, and mice that drove the cat half crazy. And he whittled out a dog that would wag his tail—though the wag did get out of order very soon.

Tryphosa used to scold at first, because he "littered up" the kitchen, but he won her heart by whittling out a butter-stamp for her with two hearts, joined together, and a turtle dove upon it. That was how they came to be married.

Nick thought things over and decided that there was sure to be fun going on where Augustus was.

He was sure that his father would give him leave to accept Tryphosa's invitation, but Aunt Jane did n't believe in boys visiting, so Nick decided to avoid any little unpleasantness that might possibly arise, by omitting to take leave of her.

He wrapped his clothes in a gay bandana handkerchief, which was a present from Augustus, and hung the bundle over his shoulder, upon a stout stick. He had a traveling bag, but he thought that gave him a less adventurous air than the bundle. As he left the gate he heard Aunt Jane's voice calling him, and declaring in shrill tones that she did n't believe in boys having on their best clothes on a week-day. Nick hurried along. He did n't know how many bad people he might meet in the world, but Tryphosa had once solemnly assured him that he would never find another such an "infiddle" as Aunt Jane.

He stopped at his father's store, but his father not being in he contented himself with leaving a note for him, in which he explained where he was going, and asked him not to tell Aunt Jane. Nick's father was a very easy and obliging man, and, besides, Nick suspected that he suffered himself from Aunt Jane's unbelieving disposition, and would enjoy keeping the secret from her.

He felt a little sorry that he could not take Tommy with him. Tommy was Aunt Jane's son, but he was not in the least like her. He was four years younger than Nick, and believed in everything Nick did. And he never was so mean as to

"tell on him." How much of his reticence was due to the fact that Nick threatened to make fiddle-strings of him if he did tell, it is impossible to say, but it is probable that this terrible threat had a powerful effect on Tommy's mind, as it always made him turn pale.

Tommy's most striking characteristic was a propensity to tumble into the well; four times he had been rescued dripping and senseless, and Aunt Jane "did n't believe that boy would be anything but a lifeless corpse the next time he was hooked out of the well." Nick almost wished that he had taken Tommy with him when he thought of that dreadful possibility, but he contented himself with going back and adding a postscript to the note he had left in his father's store: "Tell Tommy not to get drowned in the well till I come home."

Then Nick went on with a mind at ease.

Augustus had appended to Tryphosa's letter minute directions, so that Nick might have no difficulty in making his way to Tantrybogus, the town where he and Tryphosa lived; but he mentioned so many different railways and stage-routes that Nick was afraid his funds would not hold out until the end of the journey.

He found that railroads and stage-routes came to an end nine miles from Tantrybogus. By the good nature of the driver of the last stage he was enabled to ride to the end of the route, although his money was exhausted. And he found that nine miles was as far as he cared to walk, but he reached Tantrybogus about nine o'clock.

Tryphosa was almost overcome with surprise and delight, but instead of fainting, or kissing him, she gave expression to her feelings by setting six kinds of pie before him. There was no doubt that Tryphosa was just as agreeable as ever.

Augustus complimented him in a very gratifying manner.

"Well, now, I swanny, I would n't have thought 't was you, you've growed so! If I was onbelieve-in' like your Aunt Jane, I should declare 't wa'n't you! I declare you're gettin' to be a man so fast it makes me feel awk'ard to think what a little spell ago 't was that I made free to call you sonny!"

You may say what you will, it is pleasant to meet people who realize that one is getting to be a man, and cannot properly be called "sonny."

The "tarvern" seemed to be a very "soshyble" place, as Tryphosa had said; there were many very pleasant and jolly people there, but it seemed to Nick that they looked and talked very differently from Stumpville people. Some of them he could hardly understand, and they had very odd, outlandish names.

Nick came to the conclusion that very night that Tantrybogus was a queer place.

He found out the next day that it was also a very delightful place. There were plenty of good times to be had, and no school, no garden to weed, no Aunt Jane, and unlimited pie.

Shooting crows was great fun. He did n't happen to hit any, but he hit the scarecrow and made a complete wreck of him. He also hit Tryphosa's favorite black turkey that was roosting in a tree, and a neighbor's black cat, mistaking them for crows. So nobody could say that he was a poor shot if he did n't kill crows. As for the colt, everybody knows that a calico colt with a Roman nose and one good eye is very hard to break, so it is not surprising that he ran away with Nick into the river, and might have drowned him if he had n't been able to swim.

Tryphosa cried over Nick, because he had had such a hard time, and carried a whole pie to his bedside, in the middle of the night, and Augustus said he did n't know how they had ever got along without him, he made things so kind o' lively.

All these things happened in a few days, for it was less than a week after Nick's arrival in Tantrybogus that he suddenly became aware that the very next day would be the Fourth of July. At home, in Stumpville, he would have been counting the hours that must pass before the day came, but here he had found so many novel diversions that he had quite forgotten that it came so soon.

In a great state of excitement he rushed to Augustus, who was bottling ginger ale.

"Fourth of July, to-morrow!" he shouted, "and not so much as a fire-cracker ready! Have you forgotten?"

Augustus seemed disturbed and uneasy. He let the corks fly out of two or three ale-bottles, in his uncertainty of mind. Nick thought that popping was better than nothing; it sounded a little like the Fourth of July.

"You see, Tantrybogus is kind of a cur'us place. They don't seem to set no great store by the Fourth of July, and seein' it's Canady, and they're mostly English and French, it could n't in nater be expected," said Augustus, looking sad.

Canada! Nick knew it was just across the line, and had n't thought of it, he had been having so many other things on his mind. He sat down on the lowest step of the cellar stairs, clasped his hands around his knee, and reflected.

"I could n't stand it, Augustus!" he said, firmly, at last. "It's all right for the Tantryboguses, and for you, because you came from Nova Scotia, but I should burst!"

Augustus scratched his head in perplexity, and went on letting the corks pop.

"You might go down to Polywhappit," said he, brightening suddenly. "That's across the line,

and it's only a matter of ten miles from here, and I expect they'll have a rousing time."

"I'll start right off!" cried Nick, jumping up.

"I'll harness up, and carry you a good piece, and you can walk the rest of the way; and I'll give you a five-dollar bill to do your celebratin' with. Oh, you need n't feel bad about takin' so much, for I'm glad to have you go and enjoy yourself, and bein' you're so lively, it's worth more'n that to me to have you go."

Afterward it struck Nick that a double meaning might be attached to those words of Augustus', but he was too eager to go to think about them then.

Tryphosa took a tearful leave of him, and insisted upon putting a pie in the crown of his hat, where it "would n't be in his way, but would be handy when he got hungry," and told him to be sure to find her brother's wife's cousin, Lysander Hewitt, who lived in Polywhappit, and would be sure to welcome him for the sake of the family connection.

Augustus drove him a little more than half way to Polywhappit, and then had to hurry back lest his ginger ale should spoil.

It was late in the afternoon when Nick reached Polywhappit. It was almost as large a town as Stumpville, but Nick thought it did n't look very wide awake, and though he looked about him very sharply he could see no signs of preparation for the Fourth of July.

However, they were, unquestionably, Yankees in Polywhappit, and Nick had never heard of Yankees who did n't make a noise on the glorious Fourth.

Great, therefore, was his dismay when he learned from Tryphosa's relative, Lysander Hewitt, "that Polywhappit did n't kalkilate to do no celebratin'. They had built a new town hall and repaired a great many roads, and did n't feel able to spend any more money. Money's skerce in Polywhappit, and that's a fact," said Tryphosa's relative.

"Do you mean to say that they wont make any noise at all to-morrow?" asked Nick, not without an accent of disgust.

"Well, Polywhappit folks seem to feel that when your powder is burnt up, your money's burnt up too, and there a'nt no great profit in it, to say nothin' of the danger of bein' sot afire. I did hear that the school children over to the East Polywhappit district was every one agoin' to recite the Declaration of Independence and sing some of them appropriate pieces like Ameriky and Old Hundred. If you feel like celebratin' I'll carry you over there to-morrow mornin'."

Nick heaved a sigh, and thought of the grand times that he had been wont to enjoy at Stumpville on the Fourth of July.

"I'm afraid that would n't be quite lively enough for me. We do things differently in Stumpville.

We don't value money that we spend to do honor to our country!" said Nick, with a grand air.

His thoughts were turning, wistfully, to Stumpville. Even if he had to endure Aunt Jane and her unbeliefs, Stumpville was not the worst place a boy could live in. For there they had not lost the Fourth of July. There they would have a ringing and a banging, a rattling and a snapping, that it would do one's heart good to hear. And, probably, at five o'clock in the afternoon a balloon would go up from the common. If he were at home, Nick might have some chance of going up in that balloon, for the aeronaut was Aunt Jane's brother-in-law's wife's nephew. And, at all events, he could go up on to the band-stand when the band was playing, because Aunt Jane's sister-in-law's second husband's son played the cornet. There were advantages as well as disadvantages about having an Aunt Jane. It occurred to Nick that he had never fully realized the advantages. He had thought too much about Aunt Jane's unbeliefs and not enough about her desirable family connections.

He decided to get back to Stumpville very soon—if possible, before that balloon went up.

He asked Lysander Hewitt whether he thought he could do it by walking all night, but Lysander thought he would get there just as soon by taking the stage at five o'clock in the morning. The railroad station was only seven miles away, and an express train connected with the stage.

So Nick accepted Lysander Hewitt's hospitality for the night, and, being very tired, he fell asleep, although it was entirely contrary to every Stumpville boy's ideas of propriety to sleep on the night before the Fourth; and he dreamed that he was an enormous fire-cracker, and was all lighted and going off splendidly, and very proud of himself, when all the people in Tantrybogus and all the people in Polywhappit began to pour cold water over him. He was very angry and made an immense effort to go off, in spite of the cold water, and suddenly found himself wide awake and rolling out of bed.

It was daylight, but not a sound indicated that it was anything different from an ordinary day—no ringing of bells, no firing of guns, no inspiring rattle and bang of fire-crackers, not so much as the cheering snap of one small torpedo! Nick felt that Polywhappit was in a low condition morally, and ought to be aroused to a sense of its duties and encouraged to perform them. He took his money out of his pocket and counted it; besides the five dollars that Augustus had given him he had some change which Tryphosa had slipped into his hand after she put the pie into his hat; there was just thirty-seven cents; counting it over three times would n't make it any more than that.

On a scrap of paper which he found in his pocket he wrote this note:

There is no money to be had, for it is an Ordeal Degree to have any fourth of July at all. I give you this dollar and Thirty Seven Cents to Help Along, as much noys as you could get for this would be a Grate Deel better than no fourth of July at all."

He inclosed the money in the note, and slipped it under the door of Lysander Hewitt's chamber. Then he hurried to the stage, and soon bade farewell to Polywhappit.

He had saved a little more than enough money to pay his fare home, and would have been glad to invest that little in fire-crackers for a parting salute to Polywhappit, but the stage-driver told him that not a fire-cracker was to be had in the town.

"There wa' n't no great liveliness about the Polywhappiters," he said.

It seemed to Nick that never before had stages and railroad trains moved so slowly as those that he rode on that day. The stages waited for the mails, and waited for passengers, and waited to feed the horses, and waited for a young lady to go back and find something she had forgotten, and for an old lady to go back and see if she had n't forgotten something. And the trains waited for wood and waited for water, and stopped not only at the stations but at almost every house they came to. Nick thought it was fortunate that the houses were a good many miles apart, otherwise they might never reach Stumpville. All the stations seemed half buried in the woods, and Nick saw scarcely a sign that anybody knew it was the Fourth of July. Once or twice a horrible suspicion seized him that the day had really dropped out of the calendar. But that was when he grew very tired and sleepy with the long ride and the jolting of the cars.

Five o'clock came and went, while they were still miles away from Stumpville. Nick, in despair, pictured to himself the scene on the common, the crowd shouting and clapping hands as the great balloon—the balloon which he might have been in—sailed skyward. But he might still be in time for the fire-works; it was likely to be a dark night and they would begin early, but he might get there before the close. But, alas! nine miles away from Stumpville the engine broke down! It might take hours to repair it, so Nick decided to walk the rest of the way. The seven-league boots could hardly have gone over those nine miles in a shorter space of time than Nick did, but it was all in vain. A distant glimpse of the last sky-rocket that went up from Stumpville common was all he had!

When he walked into the village there were still a few belated people in the streets whom he heard congratulating each other upon the grandest

Fourth of July celebration that Stumpville had ever known!

Nick hurried homeward, not feeling just in the mood to hear about the celebration.

He went into the back yard, thinking he would creep up to his room by the back stairs, and not let anybody see him. But he stumbled over Tommy, who was fast asleep on a heap of empty torpedo boxes and fire-cracker papers, with a pop-gun still clutched tightly in his hand, and Tommy awoke, with one of the resounding screams for which Tommy was famous.

"Keep still! what have *you* got to cry about?" said Nick, bitterly.

"I w-w-want it to be F-f-fourth of July some more!" sobbed Tommy.

Tommy's cry drew Aunt Jane from the front gate, where she was talking over the glories of the day with a neighbor, and Nick was discovered.

"So it's you, though I would n't have believed it," said Aunt Jane. "I don't believe in boys slinking in by the back way, even if they have reason to be ashamed of themselves. If you'd been here you might have touched off the cannon, for Captain Thumb said he meant to let you—though *I* don't believe in boys touching off cannons. And you might have gone up in the balloon, for

you had an invitation, and your father said he should have let you go, though *I* don't believe in balloons. I should like to know *where* you have been, for I don't believe in people leaving a splendid Fourth of July celebration in their own town to tramp all over the country!"

"Neither do I," said Nick. He would n't have believed that he should ever come to share one of Aunt Jane's unbeliefs, but he did.

Nick never expected to hear anything of the result of his effort to arouse the patriotic feelings of the Polywhappers; but in less than a week after his return he received a letter in which Lysander Hewitt, in behalf of the selectmen, returned thanks for his generous gift, and regretted to say that, owing to the lateness of its reception, they had been unable to apply it to the object which he had mentioned, but as the town had been for years afflicted with the nuisance of stray animals, especially pigs, running loose about the streets for lack of a suitable inclosure, they had resolved to use the money, with his permission, to make a pound, to be called in compliment to him "The Nick Tweedle Pig-pound"! Nick hoped he never should hear anything more from those benighted Polywhappers, who preferred a pig-pound to a Fourth of July celebration.

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

WHEN I was a small youngster, years ago, we boys used to be told thrilling stories of what was called "The Last War." In these later days, we have had a war on our own soil, which was, let us hope, the last war that we shall ever be engaged in as long as the American Republic lasts. But boys of an older generation than this knew "The Last War" to be the war between the United States and Great Britain, now generally called "The War of 1812." It is a long and painful story of misunderstandings and oppressive acts which must be told to explain the causes that led to the beginning of that war. Happily, the contest was not a very long one, and Americans, whatever may be said of the rights and wrongs of the two parties engaged in the fight, look with pride upon the achievements of the American navy of that period. The names of Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, Porter, Perry, and many other gallant sailors, will be remembered as long as the traditions of the United States navy endure. Their wonderful exploits did much to close the sorrowful and wasteful struggle.

In 1813, the frigate "Essex," commanded by Captain David Porter, after committing much havoc upon the British marine off the Atlantic coast of South America, sailed boldly around Cape Horn into the Pacific Ocean. Porter had resolved to strike out into a new field of operations, and, carrying into the Pacific the first American flag that had floated from the mast-head of a man-of-war, he swooped down upon the British merchantmen and whalers, causing tremendous consternation. Nobody had dreamed that the Yankees would dare to send a man-of-war into this distant sea, and the British frigates were making things very uncomfortable for the few American merchantmen engaged in the Pacific trade. The arrival of the "Essex" soon changed all that. Within a year she had captured four thousand tons of British shipping, and had taken four hundred prisoners. She may be said to have subsisted upon the enemy, as the vessel was not only supplied with everything needed for repairs, rigging, ammunition, clothing, and provisions, taken from the enemy's captured



THE BATTLE OF THE "ESSEX" WITH THE "PRODE" AND THE "CHERUB."

ships, but the men were paid with money found on board of one of her prizes.

Orders were given that the "Essex" must be destroyed, at all hazards, by any British man-of-

war that should be fortunate enough to catch her. But the American frigate was fleet, and difficult to catch. Finally, in February, 1814, the frigate, accompanied by a small craft called the "Essex

Junior," a cruiser made over from one of the prizes captured from the British by Porter, cast anchor in the harbor of Valparaiso, Peru. The Peruvian Government was not then independent, Peru being a province of Spain. But Valparaiso was a neutral port, although the people of Peru, and the Spanish, also, were somewhat unfriendly to the Americans. So, when two British men-of-war, the "Phœbe" and the "Cherub," entered the port, it was tolerably certain that there would be a fight, should the "Essex" dare to put out to sea.

The Englishmen had the redoubtable "Essex" and her little consort in a trap. For six weeks, the two British vessels kept a very close watch on the Americans, sailing up and down the coast, just outside of the entrance to the harbor. Finally, on the 28th of March, Captain Porter, trusting to his ability to outsail either of the British vessels, and draw them away, so that the "Essex Junior" might escape, set sail and drew out of the anchorage. In doubling a headland at the entrance of the harbor, the "Essex" was struck by a squall, which carried away her maintopmast and several men. Captain Porter returned toward the roadstead, and anchored three miles from the town and about the distance of a pistol-shot from the shore. The "Phœbe" and the "Cherub" had been exchanging signals, and it was evident that they meant to attack, although the vessels were all in neutral waters.

The "Phœbe" carried thirty long eighteen-pounders and sixteen thirty-two-pound carronades for her armament, besides seven small guns in her tops. She also had 320 men, all told. The "Cherub" carried twenty-eight guns of various caliber and 180 men. To meet this formidable force the "Essex" had 255 men, and her armament consisted of twenty-six thirty-pounders and six long twelve-pounders. The "Essex Junior," which took no part in the fight, had twenty guns and sixty men. Nevertheless, Porter resolved that he would never surrender as long as he had men enough to work his guns; and right manfully did he hold to his resolution.

The "Phœbe" opened fire at four o'clock in the afternoon, being then nearly dead astern of the disabled "Essex." The long eighteens of the Englishman did great damage on board the "Essex," which, notwithstanding her disadvantage, returned the fire with gallantry and spirit. The "Cherub," then on the starboard bow of the "Essex," next opened fire also, but was driven off by the guns of the American. Three of the long twelve-pounders of the "Essex" were then got out astern, and played upon the "Phœbe" with such terrible effect that she, too, was hauled off for repairs, many of the shot having struck below the water-line.

Both the British vessels now closed upon the American frigate, being on her starboard quarter, and poured into her a fire so galling that the spars and rigging of the doomed ship were soon in a tangle of wreckage. Porter slipped his cable, and, hoisting his flying-jib, bore down upon the enemy, pouring broadsides into them as the ship slowly drifted. The "Cherub" was driven off for a second time, and the "Phœbe" retired out of the reach of the guns of the "Essex," but near enough to worry her with her long-range ordnance. After two hours of fighting, Porter tried to run his vessel ashore, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy; but a change of wind prevented him, and he anchored once more, making fast a sheet-anchor with a hawser.

Very shortly after, the hawser parted, and, to increase the trials of these determined heroes, the ship took fire below deck. In this extremity, Captain Porter told the men to save themselves as best they could. Some threw themselves into the sea and swam to shore, some were drowned, and many were picked up, while clinging to bits of wreck, by the boats of the enemy. But a larger part of the crew staid by the ship, and continued firing into the enemy, in the midst of the smoke and flames. Finally, the fire was partly subdued, and men enough to work two of the long twelves kept up a brisk fire.

But further resistance was useless. Only seventy-five men were left to do duty, the remainder being killed, wounded, or missing. So, after an engagement that had lasted two hours and a half, Porter, with a sorrowful heart, hauled down the American flag, and the wreck of the gallant "Essex" was surrendered to the foe. The British lost four killed and seven wounded on the "Phœbe," and one killed and three wounded on the "Cherub." Both ships were badly crippled, their sails and rigging being riddled, and the "Phœbe" had received eighteen shots below water-line from the long twelves of the "Essex." Thousands of spectators crowded the shores to gaze on the bloody encounter. The Spanish Viceroy was vainly entreated by the American Consul to insist upon the maintenance of neutrality. He refused to interfere.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable naval engagements of modern times. It ended in disaster to the American cause. But the heroic defense of the "Essex," in which officers and men vied with one another in a determination not to give up the ship, fired with fresh enthusiasm all who heard the story of their brave and obstinate fight. And, when the young people of this republic shall celebrate once more the deeds of the patriotic defenders of the American Republic, let them give a hearty cheer for David Porter and his crew.

AMATEUR NEWSPAPERS.

BY HARIAN H. BALLARD.

It is coming to be regarded as an axiom by the young people of America that "What man has done, boy can do"; and the notion is not entirely unheard of that what a boy can do, so can his sister. There is scarcely an industry of any importance, carried on by the energetic and inventive men of the day, which has not its counterpart in reduced scale among the amusements of our boys and girls. Even in early childhood, those games are most popular which lead children to imitate the employments of their grown-up friends.

Six-year-old Mary is never so happy as when she is playing "keep house"; especially if she is so fortunate as to own a real iron stove in which she is allowed to kindle a real fire for boiling a real potato; and if Johnny has a father wise enough to give him a box of tools, he will cheerfully play carpenter all winter long. So the clouds of labor have their sunny side of imitative play. The mighty rumble of the locomotive is echoed in the tiny roar of thousands of mimic engines; the intricate rattle of the busy telegraph is reproduced in a minor key on multitudes of little "sounders"; and even implements of deadly warfare are reduced in caliber and sold as playthings.

If this is true in the case of little children, much more is it true of our boys and girls as they grow older. The age is swiftly reached when toys no longer satisfy, and the boy must have a chest of tools that will do good work; he must engineer an engine that has horse-power in it; he must cultivate a patch of ground, and plant something more practical than the watermelon seeds of his early years; he must have a gun that will throw real lead.

Among the many youthful occupations which this spirit of imitation has created, none, perhaps, has been more widely extended and more enthusiastically followed than AMATEUR JOURNALISM.

The idea of a newspaper printed and edited by a boy is, in one sense, not a novel one. Benjamin Franklin might be called the pioneer boy printer; for it is commonly mentioned in connection with the Discovery of America, the Landing of the Pilgrims, the Surrender of Cornwallis, and various other incidents of the sort, that when Benjamin Franklin was very young he published his brother's paper in his absence, and won himself distinction thereby.

It is said, also, that in 1812, at the time when England and the United States were engaged in

their second discussion, a boy by the name of Thomas G. Condie, or Cundie, living in Philadelphia, edited the *Weekly Portfolio*, a paper which had some local repute. Tradition has it that Condie's paper was of four pages measuring eight and a half by eleven inches.

We speak of this as a tradition; for—alas, for the vanity of earthly glory!—learned scribes and critics have arisen who have proved, in the *Censor* and elsewhere, not merely that, as with Shakespeare, the spelling of our hero's name is uncertain, but that no such person as either Condie or Cundie ever lived, breathed, or edited a paper.

We learn from Mr. W. M. Clemens, that on the 21st of August, 1820, Nathaniel Hawthorne, then sixteen years of age, sent forth the first number of *The Spectator*, a small but neatly printed and well edited paper. A prospectus had been issued only the week before, setting forth that the *Spectator* would be issued on Wednesdays, "price twelve cents per annum, payment to be made at the end of the year."

Among the advertisements on the last page was the following:

Nathaniel Hawthorne proposes to publish, by subscription, a new edition of the "Miseries of Authors," to which will be added a sequel containing facts and remarks drawn from his own experience.

Whatever others may think, no member of the National Amateur Press Association will hesitate to attribute a fair share of Hawthorne's subsequent greatness to the discipline of these early labors in the editorial chair.

The Boy.

In 1834 or 1835, a little lad of Hartford, Conn., then known as "Nat," now as Rev. Professor Nathaniel Egleston, of Williamstown, Mass., published an amateur paper called *The Boy*.

He set up his type in one of the tin Sedlitz powder boxes common then, and printed a sheet as large as a postal card.

And this device of the Sedlitz powder box calls to mind a very interesting account of another original contrivance devised in 1839 by a Western boy, or at least by an Eastern boy gone West. The story was told in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1879, under the title of "How a Comet Struck the Earth," and should be carefully read and pondered

by all who would know with what difficulties early amateur editors were forced to contend.

In 1858, appeared the *Coos Herald*, from Lancaster, N. H., which attracted considerable attention. Between these dates there were, doubtless, many other papers whose names, though long forgotten by the world, still nestle in a warm corner of the memories of their quondam editors. Perhaps the difficulties in the way of obtaining presses, which the editors of *The Boy* and *The Comet* succeeded so ingeniously in overcoming, deterred many less energetic boys from attempting similar publications.

However this may be, it is certain that the invention, in 1867, of the cheap "Novelty" press was the event from which must be dated what is now understood as Amateur Journalism. The widely scattered advertisement, "EVERY BOY HIS OWN PRINTER," proved irresistible. Not *Comets* only, but whole constellations, suddenly flashed across the journalistic sky; *Suns* shone, *Stars* twinkled, *Meteors* blazed and burst; and, before the end of 1868, at least fifteen papers were regularly issued once a month.

In September, 1869, the first convention of amateur printers assembled at the house of Mr. Charles Scribner, of New York. This convention organized itself, with Charles Scribner, Jr., as its President, into the "Amateur Printers' Association," but changed its name the following year to "Amateur Press Association."

It was during this year, too, that *Our Boys' Intellect* (later, *Our Boys*) was first issued in Wenona, Ill., by Charles A. Diehl. After a time, its publication office was removed to Chicago; Fred. K. Morrill became one of its editors, it was enlarged from time to time, until it grew to be a handsome journal of sixteen pages. Its circulation is said to have reached ten thousand copies, and it was finally consolidated with a professional juvenile magazine. Mr. Diehl, its founder, adopted journalism for his profession, and has, for many years, been on the staff of the *Chicago Times*. Mr. Diehl is by no means the only amateur editor who has, in later years, reached a position of professional eminence. William Howe Downes left his boys' paper for the *Boston Globe*. Frank H. Converse, well known to readers of the *Portland Transcript*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Golden Days*, was once editor of an amateur journal. So was Thomas Edison; and Mr. Mark M. Pomeroy, three or four years ago, wrote:

"It is now twenty-four years since we started as an amateur editor with a little paper, the *Sun*, at Corning, N. Y. We have grown out of the atmosphere of youth, but can never forget that we were once a poverty-scared amateur editor, and never can have in our hearts other than good wishes for the youths, the young men, amateur editors, some of whom, in the course of years, will be the leading journalists of this country."

The list might be greatly extended, but enough has been given to show that in the publication of amateur papers we may have one of the truest schools of journalism.

On this point, Hon. Horatio Seymour has expressed himself in the following letter:

EDITOR COMET—*My Dear Sir:* I am much pleased with the copy of the *Comet* you sent me, and I am gratified with your courtesy in letting me see the account of the proceedings of your Association. I hope and believe that great good will grow out of the efforts of your young associates to put journalism upon the right basis. You begin at the beginning, and I know of no other way of having any useful pursuit carried on with success. This is demanded in all professions. I can see no reason why men should jump over the fences to get into the field of journalism. It should be entered through the regular gateway. It is as much a learned profession as law, medicine, or divinity. It calls for early training and careful preparation. I believe your association will do much to give the next generation higher toned journalism than we now have in our country.

Truly yours,

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1872

One of the best papers which appeared during the *renaissance* of 1870-76 was the *Youthful Enterprise*, conducted by Miss L. Libbie Adams. This is undoubtedly the "thirteen-year old girl-editor" mentioned in the "History of Woman Suffrage," who, "for three years, wrote, set up, and published a little paper in the interior of New York" (Elmira). It may be new to the authors of the just mentioned history that Miss Adams began her editorial labors in Carbondale, Pa., where she printed some numbers of the *Carbondale Enterprise* on a press which her father had secured for her, and in an office which had been fitted up in a garret. We shall mention later the *Hurricane* which still blows freshly from the orange groves of Carolina, but even at the date of which we are writing, Miss Adams was not the only girl in the ranks of amateurs. Miss Delle E. Knapp, who still writes excellent articles for the "mimic press," edited a bright paper in Buffalo, N. Y.; and at Wartville, Tenn., Miss Birdie Walker published the *Girls' Own Paper* for several years. She is now one of the editorial contributors of a professional literary magazine.

In 1870, more than fifty excellent papers were published, and the future of Amateur Journalism was assured.

During 1871, Amateurdom, or the "Dom," as it is pleasantly called by its members, prospered exceedingly. "The Centennial year," says Mr. Charles J. Steele, Jr., in the *Buffalo Courier*, "inaugurated what are now known as 'halcyon days.'"

The whole country then looked to Philadelphia. All sorts of societies and clubs held reunions there. Friends who had long been widely dispersed took that occasion to meet again. Naturally enough, it occurred to some of the brighter amateur editors that it would be a good

plan to have a grand reunion, and to publish a weekly amateur journal there. The last part of this programme was found impracticable. When the World's Exhibition had been held at Vienna in 1873, a paper called *Our American Youth* had been issued weekly, under the auspices of the New York Branch of the A. P. A.; but either the American Exposition managers were not so favorable as the Austrian, or the boys did not manifest so much enthusiasm in 1876 as in 1873.

N. A. P. A.

The reunion, however, was a grand success. Seventy-five amateurs were present in the Quaker City, and on the Fourth of July, amid the noise of martial music and the tramp of great processions, the NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION was formed. The mercury stood at 104° in the shade, but the intense heat served only to weld the boys into firmer union.

The former organization had been local, and its members were from the Eastern States, but this Association was national, and embraced young men from all sections of the country. From that time, the letters "N. A. P. A." have been regarded with growing affection by a rapidly increasing number of American youth.

The Constitution, which was adopted in 1876, has been recently amended and will be given, in part, in its proper place. The first President of the N. A. P. A. was John W. Snyder, of Richmond, Virginia. It is estimated that, during the year of his administration, there were five hundred amateur journals of all sizes and kinds.

In 1877, the annual *Napa* meeting was held at Long Branch, and was the largest yet convened. There were over a hundred present, and, after a most exciting contest, A. W. Dingwall, of Milwaukee, was elected President, and C. C. Henman, of New York, Official Editor. During this year the number of papers reached flood-tide, and there were over six hundred.

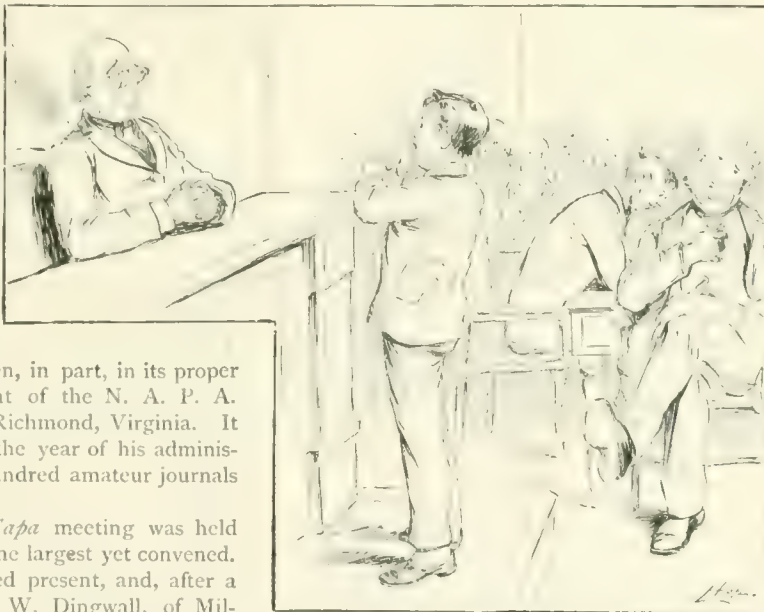
In 1878, during the administration of President Will T. Hall, of Chicago, the great trouble with the Post-office authorities arose. One brief account says: "It was determined by the powers that be, that papers published by boys were not legitimate newspapers, and that the publishers

should be required to place a one-cent stamp on each and every paper sent out. The boys could not afford to do this, and the papers went down like grass before the mower. From this severe blow Amateur Journalism has been slow to recover."

A LITTLE LAW.

As it is evident from editorials in many leading papers of the "Dom," as well as from this quotation from an ex-amateur editor, that this "'P. O. Trouble' is regarded by the boys as one of the main events in their history as an association," we have been at some pains to become acquainted with the inside facts and reasons of what has seemed to many an unreasonable discrimination.

The foregoing quotation was sent to Washington, accompanied by a request for advice as to the principles on which a distinction is made between papers published by boys and men. In reply, we were referred to certain sections in the Postal Guide and in a circular issued by the Third Assistant



FACE TO FACE WITH THE LAW.

Postmaster-General, a careful study of which convinces us that, however severely the decision of the Department may affect some of the less energetic boy editors, yet the complaints of unjust discrimination have no substantial foundation. And, while the rulings of the Department are in full force at this date, it is still true that very many boys are sending their papers at pound rates through the mails, and

yet acting in perfect harmony with law. For the information of all interested we will quote briefly the rulings which are in point:

"Publications asserted to be issued in the general interest of printers and publishers can not be admitted to entry as second-class matter where it appears that the number of their paid subscriptions is so insignificant in comparison with their exchange lists as to demonstrate that the primary object of their publishers is to advertise their own business and that of others by means of a free circulation among other publishers and printers. * * *

"The rule just indicated for the exclusion of so-called printers' publications, designed primarily for the purposes of free exchanging, should also be applied to so-called 'Amateur' publications, and the same evidence of a *self-sustaining subscription list* required of them as of trade-journals before admission to entry as second-class mail matter."

Thus it appears that amateur papers which are on a business basis, and which are self-supporting, have never been deprived of the advantages accorded to the professional journals. The circular quoted enters into a long explanation of the reasons for this rule, showing that the nominal rate of two cents a pound does not cover the actual cost of transportation, and is accorded to no paper as a right, but is extended as a favor to such periodicals as are believed to be issued with a view to the spreading of intelligence among the people. The Government has always followed the policy of assisting in this good work, and has, therefore, carried newspapers to *bona-fide* subscribers at a nominal rate, for the sake of helping the public to obtain information cheaply. The favor is intended for the public good, not for the publishers' pockets. But when most of the copies of a paper are distributed by the publisher at his own expense, the inference is that they are distributed for his own advantage, and in such cases it is proper that he pay the postage. If the people at large consider any paper to be of advantage to them, they will support it with their subscriptions. Then, the Government is willing to help them by reducing the rate of postage. Uncle Sam has a great and a generous heart, boys. He loves fairness above all things. Even Wright acknowledged this after his bright *Egyptian Star* secured pound rates!

POLITICS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Speaking of government reminds us that one of the most absorbing interests of the N. A. P. A. is the yearly election of officers. The desire for office seems to be quite as strong among boys as among men, and the struggles for the Presidency and the Chief Editorship are often extremely close and persistent.

The yearly conventions are looked forward to with eager expectancy by the friends of the several candidates, and the oral debates and intricate wire-pulling of the actual meeting are preceded by months of earnest discussion, and even occasional partisan violence, in the numerous papers connected with the Association. It appears that many of the

amateur editors print their papers for no other purpose than that they may try their luck in the yearly race for office, and certainly one of the strongest incentives to hard work in producing a creditable sheet is the fact that, as the boys are rarely personally acquainted, they are obliged to form their opinions of one another largely from the essays, poems, or editorials which they write.

From this it happens that the offices usually fall to the lot of the most energetic, painstaking, and intelligent members, and whatever may be thought of political aspiration as a motive to literary endeavor, it appears certain that herein lies the strongest bond of union among the fraternity. Take away the annual conventions, with their platforms, discussions, and preceding campaigns, and the N. A. P. A. would soon dissolve.

With regard to the officers, their election and duties, the Constitution speaks as follows:

"ART. IV. — *Officers.* The Officers of the National Amateur Press Association shall consist of a President, First, Second, and Third Vice-Presidents, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, Treasurer and Editor.

"ART. V. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all Conventions of the N. A. P. A., and to perform such other duties as are called for in conformation with this Constitution and these By-laws, and the adopted parliamentary authority." (Robert's Rules of Order.)

The President's duties are further defined through ten elaborate sections. Among these duties, may be noticed the publishing of at least ten numbers of a journal during his year of office, and the appointment of Judges of Award. Their duties will presently be explained.

The duties of the Vice-Presidents are naturally those of the President in his absence, and there are also special duties relating to the reception of articles sent in competition for the various prizes which are offered by the Association.

The duties of the Secretaries and of the Treasurer are those which naturally fall to such officers, with special charge of certain matters connected with an intricate system of "proxy" voting.

The Editor is one of the most responsible officers, and concerning his work Article XII. says:

"It shall be the duty of the Editor to take entire and complete control of the Official Organ, to issue four numbers of said paper during the official year, to allow nothing of a political character to appear in the columns of the paper, and to mail to every member of the Association and to every subscriber to the Official Journal one copy of each number, as soon as issued."

It is provided by the next article that this "Official Organ" shall be known as the *National Amateur*, that it shall have at least four pages, which shall be 9 x 13 inches in size, and set in long primer type. The names and addresses of the officers shall be published at the head of the editorial page, with full information regarding the method of joining the Association.

The "Judges of Award," just referred to, per-

form duties which are explained by Articles XXIII., XXIV., and XXV. of the Constitution.

"ART. XXIII.—*Pres. Comp. Sec.* SEC. 1. To select and promote the interest of our Editors and Authors, and the general tone of amateur literature, this Association will present to the author of the best written article on any subject, in accordance with section 2 of this article, the title of Laureate as hereinafter specified.

"SEC. 3. Articles may be written under the following heads and sent to the officer whose name precedes them:

Second Vice-President, Department A.	}	Stories
		Stories or Sketches.
Third Vice-President, Department B.	}	Poems
		History of Amateur Journalism

"ART. XXIV.—*Judges of Awards.* SEC. 1. There shall be five Judges of Award, each of whom shall have a distinct department.

"SEC. 2. Four of these Judges of Award shall be literary men of known ability not actively connected with Amateurdom. The fifth Judge of Award shall be an active Amateur.

"SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of these Judges of Award to examine closely every article sent them, and to report to the President as soon as possible the one they believe to be in a majority of respects the best, giving their reasons therefor.

"ART. XXV.—*Titles.* SEC. 1. The title of Laureate shall be conferred upon the person contributing the best article on the subjects specified in Article XXIII., Section 3."

Such are the offices which are yearly filled from the ranks of amateur journalists. A large share of all the talent of the "Dom" is exercised in the

A QUESTION TO BE SETTLED.

The latest question for discussion has been regarding certain boys' papers of New York which are of a sensational and far from elevating nature. Some of the N. A. P. A. have strenuously opposed any fellowship with them. Others have argued that, although the tone of such papers was bad, still it was the best policy for the *Napa* to allow the obnoxious editors to retain their membership, in order to reap the benefit of their initiation fees, yearly dues, political influence, and advertising assistance. This appears to us to be one of the most vital questions which have arisen, and our confidence in the perpetuity of the Association is greatly strengthened by reading, in Article XVI., Section 2, of the Revised Constitution: "*No person connected with or contributing to [here follow the names of the disreputable sheets] shall be eligible to membership.*"

No motives of policy ever could overrule the wisdom of that section, and if the boys would take a step further, and promptly expel from their ranks



LOBBYING FOR THE ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

weekly discussion of the various candidates for these offices, and truth compels the statement that many of the young editors allow themselves, in the heat of the campaign, to cross the limits of courtesy quite as far as their elder brethren of the professional press.

A brief history of the latest election will give a clear notion of Amateur Politics. Before beginning this, however, it may be well to glance at one of the great questions which have divided Amateurdom during the past ten years.

every editor who publishes a single profane or indecent paragraph, they would greatly benefit the cause.

It must not be inferred from this that there are many editors who do print such matter, but, in looking over large bundles of amateur journals, one is occasionally pained by seeing paragraphs which tend to throw discredit on the institution.

To their credit be it said that the leading spirits of the "Dom" are bravely fighting this evil, and we have no doubt that they will succeed in stamping it out entirely.

The latest convention was held in Buffalo, and is acknowledged by all the boys to have been a decidedly poor affair. There were only fifteen members present, as a large faction had bolted, and there was a good deal more excitement than either

Boys wish to have fun at their conventions, of course; but they do not wish to be locked in their hotel-rooms, so that they can not reach the meeting without crawling through the transom!

The following account of this meeting is condensed from Sanderson's wide-awake *Bay State Press*:

N. A. P. A., FRANK NEWTON RETIRE OUR NEXT PRESIDENT. THE LESSERITES DARE NOT ATTEND THE CONVENTION, BUT BOLT IT—SMALL ATTENDANCE BUT A GRAND MEETING!—"ME TOO" GLEASON DISHONORS HIMSELF.—THE LESSER FACTION COMPLETELY DEMORALIZED!!—LESSER HALF CRAZY.—THE REEVEITES CARRY THE DAY.—THE NATIONAL IN GOOD HANDS FOR THE NEXT YEAR—EVERY OFFICER ACTIVE!

A full, complete, and authentic account of our trip to Buffalo, and of the Convention.

Since June 1st we have thought of nothing else but the convention of the National Amateur Press Association which was to be held at Buffalo, in July. It had been our one thought and wish to attend the meeting, and in accordance with this we began to save up our spare shakels and to accumulate enough collateral to attend it. The morning of the 16th of July found us counting our cash, and to our great joy we found that we were able to go. Hurriedly packing our knapsack, we boarded the train at the little depot in Warren and were soon proceeding at a rattling rate toward the capital of the Empire State.

After a ride of five hours, we jumped off the train in Albany. While waiting here for eight dreary hours, we were suddenly confronted by two hungry individuals who had the appearance of being amateurs. One of them stepped up to us and said, "Is this Sanderson?" and we were soon shaking hands with Reeve and Kempner. The eight hours at length passed away and found us slowly rolling out of Albany. At eight, next morning, the train steamed into Buffalo. After a short search we found Charlie Steele of the *Boys' Herald*, and soon afterward came unexpectedly upon Parsons, Imrie, and Gleason.

We took no breakfast, but went directly to Congress Hall to see if any of the boys had arrived. Finding no new names on the hotel register, we adjourned to Reeve's room, and stretched out on a sofa to sleep. We were scarcely lost to consciousness when a clatter of feet was heard in the hall, the door flew open and in came Pelham of Detroit. After a fraternal handshake, we learned that the Pittsburgh boys had arrived, and, rushing upstairs, we soon had hold of the hands of Weissert and Koch. In a few minutes all the boys had gathered in Reeve's room, and a lively conversation was carried on for some time.

Telegrams had been coming in all day from the boys, but the evening brought the most important one. It was directed to "F. N. Reeve, Congress Hall, Buffalo," and read as follows: "*Monroe, Mich., July 17th. Train wrecked. Nobody hurt. Will come Wednesday eve. Niles and Kast.*"

All were suspicious that something was up, for the message was received on the wrong kind of a blank, and a capital letter was missing. Hunting up the boy who brought it, we found that it was given him by three boys on the corner of Michigan Street, and that it never came through the office. It was, as we afterward found out, a dodge of the Lesserites to dishearten us.

Looking over the register that evening, we found that Lesser, Ritter, and Buckley had arrived.

Tuesday morning found us at Congress Hall at an early hour. About eight o'clock Niles, Kast, Brown, and Rickert arrived, and we were introduced in rapid succession.

At eleven o'clock a caucus was held in Reeve's room. A regular ticket was made up and a plan of business mapped out. A huge sign adorned the entrance of the room and read as follows: "REEVE HEADQUARTERS. NO QUARTER GIVEN." In the middle of it was a representation of a skull and cross-bones.

The meeting was appointed to convene at two o'clock, but it was not called until three. None of the Lesser faction appeared, and a committee consisting of Fischer and Sanderson was sent to request their attendance. Arriving at their room, we were invited in. Telling them that the meeting was to be called in five minutes, we were replied to by young Gleason, who said:

"You appointed the convention at two o'clock. No one appeared and Lesser called the meeting. No one came and now the thing's adjourned *sine die*."

We said nothing and turned to go, but what was our dismay to find the door locked and the key on the outside. The Lesserites had us completely in their power. The meeting was being held down-stairs and we could not get there. Our wrath rose a little at this point, and stepping to one side of the room we gave the servant a bell a violent pull. No one answered, but, having observed the lay of the land, we suddenly seized a chair and, placing it by the side of the door, leaped up over it and squeezed out of the little window at the top, before they could realize what we were doing. Hurrying down to the parlor, we found that the convention had just been called to order.



LOCKED DOORS COULD NOT KEEP THEM IN.

dignity or good nature. Practical jokes were indulged in among the members, proxy ballots were thrown out, and technicalities strictly observed in other respects. The convention appears to have been pretty well "fixed" beforehand; there was a good deal of "denouncing," some carousing, and a little business done. Still, oddly enough, excellent results have followed this most unfortunate meeting. In the first place, an energetic and enthusiastic set of officers were elected, and in the next place, the whole Association has been aroused to see the necessity of sending more and abler representatives to the yearly convention. Moreover, the evils of a cumbrous system of proxy voting have become evident, as has also the unwisdom of a Constitution with eighty-eight sections, besides voluminous By-laws.

At the meeting of the Association, held at the residence of Mr. J. J. Weissert, on the 10th of November, 1881, the following officers were elected for the coming year: The following



were again elected for the coming year: The following officers were elected for the coming year: The following

The treasurer reported \$15.50 in the treasury. After a good deal of minor business had been transacted, the election of officers proceeded. Mr. J. J. Weissert was elected President. The pleasure of nominating Frank N. Reeve for the presidency. No opponent appearing, he was elected by acclamation. In response to the cries of "speech," he rose and addressed a few well-chosen words to the association, and sat down amid hearty applause. He was then elected Vice-President. The election then proceeded as follows: Louis Kempner nominated F. E. Day for first Vice-President, and he was elected unanimously. Sanders nominated J. A. Imrie for second Vice-President, and he was also elected without opposition. For third Vice-President, Wylie and Kempner were nominated. The association then proceeded to ballot, and it resulted as follows:

Kempner
Wylie

Mr. Kempner was declared elected. J. J. Weissert and Warren J. Niles were elected Recording and Corresponding Secretaries respectively. Howard K. Sanderson was elected Treasurer by a majority of eight votes over his opponent, Chas. C. Rickert. Finlay A. Grant was elected Official Editor, and Detroit, Mich., as the next place of meeting.

Each of the newly elected officers present responded with short speeches. Bills against the association were ordered paid. Adjourned.

The next convention is to assemble this month in Detroit, Michigan, and bids fair to be the largest and most enthusiastic yet held. It will probably decide the fate of the "Dom." There is a small faction who are desirous of a revolution, like Orgetorix of old, and unless a rousing meeting is secured, and a strong set of officers elected, trouble is threatened. But the better element is well organized and alert, and fully determined to have fair play and keep the old N. A. P. A. afloat.

AMATEUR LITERATURE.

An account of amateur newspapers which should give no specimens of what the amateur editors produce would be like a Thanksgiving dinner with the ornithology omitted; but the style of these papers is so varied, and the papers them-

selves so numerous, that one is at a loss where to begin. A bare list of their names would fill several pages of this magazine. An excellent representa-

tative of its class is the *Independent Times*, published by Frank Newton Reeve, of Newark, N. J., who is now the President of the Association. His portrait appears on the next page of this article. The *Times* is printed on fine paper with excellent type by Jas. B. H. Storms, who is considered to be the best printer in Amateurdom. The size of the paper is $8\frac{1}{2} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$ inches. An idea of its general appearance, with its effective title-head and "make-up," may be gained from the reduced fac-simile which we present. The *National Amateur*, which is the official organ, will be mentioned further on. Next to it in importance come the organs of the various sub-societies, such as the New England

A. P. A., The South-Eastern, The Western, The Ohio and Michigan, etc.

Following these comes the long train of miscellaneous papers, among which may be noted *The Hurricane*, of Charleston, S. C., edited entirely by a little girl of fourteen years. Her name is Eva Britton, and she is well known to many at the North, for she makes annual tours through the cities, securing subscribers for her bright paper. She has now about four thousand, and is one of



"OUR EXCHANGE."

a very few amateurs who are supported by their work. Is she not the only one?

The Mercury, of Towanda, Penn.; *The Young*



LINLAY A. GRANT, EDITOR OF "THE NATIONAL AMATEUR,"
THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE N. A. P. A.

he has been elected to the highest office but one. He is an entire stranger to us personally, but we have read with admiration his editorials on various topics, and they breathe a manly and true spirit.

We present on page 726 an engraving of the editors of the *Petit Anse Amateur* as they appeared when at work. Their paper has had the reputation of being the smallest in the world, and a fac-simile of the first page of it is also given. But there are now many papers much smaller. *The Midget*, for instance, is an exact reprint of one of them, "life-size." *The Amateur*, of Warsaw, Ind., is only $\frac{3}{4}$ x 1 inch, and *The Oak*, which was, at one time, printed in Boston on a hand-press, was still more minute. Its four pages were as follows:



SPECIMENS OF AMATEUR STYLE.

The articles contributed to amateur journals may readily be divided into five classes: Editorials, Stories, Essays, Poetry, and Criticisms. As a sample of the first, see the following from the *Independent Times*, by President Reeve:

"THE OUTLOOK."

"Not for years have the future prospects for Amateur Journalism seemed so promising. Now papers are coming into existence daily,

The National Amateur.

OFFICIAL ORGAN N. A. P. A.

EDITED BY LINLAY A. GRANT, NEWARK, N. J.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

FRANK NEWSON, KENNEL, Newark, N. J.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

FRANK L. DODD, Canal Dover, O.
J. J. WEISSERT, Pittsburgh, Pa.
L. S. TIER, Warsaw, Ind.

CORRESPONDING—CHAS. C. RICKERT, Canal Dover, O.
J. J. WEISSERT, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HENRY K. SANDERSON, Warden, Mass.

EDITOR—LINLAY A. GRANT, NEW GLAZIOVA, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL AMATEUR is sent free to members. To others it is 15 cents per year.

The National Amateur Press Association is composed of the amateur editors, authors, publishers and printers of North America, who meet yearly, during the month of July, for the purpose of acquaintance and transacting such business as may be proposed. The next Convention will be held in Detroit, Mich., subject to the call of the President.

EXTRACTS FROM CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE XVI. SECTION I.—Any person who is actively interested in Amateurdum, is the publisher of an amateur paper, or a contributor to the Amateur Press, or the printer of amateur publications, and resides in the United States of America or Canada, may become a member of the Association by conforming with the requirements set forth in this Constitution and there by Law, and no person shall be entitled to the privileges of membership until he has. Persons who are Puzzlers only are not construed by this section to be contributors to the Amateur Press.

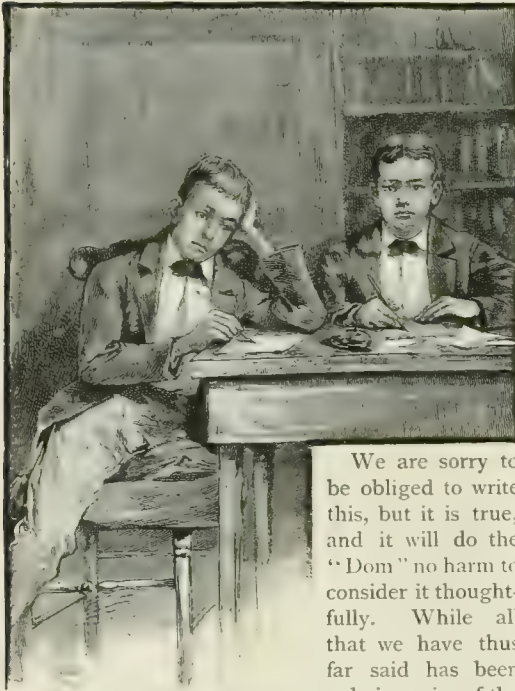
Any person desiring to join the National Amateur Press Association and who conforms with the above conditions must make application to C. C. Rickert, Canal Dover, O., Chairman Credential Committee, stating in what manner he or she is connected with amateur journalism, and who will notify such applicant of his or her acceptance or rejection. If accepted, send two dollars (\$2.00), for initiation fee and one year's dues, to J. J. Weissert, 1 Wylie Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., when such person will be entitled to all the privileges of membership for one year.

and especially in the vicinity of New York City are affairs assuming a healthy activity. Every spring and summer new papers appear, their editors invariably being inspired by the campaign for National officers, but a distressing number of suspensions take place as soon as the campaign is past. But this year [1881] the campaign was entirely too tame and one-sided to prompt the publication of the usual number of campaign sheets. We are, therefore, led to believe that the present spurt in amateur affairs is a genuine and healthy one. We have on our exchange list eighty-two papers that have started since last year, and we know of many more soon to appear.

With those strong influences for good to our cause will be coupled as much encouragement from the officers of the N. A. P. A. as it is possible for active leaders to give. *The National Amateur* will appear regularly, and the entire board of officers will exert their best efforts to elevate and increase Amateurdum in character and strength. All they ask is to receive the hearty coöperation of every amateur. If they err, criticise them as they deserve, but don't allow political bickering to cause you to say disheartening things or act in a manner calculated to retard them in their efforts to benefit the Association.

Most of the papers have good editorials; but, alas, after a search of several hours through our whole bundle of Amateur journals, we can not find

a single story which can properly be reproduced here. Many of them are poor imitations of the dime novel, others, less trashy, are marred by slang words, gross allusions, or the irreverent use of sacred names.



THE EDITORS OF THE "PETITE ANSE AMATEUR" AT WORK.

We are sorry to be obliged to write this, but it is true, and it will do the "Dom" no harm to consider it thoughtfully. While all that we have thus far said has been only in praise of the work of our young friends, we should

be neglecting a plain duty did we fail to warn them that the three greatest enemies of their cause are vulgarity, irreverence, and abusive personalities.

The first two of these three are found chiefly in the story columns. The last, which sometimes includes the others, appears mainly in "Notices of our Exchanges," but often steals into what, if anything, should be kept pure and courteous and Christian—the Editorial page.

If Amateur Journalism has been looked upon with disfavor by the professional press, a potent cause may be found in the bitter sneers, coarse jests, rude taunts, and open accusations which used to form a constant feature of the average boy's paper; and if, as we believe, this disfavor is passing by, the reason for it will be found in the noble, persistent, and successful efforts for a higher standard by the clean-minded and whole-souled editors, like Grant of the *National Amateur*, Mercur of the *Mercury*, and Morris of the *Young Recruit*.

Although many excellent essays are before us, they are too long to be available here, and we

therefore give a few specimens of the manner in which the boys criticise each other. Some of them may serve as warnings rather than as models!

"Latest advices state that the Fool Killer is roaming through Michigan, and that he will shortly fetch up in Detroit. A hint to the wise is sufficient, Mr. ———."—*Manifest*.

"This youthful Socrates should know that fools are rarely, if ever, wise."—*Detroit Venture*.

"We hereby give notice that we have noticed ——— in these columns for the last time. If our contemporaries are desirous of keeping their papers clean and doing us a favor they will pay no further attention to that parasite."—*Independent Times*.

"*Bay State Press*, *Lynn Amateur*, and *Golden Moments* lug off the bun for neatness."—*Puzzler's Pride*.

"We can digest an issue of the *Mercury* of Towanda, Penn., with as great a zest as, perhaps, any other paper of its size we receive. It is decidedly interesting at times, and remarkably fresh."

"The *Nonpartiel* is decidedly a progressive sheet of much merit, and ably conducted. Its regular issue will be of much importance to the cause, now that Kempner is a National officer."

"*Idle Hours* is quite an improvement on the *Amateur Reformer*, and its interesting contents and good management will do much good for the cause in Indiana. Such papers we delight to notice."

"The *Danbury Hornet* is the liveliest little sheet in the 'dom.' Admirably and vigorously edited, neatly and regularly issued, it deserves much credit, and will certainly gain it if it continues its present credible issue."

46 PETITE ANSE AMATEUR, JUNE, 1879.

THE PETITE ANSE AMATEUR

is published, owned, and printed by school-boys, and the articles which appear are the efforts of children whose ages range from 7 to 13. The object of the paper is principally for self-improvement, as typography is now a branch of study in the *Petite Anse Grammar School*. It is issued every month, and a yearly subscription price of 50 cents is charged. Yearly advertisements are inserted at the rate of \$1.50 per square; \$6.50 per column, and \$12 per page.

D. D. AVERY, JR.,
J. A. McILHENNY,
Editors and Proprietors,
to whom all communications should be addressed at NEW IBERIA, LA.

PETITE ANSE ISLAND,
JUNE, 1879.

WHAT WE DO.

Our friends will be delighted to hear of our continued success. The

circulation is rapidly extending over the country, while advertisers are crowding our pages. Our evenings are occupied in scanning exchanges and in answering the daily increasing correspondence. Every moment of the daytime is in demand; and if type-setting, composition, and other matters connected with the *AMATEUR* do not call on us, then kite-flying, fishing, swimming, or baseball is the order.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

THE papabette return from their southern flight to feed on our prairies, on which they will fatten and afford good sport for gentlemen of the gun and enjoyment for those who love good eating.

EX-SIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF THE "PETITE ANSE AMATEUR."

COST OF RUNNING A PAPER.

Doubtless some of our young friends, if any have followed us so far, are asking themselves: "Could I start a paper?" "How should I begin?" "What would it cost?" "Would it pay?"

To these questions we answer briefly by quoting from a letter recently received from the official editor of the "Dom":

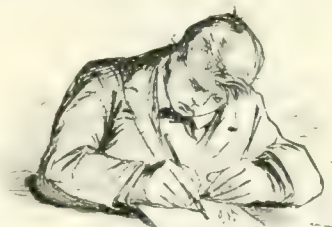
"In reference to running an amateur paper, I will first of all state that it seldom if ever pays. The only way to save it from being a continual expense is to have a printing outfit of your own and print your paper yourself. By doing this you will be able to make both ends meet. However, an amateur paper *could* be made to pay, and

has been before now, by a printer, in the advertising and business time to writing it up. But not a single word has to be written, and the thing costs nothing extra. The only way to "kill" this page is to see it as a mistake and tell them so. It also takes a lot of thought and a lot of trial and error, as in any other business. The best thing is to see that the page is as good as any other page. The best thing is to see that the page is as good as any other page. A paper two columns wide, issued in the U. S. for four or five dollars. A paper two columns to a page, four pages, can be issued at a cost of two or three dollars.

address, monthly. All the manual labor on the paper for the last six months has been executed by the editor alone, and he has also written more than two-thirds of the reading matter which has filled it. I am proud of the time we have attained, and feel regularly."

There can be little doubt that boys who are willing of their own accord to subject themselves to such discipline as that have a power of will, a spirit of perseverance, and a praiseworthy ambition which will surely lift them, by and by, into positions of greater honor and wider usefulness. It is claimed that about one-half of those who begin by editing such papers continue their connection with the Press after they have passed the age of boyhood. Many successful editors and newspaper correspondents attribute their present fortune to the training they gave themselves as amateurs. The boys are fond of quoting a saying of Speaker Randall to the effect that amateur journalism is the "noblest work indulged in by our American youth."

Whether this be strictly true or not, we reckon among the strongest reasons which cause us to regret that we have passed the boundaries



S. ICHIOKI, H. MORIYOSHIRO, A. KIVAKI

THE MIDGET

PERSONAL.

Masher's Column.

Will Hazelnigg has given up the idea of going to Indianapolis to live. Bring a wash pan for our tears.

Gus Muhlhausen has been sick. Cause, drinking too much ice water.

The August number of the *Atlas* is eight pages.

WE WANT JUSTICE.

In *Scribner's Monthly* for the month of August the *Petite Anse Amateur* claims to be the smallest paper in the world.

We find by measurement, that the MINGER is about half the size of the *Amateur*.

THE MIDGET.

Vol. 1 Evansville, Ind. August. [No. 1]

INTRODUCTION

In introducing this little paper to the boys and girls of Evansville, we will first of all, beg of them and the Amateur Press, not to criticize us too severely at first, as this is our first attempt at the business.

As our reader can plainly see, our paper is small, and we will not have room to waste in apologising, so we will make it short by asking you to excuse all the errors that we may make in "getting out" this sheet, which we hope will please all.—Eps.

"The directions for starting an amateur paper are very simple. All that is necessary is to decide upon starting one, then upon what size. The editor can then use his judgment as to what to publish, but whatever he publishes should be original, as that is the prime motive for starting a paper: to exercise the literary ability of the editor. It would be well for a beginner to make the acquaintance of someone who has had experience as an amateur in order to get the names and addresses of exchanges, for the exchanges are the life of an amateur paper that is devoted to the cause. If the would-be editor wishes to print his paper himself, let him consult the advertising columns of some boy paper and he will find out where to purchase presses and material. There are many who keep all the requisites of an amateur printing office for sale, and who do nothing else but manufacture and sell them. How many boys spend more than ten dollars a month upon those things which do them not half the good which would come from publishing an amateur paper!"

144 J. M. BORRERO

Some notion of the toil required to manage successfully even a small paper may be obtained from the experience of the editor of the *Egyptian Star*. He says:

"This paper contains about sixty thousand pieces of type metal, which have not only to be set up, but handled the second time when distributed. Our press being small, only one page of the *Star* is printed at a time, therefore one month's issue of our average size requires upwards of eight thousand impressions. Besides this the MS. for each month's issue has to be carefully prepared, in itself a small labor; the MS. of this number alone covering over one hundred and fifty sheets of common note-paper.

"Then with our three hundred exchanges every month, and as many or more letters during the same time, we have a vast amount of reading to do. One thousand two hundred papers we fold, wrap, and

of youth, the impossibility of editing an amateur paper, of joining the N. A. P. A., of decorating our breast with the silver shield and pen, of going to the convention at Detroit, and doing our very best by voice and ballot to elect to the presidential chair for next year Mr. —. But, alas! the ivory gates of boyhood have closed behind us, and we have no right to nominate. We can only express our hope to see an honest fight, and a true devotion to the cause. May the best man win!



JULY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

WHEN the scarlet cardinal tells
 Her dream to the dragon-fly,
 And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees
 And murmurs a lullaby,
 It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
 The corn-flower's blue cap awry,
 And the lilies tall lean over the wall
 To bow to the butterfly,
 It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,
 And poppies flame in the rye,

And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
 Has softened almost to a sigh,
 It is July.

When the hours are so still that Time
 Forgets them, and lets them lie
 'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
 At the sunset in the sky,
 It is July.

When each finger-post by the way
 Says that Slumbertown is nigh;
 When the grass is tall, and the roses fall,
 And nobody wonders why,
 It is July.

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FROLIC ON THE WATER.

DONALD had won the gratitude of many Nestle-town fathers and mothers, and had raised himself not a little in the estimation of the younger folk by his encounter with the rabid dog. That it was a case of hydrophobia was settled from the testimony of some wagoners, who had seen the poor animal running across the road, but who, being fearful of having their horses bitten, had not attempted to stop him. Though all felt sorry for "General," everybody rejoiced that he had been put out of his misery, and that he had not bitten any one in his mad run through the fields.

As the summer advanced, and base-ball and running-matches proved to be too warm work for the season, the young folk naturally took to the water. Swimming and boating became the order of the day and the night, too; for, indeed, boats shot hither and thither through many a boy's sleep, confounding him with startling surprises and dream-land defeats and victories. But the lake sports of their waking hours were more under control. Donald and Ed Tyler, as usual, were among the most active in various contests with the oars; and as Donald believed that no event was absolutely

complete if Dorry were not among either the actors or the spectators, boat-racing soon grew to be as interesting to the girls as to the boys.

The races usually were mild affairs—often impromptu, or sometimes planned in the morning and carried into effect the same afternoon. Now and then, something more ambitious was attempted: boys in rowing-suits practiced intently for days beforehand, while girls, looking on, formed their own not very secret opinions as to which rowers were most worthy of their support. Some went so far as to wear a tiny bit of ribbon by way of asserting allegiance to this or that crew sporting the same color in cap, uniform, or flag. This, strange to say, did not act in the least as "a damper" on the pastime; even the fact that girls became popular as coxswains did not take the life out of it—all of which, as Dorry said, served to show the great hardihood and endurance of the boy-character.

After awhile, Barry Outcalt, Benjamin Buster, and three others concocted a plot. The five held meetings in secret to complete their arrangements, and these meetings were enlivened with much smothered laughter. It was to be a "glorious joke." A boat-race, of course; and there must be a great show of previous practice, tremendous rivalry, and pressing competition, so that a strong

feeling of partisanship would be aroused; while, in truth, the race itself was to be a sham. The boats were to reach the goal at the same moment, nobody was to win, yet every one was to claim the victory; the air was to be rent with cries of "foul!" and spurious shouts of triumph, accompanied by vehement demands for a "fresh try." Then a second start was to be made—One, two, three, and off! All was to go well at first, and when the interest of the spectators was at its height, every eye strained and every heart almost at a stand-still with excitement, two of the boats were to "foul," and the oarsman of one, in the most tragic and thrilling manner, was to fall over into the astonished lake. Then, amid the screams of the girls and scenes of wild commotion, he was to be rescued, put into his empty boat again, limp and dripping—and then, to everybody's amazement, disregarding his soaked garments and half-drowned state, he was suddenly to take to the oars in gallant style, and come in first at the close, rowing magnificently.

So ran the plot—a fine one truly. The five conspirators were delighted, and each fellow solemnly promised to stand by the rest, and not to breathe a word about it until the "sell" should be accomplished. So far, so good. Could the joke be carried out successfully? As the lake was public property, it was not easy for the two "fouling" boys to find opportunities for practicing their parts. To make two boats collide at a given instant, so as to upset one and spill its occupant in a purely "accidental" way, required considerable dexterity. Ben Buster had a happy thought. Finding himself too clumsy to be the chief actor, he proposed that they should strengthen their force by asking Donald Reed to join the conspiracy. He urged that Don, being the best swimmer among the boys, was therefore best fitted to manage the fall into the water. Outcalt, on his part, further suggested that Ed Tyler was too shrewd to be a safe outsider. He might suspect, and spoil everything. Better make sure of this son of a lawyer by taking him into the plan, and appointing him sole judge and referee.

Considerable debate followed—the *pros* urging that Don and Ed were just the fellows wanted, and the *cons* insisting that neither of the two would be willing to take part. Ben, as usual, was the leading orator. He was honestly proud of Don's friendship, and as honestly scornful of any intimation that Don's better clothes and more elegant manners enhanced or hindered his claims to the high Buster esteem. Don was a good fellow—the right sort of a chap—and that was all there was about it. All they had to do was to let him, Ben, fetch Don and Ed around that very

day, and he'd guarantee they'd be found true blue, and no discounting.

This telling eloquence prevailed. It was voted that the two new men should be invited to join. And join they did.

Donald entered heartily into the plot, impelled both by his native love of fun and by a brotherly willingness to play an innocent joke upon Dorry, who, with Josie Manning, he knew would surely be among the most interested of all the victimized spectators.

A number of neat circulars, announcing the race and the names of the six contestants, with their respective colors, were written by the boys, and, after being duly signed by Ed Tyler, as referee, were industriously distributed among the girls and boys.

On the appointed afternoon, therefore, a merry crowd met at a deserted old house on the lakeshore. It had a balcony overlooking the place where the race was to begin and end.

This old building was the rendezvous of young Nestletown during boating hours; indeed, it was commonly called "the boat-house." Having been put up long years before the date of our story, it had fallen into a rather dilapidated condition when the Nestletown young folk appropriated it; but it had not suffered at their hands. On the contrary, it had been carefully cleared of its rubbish; and with its old floors swept clean, its broken windows flung open to air and sunlight, and its walls decorated with bright-colored sun-bonnets and boating flags, it presented quite a festive appearance when the company assembled in it on the day of the race.

Fortunately, its ample piazza was strong, in spite of old age and the fact that its weather-stained and paintless railing had for years been nicked, carved, and autographed by the village youngsters. It was blooming enough, on this sunny Saturday, with its freight of expectant girls and boys, many of the first-named wearing the colors of their favorites among the contestants.

The doughty six were in high spirits—every man of them having a colored 'kerchief tied about his head, and sporting bare, sinewy arms calculated to awe the beholder. Don was really superb. So were Ben Buster and young Outcalt. Many a girl was deeply impressed by their air of gravity and anxiety, not suspecting that it was assumed for the occasion, while the younger boys looked on in longing admiration. Ed, as starter, umpire, judge, referee, and general superintendent, rowed out with dignity, and anchored his boat a little way from shore. The six, each in his shining boat, rowed into line, taking their positions for the start. The stake-boat was moored about a third of a mile up the lake, and the course of the race

was to be from the starting-line to the stake-boat, around it, and back.

The balcony fluttered and murmured as Ed Tyler shouted to the six rowers, waiting with up-lifted oars:

"Are you ready? — ONE, TWO, THREE — GO!"

On the instant, every oar struck the water, the six boats crossed the line together, and the race began.

No flutter in the balcony now; the spectators were too intent.

Not for a moment could they imagine that it was not a genuine race. Every man bent to his work with a will: soon Ben Buster, with long, sweeping strokes, went laboriously ahead, and now Outcalt and another passed him superbly, side by side; then Don's steady, measured stroke distanced the three, and as he turned the stake-boat his victory was evident, not only to Dorothy but to half the spectators. Not yet — a light-haired, freckled fellow in a blue kerchief, terribly in earnest, spun around the stake-boat and soon left Don behind; then came the quick, sharp stroke of Ben Buster nerved for victory, closely followed by Steuby Butler, who astonished everybody; and then, every man rowing as if by superhuman exertion, inspired by encouraging cries from the balcony, they crowded closer and closer.

"Ben's ahead!" cried the balcony.

"No, it's Don Reed!"

"Good! it's Outcalt!"

"No, I tell you it's Butler!" — And then, before any one could see how it was done, the boats, all six of them, were at the line, oars were flourished frantically, the judge and referee was shouting himself hoarse, and the outcry and tumult on the water silenced the spectators on the land. Cries of: "No fair!" "No fair!" "It won't do!" "Have it again!" "Hold up!" "I won't stand such work!" culminated in riotous disorder. Seven voices protesting, shouting, and roaring together made the very waters quiver.

But Tyler was equal to the occasion. Standing in his boat, in the identical position shown in the picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," he managed to quiet the tumult, and ordered that the race should be rowed over again.

Once more the boats were in line. Again the umpire shouted: "Are you ready?" and again the crowd fluttered and murmured with expectation as every boat dashed forward.

But what was this? Dorry and Josie, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, moving rapidly as they could among the crowding spectators, and whispering urgent words that evidently produced a strong sensation.

Still the boats pressed on, every rower apparently

outdoing himself, if not outdoing everything else. If cheers and shouts had inspired them before, the intense silence now was even more inspiring. Could anything have succeeded better? With every show of exertion, the rascals managed to slacken or quicken as the case required, until, when nearly home, they were all close together.

It was glorious! They never had known such fun in their lives. Now for the grand business!

Donald and Outcalt came together with a crash — a perfect "foul"! One masterly effort — over went Don's boat and over went Don, headlong into the water!

The boys in the other boats did beautifully, crowding about and, in spite of Don's wild struggles, catching him with oars and arms, never hearing the screams of the girls in the suppressed mirth and wild activity of the moment, but getting Don into his boat again, limp and dripping; and finally, with real dramatic zeal, carrying out their entire plan — too busy and delighted with success to note its effect upon the crowd of spectators. Everything worked to perfection. Don, scorning his half-drowned state, had sprung suddenly to his oars, and in dead earnest had won the race, against every dead-earnest competitor, and —

What do you think?

When those six oarsmen, including the victor, looked up to receive the acclamations of the crowd, white with the waving of pocket-handkerchiefs, they heard only — silence; saw nothing but an empty piazza. Not a spectator was to be seen — not even a face at a window — not a single eye peering through a crack. Worse than all, their judge and referee was in the bottom of his boat, kicking with merriment. He had strength only to point to the boat-house and gasp, between his bursts of laughter:

"Not a soul there! — they found us out! — went off before Don's ducking!"

The boat-house was, in truth, deserted. After the mysterious movements and whisperings of Dorry and Josie, every boy and girl had sped away on tiptoe; and down in a hollow grove near the road, where they could not even see the water, they were chatting and giggling and having the very best kind of a time — all because they had turned the tables on the gallant seven.

It was now well understood by these spectators who had deserted their post that a second mock race had been carried on without a single eye-witness, and the thought was rapture. How much more they would have enjoyed it had they known of the difficult "foul," of Donald's headlong plunge, and of the subsequent frantic but honest contest of rowing!

So much for carrying out one mock race and

starting another in the presence of somebody named Dorothy, who first had suspected and then had been morally sure that those boys were playing a trick! When four of them crossed the line at once, her suspicions were aroused. "I do believe they're fooling!" she had said to herself, and then, remembering certain recent mysterious conferences that Don and some others of the "seven" had been holding, coupled with a sly look or two that she had seen exchanged by the contestants, she had jumped at the correct conclusion. As she afterward expressed it to Ed Tyler, she had seen through it all in a flash.

Misery loves company. Those seven boys, from

unbend, and that was when little Fandy ventured to observe that he ought to have heard what one of the girls had said about him in the race. This remark rankled even that stony bosom. The more Ben Buster tried not to care, the more it tortured him. To make matters worse, he had betrayed himself too soon to the sagacious Fandy. In vain the big brother cajoled the little one, in vain, at cautious intervals, he tried the effect of indirect bribes and hidden threats. The more he desired to know what that girl had said, the more Fandy would n't tell him. At last he triumphed. In a yielding moment, when Ben had been touchingly kind, the grateful youngster let it out.



THE "CONSERVATION" OF THE BOAT IS CAUTIONED INTO THE BOAT.

that day, had a peculiar tenderness for one another. They were linked by a hidden bond—and while they laughed heartily at their own expense, and tacitly confessed themselves beaten, they compelled all outsiders to be satisfied with guessing and with hints of the catastrophe that somehow came to light. Not one of them ever disclosed all the facts of the case—the secret sessions, the frequent upset-practicings on cloudy evenings, the difficulty of the final performance, and the full sum of their defeat.

Ben, usually a kind brother, was sternness itself so far as the great race was concerned. Not one of the juvenile Danbys dared to allude to it in his august presence. Only on one occasion did he

Ah, that wily Ben! Not for the world would he have had that small child know how those words thrilled him.

"Dorothy Reed said it! It sounds like her," was Ben's ecstatic thought, but to poor Fandy's surprise and disappointment, he only muttered aloud: "There, there, that's a good little boy. Go and play!"

Many a time after that, in the sanctity of the lonely fields, did Ben, rather sheepishly, repeat to himself the bewitching phrase:

"How splendid your brother Ben can row!"

Judge, then, of his feelings, when one Sunday in September, Master Fandy whispered to him, rather loudly, while coming out of church, "There

she is" (pointing to a little tot of seven summers) — "that 's the girl who said it!"

Ben stared at her, speechless with disgust.

"I might have known," he thought, "that the little goose would call a baby like that a girl!"

So much for Ben's private feelings. Concerning the race, the six—among themselves—enjoyed exceedingly the unexpected recoil of their little joke. I say six, for in this matter Ed Tyler was unanimously suspected by the others of being on the fence. They never could tell whether he was laughing at them or with them. Donald was sure that it was the very best thing he ever heard of in his life. Outcalt protested he would n't have missed it for the world; and Ben Buster, laughing

It 's a blamed shame the way a fellow gets caught sometimes!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

YANKEE AND DOODLE.

DONALD and Dorothy exchanged but four words on the subject of the sham race after it was over, but these were very expressive:

Donald. "Well, madam!"

Dorothy. "Well, sir!"

Their sparkling looks, Donald's tone of accusation and injured innocence, Dorothy's playful, rather defiant, air of triumph, said the rest. Uncle George, who was present at the interview, having previously heard both sides of the story from the D's separately, was much amused. In fact, he laughed aloud in quite an undignified manner, and so did they.

The next day brought news of Dr. Lane, their old tutor, who had been living for several months in South Carolina. He was better—indeed, quite well again, and having lately accepted the position of principal of the boys' academy at F—, about ten miles from Nestletown, he proposed taking up his abode there immediately.

"Oh, Don," said Dorry, as she folded the letter; "I've an idea!"

"I can not believe it," exclaimed Don, in well-feigned surprise.

"Yes, but I have," she insisted. "Dr. Lane will be at F— by Friday. Let us ride over on Dood and Yankee and give him a welcome!"

"Agreed!"

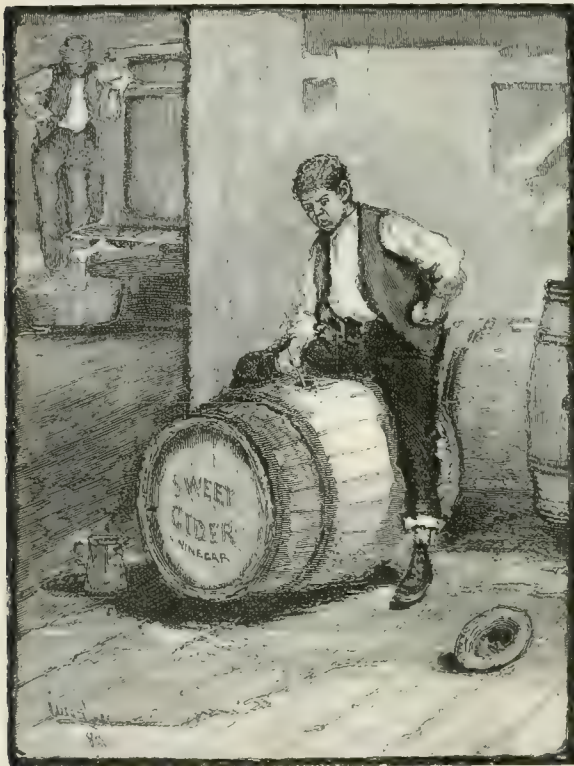
Friday came, full of sunshine, and in a fresh, breezy way, as if to say, "Now for the ride!"—at least, so it seemed to Dorry.

Lydia, who was shaking rugs over the wide piazza railing, was pleased to salute Sailor Jack as he led the ponies, saddled and ready, to the door. Fine ponies they were, too, large of their kind, glossy black, with flowing tail and mane. Uncle George had given them to the D's, on the Fourth of July of the previous summer; and in

honor of the day they had been named Yankee and Doodle. Yankee being the more spirited was given to Don, and Doodle, by no means a lamb, became the special pride and property of Dorry.

"Good-morrow to you, Mistress Blum!" said Jack, in a subdued though airy way, returning Lydia's nod. "Are the middies ready?"

"If you mean the twins, I presume they are, Mr. Jack. Have you looked carefully to Miss Dorothy's saddle?"



BEN'S CIDER EXPERIENCE.

rather ruefully, declared that he never knew the "beat of it" but once, and that was one day when he had slipped into Jones's cider-yard and taken a good, long drink, through a straw, from a barrel marked "sweet cider," as he thought. "I tell you, fellows," was Ben's concluding remark, "if I was n't sold that time, I'll give in. I was so warm and thirsty that I took a good, long pull before I found out that it was n't cider at all, but vinegar, sour enough to take a man's head off.

"Not extra," he answered, in an aggravating tone—first looking up at the windows to be sure that none of the family were near; "think the girth 's 'most broke—'t aint worth while to be too pertickler."

"Yes, it is; you 'd better make sure of saddle and bridle, too, I can tell you. Miss Dorry 'll ride twenty miles, and more, before sundown."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Sailor Jack—still bent on teasing her. "Had n't you better come down, Mistress Blum, an' see to it that the pony's legs is on good and tight? It would be dreadful if one on 'em was to tumble off, now."

Lydia laughed. "Oh, but you 're a funny man, Mister Jack! Well, I need n't worry. You 're even worse about Miss Dorry than I am, bless her!—Hush! here they are."

Off went Jack's hat, though he had to hold the two bridle-reins with one hand to accomplish it.

"Up-a-daisy!" he exclaimed, as Dorry, assisted by Donald, sprang lightly to her saddle. "It 's a splendid day for a ride, Miss!"

"Yes, indeed," said Dorry, looking about her with bright, happy eyes, as she stroked her pony's neck.

Uncle George came out upon the piazza. By this time, Don was on Yankee's back, dexterously making him appear as spirited as possible—whereat Dorry's steed began to prance also.

"Good-bye, Uncle! Good-bye, Jack and Liddy!" cried Dorry, waving her whip and looking back with a laughing face.

"Good-bye!" shouted Don; and they cantered off—glad to be together; glad to breathe the bright, clear air; glad at the prospect of a good gallop over the hills.

Uncle George, Liddy, and Jack looked after them proudly, till the road turned and the sound of hoofs died in the distance. Jack was the first to speak.

"Aye! but they 're a pretty pair, Capt'in!"

Mr. Reed nodded a happy assent.

"An' do you know, sir, I'm fancyin' of late they 're growin' liker to one another."

"Ah?" said Mr. Reed, well pleased. "In what way?"

"Why, in feature, sir, an' manners, an' most ev'ry way."

"Why should n't they favor one another," remarked Lydia—"bein' twins? Yet, some way, I don't see it myself, sir, as plain as I might. Shall I serve dinner on the back porch, Mr. George?"

"Well, yes, Lydia, as I shall be alone. The birds and trees will be good company for me."

And so the three separated.

Meanwhile, the D's cantered on, happy as—I was going to say, as birds, but they were happier

even than birds—they were happy as happy brothers and sisters.

For a while, they galloped in silence, Don often going so far ahead that he had to wait for Dorry to catch up; then, when the road was specially pleasant and shady, they rode leisurely, side by side, laughing and chatting. The day was so fine, and they saw so much to interest them, and there were so many things to talk about, that the ten-mile ride to F— was accomplished almost before they were aware of it.

Leaving the ponies in the yard of its pretty hotel, to be fed and cared for, they enjoyed a hearty luncheon, and then proceeded on foot to the Academy near by—Dorry deftly carrying the train of her riding-habit over her arm, and snapping her riding-whip softly as she tripped beside her companion. Fortunately, the path was well shaded, and the dust had been laid by showers of the night before.

Dr. Lane was surprised and delighted to see them so soon after his arrival. He had many interesting things to tell them, and they, in turn, rather shyly but heartily related the main incidents of the past months and gave him some account of their present course of study.

Then they all went through the Academy building, which, as it was "vacation," was now being cleaned and made ready for the fall term. Globes, maps, black-boards, collections of minerals, electric machines, patent desks, dining-room, and dormitory passed before them in rapid succession, figuratively speaking; afterward, they went up to the cupola to see the view, and finally settled themselves on the large front porch to rest.

Then, and not till then, they noticed a change. Light clouds were gathering; the sun still was shining, but it was shining under difficulties, as Dorry observed, and the air was heavy and sultry.

"It 's going to rain, Professor," said Don, rising from his seat on the steps of the porch. "I think we 'll have to go now."

"Yes, indeed," said Dorry, in her impulsive way—"we 've no time to lose either. Good-bye, Professor. What shall we say to Uncle for you?"

"Give Mr. Reed my hearty regards, and tell him I hope to see him at Nestletown very soon."

"Yes, thank you," said Dorry, starting toward the gate. "Good-bye. Come, Donald, we may be able to get home before it rains hard."

The Professor joined her at once, and the three were soon at the hotel.

At first it seemed best to wait until the approaching shower should be over; but, as the clouds grew no darker, and the ponies evidently were ready for a brisk run, it was decided that they

should try a race with the shower and see which could get home first.

The shower beat. They were not half-way home when, just after crossing the railroad, with its cottage-like station in sight, the sky darkened rapidly and a big drop fell upon Donald's nose!

"We're in for it!" he cried. "Whip up, Dot! We'll make for the station."

Reaching the station, and finding themselves still dry, in spite of the warning thunder, they decided to hurry on to the next stopping-place.

This was Vanbogen's, a little country inn about half a mile further, where they could be comfortably housed, if necessary, and the horses be sheltered also.

A sudden flash gave point to their determination. On they sped, the lightning now dancing ahead of them, and the thunder rolling on, apace.

"It's a race for life," thought Dorry, in high spirits—so pleased to have an adventure that she forgot to dread the threatening shower. Yankee and Dood did nobly; abandoning their canter, they galloped on, neck and neck, while their riders carried on a panting sort of conversation concerning the new turn of things and the prospects of reaching home before dark.

"What mat—ter if—we don't?" said Dorry, her voice almost lost in the rumbling thunder; "we'll find—the way."

"But, Uncle—expect—ed us by——"

"Well—he'll know—what keeps—us."

"Plucky girl!" thought Don, admiring her bright cheeks and graceful air as she at that moment dashed by.

Yankee, on principle, never let Dood beat him. In the commotion of the thunder and lightning, it seemed to Donald that a livelier race had begun; but, the next instant, he realized that Dorry's pony had halted and his own was some paces ahead.

Turning at Dorry's call, he saw that something was the matter. Dood limped painfully for a few steps, then stopped.

"He's hurt his foot," cried Dorry. "It was n't a stumble; he tripped. Poor Dood!" she added, as the pony's head turned pitifully toward her; "you must go on now."

Dood tried, but it was slow work. He grew lamer at every step. Don, noticing that one of the pony's fore-shoes was loose, dismounted and tried to take it off, but it would not come.

A turn in the road disclosed Vanbogen's not far away. By this time, slanting lines of rain showed against the trees.

"It's going to storm, in earnest, Dot—you'll get soaking wet!" said Don.

"Not I," chirped Dorry. "My riding-habit is water-proof. You'll be the wet one. Hurry

ahead, Don. Dood and I will be there as soon as we can. I do hope he is n't hurt seriously. Oh, Don, do hurry!"

But Don wouldn't and Dood could n't. If the shower had not paused to take breath before making its grand dash, they certainly would have been drenched.

As it was, they hardly had dismounted at the inn, before the rain came down in torrents.

"Dear me!" said Dorry, shaking her riding-skirt, as she sprang into the bare hall, "our saddles will get soaked!" But a negro, in a blue checked jacket, already was leading the steeds to shelter.

It was a very shabby house at the best of times, but it was particularly dreary now. Dorry was sure she never before had seen anything so dismal as the damp, little parlor into which Donald escorted her. The closed blinds, the moldy, bumpy sofa, the faded green table-cover, the stained matting, the low-spirited rocking-chair with one arm broken off, and the cracked, dingy wall-paper oppressed her strangely.

"What a horrid place!" she exclaimed in an awe-struck whisper to Don, as a flash of lightning shone through the blinds. "Let us go!"

"Don't mind it, Dot," he answered. "We'll start as soon as the shower is over. Wait here a while, and I'll run and see what we're to do about the pony. Would you like to have a cup of hot tea?" he added, looking back as he left the room.

"Mercy, no!" said Dorry, "not here!"

They both laughed. "It's fun, after all," thought the young girl as he went out. "I don't mind anything as long as Don's around—the dear old fellow!"

Vanbogen's seemed deserted. She had noticed a solitary hen stepping daintily across the long, wet stoop as she entered, and a woman, going upstairs, had turned to stare at her. A sound of men's voices, too, had reached her from a closed room opposite the parlor, yet she felt strangely alone. For company's sake, she examined some ambrotypes that stood upright in their half-opened cases on a table between the windows. The ghastly things made her only more lonely.

At that moment, hearing a clicking sound, she raised her head and saw a man's face outside looking at her through the blinds. The slats closed sharply, when she moved back.

"How nervous I am!" she thought, with a slight shiver. "A pretty traveler I'd make!"

Donald soon came in.

"Here's a fine piece of business! Dood has hurt his foot in some way—sprained, I suppose. It is swollen, and evidently pains him dreadfully. I've

sent for a man who claims to be a veterinary surgeon. No, indeed, no use in your going out there, Dot; the men appear to be doing all they can for him. It's out of the question for us to travel with that pony to-night; the last train that stops at this one-horse station has gone by, and I can't get a carriage anywhere."

"Can't you hire a horse, then, for yourself? Put my saddle on Yankee; I can ride him."

"Can't get a horse either. They've only one, and he's out for the whole afternoon."

"Let's walk, then. The shower is nearly over. It's only five miles."

"Good!" said Don. "But no—Yankee can carry you, and I'll trot alongside on foot;" and he hastened out to have the side-saddle put on Yankee.

To Dorry's amazement, Donald came back in a few minutes, looking flushed and excited.

"I've taken a room for you, Dot; come upstairs—quick."

"But I don't want a room. I——"

"Yes, you do; you'll need to rest. Come right up," he insisted in a low voice, hastily locking the parlor door behind him, and almost pulling her toward the stairs. "I'll tell you up there; come quick."

They ran up together.

"What's the matter?" she asked on the way. "What have you heard?"

"Oh, nothing at all," he said, as they stepped into a room shabby with ragged matting and worn-out furniture; then closing the door, he added: "Dorry, you must go away from this place at once. Don't ask any questions—Oh, it's nothing much, Dot,"—as he noticed her alarm,—“but this is a rough sort of place, you see, and of course I can't leave Dood here with these fellows. The sooner you get off the better. I'll bring Yankee around to the back door at the end of the hall, so as not to attract attention. Lock your door while I'm gone, and when I come back, hurry down with me, jump on Yankee, and be off without a word."

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, half inclined to laugh, but he was gone.

She turned the key in the lock and ran to the window, pulling its green paper shade aside. Nothing to be seen but tumble-down out-buildings, a dog-kennel, trampled grass, an empty clothes-line, and a barrel or two.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed again. "Oh, there comes the pony."

Donald lost not a moment; but it seemed to Dorry that he never would come up. Meantime, she resolved that, happen what might, she would not go and leave him. Unlocking the door, she stood with her hand upon the knob, intending to discuss the matter with Don; but no sooner had

his hand touched the other side than somehow she found herself on the stairs; in the hall; then on Yankee's back, and leaning to catch Don's words.

"Careful, now—don't lose a moment—send Jack to me at once with Lady and the buggy—Go!" Even after she had started, she still seemed to feel the pressure of his hand upon hers. Never had she seen Don more resolutely in earnest.

As she galloped through the open gate-way, and passed the inn, she turned and saw him in the hall, talking savagely to a man in a wet linen duster, whose back was toward her.

"The idea of leaving Don here alone! I shall not go," she said, suddenly pulling at the bridle. But Yankee thought otherwise. He had determined that she should. After a momentary contest, Dorry yielded, deciding to hurry home as fast as possible, and send Jack to Don's relief.

The shower, which had held back for awhile, now started afresh. Yankee, with visions of a dry stall and bountiful supper before him, went on his rapid way through the rain, troubling himself little about Dood or Don, and quite unconscious of the disturbed state of his rider's mind, where anxious thoughts and surmises chased each other in quick succession:

"I noticed that it was a rough place the moment we went in. Who were the noisy men in the other room, I wonder? The man in the wet duster was n't one of them. What could Don have been saying to him? May be Dood had broken his leg, and Don did n't like to tell me. Ridiculous idea, as if a pony with a broken leg could go a step! May be Don's watch was stolen, or he'd lost his pocket-book. But he could have told me *that*. Dear me, he need n't have been so dreadfully afraid for me to stay there. It's forlorn to be a girl and have people think you can't stand anything. Don can take care of himself, anyhow. I'd like to see any of those fellows trying to hurt *him*" (and here, by way of showing how very much she would "like" it, Dorry's cheek turned very pale)—“How foolish! Probably he staid for Dood's sake. Poor Dood! I hope he'll not be laid up long; Jack could cure him quickly enough. Dear me, how it rains! Glad my riding-habit is water-proof. Liddy will be frightened about me. I suppose they think we're at F— yet, waiting to ride home by moonlight. How well Dr. Lane looks! But he has a fearfully Greek-and-Latin expression. Can't help it, I suppose. Don knows nearly as much Latin as Uncle, I do believe. Dear old Don! How kind he is! Oh, if anything should happen to him"—here, Yankee, already speeding bravely, received instructions to "get up," and then Dot, to her great joy, spied a familiar object in the distance, coming swiftly toward her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DONALD.

DONALD *was* talking rather savagely. But the man in the wet duster was not in the least vexed on that account. On the contrary, he assumed a lordly air, and called Donald "my boy."

"All the Reeds are impetuous," he had said lightly, as if apologizing for this particular member of the family; "so we'll waive ceremony, my boy. With your permission, as I said before, I'll step into the parlor now, and have a little chat with the young lady."

"And as I said before," retorted Donald, "you'll do no such thing."

"Calm yourself," sneered the other. "It would be easy for me to get in through the window, were it not that one hates to scare the pretty bird—and as for the key——"

"As for the key," echoed Donald, who happened to have it in his possession; "well, and what of the key?"

"Why, my boy," glancing toward Don's pocket, "it would n't tax a six-footer like me overmuch to help himself to it—but, under the circumstances, it might be wiser merely to tell mine host in yonder room that an irate little manikin has taken it into his head to lock his sister, as he calls her, in the public parlor and refuses to let her out."

"Insolent fellow!" exclaimed Donald, yet restraining his anger as well as he could. "Look out what you say. Another word like that, and I'll have you turned out of this place, neck and heels."

"Ha! ha! Pretty good. Well, as I was remarking, I've a word or two to say to my young lady in there. Hold up! H-o-l-d up! No one is going to kill her. Perhaps you're not aware I have a right there!"

"You have a right there, I'll admit, as a traveler," said Don; "but just now, I ask you to stay outside."

"And I ask you to let me in," returned the six-footer, beginning to be angry.

At any other time, Donald would not have parleyed a moment with the man, but, as the reader may have surmised, he had reasons of his own for prolonging the interview. He had planned well and worked hard to get Dorry off unobserved, and now that his strategy had succeeded, the next point was to gain time for her to be far on her way before Eben Slade—for he it was—should discover that Dorry was not safely locked in the dingy parlor.

"I ask you to let me in," repeated the long, lank man, softening his tone, "as one gentleman

would ask another. May be I've more right to talk to her than you have yourself."

"What do you mean, you rascal?"

"Thank you!" sneered Eben. "Rascal is good. Pray, do you know my name?"

"No, I do not, and I don't want to. It's enough that I recognize you; and probably the less one knows about you the better."

"May be so. But the time's gone by for that. My name's Eben Slade. *Now* do you know why I want to go into that room? No? Well, I'll tell you," continued Eben Slade; "it's because I've more right to speak to that girl than you have. It's because—— Hi! hi! not so fast, young man," muttered Eben, restraining Donald with considerable effort. "You can't put me out on the road this time. As I was saying——"

"What do you mean by those words, sir?"

"Let me into the room, my boy, and I'll tell you and her together, quietly, just what I mean. I want to tell both of you a plain story and appeal to *her* sense of justice. She's old enough to act for herself. Perhaps you think I have n't heard something of Dorothy's, or what-you-call-her's, spirit by this time."

"Let her name alone!" cried Donald, furiously. "If you mention my sister again, I'll knock you flat—you overgrown ruffian!"

"Hush—not so fast—you'll have those fellows out here in a minute. What's the use of letting everybody into our private affairs?"

Here Eben stepped into the hall, followed by Donald.

"Let me into that room, will you?"

Donald, taking the key from his pocket, now threw open the door, with a "much good may it do you"; and, closing it again after Slade had entered, coolly locked him in the room. The blinds flew open—Don rushed to the still deserted stoop, only to see Eben Slade's angry face glaring at him. The man could have got out at the window easily enough, but he preferred his present position. Leaning out, with his elbows on the sill, he said distinctly, in a passionate, low voice:

"You've baffled me this time, Donald Reed, but I'll carry the day yet. That girl, wherever she's gone to, is no more your sister than she is mine—and I can prove it to her! She's my niece—my own niece! I've a right to her, and I can prove it. She's going back home with me, out West, where my wife's waitin' for her. Now, sir, what have you to say to that?"

The poor boy, aghast at Eben's statement, stood at first as if stunned; but recovering himself, he made a rush toward Eben, not blindly, but with a resolute determination to clutch him by the throat and force him to unsay his terrible words.

Eben sprang from the window at a bound. A struggle ensued—brief, violent. Donald was nearly mastered, when a strong man sprang upon them and with one blow knocked Eben Slade prostrate upon the boards.

It was Sailor Jack, who had driven up unperceived and leaped from the buggy just in time.

Three or four men rushed from the bar-room, all calling out at once

"What 's the matter here?"

"What 's all this?"

"Who 's killed?"

Two of them seized Jack as Eben rose slowly; another tried to catch hold of Donald. Their sympathy plainly was with Slade, who, seeing his opportunity, suddenly started toward the buggy with the evident intention of driving off in it.

Jack, breaking from his astonished captors, was upon him in an instant, dragging him back, just as Slade had put one foot on the buggy-step, and as Donald was alertly seizing Lady's bridle.

"Stand off—all of you!" cried Jack, still holding Eben by the collar. "We 're out on the open seas at last, my man! and now look out for yourself!"

The thrashing was brief but effective. Jack wore a serene look of satisfaction when it was over; and Eben Slade slunk doggedly away, muttering:

"I 'll be even with 'em yet."

Every hat was off, so to speak, when Jack and Donald, who had paid the landlord handsomely, drove from Vanbogen's door. Lady was impatient to be off, but Jack soon made her understand that the splendid time she had made in coming from Nestletown was no longer necessary, since Dood, tied at the rear of the buggy, could not go faster than a walk. The removal of his shoe and prompt nursing had helped the pony so much that by this time he was able to travel, though with difficulty.

It was a strange drive. The spirited mare ahead,

relieving her pent-up speed by gently prancing up and down as she walked; Jack, grim and satisfied, going over again in fancy every stroke that had fallen upon the struggling Eben; Donald, pale and silent, with Slade's vicious words still ringing in his ears; and the pony limping painfully behind.

"He 's taken up with his own thoughts," said Jack to himself, after a while, noting Don's continued silence. "It aint for me to disturb him, though them twins somehow seem as near as if they was my own children; but I *would* like to know just what the little chap has heard from that sea-sarpent. Somethin' or other 's took fearful hold on him, sure 's sailin', poor lad! He aint apt to be so onsociable."

Following up these thoughts, as the mare jogged along, it was a great solace to good Sailor Jack, after their dismal drive, to see Don look up at the house as they turned into the lane and wave his hat gallantly to Dorothy.

She, too, standing at her bed-room window with Lydia, was wonderfully relieved by Don's salutation.

"Oh, it 's all right!" she exclaimed, cheerily. "Even Dood is n't hurt as badly as we feared, and how lovely it is to have Don back again, safe and sound! You should have seen Jack, Liddy, when I refused to get into the buggy, and made him drive on for his life with Lady. But the trouble is over now. How lovely! Both of us will take supper with Uncle, after all!"

Lydia, who had been doing all sorts of things to save Dorry from "taking her death o' cold," stood admiringly by while, with rapid touches and many a laughing word, the happy girl arrayed herself to go down and meet "dear old Don and Uncle."

Meanwhile Mr. Reed, in his study, looking up inquiringly to greet Donald's return, was surprised to see the boy's white face and flashing eyes.

"Uncle George," said Donald, the moment he entered the room, "tell me, quick! Is Dorothy Reed my sister?"



HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO HARRY IN SUMMER-TIME.

BY FANNY BARROW.

"WHY does n't San-ta Claus come in sum-mer time?" asked lit-tle Har-ry, as he lay up-on his back on the sweet, green grass, and looked up in-to the blue sky.

"Per-haps be-cause there is no snow for his sleigh," said his moth-er.

"What a pit-y!" sighed Har-ry. "I wish it would snow this min-ute. There is my horse; it has on-ly one leg, and no nose at all.

My foot-ball went pop! the oth-er day, and turned in-to a lit-tle crook-ed twist of In-dia rub-ber. My ex-press wag-on 'is all to pieces, and my drum is bu'st 'cause I banged it so hard."

"Oh, what a boy!" said his moth-er. "I am a-fraid you banged your poor horse a lit-tle, al-so."

"Yes, I did, and I kicked the foot-ball tre-men-jous-ly! and up-set my wag-on ev-er so man-y times; but I don't care for those now; I want a book, Mam-ma—a book full of pict-ures and sto-ries."

"Well, list-en; I will sing you a song a-bout Kris Krin-gle—which is the Ger-man name for Saint Nich-o-las, as well as San-ta Claus.

And who knows? per-haps he will hear me, and make you a vis-it, al-though it is sum-mer-time."

Then his moth-er sang the song, which so de-light-ed Har-ry that he begged her to lend him the mu-sic, so that he might learn the words. He had just be-gun to read, and he was ver-y proud and hap-py when he had read an-y-thing all by him-self.

"I 'll sing it, too!" cried Har-ry, "and keep time with my drum-sticks." But first he went down in-to the kitch-en and begged Bridg-et, the cook, to give him a big tin pan.



"What do you want it for, Mas-ter Har-ry?" she asked.

"Oh, nev-er mind," said Har-ry, and he ran a-way as fast as he could. He fas-tened the mu-sic to the back of a chair with a big pin, and put the tin pan up-side down on the seat, and then he be-gan to sing, rat-tling with the drum-sticks in fine style. He did not get the tune quite right, but the cho-rus came in splen-did-ly. This is it:

"Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jing, jing, jing. How mer-ry we shall be!
Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, come Kris Krin-gle—Come with your Christ-mas-tree."

His moth-er laughed soft-ly to her-self as she list-ened, and then she wrote a lit-tle note, ad-dressed to some-bod-y in New York Cit-y, and sent it to the post-of-fice.

Har-ry lived in the coun-try, and it was three days be-fore the an-swer came. It was a beau-ti-ful book: just as full of pict-ures and sto-ries as a book can be! And you nev-er saw a bright-er face than Har-ry's, when he ex-claimed to his moth-er: "On-ly think! San-ta Claus has come to see me in sum-mer-time!"

FOURTH OF JULY.

Oh, what a noise!
Ah, what a clatter!
Is it the boys?
What *is* the matter?
Dozens and dozens—
Only eight, is it?—
Only some cousins
Come on a visit?
Hearing the rattle,
I thought 't was an
army;
Sounds of a battle
Always alarm me.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

IN this country, July is the grand eagle month of the year, I'm told. Hundreds and thousands of the finest American variety are called in on the fourth day by orators and lesser speakers, all over the land, and made to do duty in various ways. Some poise, some pounce, some scorn, some droop, and some, according to the special mood of the speaker, soar—soar—soar so high that they find great difficulty in getting down again, especially if the Star-spangled Banner happens to be waving at the same moment.

For all that, America is a great country—nobody loves and knows it more than your Jack—and the eagle is a noble bird. I've watched him from my pulpit more than once, and felt that our nation did well to adopt him as its own—so inspiring is his flight, so majestic his repose. By the way, on last Fourth of July, when I, your loyal Jack, stood listening,—stripes on my pulpit and stars—daisy stars—at my feet,—the birds brought me a letter. It is not very poetical, but it will interest all of you chicks, who are of a scientific and inquiring turn of mind. Here it is;—but first let me explain that a bald eagle is not really bald. He only looks bald, because the feathers on the top of his head are lighter and smoother than those on the rest of his body:

EAGLES' FOOD.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Some years ago I had a bald eagle, which I kept for several months in captivity. He had been wounded in one wing by a shot, but not otherwise injured. He was very fierce and savage, and for a day or two refused to eat; but finally hunger prevailed, and he greedily seized the meat which I gave him. I knew that, though eagles commonly eat the flesh of animals either killed by themselves or already dead, yet they also sometimes eat fish, often robbing the fish-hawks to get the fish. But I was not aware how much they seem to prefer fish to anything else, until I gave by chance some fish to this captive of mine. I had returned from fishing, and as usual stopped by the eagle's cage, or rather the large pen in which he lived, to admire him. Taking a perch from my basket, I threw it to him. His quick eye detected the treasure on the instant,

and instead of walking up to it, as he would have done had it been a piece of meat, he made a furious dash and caught the fish before it reached the ground. The eagerness of his movements and the savage haste with which he devoured the perch told the story—it was the food which he chose above all others; and from that time, I fed him on fish when I could get them. Anything less than half a pound in weight he always swallowed head foremost entire; larger fish were held down with his claws while his beak tore them to pieces. He soon learned that I would throw them to him, and it was curious to see him catch them in the air. I can not remember that I ever saw him miss one.

Yours truly,

W. O. A.

A WARM-WEATHER PUZZLE.

"THERE's only one thing in 'stronomy I'm sure about," said a little chap near my pulpit, one very hot day last July.

"Ah!" exclaimed Deacon Green, "and what is that, my little man?"

"Why, sir, that this earth is a heap nearer the sun in summer than it is in winter," says the boy.

"But it is *not* nearer in summer, my lad," says the Deacon. "What are you going to do about that?"

"Deacon Green," says the little boy, trying to speak respectfully, "I skated on that creek over there last winter, many a time. It was frozen hard as a rock, sir. To my knowledge, it has n't been fit to skate on once this summer. What's more, sir, my father always tells me to take the evidence of my own senses when I can, sir—and if that there sun is n't nearer this earth to-day" (here the speaker dried his freckled little forehead with his sleeve) "than it was last Christmas, sir, I'll give up."

"Give up, then," says the Deacon, nodding and smiling a real good, sociable smile at the boy, "for you're wrong."

Now the Deacon's reckoned to be a learned man, and a sensible man, but yet somehow, my hearers,—what with the July weather and all,—it was as much as I could do not to side with that innocent child.

ORBITS.

IN connection with the above, I am advised by the Deacon to "throw out a hint about orbits—the earth's orbit in particular." I am not familiar with them myself, but perhaps you will know what the good soul means.

IS THIS THE REASON WHY?

ANOTHER day, out in my meadow, a little girl from the Red School-house asked the Little School-ma'am why summer is warm and winter cold. As near as I can remember the answer, it was something like this: (I can't say I quite see through the matter myself, but I've no doubt you'll be able to puzzle it out, my clever ones.)

The earth leans over in one direction on its journey about the sun; and, when it is near the sun, the top or northern part of the earth, where we live, is a little nearer to him than are the other parts; it is then summer time in the north. But when the earth is at the other end of its path, farther from the sun, it still leans over in the same direction, so that the top is turned away from the sun; and then it is winter in the north. Besides

this, the sun shines so directly on the middle parts of the earth that they never get very cold; but near the top and bottom the sun's rays reach the earth at a slant, and the heat is not felt so much there.

BUSY AT THE CALIFORNIA TREES.

DEAR JACK—The red-headed woodpecker is a very busy fellow. He is always at the California trees, picking holes in the bark, and with their strong bills hammer acorns out of the trees. These acorns are then used from top to bottom with big-headed tacks from some upholstery shop. Even the giant trees that have withstood the tempests for thousands of years are made to serve as a mighty store-house of provisions for these little red-heads. During this process, many pair of bright eyes look on approvingly. These eyes belong to the pert, chattering squirrels, who, no doubt, consider it a kind and very considerate act upon the part of the woodpecker to thus lay up winter provisions for Mrs. Squirrel and all the family of little Squirrels.

Jack is very much obliged to Mr. Beard, both for his letter and for the pretty picture it explains.



Some of my birds are related to these little red-headed fellows, and they tell me that, while the mighty California trees are thus forced to store acorns, the acorns themselves, in turn, often hold fine grubs that are considered especially delicate eating by the woodpecker.

Sometimes, a number of birds are driving acorns into a tree at the same time, and then what a lively time they have!—pushing, driving the nuts in with their bills, darting off a moment for a play-spell, filling the air with rattling cries, and then back again to their skillful work. Meanwhile, the expectant squirrels look boldly on, and lazy jays, hard by, chatter about the good time they will yet have, eating the acorn-meat, and laughing at the red-headed, unsuspecting little workers.

By the way, the Little School-ma'am has asked me to tell you that there is a very interesting paper on this matter in the May number of *The American Naturalist*.

THREE NOTED RAVENS.

YESTERDAY, in my meadow, the Deacon told a group of boys and girls about three ravens that belonged in turn to one Charles Dickens. The first raven loved horses—in fact, generally slept on horseback, in his master's stable. The second was a discoverer of stolen goods, and managed to dig up in his master's garden all the cheese and half-pence that the first raven had pilfered from time to time, and hidden there. The third was a hermit, and neither loved horses nor had any special talent, excepting that he could bark like a dog. This same Mr. Dickens studied the habits of his ravens, the Deacon said, and wrote about them. Finally, he put two of them into one splendid book-raven, which is alive to this day, walking about and doing astonishing things in a volume known as "Barnaby Rudge."

BABY LIONS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My brother and I went to see Jumbo, but I liked the baby elephant better. He is the funniest little fellow I ever saw—just like a canton-flannel elephant suddenly made alive. But other baby animals have been exhibited. We read one night about a lioness named Old Girl, that belonged to a Zoo in Ireland. She died when she was sweet sixteen, and she had raised about fifty little baby lions during her life. These baby lions were just like kittens at first, but gradually they learned to roar, and then they were lions. Your little friend, ANGIE T.

NATURAL APARTMENT HOUSES.

My birds have told me of a queer thing. They hear so much, because they and their friends travel in so many different directions. In South Africa, it appears, mounds like haycocks are sometimes seen stuck high up in the trees. These mounds, though really made of coarse, wild grass, also remind one of a honey-comb, if looked at from below; for they are full of shapely little openings. And the openings are entrances to the nests of a colony of grossbeaks, who live sociably side by side, each in an apartment of his own, though under one common roof.

When the dear Little School-ma'am heard of these mounds, she called them natural apartment-houses, and seemed to think that birds were very like human folk, after all.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WITH sincere sorrow we chronicle here the decease of Mr. Albert Robert Thompson, who died of scarlet fever at his home in Brooklyn, on the 10th of May. Mr. Thompson had been for the last five years a faithful and efficient assistant in the office of ST. NICHOLAS, and in his sudden and lamented death the readers, as well as the editor and publishers, of this magazine have suffered a loss.

Mr. Thompson was born in Paris, about thirty-four years ago, the son of a colonel in the British army, who was lately financial adviser to the Governor of Western Australia. He was educated at one of the English public schools, and devoted himself to business. He came to this country, about fourteen years ago, as the agent of a large London house engaged in the manufacture of rubber goods. Subsequently he was employed by the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., and E. Butterick & Co., and taught a public school in a New Jersey village. He then returned to England, and became engaged in the real estate business. When E. Butterick & Co. commenced the publication of a literary weekly known as *The Metropolitan*, in the winter of 1874-5, Mr. Thompson returned to New York to become its associate editor, and continued to do literary work for the firm for a considerable time after *The Metropolitan* ceased to exist. In 1877, he became an assistant in the editorial office of ST. NICHOLAS, where his fine qualities of character and temperament soon won the hearts of all his associates. He was possessed of a good education and a wide and thorough culture, and all his duties were performed with a faithfulness that never shrank from, nor slighted, any demand upon it. The statements already made in a few newspapers that he was the "associate editor" and the "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" of ST. NICHOLAS are incorrect; but his devotion, energy, and capacity made themselves felt in almost every department of the editorial work, and were of enduring benefit in many ways. It is but just to him who so sincerely loved and honored his work that all our readers—thousands of whom may not even have seen his name before—should know of his tireless zeal and efficient aid in their behalf.

Mr. Thompson was for some time superintendent of the Sunday-school in the Brooklyn church that was presided over by Dr. Edward Eggleston, and his deeds of unostentatious kindness will be long remembered by many whom he aided and cheered. He married an English lady, a Miss Ashmore, of London, in 1875. His wife and one child, a boy of two years and a few months, survive him. One other child, a bright and beautiful little girl, died when two years old of scarlet fever.

To those who knew Mr. Thompson, the years of acquaintance or friendship yield no memories of him that are not kindly. Life seemed beautiful and noble to him, and he helped to make it so for others by his gentle courtesy, his integrity of word and deed, and his serene, generous, and cheerful spirit.

THROUGH the courtesy of a friendly correspondent we are allowed to present to our readers the following charming letter, written by Mr. Longfellow to a young friend of his about eighteen months ago. Though merely a brief note, it is full of the poetry and gentleness characteristic of the great man who penned it, and will be read with interest by young and old:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Jan. 23, 1881.

DEAR —: The echo answers at once, and does not keep you waiting. And it says: Thank you for your postal card, and for the kind remembrance of your mother.

As one grows old, the memories of youth become more and more precious: the forms of early friends brighten in the sunset. You know nothing of this yet, but some day you will find it out.

To tell you the truth, I do not think so much of birthdays as I used to do. I have had so many of them that I begin to wish they would not come quite so often and quite so soon. I like other people's better than my own. And that is another thing you know nothing about yet, but will find out later.

By to-day's mail I send you my latest if not my last volume of poems, and hope you will find something in it to please you. I date it January 1st. This is what Plato calls a "well intentioned and

necessary untruth," and what, perhaps, a modern philosopher would call an unnecessary fiction or something worse.

And now, my dear child, I will hang up the mistletoe and kiss you under it, and over it, and wish you many happy New Years, one at a time, and with kindest regards to your mother,

I remain sincerely yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE report upon the stories for The Very Little Folk's page, received in answer to the invitation on page 497 of the April number, will be given in next month's Letter-box.

THE CHILDREN'S GARFIELD FUND.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

Dear Madam: We desire to acknowledge from the children who read the ST. NICHOLAS the kind gift of \$416.02, sent by them in small sums in order to found a "Children's Garfield Fund," for the poor and sick children of New York. This fund will be devoted to the children from New York tenement-houses who come down to the "Summer Home" at Bath, L. I., under the charge of the Children's Aid Society. It will help to give a happy week at the sea-side to those who are shut up in close tenement-houses the rest of the year. Here they will enjoy fresh air, nice sea-bathing, good country milk and food, and all the pleasures of this beautiful place, for a week. Mr. A. B. Stone has purchased one of the most lovely spots on the coast for the sum of twenty thousand dollars, and has generously presented it to the Society to be used for this purpose. The "Children's Garfield Fund" will greatly increase the number of those who enjoy the pleasures of this beautiful spot, and we hope it will be added to, each year, so that more and more of these poor little children can have this great pleasure. I send you a letter received from one of the little children who enjoyed the Home last summer.

Yours very truly,

C. L. BRACE,

Secretary Children's Aid Society.

NEW YORK, March 27, 1882.

DEAR MR. —: I am writing to tell you about Bath. How I would love to sit down on the beach, and watch the large waves roll on the beach, and sing songs which we learned in day-school and in Sunday-school! Oh, such lovely times in bathing! When the large waves rolled over our heads, we would give a long breath and a jump. Miss Lane would take us a good ways out and play "Ring" in the water; she would run fast in with us, and then the large waves would make us run back to the shore, as if to say, "What are you coming so far out here for?" And Miss Lane would go out farther; I tell you she would not be afraid, like us babies. I would love to hear the trees shake their glossy leaves! We had a lovely time out there! Miss Agte would make me speak all the pieces I knew and all the songs I knew. Mary Vandernoot and I would trim Miss Agte with daisies, and all kinds of flowers! We would have all kinds of nice things to eat. We would have nice potatoes, blackberries, and O! I could not commence to tell you what nice things we had! We all, when we went to bed, said the Lord's Prayer. I love to go there. I close my letter.

Most respectfully,

JENNIE BLACK [age 10 years],

Eighteenth Street School.

Mr. Brace's letter explains itself. We trust Willie P. Herrick and all the kind-hearted boys and girls who sent contributions to the Children's Garfield Fund, through the ST. NICHOLAS, will be glad to know that \$416.02, the entire sum received thus far, has been placed where it will be sure to help poor and sick little ones, and brighten lives that know very little of pleasure or even of comfort.

Long before the beautiful June days come, prosperous city parents eagerly discuss the question: "Where shall we take our young folk for a delightful and refreshing home during the hot season?" But the city poor are dumbly wondering whether or not *their* little ones can live through the sufferings and sicknesses of another crowded and scorching summer.

It may be the present of a gift to the children of the field and ask to know more of the Little-Box. If they do, the children of the field, they may apply to the Little-Box, the Society, No. 1, Fort Fourth Street, New York.

Meantime, we refer new readers to "A Summer Home for Poor Children," in *ST. NICHOLAS*, for January, 1882. The letter of November, 1881, for the letter from Willie and Tottie Herrick and one from Mr. Fry, Superintendent of the Summer Home, and to an article by Charles L. Brace, in this magazine for May, 1882, entitled "Wolf-reared Children."

The children will be a light and a great amount of work that the Children's Aid Society and kindred associations are doing. Already, the children of the field are becoming, at least one poor street-boy happy, as the following letter eloquently shows:

EAST-SIDE BOYS' LODGING HOUSE AND SCHOOLS,
100 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK,
May 1, 1882.

MR. DAVIS,

Dear Sir:—Many persons, some of whom, had not been familiar with the process by which the Children's Aid Society takes rough-hewn street-boys and puts them in the way of becoming useful and respectable citizens—have spoken to me of the pleasure

and interest with which they have read Mr. Brace's pretty story on "Wolf-reared Children" in this month's *ST. NICHOLAS*. In these times, when the country is flooded with tales that have a most pernicious influence on the young, it is refreshing to read a story like that of "Pickety," and I am sure you will be gratified to hear that some good fruit of it has already appeared.

Yesterday, a boy of thirteen came to me in the office of the Children's Aid Society and asked if we could not provide him with a home in the West. He was poorly clothed in the matter of clothing and shoes, but had a bright, intelligent face. He said he did not know where he was born, had no knowledge of his parents, and his earliest recollection of himself was in an institution in Massachusetts. On being asked how he knew about the Children's Aid Society, he said he had just arrived that morning by the Providence boat, on board of which he had found a copy of *ST. NICHOLAS* containing the story of "Pickety." He said he had no money and had become greatly discouraged, but after reading about "Pickety" he made up his mind to go and ask to be treated just as that boy had been. The poor fellow's eyes danced with delight when I told him that I was Superintendent of the house where "Pickety" was cared for, and that I should be happy to treat him in the same way. On Tuesday next, I leave with a company of boys for Kansas, where good homes will be provided for all, and I shall take this latest edition of "Pickety" along with the rest.

I am, dear madam, very respectfully yours,

GEORGE A. CALDER.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—SIXTEENTH REPORT.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the continued progress during the last month. We number now 251 Chapters and 2,900 members. The reports from our Chapters are, as usual, full of enthusiasm and rich in valuable suggestions. The following new Chapters have been admitted:

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name of Chapter.	Members.	Address.
225.	Burlington, Kansas (A).....	5	P. M. Floyd.
226.	Alfred Center, N. Y. (A).....	16	C. A. Davis.
227.	Ypsilanti, Mich. (B).....	6	Louis B. Hardy.
228.	Buffalo, N. Y. (D).....	7	Percy Scharff.
229.	Chicago, Ill. (D).....	4	I. R. Larned.
230.	Brazil, Ind. (A).....	5	Fred. Clearwaters.
231.	Wiconisco, Pa. (A).....	5	J. R. Engelbert.
232.	Unica, N. Y. (A).....	10	C. Baker.
233.	Sidney, Iowa (A).....	12	Ed. Cooke.
234.	New York, N. Y. (A).....	7	L. H. Hoebler.
235.	Washington, Pa. (A).....	3	Miss M. M. Gow.
236.	Factory Point, Vt. (A).....	5	Miss Jessie D. Nichols.
237.	Plantville, Conn. (A).....	6	Bertie Shepard.
238.	Wintusset, Iowa (A).....	20	Harry Wallace.
239.	Georgetown, D. C. (A).....	4	F. P. Stockbridge.
240.	New Milford, Pa. (A).....	1	Wm. D. Ames, Box 233.
241.	Scituate, Mass. (A).....	1	Geo. B. Hudson.
242.	Philadelphia, Pa. (B).....	1	I. G. Lewis.
243.	Peekskill, N. Y. (B).....	1	1125 Mt. Vernon St.
244.	Newport, Ky. (A).....	1	Jerome Clarke.
245.	Germantown, (C).....	7	Miss Ida Champion, corner Walnut Lane and Green St.
246.	Bethlehem, Pa. (A).....	5	Harry Wilbur.
247.	Columbus, Ga. (A).....	8	Chas. H. Dillingham.
248.	Richmond, Va. (A).....	5	Mrs. J. B. Marshall.
249.	Orange, N. J. (A).....	1	Geo. M. Smith.
250.	Titon, Ohio (A).....	1	
251.	Saratoga, N. Y. (A).....	4	Harry A. Chandler, Box 15.

AN A. A. HAND-BOOK.

In response to repeated and urgent requests, the President has written and printed a complete Hand-book of the *ST. NICHOLAS A. A.* It contains a history of the A. A., its Constitution and By-laws. There are chapters on—How to Organize a Chapter; How to Conduct Meetings; Parliamentary Law; The A. A. in the Public School; How to Collect all Kinds of Specimens; How to Col-

lect and Preserve Birds; Sea-weeds; How to build a Cabinet; Reports from Chapters and Members; Minerals; Full list of scientific books (over two hundred titles), etc., etc.; Concluding with a complete and revised list of all our 250 Chapters, with the addresses of their secretaries. The book is well illustrated. We are able to furnish copies to those wishing them at fifty cents each, postage prepaid. We have written this book with the intention of answering in it all the questions which any one can care to ask about the A. A. Every active member of the A. A. should have one.

REPORTS OF CHAPTERS AND MEMBERS.

DETROIT, MICH.

"How can 'poison ivy' be distinguished?" I will send an answer which I once wrote and read at one of our club meetings. Poison ivy closely resembles the Virginia creeper or woodbine, as it is often incorrectly called. It usually grows as a vine, clinging to a tree or bank, but in some parts of the country it grows like a bush, about two feet high, with a trunk from three to four inches through. The leaflets of the ivy (*Rhus toxicodendron*) are similar in shape to those of the Virginia creeper, but each leaf of the ivy has three leaflets, whereas the creeper has five. Moreover the leaf of the ivy is darker, more glossy, and somewhat blistered. It can also be readily distinguished by handling.

AGNES WILEY (Chapter A).

[Will some one mention other characteristics of *Rhus tox.* ?]

Being frequently asked how animals can be preserved, we are glad to present the following excellent report from the Manhattan Chapter:

TAXIDERM.

Taxidermy is the art of preserving animals. It includes preservation in spirits, the operation of stuffing, the arrangement of skeletons or parts of them, and the preservation of the skin alone.

To Preserve Animals in Spirits. Alcohol is generally used. Any animal can be preserved in it. The alcohol is diluted about fifty per cent. (some say as low as twenty per cent.). The animals that are generally preserved in this way are those that can not be readily stuffed, as reptiles, fishes, mollusks, and some insects. Benzine is also used, and is preferred by some as it does not lose color. *To Stuff Mammals.* This operation requires skill, patience, and practice.

Lay the animal on its back, and then stuff the mouth, nostrils, and wounds with cotton or tow, to prevent the blood from disfiguring the skin. Then split the skin from the tail to the breast-bone, taking great care not to penetrate so deep as to cut the abdominal muscles. Push off the skin gently, right and left, and as the skinning proceeds, put pads of cotton between it and the muscles. When the skin is removed as far as it can be without pulling or

using force, separate the thighs at their junctions with the pelvis; the tail should be severed inside the skin. Now separate the skin from the carcass carefully till the shoulders are reached, then separate the legs at the shoulder-joints. Next remove the skin from the neck and head; cut off the ears close to the skull. Great care must be taken not to injure the eyelids and lips. Cut off the head, remove the external muscles of the face, and take out the brain and eyes. Now return to the legs, clean away all the flesh to the toes, but do not remove the tendons around the joints, as the bones are to remain in the legs; skin the tail by forcing a cleft stick in between the bones and skin. When all is removed, sprinkle the skin thoroughly with preservation powder or soap it well with arsenic soap. Leave the skin stretched till it becomes perfectly dry and absorbs the mixture. Fill the eye-orbits and nostrils with cotton, put a thin layer of cotton along the back, introduce the wire frame-work, stuff all the small parts with cotton and the remaining parts with any dry vegetable substance. Return the skull to the head; great dexterity is required in placing the artificial eyes—they are fastened with cement. When stuffing, care should be taken not to stretch the skin and to have the animal shaped into its natural appearance.

Skeletons. Remove the skin, muscles, and everything that will come off easily, except the ligaments, place it in water for several days, then take it out, clean it more thoroughly and remove the brain; place it in fresh water. Repeat this from day to day (changing the water each time). The bones are, each time, to be well cleaned. (The operation of cleaning and scraping should properly be done under the surface of the water.) After the skeleton is clean, place it in clean lime-water or solution of pearl-ash, then wash again with clean water, wire it and place it in position, and allow it to dry. Do not expose it to the sun or to a fire to dry. All large animals' skeletons can be prepared in this way. But for small skeletons, an easier method is to clean and soak the bones, and place them in perforated boxes, which should then be put into ant-hills. The insects will quickly remove the flesh; the skeletons must be taken out before they attack the ligaments. Now wash, wire, and place in position.

Walter H. Martin, 216 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., is now Secretary of Chapter 151, in place of E. A. Osborne. (Nothing causes so great confusion as a change of secretaries. The change can not be noted here until three months after it occurs, and by that time a new one may have been elected. In case of Chapter 151, this change was necessary, but, ordinarily, the secretary should be permanent.)

EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Minerals and fossils for other minerals, fossils, and woods.—P. M. Floyd, Burlington, Kansas.

Birds' eggs blown with one hole.—Louis B. Bishop, Box 905, New Haven, Conn.

Petrified shells (labeled).—W. E. Loy, Eaton, Ohio, Secretary Chapter 128.

Botanical specimens and correspondence.—Harry L. Russell, Poynette, Wisconsin.

Minerals and birds' eggs.—Louis D. Orrison, 1206 Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Lepidoptera correspondence.—Ed. R. Putnam, Davenport, Iowa.

Chalcopyrite for quartz crystal.—E. R. Larned, Sec. Chapter 229, 2546 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Indian arrow-heads for a sea-horse or starfish.—Jerome Clark, 145 Washington Ave., Newport, Ky.

Feldspar, tourmaline, and Mexican onyx, for woods, geodes, minerals, and birds' eggs.—R. P. Kaighn, 2014 Ridge Ave., Phila.

Minerals in exchange for minerals, fossils, or woods.—Harry L. M. Mitchell, 23 W. 12th St., N. Y.

Minerals, Indian curiosities, and wood, for anything equal in value.—S. B. Arnold, Whipple Bk's, Yavapai Co., Arizona Ty.

Pressed ferns and a stuffed bat, for foreign coins and birds' eggs.—Miss Hattie M. Grover, Folsom State Prison, Folsom, California.

Curiosities and relics for minerals and curiosities.—Wm. R. Nichols, 2016 Arch St., Philadelphia.

Eggs for woods, sea-weeds, etc.—C. M. Sprague, 19 Oakwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Red-head ducks, black skimmer, and other rare eggs, in sets or single.—C. G. Doe, 28 Wood St., Providence, R. I.

Birds' eggs.—A. H. Rudd, 956 Asylum Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Garnets for fossils.—H. I. Hancock, Box 1339, Waltham, Mass.

Texas centipede, stinging lizard, and horned frog.—Miss Jennie Wise, Box 454, Waco, Texas.

Petrified moss, shells, coral, etc., etc., for ocean curiosities and minerals.—Edward Shaw, 459 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio.

Birds' eggs.—Samuel L. Magie, Rutherford, N. J.

Minerals.—Elliston J. Perot, Westchester, Penn.

Petrified moss.—Wm. G. Loy, Eaton, Ohio.

Moss agates.—James O'Connell, Fort Stockton, Texas.

We will send Emerton's Structure and Habits of Spiders, for the best mounted collection of six species of spiders received by Sept. 8th.—Philadelphia B., H. Taylor Rodgers, Sec., 1015 Vine St.

Sea-shells and sand-dollars for ores.—P. Luckner, Galveston, Texas.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN PREVIOUS REPORTS.

GEODES are rounded hollow concretions, either empty, or containing a more or less solid and free nucleus, and frequently having the cavity lined with crystals. On account of their size and shape they are sometimes called potato-geodes. The word *Geode* comes from the Greek, and means 'earthy.'

GEO. POWELL, St. Clair, Pa.

[This gives no explanation of how geodes are formed. No one has answered this question yet. Please ask the nearest "Professor" and report. Stay! Here is a letter from the home of the geode.]

WAVERLY, BREMER CO., IOWA.

DEAR SIR: I send you this day a box of geodes. We find them in a quarry in a bluff of soft limestone. Some have colored crystals, but the colors fade on exposure to light. I am inclined to think that they were once living animals, something like sponges. In course of time they became covered with sediment, and this, through some action of the elements, changed to limestone, without petrifying the animal substance. This decaying, left cavities, which later were filled with crystals. If any one has a better theory, I should be glad to hear it. Please tell good St. NICHOLAS that it is rather inconvenient for me to get my mail in Ohio.

Very respectfully, L. L. GOODWIN.

[Mr. Goodwin's theory is surely ingenious. One member has suggested that geodes may have been volcanic in origin, and formed in the air like hail-stones. We shall hear further from this question.]

BEES carry the honey in a honey-bag. It is connected with the mouth, and the juices which the bees gather pass into it and are changed into honey. This can be brought up again at will.

THE APTERYX is a bird living in New Zealand. It has stumps of wings and no tail. Its feathers look like fur. Its eggs are laid in deep holes in the ground.

PEANUTS are the fruit of a trailing vine, with small yellow flowers. After the flowers fall the stem bends downward, and the pod forces itself into the ground, where it ripens.

BRAZIL has two seasons. It would be the "dry" season there at the time mentioned.

DARK SPOTS on leopards correspond to the leaves of the tree in which it hides, and prevent its being seen easily.

IF THE OSTRICH is hunted, it will often thrust its head into the sand and think that no one can see it.

THE MANATEE, Porpoise, Dolphin, Whale, and Narwhal are amphibious animals. [Who will correct this?]

MOST FLIES die in winter; a few live in crannies until spring.

THE HOUSE of a BEAVER is built of mud, stones, and sticks. The entrance is always below the surface of the water.

THE FUSING POINT of copper is 1094 deg.; of lead, 620 deg.; of silver, 1873 deg. [All F.]

SALT WATER freezes at 26½ deg. F.

HIRAM H. BICE, Utica, N. Y.

[This is Miss Klyda Richardson's excellent answer to one of the March questions.]

I. Probably the hardest wood in the world is that of the *Eucalyptus resinifera*, Order Myrtaceæ. This tree is a native of Australia and the Indian Archipelago. It is, in common with the other trees of this genus, very tall. Often it attains a height of two hundred and fifty feet, and is seventy feet in circumference at its base. This tree is called the brown gum tree, or iron bark. From it is obtained one of the valuable kinds of kino, so much used in medicine.

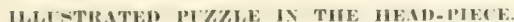
Many other answers received, for which space can not be given.

SNOW-CRYSTAL PRIZE.—The prize for best drawings of snow-crystals is again awarded to Miss Mary L. Garfield, of Fitchburg, Mass.

ORONO, ME.

I have read the reports of the A. A. with great interest, and fully appreciate that through its influence a constantly increasing army of naturalists is being formed, which is destined to accomplish valuable results in the line of scientific observations. America needs this army of trained and enthusiastic observers. Please tell Clarence L. Lower, that *Tortrix Clorana* feeds on the leaves of willow (*Salix pentandra*) in Europe, but this insect has never been found in this country, and he doubtless has mistaken some other insect for it. If he will send me the insect by mail, I will give him the true name, and what is known of its habits. I will name tortricids for any of the members of the A. A. who will collect and send them to me, for I am making a revision of all the described species of the world, and wish to see as many as possible, especially from the South and West. Yours truly, C. H. FERNALD, Prof. of Nat. Hist.

[This opportunity for making the acquaintance of "tortrids" will not be neglected by our entomologists.]



DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

CLARADE.

W. H. A.

1. Syncopeate a substance used in making varnishes and leave a combustible mineral. 2. Syncopeate a product of warm countries and leave fermented liquors. 3. Syncopeate events and leave oleaginous matter. 4. Syncopeate a small fish and leave a Scottish name for a lake. 5. Syncopeate a town of Lombardy and leave an island of the Aegean Sea, near Cape Blanco. 6. Syncopeate a poet

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

CROSS PUZZLE.

Pl.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 45-23-62-32-15-3 should "apply our hearts unto," says the nineteenth Psalm. My 59-14-60-60-12 is just the reverse. My 29-42-36-36-36-36 is just the reverse. My 38-48-34-66-10 is said to be, "stranger than fiction." My 20-48-54-48 is just the reverse. My 17-33-26-1-38-63 means evenly spread. My 21-54-39-8-36 is just the reverse. My 37-10-8-46 is a wise man. My 40-34-25-35-27 is just the reverse. My 2-44-11-35-41 is something entirely imaginary. My 55-45-35-56 is just the reverse. My 13-48-49-53-5 is quick. My 52-60-14-45 is just the reverse. My 0-61-30-71 is contemptible. My 2-10-49-21 is just the reverse. My 24-58-21-61-31-22 is quiet. My 55-48-44-28-18-6-35 is just the reverse. "EARTHENIA"

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.



What animals are represented in this picture?

A. B. B.

ANAGRAMS: FAMOUS SONGS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

In the following Anagrams, the letters of the titles of the songs are not mingled with the letters which form the authors' names;

thus, Ether Van, by Dean Rolla Peag, is an anagram on "The Raven," by Edgar Allan Poe.

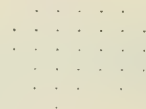
1. The Woes o' Hemme, by Rodney J. H. Wahpona.
2. Granther Spedbann's Tale, by Stacy K. Crofstein.
3. The Baby of Churlin Temple, by Hilda J. Waurowe.
4. The Kaudlebert Cook, by Waldo Southmower.
5. Adora Wheaton's Tempter, by Roger O. P. Grimes.

M. C. D.

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

You 'll find my first in Africa;
My second in Mexico;
In Portugal my third is placed;
For fourth to Russia go;
My fifth in Scotland has a home;
My sixth in Candahar,
My seventh dwells in Hindoostan;
My eighth in France afar;
My ninth is in Jerusalem;
My tenth in Paraguay;
My eleventh 's fast in Belgium;
My twelfth is in Norway.
My whole comes only once a year,
The boy's delight, the mother's fear.

OCTAGON.



ACROSS: 1. The son of Mercury, who was the god of shepherds and huntsmen. 2. Is anxious. 3. Small bundles or packages. 4. The ancient name of a picturesque portion of Greece. 5. Lacking. 6. To steal away. 7. To settle.

"ALCIBIADES."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

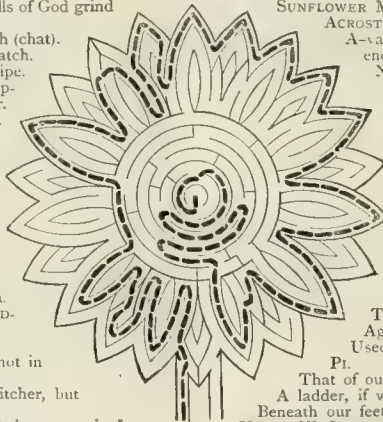
AN AVIARY. 1. Nightingale. 2. Goldfinch (chat). 3. Lark. 4. Teal. 5. Chickadee. 6. Nut-hatch. 7. Bobolink. 8. Coot. 9. Cockatoo. 10. Snipe. 11. Whip-poor-will. 12. Magpie. 13. Lapwing. 14. Plover (plan). 15. Kingfisher. 16. Linnet (line). 17. Martin. 18. Sparrow. 19. Toucan. 20. Thrush (throne).

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Battle of Waterloo. Cross-words: 1. BoWer. 2. AbAse. 3. TiTle. 4. TrEat. 5. LaRch. 6. ELLen. 7. OzOne. 8. FrOwn.

TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS. I Rosebud II. Anemone.

TWELVE CONCEALED CITIES. 1. Eton. 2. Paris. 3. Dover. 4. Thebes. 5. Athens. 6. Ephesus. 7. London. 8. Teheran. 9. Rome. 10. Verona. 11. Nice. 12. Sparta. ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE. Roses.

In rat, not in kitten; in oar, but not in sail;
In gloves, but not in mitten; in pitcher, but not in pail;
In trumpets, but not in tune; the whole appears in June.



SUNFLOWER MAZE. See accompanying illustration.

ACROSTIC: Tadmor in the Desert. 1. T-ime. 2. A-vice. 3. D-ebt. 4. M-ercy. 5. O-bedi-ence. 6. R-efreshment. 7. I-ndustry. 8. N-ought. 9. T-ailoring. 10. H-eroism. 11. E-arth. 12. D-eath. 13. E-xcellence. 14. S-atisfaction. 15. E-ternity. 16. R-eputation. 17. T-ia-ra.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. P. 2. See. 3. Pears. 4. Era. 5. S. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. S. 2. Ace. 3. Scene. 4. End. 5. E. Central Diamond: 1. S. 2. Ape. 3. Spare. 4. Err. 5. E. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. S. 2. Ate. 3. Stare. 4. Ere. 5. E. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. E. 2. Raw. 3. Eager. 4. Wet. 5. R.

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Joan of Arc. TWO EASY WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Oats. 2. Ague. 3. Tune. 4. Seen. II. 1. June. 2. Used. 3. Need. 4. Eddy.

PI. Saint Augustine! Well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW in "The Ladder of St. Augustine."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from A. Gardner, 11, and Mary A. Dodge, 1.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from C. Horne—Ernest B. Cooper—"The Houghton Family"—Emma S. Wines—Freda—Alice Maud Kyte—Marna and Bae—Clara and her Aunt—Emilie Wheelock—The Blanke Family—Florence Leslie Kyte—Clara J. Child—Sallie Viles.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from Pansy, 2—Minnie and Laurence Van Buren, 1—S. W. McClary, 1—Frank L. Burns, 6—Mary Deane Dexter, 2—Frank N. Dodd, 2—Jessie Bugbee, 6—Bess and Madge, 7—"Alcibiades," 7—Effie K. Talboys, 6—R. Hamilton, 1—Eire, 3—J. Herbert Jordan, 1—H. W. Ogden, 2—Two Subscriber, 7—Edith McKeever, 4—E. Blanche Johns, 1—A. B. C., 6—Ruth Camp, 2—Carrie Weidling, 2—North Star, 1—Addie W. Gross, 1—Grace and Blanche Parry, 5—Annie Lovett, 7—Mattie G. Colt, 2—Rory O'More, 3—Bertie and Maud, 4—Rene, Bert, and Grace, 6—Louise Kelly, 4—Frankie Crawford, 2—F. N. Dodd, 4—Nellie Caldwell, 5—A. R., 4—L. E. R., 1—Livingston Ham, 1—Bessie P. McCollin, 6—Celetta M. Green, 6—Vin and Alex, 4—Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 5—Helen E. Mahan, 6—Fred. Thwaits, 7—Anna Clark, 2—A. J. C., 2—Maud and Sadie, 2—H. M. S. "St. Vincent," 7—Florence E. Pratt, 6—Lyde McKinney, 6.



SUMMER DAYS AT LAKE GEORGE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

AUGUST, 1882.

NO. 10.

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HOW BURT WENT WHALE-HUNTING.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

BURT HOTTER and his sister Hilda were sitting on the beach, playing with large twisted cockles which they imagined were cows and horses. They built stables out of chips, and fenced in their pastures, and led their cattle in long rows through the deep grooves they had made in the sand.

"When I grow up to be a man," said Burt, who was twelve years old, "I am going to sea and catch whales as father did when he was young. I don't want to stand behind a counter and sell calico and tape and coffee and sugar," he continued, thrusting his chest forward, putting his hands into his pockets, and marching with a manly swagger across the beach. "I don't want to play with dolls, like a baby any more," he added, giving a forcible kick to one of Hilda's finest shells and sending it flying across the sand.

"I wish you would n't be so naughty, Burt," said his sister, with tears in her eyes. "If you don't want to play with me, I can play alone. But, oh—look there!"

Just at that moment, a dozen or more columns of water flew high into the air, and the same number of large, black tail-fins emerged from the surface of the fjord, and again slowly vanished. "Hurrah!" cried Burt in great glee, "it is a shoal of dolphins. Good-bye, Hilda dear, I think I'll run on to the boat-house."

"I think I'll go with you, Burt," said his sister obligingly, rising and shaking the sand from her skirts.

"I think you'll not," remarked her brother, angrily, "I can run faster than you."

So saying, he rushed away over the crisp sand as fast as his feet would carry him, while his sister Hilda, who was rather a soft-hearted girl, and ready with her tears, ran after him, all out of breath and calling to him at the top of her voice. Finally, when she was more than half way to the boat-house, she stumbled against a stone and fell full length upon the beach. Burt, fearing that she might be hurt, paused in his flight and returned to pick her up, but could not refrain from giving her a vindictive little shake as soon as he discovered that she had sustained no injury.

"I do think girls are the greatest bother that ever was invented," he said in high dudgeon. "I don't see what they are good for, anyway."

"I want to go with you, Burt," cried Hilda.

Seeing there was no escape, he thought he might just as well be kind to her.

"You may go," he said, "if you will promise never to tell anybody what I am going to do?"

"No, Burt, I shall never tell," said the child eagerly, and drying her tears.

"I am going whale-hunting," whispered Burt mysteriously. "Come along."

"Whale-hunting!" echoed the girl in delicious excitement. "Dear Burtie, how good you are! Oh, how lovely! No, I shall never tell it to anybody as long as I live."

It was late in the afternoon, and the sun, which at that time of the year never sets in the northern part of Norway, threw its red, misty rays like a veil of dull flame over the lofty mountains which, with their snow-hooded peaks pierced the fiery

clouds; their huge reflections shone in soft tints of red, green and gray in the depths of the fjord, whose glittering surface was calm and smooth as a mirror. Only in the bay which the school of dolphins had entered was the water ruffled; but there, high spouts rose every moment into the air and descended again in showers of fine spray.

"It is well that father has gone away with the fishermen," said Burt, as he exerted himself with all his might to push his small boat down over the slippery beams of the boat-house. "Here, Hilda, hold my harpoon for me."

Hilda, greatly impressed with her own dignity in being allowed to hold so dangerous a weapon as a harpoon, grasped it eagerly and held it up in both her arms. Burt once more put his shoulder to the stern of his light skiff (which, in honor of his father's whaling voyages, he had named "The North Pole,") and with a tremendous effort set it afloat. Then he carefully assisted Hilda into the boat, in the stern of which she seated herself. Next, he seized the oars and rowed gently out beyond the rocky headland toward which he had seen the dolphins steer their course. He was an

Now remember, and push the tiller to the side opposite where I want to go."

"I'll remember," she replied, breathlessly.

The gentle plashing of the oars and the clicking of the rowlocks were the only sounds which broke the silence of the evening. Now and then a solitary gull gave a long, shrill scream as she dived beneath the surface of the fjord, and once a fish-hawk's loud, discordant yell was flung by the echoes from mountain to mountain.

"Starboard," commanded Burt, sternly; but Hilda in her agitation pushed the tiller to the wrong side and sent the boat flying to port.

"Starboard, I said," cried the boy indignantly; "if I had known you would be so stupid, I should never have taken you along."

"Please, Burtie dear, do be patient with me," pleaded the girl remorsefully. "I shall not do so again."

It then pleased his majesty, Burt Holter, to relent, although his sister had by her awkwardness alarmed the dolphins, sending the boat right in their wake, when it had been his purpose to head them off. He knew well enough that it takes sev-



BURT RESOLVES TO GO WHALE-HUNTING.

excellent sailor for his years, and could manage a boat noiselessly and well.

"Hilda, take the helm," he whispered, "or, if you were only good for any thing, you might paddle and we should be upon them in a minute.

eral minutes for a whole school of so large a fish as the dolphin to change its course, and the hunter would thus have a good chance of "pricking" a laggard before he could catch up with his companions. Burt strained every muscle, while



A DOLPHIN LEAPING.

coolly keeping his eye on the water to note the course of his game. His only chance was in cutting across the bay and lying in wait for them at the next headland. For he knew very well that if they were seriously frightened and suspected that they were being pursued, they could easily beat him by the speed and dexterity of their movements. But he saw to his delight that his calculations were correct. Instead of taking the straight course seaward, the dolphins, being probably in pursuit of fresh herring, young cod and other marine delicacies which they needed for their late dinner, steered close to land where the young fish are found in greater abundance, and their following the coast-line of the bay gave Burt a chance of cutting them off and making their acquaintance at closer quarters. Having crossed the little bay, he commanded his sister to lie down flat in the bottom of the boat—a command which she willingly, though with a quaking heart, obeyed. He backed cautiously into a little nook among the rocks from which he had a clear passage out, and

having one hand on his harpoon, which was secured by a rope to the prow of the boat, and the other on the boat-hook (with which he meant to push himself rapidly out into the midst of the school), he peered joyously over the gunwale and heard the loud snorts, followed by the hissing descent of the spray, approaching nearer and nearer. Now, steady, my boy! Don't lose your presence of mind! One, two, three—there goes! Jumping up, fixing the boat-hook against the rock, and with a tremendous push shooting out into the midst of the school was but a moment's work. Whew! The water spouts and whirls about his ears as in a shower-bath. Off goes his cap. Let it go! But stop! What was that? A terrific slap against the side of the boat as from the tail of a huge fish. Hilda jumps up with a piercing shriek and the boat carrens heavily to the port side, the gunwale dipping for a moment under the water. A loud snort, followed again by a shower of spray, is heard right ahead, and, at the same moment, the harpoon flies through the air with a fierce whiz and

lodges firmly in a broad, black back. The huge fish in its first spasm of pain gives a fling with its tail and for an instant the little boat is lifted out of the water on the back of the wounded dolphin.

"Keep steady, don't let go the rope!" shouts Burt at the top of his voice, "he wont hurt ——"

But before he had finished, the light skiff, with a tremendous splash, struck the water again, and the little coil of rope to which the harpoon was attached flew humming over the gunwale and disappeared with astonishing speed into the depth.

Burt seized the cord, and when there was little

knowing that, however swiftly he swam, he pulled his enemy after him. As he rose to the surface, about fifty or sixty yards ahead, a small column of water shot feebly upward, and spread in a fan-like, irregular shape before it fell. The poor dolphin floundered along for a few seconds, its long black body in full view, and then again dived down, dragging the boat onward with a series of quick, convulsive pulls.

Burt held on tightly to the cord, while the water foamed and bubbled about the prow and surged in swirling eddies in the wake of the skiff.



TOWED BY THE WOUNDED DOLPHIN.

left to spare, tied it firmly to the prow of the boat, which then, of course, leaped forward with every effort of the dolphin to rid itself of the harpoon. The rest of the school, having taken alarm, had sought deep water, and were seen, after a few minutes, far out beyond the headland.

"I want to go home, Burt," Hilda exclaimed, vehemently. "I want to go home; I don't want to get killed, Burt."

"You silly thing! You can't go home now. You must just do as I tell you, but, of course—if you only are sensible—you won't get killed, or hurt at all."

While he was yet speaking, on a sudden the boat began to move rapidly over the water.

The dolphin had bethought him of flight, not

"If I can only manage to get that dolphin," said Burt, "I know father will give me at least a dollar for him. There's lots of blubber on him, and that is used for oil to burn in lamps."

The little girl did not answer, but grasped the gunwale hard on each side, and gazed anxiously at the foaming and bubbling water. Burt, too, sat silent in the prow, but with a fisherman's excitement in his face. The sun hung, huge and fiery, over the western mountains, and sent up a great, dusky glare among the clouds, which burned in intense but lurid hues of red and gold. Gradually, and before they were fully aware of it, the boat began to rise and sink again, and Burt discovered by the heavy, even roll of the water that they must be near the ocean.

"Now you may stop, my dear dolphin," he said, coolly. "We don't want you to take us across to America. Who would have thought that he was such a tough customer anyway?"

He let go the rope, and seating himself, again put the oars into the rowlocks. He tried to arrest the speed of the boat by vigorous backing; but, to his surprise, found that his efforts were of no avail.

"Hilda," he cried, not betraying, however, the anxiety he was beginning to feel, "take the other pair of oars and let us see what you are good for."

Hilda, not realizing her danger, obeyed, a little tremblingly perhaps, and put the other pair of oars into their places.

"Now let us turn the boat around," sternly commanded the boy. "It's getting late, and we must be home before bed-time. One—two—three—pull!"

The oars struck the water simultaneously and the boat veered half way around; but the instant the oars were lifted again, it started back into its former course.

"Why don't you cut the rope and let the dolphin go?" asked Hilda, striving hard to master the tears, which again were pressing to her eyelids.

"Not I," answered her brother; "why, all the fellows would laugh at me if they heard how I first caught the dolphin and then the dolphin caught me. No, indeed. He has n't much strength left by this time, and we shall soon see him float up."

He had hardly uttered these words, when they shot past a rocky promontory, and the vast ocean spread out before them. Both sister and brother gave an involuntary cry of terror. There they were, in their frail little skiff, far away from home, and with no boat visible for miles around. "Cut the rope, cut the rope! Dear Burt, cut the rope!" screamed Hilda, wringing her hands in despair.

"I am afraid it is too late," answered her brother, doggedly. "The tide is going out, and that is what has carried us so swiftly to sea. I was a fool that I did n't think of it."

"But what shall we do—what shall we do!" moaned the girl, hiding her face in her apron.

"Stop that crying," demanded her brother, imperiously. "I'll tell you what we shall have to do. We could n't manage to pull back against the tide, especially here at the mouth of the fjord, where the current is so strong. We had better keep on seaward, and then, if we are in luck, we shall meet the fishing-boats when they return, which will be before morning. Anyway, there is little or no wind, and the night is light enough, so that they can not miss seeing us."

"Oh, I shall surely die, I shall surely die!" sobbed Hilda, flinging herself down in the bottom of the boat.

Burt deigned her no answer, but sat gazing sullenly out over the ocean toward the western horizon,

over which the low sun shed its lurid mist of fire. The ocean broke with a mighty roar against the rocks, then hushed itself for a few seconds, and then hurled itself against the rocks anew. To be frank, he was not quite so fearless as he looked; but he thought it cowardly to give expression to his fear, and especially in the presence of his sister, in whose estimation he had ever been a hero. The sun sank lower until it almost touched the water. The rope hung perfectly loose from the prow, and only now and then grew tense as if something was feebly tugging at it at the other end. He concluded that the dolphin had bled to death or was exhausted. In the meanwhile, they were drifting rapidly westward, and the hollow noise of the breakers was growing more and more distant. From a merely idle impulse of curiosity Burt began to haul in his rope, and presently saw a black body, some eight or nine feet long, floating up only a few rods from the boat. He gave four or five pulls at the rope and was soon alongside of it. Burt felt very sad as he looked at it, and was sorry he had killed the harmless animal. The thought came into his mind that his present desperate situation was God's punishment on him for his cruel delight in killing.

"But God would not punish my sister for my wickedness," he reflected, gazing tenderly at Hilda, who lay in the boat with her hands folded under her cheek, having sobbed herself to sleep. He felt consoled, and murmuring a prayer he had once heard in church for "sailors in distress at sea," lay down at his sister's side and stared up into the vast, red dome of the sky above him. The water plashed gently against the sides of the skiff as it rose and rocked upon the great smooth "ground swell," and again sank down, as it seemed into infinite depths, only to climb again the next billow. Burt felt sleepy and hungry, and the more he stared into the sky the more indistinct became his vision. He sprang up, determined to make one last, desperate effort, and strove to row in toward land, but he could make no headway against the strong tide, and with aching limbs and a heavy heart he again stretched himself out in the bottom of the boat. Before he knew it he was fast asleep.

He did not know how long he had slept, but the dim, fiery look of the sun had changed into an airy rose color, when he felt some one seizing him by the arm and crying out: "In the name of wonders, boy, how did you come here?"

He rubbed his eyes and saw his father's shaggy face close to his.

"And my dear little girl too," cried the father, in a voice of terror. "Heaven be praised for having preserved her."

And he lifted Hilda in his arms and pressed her

close to his breast. Burt thought he saw tears glistening in his eyes. That made him suddenly very solemn. For he had never seen his father cry before. Around about him was a fleet of some thirty or forty boats laden to the gunwale with herring. He now understood his rescue.

"Now tell me, Burt, truthfully," said his father, gravely, still holding the sobbing Hilda tightly in his embrace, "how did this happen?"

"I went a-whaling," stammered Burt, feeling not at all so brave as he had felt when he started

on his voyage. But he still had courage enough to point feebly to the dead dolphin which lay secured a short distance from the skiff.

The father gazed in amazement at the huge fish, then again at his son, as if comparing their bulk. He felt that he ought to scold the youthful whaler, but he was more inclined to praise his daring spirit.

"Burt," he said, patting the boy's curly head, "you may be a brave laddie; but next time your bravery gets the better of you,—leave the lassie at home."

THE LESSON OF THE BRIERS.

BY JOEL STACY.

"CHARLEY! Charley!" called Ella to her younger brother; "*don't* go among those briars; come over here in the garden!"

"Ho! stay in the garden! who wants to stay in the garden?" answered master Charley with great contempt. "I guess you think I'm a girl to want to play where it's all smooth and everything. Ho!"

"That's not it, Charley, but you know we both have on our good clothes, and we must be ready to run quick when we hear the carriage drive up to the gate with Aunt May and Cousin Harry and Alice."

"I know that as well as you do," said Charley, pushing his way through the hedge as he spoke. "Girls are n't good for any thing but to sit and sew. I mean to have some fun. I mean to cl—"

Ella felt like giving some angry answer, but she checked herself, and went on with her sewing as she sat under the big tree, wondering what made Charley break off his sentence so suddenly.

"El-la, El-la!" cried a pitiful voice at last, "come help me! I'm getting all torn. O—oh!"

Sure enough, Charley *was* getting all torn; some big thorns had caught his new trousers, and the harder he struggled the worse matters became.

"Hold still, dear," said Ella, "I can't help you while you kick so. There! now you're free. Oh! Charley!"

Charley, clapping his hand to his trousers, knew well enough what Ella's "Oh!" meant. It meant a great big tear in his new clothes, two cousins coming to spend the day, and a poor little boy sobbing

in the nursery until the nurse would stop scolding and make him fit to go down and see the company. The very thought of all this misery made him cry.

"Oh! they'll be here in a minute! boo-hoo!" he sobbed; "what *shall* I do?"

"Why, stand still, that's all," said Ella, hastily threading her needle with a long black thread; "stand just so, dear, till I mend it."

"Mend it!" cried master Charles delighted. "Oh Ella! *Will* you?"

"Certainly I will," she answered very gently, at the same time beginning to draw the edges of the tear together; "you know girls are not good for any thing but to sit and sew."

"O Ella! I didn't say that."

"I think you *did*, Charley."

"Not *exactly* that, I guess. It was awful mean, if I did. Oh! hurry; I hear the carriage."

"Do be quiet, you little wriggler!" laughed his sister, hastily finishing the work as well as she could, so that Charley in a moment looked quite fine again. "There! we'll get to the gate before they turn into the lane, after all."

Charley held Ella's hand more tightly than usual as they ran toward the gate together. Ella noticed it, and stopped to kiss him.

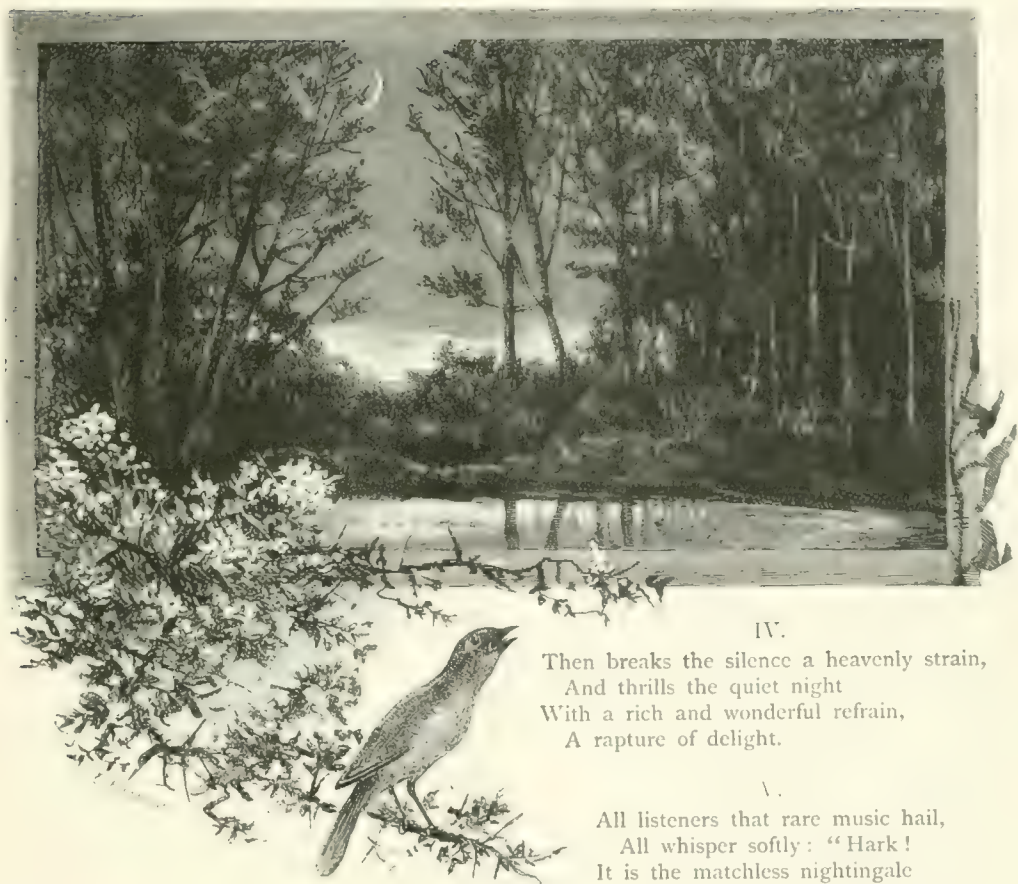
"I'm sorry I spoke so," he panted, kissing her again right heartily. "Does it show?"

"Not a bit; you would n't know any thing had happened. Hurrah! here they are!"

"Hurrah! Howdy do, everybody!" shouted Charley.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY ELIA THAYER.



I.

THERE is a bird, a plain, brown bird,
That dwells in lands afar,
Whose wild, delicious song is heard
With evening's first white star.

II.

When, dewy-fresh and still, the night
Steals to the waiting world,
And the new moon glitters silver bright,
And the fluttering winds are furled;

III.

When the balm of summer is in the air,
And the deep rose breathes of musk,
And there comes a waft of blossoms fair
Through the enchanted dusk;

IV.

Then breaks the silence a heavenly strain,
And thrills the quiet night
With a rich and wonderful refrain,
A rapture of delight.

V.

All listeners that rare music hail,
All whisper softly: "Hark!
It is the matchless nightingale
Sweet-singing in the dark."

VI.

He has no pride of feathers fine;
Unconscious, too, is he,
That welcomed as a thing divine
Is his clear minstrelsy.

VII.

But from the fullness of his heart
His happy carol pours;
Beyond all praise, above all art,
His song to heaven soars.

VIII.

And through the whole wide world his fame
Is sounded far and near;
Men love to speak his very name;
That brown bird is so dear.



A LADY who lived by the shore,
In time grew so used to its roar,
That she never could sleep
Unless some one would keep
A-pounding away at the door.

MRS. PETERKIN IN EGYPT.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THE family had taken passage in the new line for Bordeaux. They supposed they had; but would they ever reach the vessel in New York? The last moments were terrific. In spite of all their careful arrangements, their planning and packing of the last year, it seemed, after all, as if everything were left for the very last day. There were presents for the family to be packed, six steamer-bags for Mrs. Peterkin, half a dozen sachels of salts-bottles for Elizabeth Eliza, Apollinaris water, lunch-baskets. All these must be disposed of.

On the very last day, Elizabeth Eliza went into Boston to buy a bird, as she had been told she would be less likely to be sea-sick if she had a bird in a cage in her state-room. Both she and her mother disliked the singing of caged birds, especially of canaries, but Mrs. Peterkin argued that

they would be less likely to be homesick, as they never had birds at home. After long moments of indecision, Elizabeth Eliza determined upon two canary birds, thinking she might let them fly as they approached the shore of Portugal, and they would then reach their native islands. This matter detained her till the latest train, so that on her return from Boston to their quiet suburban home, she found the whole family assembled in the station, ready to take the through express train to New York.

She did not have time, therefore, to go back to the house for her own things. It was now locked up and the key intrusted to the Bromwicks; and all the Bromwicks and the rest of the neighbors were at the station, ready to bid them good-bye. The family had done their best to collect all her

scattered bits of baggage, but all through her travels, afterward, she was continually missing something she had left behind, that she would have packed, and had intended to bring.

They reached New York with half a day on their hands, and, during this time, Agamemnon fell in with some old college friends, who were going with a party to Greece to look up the new excavations. They were to leave, the next day, in a steamer for Gibraltar. Agamemnon felt that here was the place for him, and hastened to consult his family. Perhaps he could persuade them to change their plans and take passage with the party for Gibraltar. But he reached the pier just as the steamer for Bordeaux was leaving the shore. He was too late, and was left behind! Too late to consult them, too late even to join them! He examined his map, however,—one of his latest purchases, which he carried in his pocket,—and consoled himself with the fact that on reaching Gibraltar he could soon communicate with his family at Bordeaux, and he was easily reconciled to his fate.

It was not till the family landed at Bordeaux that they discovered the absence of Agamemnon. Every day, there had been some of the family unable to come on deck,—sea-sick below; Mrs. Peterkin never left her berth, and constantly sent messages to the others to follow her example, as she was afraid some one of them would be lost overboard. Those who were on deck from time to time were always different ones, and the passage was remarkably quick, while, from the tossing of the ship, as they met rough weather, they were all too miserable to compare notes, or count their numbers. Elizabeth Eliza, especially, had been exhausted by the voyage. She had not been many days seasick, but the incessant singing of the birds had deprived her of sleep. Then the necessity of talking French had been a great tax upon her. The other passengers were mostly French, and the rest of the family constantly appealed to her to interpret their wants, and explain them to the *garçon*, once every day at dinner. She felt as if she never wished to speak another word in French, and the necessity of being interpreter at the hotel at Bordeaux, on their arrival, seemed almost too much for her. She had even forgotten to let her canary birds fly, when off shore in the Bay of Biscay, and they were still with her, singing incessantly, as if they were rejoicing over an approach to their native shores. She thought now she must keep them till their return, which they were already planning.

The little boys, indeed, would like to have gone back on the return trip of the steamer. A son of the steward told them that the return cargo consisted of dried fruits and raisins; that every state-room,

except those occupied with passengers, would be filled with boxes of raisins and jars of grapes; that these often broke open in the passage, giving a great opportunity for boys.

But the family held to their Egypt plan, and were cheered by making the acquaintance of an English party. At the table d'hôte, Elizabeth Eliza by chance dropped her fork into her neighbor's lap. She apologized in French, her neighbor answered in the same language, which Elizabeth Eliza understood so well that she concluded she had at last met with a true Parisian, and ventured on more conversation, when, suddenly, they both found they were talking in English, and Elizabeth Eliza exclaimed: "I am so glad to meet an American," at the moment that her companion was saying, "Then you are an Englishwoman!"

From this moment, Elizabeth Eliza was at ease, and indeed both parties were mutually pleased. Elizabeth Eliza's new friend was one of a large party, and she was delighted to find that they, too, were planning a winter in Egypt. They were waiting till a friend should have completed her "cure" at Pau, and the Peterkins were glad also to wait for the appearance of Agamemnon, who might arrive in the next steamer.

One of the little boys was sure he had heard Agamemnon's voice the morning after they left New York, and was certain he must have been on board the vessel. Mr. Peterkin was not so sure. He now remembered that Agamemnon had not been at the dinner table the very first evening. But then neither Mrs. Peterkin nor Solomon John were able to be present, as the vessel was tossing in a most uncomfortable manner, and nothing but dinner could have kept the little boys at table. Solomon John knew that Agamemnon had not been in his own state-room during the passage, but he himself had seldom left it, and it had been always planned that Agamemnon should share that of a fellow-passenger.

However this might be, it would be best to leave Marseilles with the English party by the "P. & O." steamer. This was one of the English "Peninsular and Oriental" line, that left Marseilles for Alexandria, Egypt, and made a return trip directly to Southampton, England. Mr. Peterkin thought it might be advisable to take "go and return" tickets, coming back to Southampton, and Mrs. Peterkin liked the idea of no change of baggage, though she dreaded the longer voyage. Elizabeth Eliza approved of this return trip in the P. & O. steamer, and decided it would give a good opportunity to dispose of her canary-birds on her return.

The family therefore consoled themselves at Marseilles with the belief that Agamemnon would appear somehow. If not, Mr. Peterkin thought he

could telegraph him from Marseilles, if he only knew where to telegraph to. But at Marseilles there was great confusion at the Hôtel de Noailles, for the English party met other friends, who persuaded them to take route together by Brindisi. Elizabeth Eliza was anxious to continue with her new English friend, and Solomon John was delighted with the idea of passing through the whole length of Italy. But the sight of the long journey, as she saw it on the map in the guide-book, terrified Mrs. Peterkin. And Mr. Peterkin had taken their tickets for the Marseilles line. Elizabeth Eliza still dwelt upon the charm of crossing under the Alps, while this very idea alarmed Mrs. Peterkin.

On the last morning, the matter was still undecided. On leaving the hotel, it was necessary for the party to divide, and take two omnibuses. Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin reached the steamer at the moment of departure, and suddenly Mrs. Peterkin found they were leaving the shore. As they crossed the broad gangway to reach the deck, she had not noticed they had left the pier, indeed she had supposed that the steamer was one she saw out in the offing, and that they would be obliged to take a boat to reach it. She hurried from the group of travelers whom she had followed, to find Mr. Peterkin reading from his guide-book to the little boys an explanation that they were passing the "Chateau d'If," from which the celebrated historical character, the Count of Monte Cristo, had escaped by flinging himself into the sea.

"Where is Elizabeth Eliza? Where is Solomon John?" Mrs. Peterkin exclaimed, seizing Mr. Peterkin's arm. Where indeed? There was a pile of the hand baggage of the family, but not that of Elizabeth Eliza, not even the bird-cage. "It was on the top of the other omnibus," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. Yes, one of the little boys had seen it on the pavement of the court-yard of the hotel, and had carried it to the omnibus in which Elizabeth Eliza was sitting. He had seen her through the window.

"Where is that other omnibus?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, looking vaguely over the deck, as they were fast retreating from the shore. "Ask somebody what became of that other omnibus!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps they have gone with the English people," suggested Mr. Peterkin, but he went to the officers of the boat, and attempted to explain in French that one-half of his family had been left behind. He was relieved to find that the officers could understand his French, though they did not talk English. They declared, however, it was utterly impossible to turn back. They were already two minutes and a half behind time, on account of waiting for a party who had been very long in crossing the gangway.

Mr. Peterkin returned gloomily with the little boys to Mrs. Peterkin. "We can not go back," he said, "we must content ourselves with going on, but I conclude we can telegraph from Malta. We can send a message to Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John, telling them that they can take the next Marseilles P. & O. steamer in ten days, or that they can go back to Southampton for the next boat, which leaves at the end of this week. And Elizabeth Eliza may decide upon this," Mr. Peterkin concluded, "on account of passing so near the Canary Isles."

"She will be glad to be rid of the birds," said Mrs. Peterkin, calming herself.

These anxieties, however, were swallowed up in new trials. Mrs. Peterkin found that she must share her cabin (she found it was called "cabin," and not "state-room," which bothered her and made her feel like Robinson Crusoe)—her cabin she must share with some strange ladies, while Mr. Peterkin and the little boys were carried to another part of the ship. Mrs. Peterkin remonstrated, delighted to find that her English was understood though it was not listened to. It was explained to her that every family was divided in this way, and that she would meet Mr. Peterkin and the little boys at meal times in the large *salon*, on which all the cabins opened, and on deck, and she was obliged to content herself with this. Whenever they met their time was spent in concocting a form of telegram to send from Malta. It would be difficult to bring it into the required number of words, as it would be necessary to suggest three different plans to Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John. Besides the two they had already discussed, there was to be considered the possibility of their having joined the English party. But Mrs. Peterkin was sure they must have gone back first to the Hôtel de Noailles, to which they could address their telegram.

She found, meanwhile, the ladies in her cabin very kind and agreeable. They were mothers, returning to India, who had been home to England to leave their children, as they were afraid to expose them longer to the climate of India. Mrs. Peterkin could have sympathetic talks with them over their family photographs. Mrs. Peterkin's family book was, alas, in Elizabeth Eliza's hand-bag. It contained the family photographs, from early childhood upward, and was a large volume, representing the children at every age.

At Malta, as he supposed, Mr. Peterkin and the little boys landed, in order to send their telegram. Indeed all of the gentlemen among the passengers, and some of the ladies, gladly went on shore to visit the points of interest that could be seen in the time allotted. The steamer was to take in coal, and would not leave till early the next morning.

Mrs. Peterkin did not accompany them. She still had her fears about leaving the ship and returning to it, although it had been so quietly accomplished at Marseilles.

The party returned late at night, after Mrs. Peterkin had gone to her cabin. The next morning, she found the ship was in motion, but she did not find Mr. Peterkin and the little boys at the breakfast table as usual. She was told that the party who went on shore had all been to the opera and had returned at a late hour to the steamer, and would naturally be late at breakfast. Mrs. Peterkin went on deck to await them, and look for Malta as it seemed to retreat in the distance. But the day passed on and neither Mr. Peterkin, nor either of the little boys appeared! She tried to calm herself with the thought that they must need sleep, but all the rest of the passengers appeared, relating their different adventures. At last, she sent the steward to inquire for them. He came back with one of the officers of the boat, much disturbed, to say that they could not be found, they must have been left behind. There was great excitement, and deep interest expressed for Mrs. Peterkin. One of the officers was very surly, and declared he could not be responsible for the inanity of passengers. Another was more courteous. Mrs. Peterkin asked if they could not go back; if, at least, she could not be put back. He explained how this would be impossible, but that the company would telegraph when they reached Alexandria.

Mrs. Peterkin calmed herself as well as she could, though indeed she was bewildered by her position. She was to land in Alexandria alone, and the landing she was told would be especially difficult. The steamer would not be able to approach the shore, the passengers would go down the sides of the ship, and be lifted off the steps, by Arabs, into a Felucca (whatever that was) below. She shuddered at the prospect. It was darker than her gloomiest fancies had pictured. Would it not be better to remain in the ship; go back to Southampton; perhaps meet Elizabeth Eliza there; picking up Mr. Peterkin, at Malta, on the way? But at this moment she discovered that she was not on a "P. & O." steamer—it was a French steamer of the "Messagerie" line; they had stopped at Messina, and not at Malta. She could not go back to Southampton, so she was told by an English colonel on his way to India. He, indeed, was very courteous, and advised her to "go to an hotel" at Alexandria with some of the ladies, and send her telegrams from there. To whom, however, would she wish to send a telegram?

"Who is Mr. Peterkin's banker?" asked the colonel. Alas, Mrs. Peterkin did not know. He

had at first selected a banker in London, but had afterward changed his mind and talked of a banker in Paris, and she was not sure what was his final decision. She had known the name of the London banker, but had forgotten it; because she had written it down, and she never did remember the things she wrote down in her book. That was her old memorandum-book, and she had left it at home, because she had brought a new one for her travels. She was sorry now she had not kept the old book. This, however, was not of so much importance, as it did not contain the name of the Paris banker, and this she had never heard. "Elizabeth Eliza would know;" but how could she reach Elizabeth Eliza?

Some one asked if there were not some friend in America to whom she could appeal, if she did not object to using the ocean telegraph.

"There is a friend in America," said Mrs. Peterkin, "to whom we all of us do go for advice, and who always does help us. She lives in Philadelphia."

"Why not telegraph to her for advice?" asked her friends.

Mrs. Peterkin gladly agreed that it would be the best plan. The expense of the cablegram would be nothing in comparison with the assistance the answer would bring.

Her new friends then invited her to accompany them to their hotel in Alexandria, from which she could send her dispatch. The thought of thus being able to reach her hand across the sea, to the lady from Philadelphia, gave Mrs. Peterkin fresh courage,—courage even to make the landing. As she descended the side of the ship and was guided down the steps, she closed her eyes, that she might not see herself lifted into the many-oared boat by the wild-looking Arabs, of whom she had caught a glimpse from above. But she could not close her ears, and as they approached the shore, strange sounds almost deafened her. She closed her eyes again, as she was lifted from the boat, and heard the wild yells and shrieks around her. There was a clashing of brass, a jingling of bells, and the screams grew more and more terrific. If she did open her eyes, she saw wild figures gesticulating, dark faces, gay costumes, crowds of men and boys, donkeys, horses, even camels in the distance. She closed her eyes once more as she was again lifted. Should she now find herself on the back of one of those high camels? Perhaps for this she came to Egypt. But when she looked round again, she found she was leaning back in a comfortable open carriage, with a bottle of salts at her nose. She was in the midst of a strange whirl of excitement; but all the party were bewildered, and she had scarcely recovered her composure when they reached the hotel.

Here, a comfortable meal and rest somewhat restored them. By the next day, a messenger from the boat brought her the return telegram from Messina. Mr. Peterkin and family, left behind by the "Messagerie" steamer, had embarked the next day by steamer, probably for Naples.

More anxious than ever was Mrs. Peterkin to send her dispatch. It was too late the day of their arrival, but at an early hour next day it was sent, and after a day had elapsed, the answer came :

"All meet at The Sphinx."

Everything now seemed plain. The words were few, but clear. Her English friends were going directly to Cairo, and she accompanied them.

After reaching Cairo, the whole party were obliged to rest a while. They would indeed go with Mrs. Peterkin on her first visit to the Sphinx; as to see the Sphinx and ascend the Pyramid formed part of their programme. But many delays occurred to detain them, and Mrs. Peterkin had resolved to carry out completely the advice of the telegram. She would sit every day before the Sphinx. She found, that, as yet, there was no hotel exactly in front of the Sphinx, nor indeed on that side of the river, and she would be obliged to make the excursion of nine miles there and nine miles back, each day. But there would always be a party of travellers whom she could accompany. Each day, she grew more and more accustomed to the bewildering sights and sounds about her, and more and more willing to intrust herself to the dark-colored guides. At last, chafing at so many delays, she decided to make the expedition without her new friends. She had made some experiments in riding upon a donkey, and found she was seldom thrown, and could not be hurt by the slight fall.

And so, one day, Mrs. Peterkin sat alone in front of the Sphinx,—alone, as far as her own family and friends were concerned, and yet not alone indeed. A large crowd of guides sat around this strange lady who proposed to spend the day in front of the Sphinx. Clad in long white robes, and white turbans crowning their dark faces, they gazed into her

eyes with something of the questioning expression with which she herself was looking into the eyes of the Sphinx.

There were other travelers wandering about. Just now, her own party had collected to eat their lunch together, but they were scattered again, and she sat with a circle of Arabs about her, the watchful dragoman lingering near.

Somehow, the Eastern languor must have stolen upon her, or she could not have sat so calmly, not knowing where a single member of her family was at that moment. And she had dreaded Egypt so; had feared separation; had even been a little afraid of the Sphinx, upon which she was now looking as at a protecting angel. But they all were to meet at the Sphinx!

If only she could have seen where the different members of the family were, at that moment, she could not have sat so quietly. She little knew that a tall form, not far away (following some guides down into the lower halls of a lately excavated temple), with a blue veil wrapped about a face shielded with smoke-colored spectacles, was that of Elizabeth Eliza, herself, from whom she had been separated two weeks before.

She little knew that at this moment, Solomon John was standing, looking over the edge of the Matterhorn, wishing he had not come up so high. But such a gay, young party had set off that morning from the hotel that he had supposed it an easy thing to join them, and now he would fain go back, but was tied to the rest of his party with their guide preceding them, and he must keep on and crawl up behind them, still further, on hands and knees.

Aganemnon was at Mycenæ, looking down into an open pit.

Two of the little boys were roasting eggs in the crater of Mt. Vesuvius.

And she would have seen Mr. Peterkin, comfortably reclining in a gondola, with one of the little boys, in front of the palaces of Venice.

But none of this she saw, she only looked into the eyes of the Sphinx.



THE PUNJAUBS OF SIAM.

BY MRS. S. C. STONE.

"Toot, toot!" puffed Mrs. Punjaub,
 Loud trumpeting with fear,
 "I do believe what they call '*men*'
 Have been invading here!
 And that they've spun their railroad,—
 There's so much talk about,—
 Right through our quiet jungle
 I have n't, now, a doubt!"

Thus spake a lady elephant
 In her own far Siam;
 But Mr. Punjaub bore the news
 Just like a ponderous lamb.

Till, one day, through their solitudes
 There pierced a dreadful screech!
 When, Mrs. Punjaub, fainting, caught
 The nearest branch in reach!

Right down upon their silent haunts
 There tore a shrieking train;
 At which it seemed Punjaub, himself,
 Would never breathe again!
 One moment thus he quailed, and then
 On that fast-flying train
 He strove to turn; but it had passed,
 And all was still again.



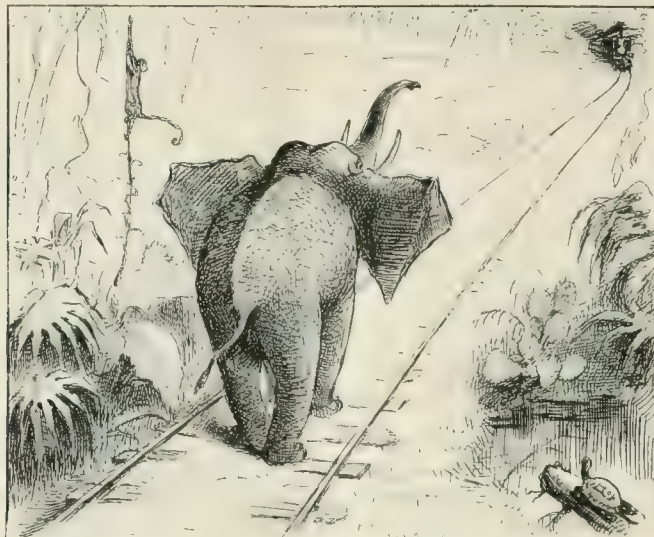
He laid his ears back lightly
 As though he hardly heard,
 And took a second bite of tree
 Before he spoke a word.

"These so-called men are pigmies!
 Pray, what can creatures do
 Who have no tusks, nor even trunks,
 Who're so inferior, too?
 Once let them show their faces here—
 I'll scatter them like chaff!"
 And then he smiled a lordly smile;
 She laughed a wifely laugh.

They really quite enjoyed their fun,
 So pleasant 't is to feel
 Superior to some weaker sort,
 And turn upon one's heel!

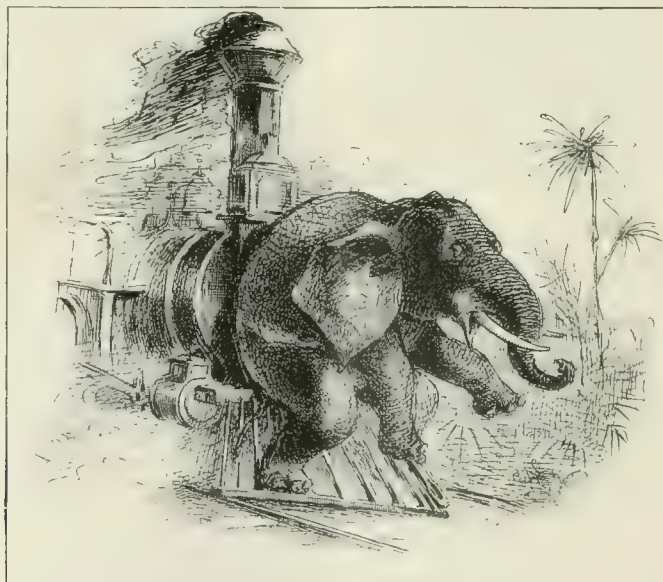
The Punjaubs caught each other's eyes:
 They winked, but did not speak;
 Since Punjaub hardly would have told
 His knees felt rather weak.
 Though what to say they did not know,
 Just what to do they did:
 With one accord they galloped off
 And straightway went and hid.

But Punjaub soon began to scold
 And tear around and fret,
 Declare he'd never been afraid
 Of any humbug, yet!
 So, when that same invading train
 Came slowly shrieking back,
 Old Punjaub thundered boldly down
 To storm along the track.



Nor would he leave the gleaming lines,—
 He roared: "This wild is mine!
 And I shall go, or I shall stay,
 Whichever I incline!"

And, as the train rolled pointing on
 Straight towards big Punjaub's legs,
 The cow-catcher soon tossed his weight
 Quite off those useful pegs.



So pigmy man turned on his steam
 And laughed with sly aside:
 "If that's your tune, old Juggernaut,
 We'll treat you to a ride!"

Perhaps things wore an aspect new
 As, crouching like a dog,
 The startled beast was whirled away
 At quite a lightning jog.

Unwilling though he were to ride,
 He dared not drop his feet,
 And so he did the next best thing,—
 He humbly kept his seat.
 But when the playful man was tired,
 And gave him half a chance,
 Bewildered Punjaub found his feet
 And fled with frantic prance.



And, as he went, with baffled rage
 He pulled up mighty trees,
 That so he might somehow secure
 His injured spirit's ease.
 Great Punjaub never rode again;—
 The sun had scarcely set
 Ere he had nailed a ticket up:—
 "This *Jungle* is To Let."

HASSAN'S WATER MELON—A TURKISH STORY.

BY DAVID KER.

THERE are few pleasanter places in the world than the hills of Western Anatolia, and the dainty little white villages that look down upon the bright blue waters of the Bosphorus form a maze of clustering vineyards and sunny melon-patches. Any one who is not afraid of heat or stinging-flies may spend a month there pleasantly enough; but three hundred and fifty years ago, when Turkey was strong enough to scare all Western Europe, and Russia had still the whole breadth of Tartary between her and the Black Sea, it was a very different matter.

Then, all these shady gardens and green hill-sides were one great mass of savage forest, through which fierce beasts and fiercer men roamed at will. The town of Brusa—where you can now live in a snug, little hotel, and ride out into the country whenever you please—shut and barred its gates, in those days, the moment the glow of sunset began to fade from the great, white dome of Mount Olympus overhead. At night, the howl of the Syrian wolves could be heard close under the walls and robbers haunted every road.

But there was *one* man who seemed to fear neither wolf nor robber, cultivating his little garden on the slope of the mountain, and trudging into the town to sell his fruit, as coolly as if he had been in the heart of Constantinople. Many people told him that he would certainly be robbed or eaten up some day; but Hassan, like a sturdy old Turk as he was, only answered that no man can avoid his destiny, and went on just the same as before, raising and selling his fruit, and providing

food for himself and his little girl, the only other inhabitant of the clay hovel, and jogged along, altogether, contentedly enough.

Now it happened that one day he had in his garden a fine melon, so much bigger than all the rest that he made up his mind not to sell it, but to keep it as a birthday treat for his little Fatima.

Old Hassan was sitting watching it, one hot afternoon, as he smoked his long pipe in the shade, and listened to the tinkle of the tiny stream that kept his little plot alive, when suddenly the garden door opened, and in came three men, with guns on their shoulders and long spears in their hands.

Hassan's first thought was that the robbers were upon him at last; but one glance showed him that the new-comers, roughly-dressed and dusty though they were, did not look in the least like brigands. Two of them were fine-looking men of middle age, whose long, dark beards were just beginning to turn gray. The third was a tall, handsome young man with large, black eyes, who came forward and said courteously:

"Peace be with thee, father. We have been hunting on the mountain and have lost our way; tell me, I pray you, how far it is to Brusa."

"It lies right before you," answered Hassan, rising at once to receive them, like a hospitable old fellow as he was; "and when you have rested awhile, I will gladly guide you thither. But first, I pray you, sit down and repose yourselves, and take of such food as I can offer."

"That will we do gladly, for we have fasted since sunrise," said the youth, seating himself:

"and we shall be well served with some bread and a slice of yon melon; a finer I have never seen!"

This was more than poor Hassan had bargained for, and he looked ruefully at the splendid fruit, his little daughter's promised treat. But it was not in his nature to deny anything to a tired and hungry guest, and in a trice the cherished melon was vanishing piece by piece down the strangers' throats, while Hassan stood by with a gallant attempt at a smile.

But little Fatima did not take the matter so quietly by any means. When she saw her father pluck up the fruit, she was too much confounded to say any thing; but the sight of it being devoured before her very eyes was too much for her self-command, which broke down in a burst of sobs and tears.

"Ha! what means this?" asked the youngest hunter, looking up from his meal. Hassan tried to avoid an explanation, but there was something in the young huntsman's look and tone not easy to resist, and at last the whole truth came out.

"And thou hast given thy child's chosen fruit rather than seem inhospitable?" cried the guest admiringly. "Would to Heaven all men followed the Prophet's teaching like thee! then should I have a quieter life of it. How say ye, friends? What doth this man deserve?"

But before his comrades could answer, the garden gate flew open again, and the whole place was filled with richly-dressed men, who threw them-

selves at the young stranger's feet, crying: "God be praised, we have found the Commander of the Faithful, safe and sound!"

"Purse-bearer," said the huntsman, pointing to Hassan, who stood petrified at the discovery that his strange guest was no other than the Sultan himself, "give this man a hundred zecchins, to show him that Solymen leaves no good deed unrequited. And, as for thee, little one," he added, hanging around Fatima's neck the gold chain that fastened his girdle, "let this comfort thee for the loss of thy melon. Had I a daughter like thee, my palace would not seem so lonely."

And away he swept toward Brusa with his retinue.

Now when the Governor of Brusa, a mean, greedy fellow, heard of Hassan's luck, he at once picked out the finest horse in his stables, and away he went post-haste to present it to the Sultan, expecting to get something very good in return.

"Thou hast deserved a good reward, my servant," said the Sultan, with a twinkling eye; for he saw through the man in a moment. "Yesterday, I paid a hundred gold pieces for this melon; I give thee the goodly fruit in exchange for thy horse!"

You may fancy how the Governor looked, and what a hard time of it his household had that night, though he took good care to tell no one *what* had made him so angry. But the story got abroad, nevertheless, and for years afterward, "Hassan's melon" was a proverb throughout the whole district.

SEA BABY-HOUSES.

BY MRS. H. M. MILLER.

YOU would n't think it, but the queer things shown on the next page are merely baby-houses, as they are cast up on the sea-shore after the youngsters who lived in them have started out in life for themselves.

The long one, curving through the middle, which looks like a string of empty seed-pods, was once the home of a whole family. Inside each of these low, round rooms, on a soft bed like the white of an egg, reposed several baby Pyrulas, about as big as grains of rice. There, they lived and grew, shut up closely from the salt water till they reached the proper age, when a tiny, round door in the front opened, and out they all went into the sea.

Like many little fellows who live in the water, each baby Pyrula carries his own house on his back. It is made of shell, and of course is very

small at first, but it grows to be six or seven inches long before he can be called grown up. The shell is like a snail's shell drawn out longer at one end into a canal, which makes it the shape of a pear, and gives it the name Pyrula, which means a little pear, though our grandfathers thought it more like a fig, and named it The Tower-of-Babel Fig-shell.

The Pyrula lives on our coast, and the empty baby-houses—sometimes in a string a yard long—are washed up by the waves, and called by sea-side visitors "vegetable rattlesnake."

A grown-up Pyrula is a queer-looking fellow as he walks about looking for fresh meat for breakfast. His house is built over his back, as a lady holds her parasol when the sun is behind her; his head, with its feelers, or tentacles, and its pair of

black eyes stuck out in front to see the way; his foot dragging behind like a trailing dress and carefully supporting the door of his house.

His foot trailing! Strange as it sounds, it is quite true. He has but one foot, though it is big enough for a dozen, as we regard feet. On this one foot he not only creeps around in the world wherever he wishes to go, but leaves enough dragging on behind to safely carry the door, as I said. Big as the foot is, too, he can draw it completely inside his house and close the door, which is a thin, oval-shaped affair just fitting the opening; and then you might mistake it for an empty shell tossed up by the waves.

I should like to tell you the name by which you might hunt him up in the big books; but alas! he has had so many names that he's as horrid to find as though he had none. He's a *Mollusc*, because his body is soft, and a *Cephalous mollusc*, because he has a head, which not every body does have in the sea. He's a *Univalve*, because he has but one shell, and a *Gastropod*, because of his wide, flat foot, and he is *Canaliculated*, because of his long canal.

That's not all; from his spindle shape he has been called *Fusus*, and from his resemblance to a pear, *Pyrula*. One names him *Murex*, because he lives on the rocks, and another, *Bousycon*, for some other reason. The last name up to 1875 is *Sycoteus*, according to Professor Morse.

On the whole, until the scientists settle this matter definitely, we may as well call him *Pyrula*, as did our fathers before us.

A cousin of his, the Whelk.

prepares a droll little cluster of baby-houses which look like the ends of

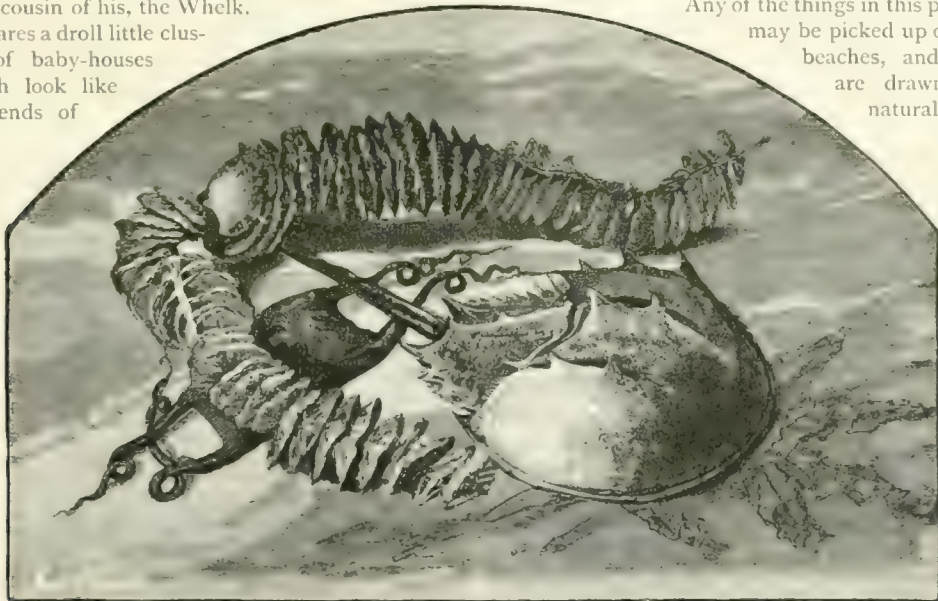
an ear of corn; and on the coast of Maine, it is called Sea-corn, and a hundred years ago, it had the name of Sea Wash-balls, being used by sailors for soap.

Each little ball or bag of the cluster is the home of several baby Whelks, whose life in the sea is much like that of the *Pyrula*. The Whelk, too, likes fresh meat for breakfast, and he gets it by boring a hole through the shell of some tender scollop, or other peaceful creature, and dragging the owner out, to eat. The weapon with which he thus breaks into his neighbor's house is his tongue, which is a sort of ribbon armed with hundreds of sharp teeth.

The square-looking object with a handle at each corner, was the nursery of the baby Skate. You who visit the sea-shore have doubtless often seen them in a tangle of coarse sea-weed on the beach. The Skate baby had this snug room to himself; for he is much bigger than the *Pyrula*, and when he made his way out into the world he was a round, flat fish exactly like his mother, only, of course, not so large. The empty case is black and leathery, not at all like the yellowish baby-houses of the Whelk family.

The thorny empty home in the foreground, with its long, sharp tail running out below, belongs to a young Horse-shoe Crab who grew too big for it, and so simply went out at the front door, and left it to be washed up on the beach. He is an interesting little fellow, and you have already been told some of his queer ways in the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS (page 262).

Any of the things in this picture may be picked up on our beaches, and they are drawn the natural size.





THE SWEET, RED ROSE.

By Joel Stacy.

"Good-morrow, little rose-bush,
Now prythee tell me true.
To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose
What must a body do?"

"To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose
A little girl like you
Just grows and grows and grows
and grows—
And that's what she must do."

STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

STORY THE FOURTH.*

HOW SIEGFRIED RETURNED TO ISENSTEIN.

SIEGFRIED staid but a twelvemonth in the Nibelungen Land. A feeling of unrest came over him again, and urged him on to seek new fields of danger and adventure. And he bade farewell to his Nibelungen vassals, who wept as his shining face departed from them. And he rode away through the dark pine-forests and over the bleak mountains, toward the Rhine country. Of whom he met, and of what he did, and through what lands he fared, I will not now stop to speak. But, at last, he reached Burgundy Land, where he became the honored guest of King Gunther, at his castle of Worms upon the Rhine.

Right glad was the Burgundian king to welcome the wandering hero to his castle; and,

although the winter season had not yet passed, a festival of rejoicing was held in Siegfried's honor. And the noblest warriors and the fairest ladies of Burgundy were there; and mirth and jollity ruled the day. In the midst of the festivities, an old man, of noble mien, and with snow-white beard and hair, came into the great hall, and sang for the gay company. And some whispered that he was Bragi, the sweet musician, who lives with the song-birds and beside the babbling brooks and the leaping waterfalls.

But he sang not of spring, as the sweet Bragi does, nor yet of youth, nor of beauty. His song was a sorrowful one,—of dying flowers and falling leaves and the wailing winds of autumn; of forgotten joys, of blasted hopes, of a crushed ambition; of gray hairs, of tottering footsteps, of old age, of a lonely grave. And, as he sang, all were moved to tears by the mournful melody and the sad, sad words. Then Siegfried said to him:

* The third story of this series appeared in ST NICHOLAS for May.

"Good friend, thy music agrees not well with this time and place; for where nothing but mirth and joy are welcome, thou hast brought sorrowful thoughts and gloomy forebodings. Come now, undo the harm that thou hast done, and sing us a song which shall tell only of gladness and good cheer."

The old man shook his head, and answered: "Were I Bragi, as some think I am, or even a strolling harper, I might do as you ask. But I am neither, and I know no gladsome songs. I come as a herald from a far-off land; and I bear a message to King Gunther, of Burgundy Land, which, by his leave, I will now deliver."

"Let the herald-bard say on," said the king, graciously.

"Far over the tossing sea," said the herald, "many days' sail from Norway's coast, there lies a dreamy land called Isenland; and in its center stands a glorious castle with six and eighty towers built of purest marble, green as grass. Here lives the matchless Brunhild, the maiden of the spring-time and the fairest of all earth's daughters. Long ago, she was one of Odin's Valkyrien; and, with other heavenly maids, it was her duty to follow, unseen, in the wake of armies, and, when they engaged in battle, to hover over the field, and with kisses to waken the dead heroes and lead their souls away to Odin's glad banquet-hall. But, upon a day, Brunhild failed to do the bidding of Odin; and then the All-Father, in anger, sent her to live among men, and, like them, to be short-lived and subject to old age and death. But the childless old king of Isenland took pity on the friendless maiden, and called her his daughter, and made her his heir. This caused Odin's anger to grow still more bitter, and he sent the thorn of sleep to wound the princess. And lo! a wondrous change came over Isenland; sleep seized on every creature, and silence reigned in the halls of the marble palace. And Odin said: 'Thus shall they all sleep until the hero comes who will ride through fire, and awaken Brunhild with a kiss.'"

"At last, after many years, the hero came. He passed the fiery barrier, safe; he woke the slumbering maiden; and all the castle sprang suddenly into life again. And Brunhild, once more, is known as the most glorious princess on the earth."

"But her beauty is not her only dowry; the greatness of her strength is even more wonderful, and a true warrior-queen she is. And she has sent heralds into every land to challenge every noble prince to match his skill with hers in three games of strength,—in casting the spear, in hurling the heavy stone, and in jumping."

The one who can equal her in these three feats she declares shall be King of Isenland, and share

with her the throne of Isenstein; for the old king, her foster-father, is dead. But every one who fails in the contest shall lose his head. Many have already risked their lives in this adventure, and all have fallen sacrifices to the odd whim of the warrior-queen.

"And now, King Gunther, the challenge is delivered to you. What answer shall I carry to the queen?"

Gunther answered, hastily:

"When the spring-time comes again, and the waters in the river are unlocked, I shall go to Isenland, and accept the challenge, and match my skill with that of the fair and mighty Brunhild."

Siegfried, when he heard these words, seemed to be uneasy, and he whispered to the king:

"Think twice, friend Gunther, ere you take any steps in this matter. You do not know the strength of this mighty, but lovely, warrior-maiden. Were your strength four times what it is, you could not hope to excel her in those feats. Give up this plan, I pray you. Think no more of such an undertaking, for it surely will cost you your life."

But these warnings only made Gunther the more determined, and he vowed that nothing should keep him back from the adventure. Then the dark-browed Hagen, Gunther's uncle and counselor, having overheard the whispered words, said:

"Our friend Siegfried seems to know much about Isenland and the fair Brunhild. And, indeed, if there is any truth in hearsay, he has had the best of means for learning. Now, if our good king Gunther has set his mind on going upon this dangerous voyage, mayhap Siegfried would be willing to bear him company?"

Gunther was pleased, and he said to Siegfried:

"My best of friends, go with me to Isenland and help me in this adventure. If we do well in our undertaking, ask of me any reward you wish, and I will give it you, as far as lies in my power."

"You know, most noble Gunther," answered Siegfried, "that, for myself, I have no fear; and yet, again, I would warn you to shun the unknown dangers with which this enterprise is fraught. But if, after all, your heart is set upon going, make ready to start as soon as the warm winds shall have melted the ice from the river. I promise to go with you."

The king grasped Siegfried's hand, and thanked him heartily. "We must build a fleet," said he. "A thousand warriors shall go with us, and we will land in Isenland with a retinue such as no other prince has led. A number of stanch sailing vessels shall be built at once, and, in the early spring, they shall be launched upon the Rhine."

Siegfried was amused at Gunther's earnestness, and he answered: "Make no thought of taking

such a following. You would waste twelve months in building and victualing such a fleet; you would take from Burgundy its only safeguard against foes from without; and when you should reach Isenland you would find such a force to be altogether useless. Take my advice: have one small vessel built and rigged and victualed for the long and dangerous voyage; and, when the time shall come, you and I and your faithful kinsmen, Hagen and Dankwart—we four only—will undertake the voyage and the bold emprise you have fixed upon.”

Gunther knew that Siegfried's judgment in this matter was better than his own, and he agreed to all the plans that Siegfried put forward.

When the winter months began to wane, many hands were busy, making ready for the voyage. King Gunther's sister, the peerless Kriemhild, called together thirty of her maidens, the most skillful seamstresses in Burgundy Land, and began the making of rich clothing for her brother and his friends. With her own fair hand she cut out garments from the rarest stuffs—the silky skins brought from the sunny lands of Lybia; the rich cloth of Zazemang, green as clover; the silk that traders bring from Araby, white as the drifted snow. For seven weeks, the clever maidens and their gentle mistress plied their busy needles, and twelve suits of wondrous beauty they made for each of the four heroes. And the princely garments were covered with fine needlework and with curious devices, all studded with rare and costly jewels, and all was wrought with threads of gold.

Many carpenters and sailors were busy with axes and hammers and flaming forges, working day and night to make ready a ship, new and stanch, to carry the adventurers over the sea. And great store of food and all things needful to their safety or comfort were brought together and put on board.

Neither were the heroes themselves idle. For, when not busy in giving directions to the workmen, or in overseeing the preparations that were elsewhere going on, they spent their time in polishing their armor, now long unused, in looking after their weapons, or in providing for the management of their business while away. And Siegfried forgot not his trusty sword Balmung, nor his cloak of darkness, the priceless Tarnkappe, which he had captured from the dwarf Alberich in the Nibelungen Land.

Then the twelve suits of garments, which fair fingers had wrought, were brought. And when the men tried them on, so perfect was the fit, so rare was every piece in richness and beauty, that the wearers were amazed, and all declared that such dazzling raiment had never before been seen.

At length, the spring had fairly vanquished all the forces of the cold North-land. The warm

breezes had melted the snow and ice and unlocked the river, and the time had come for Gunther and his comrades to embark. The little ship, well victualed, and made stanch and stout in every part, had been launched upon the Rhine, and she waited, with flying streamers and impatient sails, the coming of her crew. Down the sands at length they came, riding upon their noble steeds, and behind them followed a train of vassals bearing their kingly garments and their broad, gold-red shields. And on the banks stood all the noble lords and ladies of Worms—King Gunther's brothers, Gernot and the young Giselher, and the queen-mother Ute, and the peerless Kriemhild, and great numbers of warriors and fair dames and damsels. And the heroes bade farewell to their weeping friends, and went upon the waiting vessel, taking their steeds with them. And Siegfried seized an oar and pushed the bark off from the shore.

“I, myself, will be the steersman, for I know the way,” he said.

And the sails were unfurled to the brisk south wind, and the vessel sped on its way; and many fair eyes were filled with tears as they watched it, until it could be seen no more. And with sighs and gloomy forebodings the good people of Worms went back to their homes, and but few hoped ever again to see their king and his brave companions.

Driven by favorable winds, the trusty little vessel sailed gayly down the Rhine, and, ere many days had passed, it was out in the boundless sea. For a long time the heroes sailed and rowed, but they kept good cheer, and their hearts rose higher and higher, for each day they drew nearer the end of their voyage and, as they hoped, the successful termination of their undertaking. At length, they came in sight of a far-reaching coast and a lovely land; and a noble fortress, with high towers, stood not far from the shore.

“What land is that?” asked the king.

Siegfried answered that this was Isenland, and that the fortress which they saw was the castle of Isenstein and the green marble hall of the Princess Brunhild. But he warned his friends to be very wary when they should arrive at the hall.

“Let all tell this story,” said he; “say that Gunther is the king, and that I am his faithful vassal. The success of our undertaking depends on this.” And his three comrades promised to do as he advised.

As the vessel neared the shore, the whole castle seemed to be alive. From every tower and turret window, from every door and balcony, lords and ladies, soldiers and serving-men, looked out to see what strangers these were who came thus unheralded to Isenland. The heroes went on shore with their steeds, leaving the vessel moored to the bank;

and then they rode slowly up the beach and across the narrow plain, and came to the draw-bridge and the great gateway, where they paused.

The matchless Brunhild in her chamber had been told of the coming of the strangers, and she asked the maidens who stood around:

"Who, think you, are the unknown warriors who thus come boldly to Isenstein? What is their bearing? Do they seem to be worthy of our notice, or are they some straggling beggars who have lost their way?"

And one of the maidens answered:

"The first is a king, I know, from his noble mien and the respect which his followers pay him. But the second bears himself with a prouder grace and seems the noblest of them all. He reminds me much of the brave young Siegfried of former days. Indeed, it must be Siegfried, for he rides a steed with sun-beam mane, which can be none other than Greyfell. The third is a dark and gloomy man; he wears a frown upon his brow and his eyes shoot quick glances around; nervously he grasps his sword-hilt as if ready for surprise. I think his temper must be grim and fiery, and his heart a heart of flint. The fourth is young and fair and of gentle mien. Little business has he with rude warriors; and many tears, methinks, would be shed for him at home should harm overtake him. Never before has so noble a company come to Isenland. Their garments are of dazzling luster; their saddles are covered with jewels; their weapons are of unequalled brightness. Surely, they are worthy of your notice."

When Brunhild heard that Siegfried was one of the company, she was highly pleased, and she hastened to make ready to meet them in the great audience hall. And she sent ten worthy lords to open the gate and to welcome the four heroes to Isenstein.

When Siegfried and his comrades passed through the great gateway and came into the castle yard, their horses were led away to the stables, and their clanging armor and broad shields and swords were placed in the castle armory. Little heed was paid to Hagen's surly complaints at thus having every means of defense taken away. He was told that such had always been the rule at Isenstein, and that he, like others, must submit.

After a short delay, the heroes were shown into the great hall where the matchless Brunhild already was awaiting them. Clad in richest raiment, from every fold of which rare jewels gleamed, and wearing a coronet of pearls and gold, the warrior-maiden sat upon the dais. Five hundred warriors, the bravest in Isenland, stood around her with drawn swords and fierce, determined looks. Surely men of mettle less heroic than that of the four

knights from Rhineland would have quaked with fear in such a presence. King Gunther and his comrades went forward to salute the queen. With a winning smile, she kindly greeted them, and said to Siegfried:

"Gladly do we welcome you back to Isenland, friend Siegfried. We have ever remembered you as our best friend. May we ask what is your will, and who are these warriors whom you bring with you?"

"Most noble queen," answered he, "right thankful am I that you have not forgotten me, and that you should deign to notice me while in the presence of this, my liege lord," and he pointed toward King Gunther. "The king of all Burgundy Land, whose humble vassal I am, has heard the challenge you have sent throughout the world, and he has come to match his strength and skill with yours."

"Does he know the conditions of the trial?" asked Brunhild.

"He does," answered Siegfried. "In case of success, a queen, and the throne of Isenstein; in case of failure, death."

"Just so," said Brunhild. "Yet scores of worthy princes have made trial, and all have failed. I warn your liege lord to pause and weigh well the chances ere he runs so great a risk!"

Then Gunther stepped forward and spoke:

"The chances, fairest queen, have all been weighed, and nothing can change our mind. Make your own terms, arrange everything as pleases you best; we accept the challenge, and ask to make trial of our strength."

The maiden, without more words, bade her vassals help her to make ready at once for the contest. She donned a coat of mail, brought long ago from the far-off Lybian shores, an armor which it was said, no sword could dint and upon which the heaviest stroke of spear fell harmless. Her helmet was edged with golden lace, and sparkled all over with precious jewels. Her lance, of wondrous length, was brought, a heavy weight for three stout men. Her shield was as broad and as bright as the sun, and three spans thick with steel and gold.

While the princess was thus arming herself, the heroes looked on with amazement and fear. But Siegfried, unnoticed, hastened quietly out of the hall and through the castle gate, and sped like the wind to their ship, which was moored to the shore. There, he arrayed himself in the Tarnkappe, and then, silent and unseen, he ran back to his friends in the great hall.

"Be of good cheer!" he whispered in the ears of the trembling Gunther.

The king could not see who it was that spoke

to him,—so well was Siegfried hidden by the cloak of darkness. Yet he knew that it must be Siegfried, and he felt greatly encouraged.

Hagen's frowning face grew darker, and the uneasy glances which shot from beneath his shaggy eyebrows were not those of fear, but of anger and anxiety. Dankwart gave up all as lost, and loudly bewailed their folly.

"Must we, unarmed, stand still and see our liege lord slain for a woman's whim?" he cried. "Had we only our good swords, we might defy this queen and all her Isenland!"

Brunhild overheard his words. Scornfully, she called to her vassals: "Bring to these boasting knights their armor, and let them have their keen-edged swords. Brunhild has no fear of such men, whether they be armed or unarmed."

When Hagen and Dankwart felt their limbs again enclosed in steel, and when they held their trusty swords in hand, their uneasiness vanished and hope returned.

In the castle yard a space was cleared; and Brunhild's five hundred warriors stood around as umpires. The unseen Siegfried kept close by Gunther's side.

"Fear not," he said. "Do my bidding, and you are safe. Let me take your shield. When the time comes, make you the movements, and trust me to do the work."

Then Brunhild hurled her spear at Gunther's shield. The mighty weapon sped through the air with the swiftness of lightning, and when it struck the shield, both Gunther and the unseen Siegfried fell to the ground, borne down by its weight and the force with which the spear had been thrown. Sad would have been their fate if the friendly Tarnkappe had not hidden Siegfried from sight and given him the strength of twelve giants. Quickly they rose, and Gunther seemed to pick up the heavy shaft. But it was really Siegfried who raised it from the ground. For one moment, he poised the great beam in the air, and then, turning the blunt end foremost, he sent it flying back more swiftly than it had come. It struck the huge shield which Brunhild held before her, with a sound that echoed to the farthest cliffs of Isenland. The warrior-maiden was dashed to the earth; but, rising at once, she cried:

"That was a noble blow, Sir Gunther! I confess myself fairly outdone. But there are two chances yet, and you will do well if you equal me in them. We will now try hurling the stone and jumping."

Twelve men came forward, carrying a huge rough stone, in weight a ton or more. And Brunhild raised this mass of rock in her white arms and held it high above her head; then she swung it

backward once, and threw it a dozen fathoms across the castle yard. Scarcely had it reached the ground, when the mighty maiden leaped after, and landed just beside it. And the thousand lookers-on shouted in admiration. But old Hagen bit his unshorn lip and cursed the day that had brought them to Isenland.

Gunther and the unseen Siegfried, not at all disheartened, picked up the heavy stone which was half buried in the ground, and lifting it with seeming ease, threw it swiftly forward. Not twelve, but twenty fathoms it flew; and Siegfried, snatching up Gunther in his arms, leaped after, and landed close to the castle wall. And Brunhild believed that Gunther alone had done these great feats, through his own strength and skill, and she at once acknowledged herself beaten in the games; and she bade her vassals do homage to Gunther as their rightful lord and king.

The unseen Siegfried ran quickly back to the little ship, and hastily doffed the magic Tarnkappe. Then, in his own proper person, he returned to the castle, and leisurely entered the castle yard. When he met his pleased comrades and the vanquished maiden-queen, he asked in careless tones when the games would begin. All who heard his question laughed, and Brunhild said:

"Surely, Sir Siegfried, the old sleep-thorn of Isenstein has been holding you in your ship. The games are over, and your lord, King Gunther, is the winner."

At this, Siegfried seemed much delighted—as, indeed, he was. And all went together to the great banquet-hall, where a rich feast was served to the Rhineland heroes and to the brave knights of Isenland.

Here the jarl's story ended. The children would have been glad to hear more, but they knew that it would be useless to ask. After a short pause, Rollo ventured to say:

"But you have not yet told us what became of the treasure that was buried in the cave. I should really like to know if it still lies hidden there; for if that be so, I mean, as soon as I am a man and have a ship of my own, to go and get it."

"The treasure is not in the cavern," answered the jarl, willing to satisfy the lad's curiosity. "As the dwarf Andvari had foretold, it proved to be the bane of all who claimed its ownership, and of Siegfried among the rest. Gunther and his three hero comrades soon returned to Rhineland, and Brunhild went with them as Gunther's wife. But Hagen grew jealous of Siegfried's influence over the king, and he longed to seize, for himself, the Nibe-



THE GODS AND GIANTS OF THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

lungen hoard. And so, one day, while hunting in the forest, he treacherously slew the noble prince. The great Nibelungen hoard was then taken to Rhineland, and Hagen caused it to be thrown into the deepest part of the Rhine river, and no man nor elf has ever been able to recover it."

Jarl Ronvald's fair wife Gudrun, who until now had been a silent listener, here looked up and said:

"The story of Siegfried reminds me, somewhat, of the old, old story of Balder, which you all have

heard so often and yet seem to be never tired of listening to, over and over again."

"Tell it to us again, mother!" cried her children, eagerly.

The good lady readily agreed to repeat the old story, which had been heard at that fireside every Yule-tide eve for many years. And when the servants had brought fresh fuel and thrown it upon the fire, and when the flames roared loudly up the chimney, and the old hall was brightly lighted even to the farthest corner, she began.

(To be continued.)



THE SONG OF THE SWING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE M. HARRIS.

CLIMB into my lap, little girl, little
girl,
Since you wistfully-gazing stand;
Climb into my lap of gray old
pine,—
Lay hold of my hempen hand.

A wonderful trip, little girl, lit-
tle girl,
We will take in a wonderful way,
From the wonderful earth toward the wonderful
skies
On this wonderful summer's day.

Softly, and slowly, at first, we 'll stir,
As the shy, wild creatures pass,
Scarce bending the tops of the clover blooms,
Or moving the feathery grass.

Then up—up—up—where the blossom-clouds
Shut close 'round the robin's nest.
Peep quick! Can you see the deep blue eggs
She hides 'neath her soft, warm breast?

Now you can tell why the bobolink
When from meadow-grass he springs,
Carols with joy as he feels the air
Pass under his outspread wings!

Ah, down down down with a sinking
swoop
That makes your heart stand still!
Look up—at the arching apple-boughs!
And out—at the distant hill!



It may be, the trout with the self-same sigh
Drops down to the depths of the pool,
Leaving the sun-bright ripples above
For the shadows safe and cool.

A bird or a fish or a butterfly,
Or a bee in a bed of thyme—
You shall know all their joys, little girl, little girl,
If into my lap you 'll climb!

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY MRS. P. L. COLLINS.

PROBABLY many of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS, who are also readers of Sir Walter Scott's famous romances, would like to hear of a visit which I made a few years ago to the home of that great writer. As some of you may know, it is a fine and lordly mansion, surrounded by a beautiful country, and situated on a bank of the river Tweed, near Melrose Abbey, some thirty miles south-east of Edinburgh, Scotland.

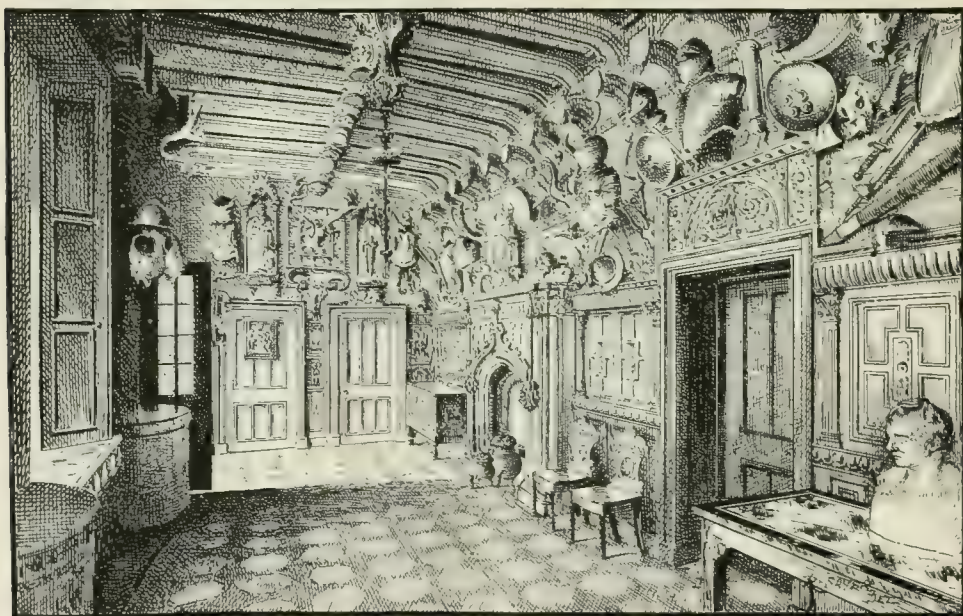
Leaving the cars at Melrose, from which it is three miles distant, I drove the remainder of the way in an open carriage. Hedges of hawthorn skirted the fields that sloped away as far as the eye could reach; flocks of sheep dotted them occasionally; then a bit of grove; and everywhere was the glory of a beautiful day, meet for a pilgrimage to such a place.

I entered by the east-front between a hedge-row and the ivy-covered wall. This view of the mansion is one of the prettiest. The many towers, fantastic gables and airy turrets are seen to excellent advantage. The entire estate was formerly a part of the property of the Abbots of Melrose, and the name was taken from the nearest ford on the Tweed. Sir Walter once said that he would make



ONE OF THE GATES OF ABBOTSFORD.

Abbotsford "a poem in stone and mortar," and right well did he succeed. It is as beautiful as a fairy palace and as grand as an old feudal castle,

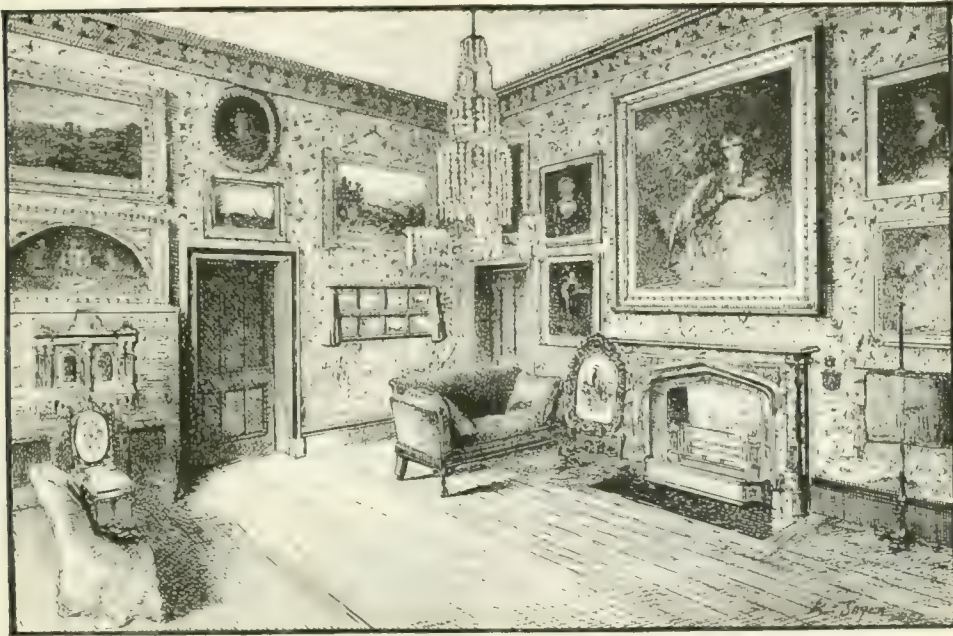


THE ENTRANCE-HALL.—"ALONG THE WALL ARE MANY SUITS OF OLD ARMOR."

and history and romance are literally woven into its walls; for they contain sculptured stones from the famous Tolbooth prison, the burgh of Selkirk, Linlithgow Castle and many other places, each embodying a story of its own.

I was compelled to wait some time for admittance as the place is now open to visitors only two days in the week, and on those days there is always a throng. I recorded my name in the visitors' book and waited patiently for the rare pleasure in store. But when my turn came, it was a great trial to be hurried by the guide through the different apart-

ment, when that Hindoo city was besieged and captured by the English in 1799. On one side, in a niche formed by a window, is a glass case containing the last suit of clothes worn by Sir Walter. Hanging on the wall at the extreme end near the left door are the keys of the old Tolbooth prison. There are also relics in this entrance-hall of James VI., and Claverhouse, the "Bonny Dundee" of Scottish prose and poetry. Only two windows light the hall and they are so obscured by coats of arms that the interior has been spoken of as being "as dark as the twelfth century." I leave my



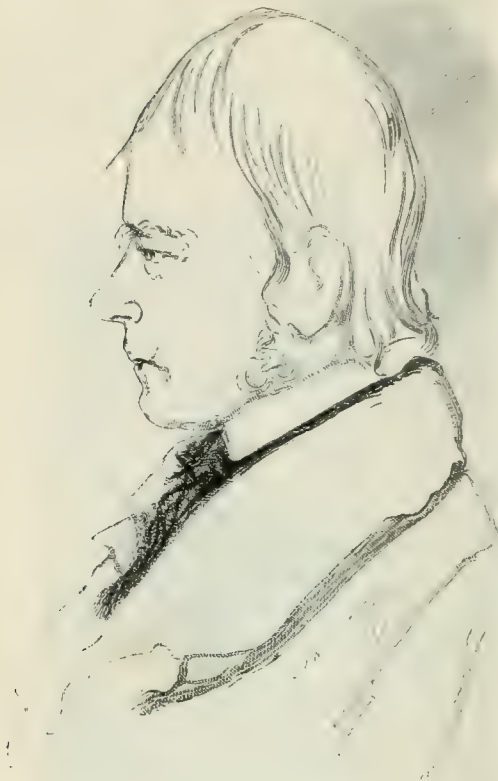
THE ENTRANCE HALL AT ABBOTSFORD.

ments as he ran over at railroad speed the history of each.

The entrance hall is forty feet in length. Its lofty ceiling of oak, fashioned into a series of arches, is exquisitely carved; the walls which are also of oak, from Dunfermline Abbey, are richly decorated in the same manner. The floor is made of black and white marble from the Hebrides. Along the walls are many suits of old armor, the most noticeable being an English suit of the time of Henry V., and an Italian one of more recent date; above them are the coats of arms of the ancient border clans, conspicuous among these being the arms of Douglas and the Royal Lion of Scotland. There are also helmets, rapiers and claymores in great variety, as well as Polish lances, and a suit of chain mail taken from the corpse of one of the royal body-guard of Tippoo Sahib, ruler of

young friends who study history to decide how dark that is. Standing in one of the corners, but not visible in the picture, is an American ax that was much prized by Sir Walter as the gift of Washington Irving. Many of you have doubtless read Irving's description of his stay at Abbotsford. It is a fine tribute to the host who entertained him so royally. The farewell at the gate was "I will not say good-bye, but come again." Irving tells us that he was so impressed while there with the fact that Sir Walter, notwithstanding the miracles of work he did, quite concealed his work from his friends and always seemed to have an abundance of leisure. He contrived to appear ever at the command of his guests, ready to participate in every excursion and continually devising new plans for their enjoyment.

The drawing-room contains an admirable collection of portraits. Above the mantel is that of Sir Walter himself with one of his ever faithful



SIR WALTER SCOTT—COPY OF A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

dogs near him. On one side of this hangs the portrait of his mother, and on the other, that of Lady Scott, and near it, that of his warm friend the Duchess of Buccleugh. The oval frame above the door contains the portrait of Lady Hope-Scott, the great-granddaughter and only surviving descendant of Sir Walter, and the present owner of Abbotsford. Among the other portraits are those of the beautiful Lucy Walters, mother of the Duke of Monmouth, and the old ancestor, the stubborn great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, who would never let his beard be cut after the execution of Charles I. Beside these, there is a collection of views in water-colors, eight in number, by the celebrated English painter, Turner, presented by the artist himself. And not least in importance, a souvenir of that most unfortunate woman, Mary, Queen of Scots,—a head painted the day after her execution by one Amias Cawood; ghastly, repul-

sive, robbed of all its grace and loveliness. It is said to have been sent to Sir Walter by a Prussian nobleman in whose family it had been for more than two hundred years.

The floor of the room is bare, but is waxed and polished until it is almost as slippery as ice. Not even a rug dots the cold expanse, so that despite the artistic display upon the walls with their silken hangings, rare china and cabinets, and the rich furniture, there seems to American eyes to be something lacking; perhaps a home-like warmth which might be diffused could the great and kindly owner live again.

The study is a small room adjoining the library. A gallery reached by a hanging stair, and filled with books, runs around it. In the center stands Sir Walter's chair and desk just as he last left them. At this desk he wrote most of the Waverley Novels, and after his death were found in it, neatly arranged, a number of small articles which had belonged to his mother when he was a sick child and shared her room, and which he had been accustomed to seeing upon her table. They were placed so that his eyes could rest upon them while he worked, as if he would borrow inspiration from the holiest recollections of his childhood.

In the earlier part of the century, Scott's poetry was very popular, but he suddenly found himself eclipsed by a new favorite—Lord Byron. It was then that he began to write his novels, which so entirely captivated the English reading world, that fame and fortune followed. The public could scarcely await the sheets as they were hurried from his hands to the printer's press. His company was eagerly sought by the highest in the land, and even crowned heads were glad to do him honor. Yet amidst all this he retained a simplicity of nature that no adulation or flattery could spoil. It is related that, upon one of his numerous excursions into a remote part of the country in the search for old folk-lore, a humble farmer with whom he stopped, knowing his fame, expected to be dazzled by his grand air. But after seeing and talking with him, the peasant exclaimed delightedly: "He's a chiel like oursels!"

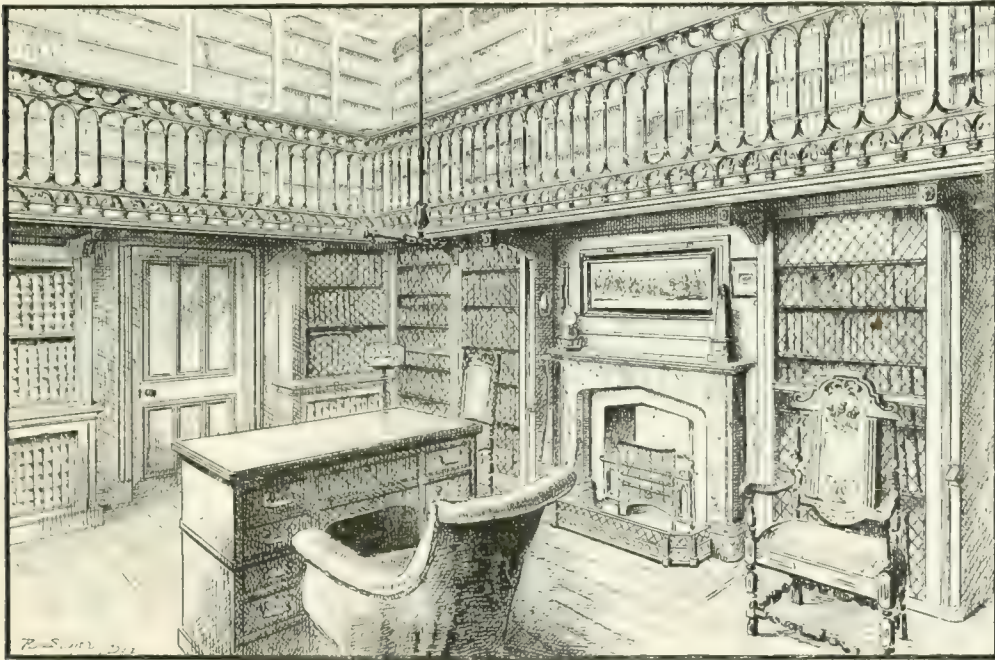
While making these rural tours, instead of taking notes for future use, Sir Walter would simply cut notches upon sticks as reminders, and he often filled not only his own pockets but those of his traveling companions with these notched bits of wood, so that it was once laughingly declared that on their return to Abbotsford "enough timber was discharged from our various integuments to build a ship." The genuineness, the sweetness, the healthy tone of Sir Walter's character, which never changed, I can not help thinking was attributable in a great measure to his extreme

fondness for out-door life. He was wont to say that he only taught his boys two things,—to ride and to shoot, leaving the rest to the mother and their tutors.

He invariably rose early, and often accomplished before breakfast an almost incredible amount of work. While he sat at his desk, one or more of his dogs always lay at his feet, and were apparently as glad as he was, when the morning task was over and they could accompany him on his ride or stroll. His horse never waited to be led out, but as soon as he was saddled and the stable-door opened, trotted around to be mounted. Once upon the death of a favorite dog, Sir Walter asked to be excused from an engagement to dine, as he had "lost a dear friend." In after years, when his fortunes suffered such cruel disasters, he declared that "Nimrod," one of his pets, was "too good for a poor man to keep."

The library is considered the handsomest of all the apartments. It is fifty feet in length by thirty in breadth, and has an immense bay-window that affords a charming glimpse of the Tweed. The

on the wall, is the portrait of Sir Walter's eldest son, who was colonel of the Fifteenth Hussars. He went out to Madras in 1839, and was a very popular and efficient officer; but he soon fell a victim to the fatal climate of India and died on the return voyage to England, whither he had been ordered on account of his health. Here, too, is the bust of Sir Walter at the age of forty-nine, by Chantrey. There are chairs exquisitely wrought, from the Borghese Palace at Rome, the gift of the Pope; a silver urn upon a stand of porphyry, from Lord Byron; and an ebony cabinet and set of chairs presented by King George IV. In a glass case, shielded from the touch of profane fingers are the purse of Rob Roy; the brooch of his wife; a notebook in green and gold, once the property of Napoleon I.; and a gold snuff-box, also given by King George IV. When this royal friend was Regent, he invited Scott to dine with him in London, addressing him familiarly as "Walter," and showering upon him evidences of his esteem; when he succeeded to the throne, one of the first acts of the kingly prerogative was to create him a baronet.



THE STUDY AT ABBOTSFORD, SHOWING SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DESK AND CHAIR

ceiling is carved after designs from Melrose Abbey. There are twenty thousand volumes here and in the study. The book-cases were made under Sir Walter's direction by his own workmen. Some of them contain rare and curious old books and MSS. that are carefully guarded under lock and key. Here,

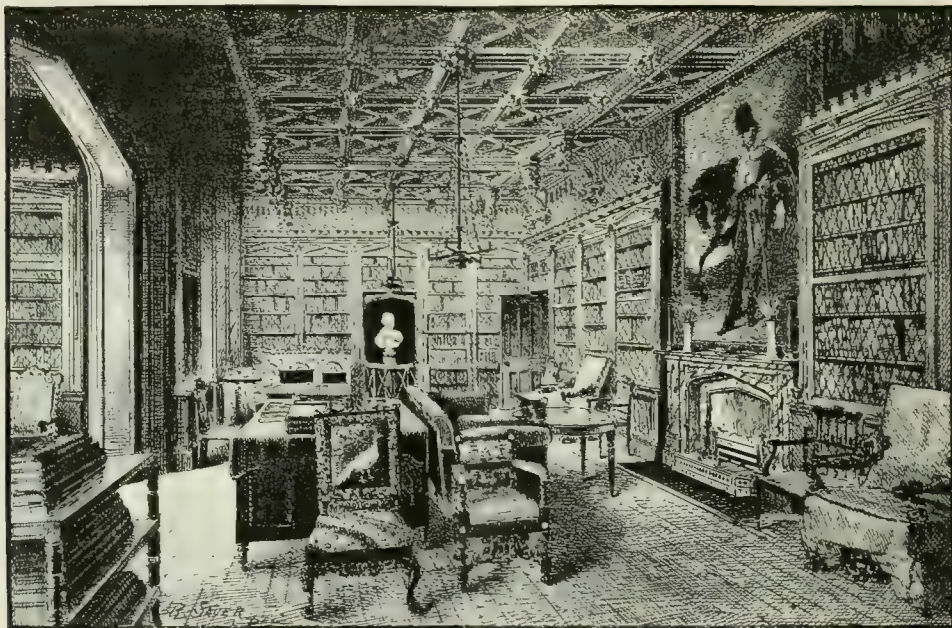
The fascinating history of the adventures of Rob Roy would tell us conclusively, even if Sir Walter himself had not frankly avowed it, that he had a rather trifling regard for his heroes proper, and "an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all

others of a Robin Hood description." I confess, for my own part, that I looked long and curiously upon the brooch that belonged to Rob Roy's wife. But as I leaned over the case, I was thinking more of the wife than of the dauntless outlaw; of the woman who reproached her husband upon his deathbed for exhibiting some signs of contrition for past misdeeds, exhorting him to die as he had lived, "like a man." Rob Roy's portrait hangs in the study. And yet another trace of him is found in the armory; his gun with the initials R. M. C. (Robert Macgregor Campbell) cut around the lock.

The armory contains a wonderful array of the weapons of various nations and ages, and disposed

his agony. This is the last of the "show-rooms"; visitors are not allowed elsewhere in the mansion.

As I went out, an almost oppressive silence brooded over the house and grounds, and I pondered upon the story of Sir Walter's struggle for this lordly, ideal home, and the painful buffetings of fortune which he endured afterward. I thought of the joy and beauty of his earlier years, of his triumph and his fame, and then of the sad day when he came back to Abbotsford from a foreign tour, which he had undertaken in the vain hope that it would restore his health. When, on that day, he caught sight first of the Eildon Hills, and soon after of the towers of Abbotsford, his emotion was pro-

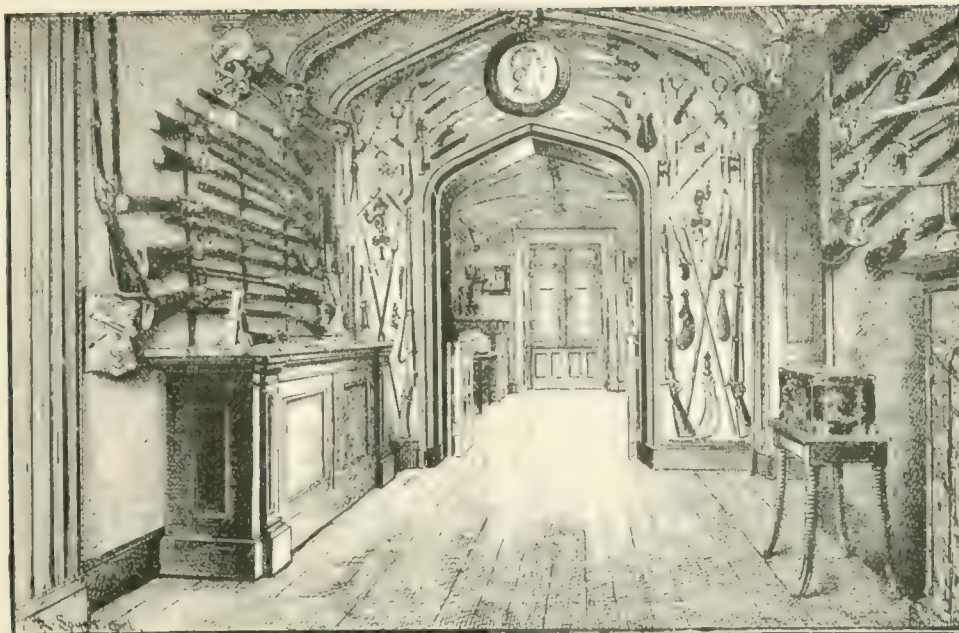


THE LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD.

among the spears, battle-axes, darts, arrows, etc., are many relics not of a warlike character, such as Oliver Cromwell's spurs and the hunting-bottle of "bonnie King James;" and the cross which you can see on the wall once belonged to the Queen of Scots. Bonaparte's pistols, said to have been found in his carriage at Waterloo, and a sword superbly mounted, bestowed upon Montrose by Charles I., also belong to this unique collection. I wish I might say no more here, except to mention the bulls' and stags' horns over the doorway, but there is a secret as dark as Blue Beard's. In a corner, almost, but not quite, hidden from view are some of the old Scottish instruments of torture called "thumbkins," and an iron crown which was so adjusted that the victim could not even cry out in

found. It was his last view of them from the outer world. How touching the greeting to his humble and cherished friend: "Ho, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often I have thought of you!" And those other devoted followers,—the never forgotten dogs, gave their full share of the welcome home, "fawning upon him and licking his hands while he smiled or sobbed over them."

Not long afterward, and just before his death, he said to his son-in-law, "Lockhart, be a good man, my dear,—for when you come to lie here, nothing else will be of any avail." Surely, in those last hours, if the panorama of his own years passed in review before him, it included no scenes for which he need feel repentance. The record of a singularly pure child-life was continued



THE ARMORY AT ALLONBY.

without a blemish. One of his early teachers tells us that it happened only once, while he had charge of him, that he thought it necessary to punish him, and even then the intention was quickly put to flight by the sobbing boy's clasping him about the neck and kissing him.

His literary taste and precocity were very remarkable. When only six years of age, a friend of the family, entering unceremoniously, found him reading the story of a shipwreck, in verse, to his mother. He was quivering with excitement, and his voice rose and fell in sympathy with the sentiment, till his hearers looked in wonder and almost in awe upon their little interpreter of the storm. Having finished, he tossed the book aside carelessly, and said quietly, "That is too melancholy; I had better read something more amusing." On another occasion, while still an occupant of the nursery, he heard a servant-girl begin the recital of a rather blood-curdling ghost-story to one of her companions, and he was very eager to listen to it. Knowing, however, that if he did so he would become frightened and sleepless, he tucked the bed-clothes about his ears, and heroically refused to hear the fascinating narrative.

But I do not wish you to think that, as a boy, Sir Walter was altogether perfect. He was probably much indulged, owing to his lameness and his delicate health; certainly, we never hear that his mother objected to his Shetland pony following him



ALLONBY ARMS — THE FURNACE PLACE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

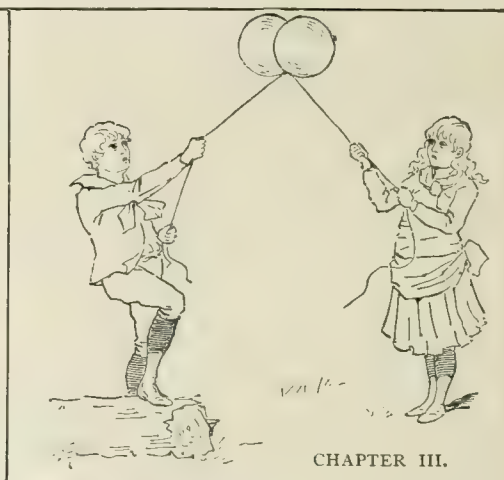
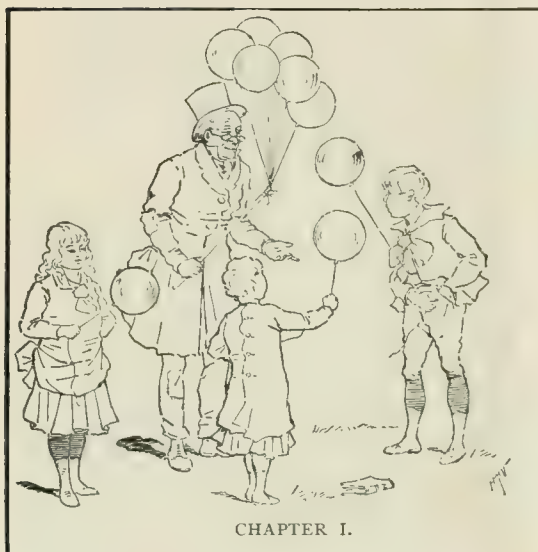
into the house! And we have his own word that, when a starling that he had partly tamed was

killed by the old laird of Raeburn, he "flew at his throat like a wild cat, and could only be torn from him with difficulty."

Dryburgh Abbey, where Sir Walter's body is entombed, is four miles from Abbotsford. It was founded in the eleventh century, but was destroyed in the fourteenth by Edward II. It was restored by Robert I., and in the changes of centuries again

destroyed. St. Mary's Aisle, with its arched roof and clustering columns, is the most beautiful fragment now remaining. Within its shadow lie Sir Walter Scott, his wife, eldest son, and Lockhart, whom he loved so much, and who made such an admirable and complete chronicle of his life, and which should be read by every lover of the great Prince of Romancers.

A BALLOON STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.



THE MYSTERIOUS BARREL.

BY PAUL FORE.

"CAPTAIN JOHN," said I, "did n't you tell me that you sometimes brought wild animals in your ship on your return voyages from South America?"

Captain John had just put a couple of fresh sticks on the fire, and had re-arranged the other logs, and he now leaned back in his chair, rubbing his hands before the comfortable blaze. He was a fine, hearty man, of about middle age, and for many years had been a sea-captain, commanding sailing vessels trading between the United States and various ports in the West Indies and South America.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I often used to bring up animals. They were generally small ones, of various kinds, and I brought them on my own account. I could easily sell them to menageries and museums in our home ports. I brought one of the first electric eels that was ever carried to New York. I got it in Para, Brazil, and I bought it of some Indians for twelve milreis—about six dollars of our money. We had lots of trouble with this fellow, for these eels live in fresh water, and, if we had not had plenty of rain on the voyage, we could n't have kept him alive, for the water he was in had to be changed every day. We kept him on deck in a water-barrel, which lay on its side in its chocks, with a square hole cut through the staves on the upper side to give the creature light and air. When we changed the water, a couple of sailors took hold of the barrel and turned it partly over, while another held a straw broom against the hole to keep the eel from coming out. We would always know when the water had nearly run out, for then the eel lay against the lower staves, and even the wood of the barrel would be so charged with electricity that the sailors could hardly hold on to the ends of the barrel. They'd let go with one hand and take hold with the other, and then they'd let go with that and change again. At first, I did n't believe that the fellows felt the eel's shocks in this way; but, when I took hold myself one day, I found they were n't shamming at all. Then we turned the barrel back and filled it up with fresh water, and started the eel off for another day.

"Before we began to empty the barrel, we always took a chain-hook and felt about in the water to see if he was alive. A chain-hook is a longish piece of iron, with a handle at one end and a hook at the other, and is used for handling heavy chains.

When we were scooping around in the water with this hook and touched the eel, we would always know whether he was alive or not, for, if he was all right, he would immediately charge the iron with electricity, and the fellow that held it would know quick enough that the eel was alive. We took this trouble because we did not want to waste fresh water on him if he had died in the night.

"He got along first-rate, and kept well and hearty through the whole of the voyage. When we reached New York we anchored at Quarantine, and the health-officer came aboard. I knew him very well, and I said to him: 'Doctor, I've got something aboard that perhaps you never saw before.' 'What's that?' said he. 'An electric eel,' said I. 'Good!' said he; 'that is something I've always wanted to see. I want to know just what kind of a shock they can give.' 'All right,' said I; 'you can easily find out for yourself. He is in this water-barrel here, and the water has just been put in fresh, so you can see him. All you have got to do is just to wait till he swims up near the surface, and then you can scoop him out with your hand. You need n't be afraid of his biting you.' The doctor said he was n't afraid of that. He rolled up his sleeve, and, as soon as he got a chance, he took the eel by the middle and lifted it out of the water. It was n't a very large one, only about eighteen inches long, but pretty stout. The moment he lifted it he dropped it, grabbed his right shoulder with his left hand, and looked aloft. 'What is the matter?' said I. 'Why, I thought something fell on me from the rigging,' said he. 'I was sure my arm was broken. I never had such a blow in my life.' 'It was only the eel,' said I. 'Now you know what kind of a shock he can give.'

"On that same voyage we had a monkey, one of a rather uncommon kind. He was what they call a woolly monkey, and was covered all over with short wool, like a sheep. He was the smartest monkey I ever knew. He was up to all kinds of tricks. We did n't keep him caged, but let him run around as he pleased about the ship and in the rigging. For some reason or other, he used to hate the cook. Every day, when the cook was getting the dinner ready, when he had set out the bread and the cold meats, the monkey would hide somewhere and watch him, pretending to be asleep. The moment the cook started to go out of the cabin, Jacko would come in at the door behind him (we always left the door at each end open in hot weather

for the sake of the draught), and, springing on the table, would seize a piece of meat, or a cracker, or anything else that was handy, slip past the cook, and get out of the other door before the angry cook could catch him. Then he would bounce up into the rigging, and wait till the cook came out."

"And sit there, I suppose," said I, "and eat the food he had stolen?"

"Not a bit of it," answered the captain. "The minute the cook showed his head, Jacko would hit him on the top of the pate with whatever he had taken—bread, meat, knife, fork, or spoon. It was no use for the cook to get mad; he could never catch that monkey."

"There was one thing that always excited Jacko's curiosity, and that was our changing the water every day in the eel's barrel. There were eight water-barrels standing there in a row, and why three men should go every day, and empty the water out of one, and pour more in, and never touch the other barrels, was more than the monkey could understand. He used to sit on the main-boom and watch the whole operation, just as full of

view of this mysterious and perplexing business than had ever been vouchsafed him before.

"When we went away, Jacko staid there, and, happening to be standing where I could see him, I noticed that he was running around the water-barrel, and trying his best to see what was in it. Then, as he had seen us trying to fish up something with a chain-hook, he thought he would try to fish up the same thing, whatever it was, himself. So he jumped up on the barrel, and, leaning over, ran his right arm down into the water, and began to scoop around and around, just as he had seen us do with the chain-hook. Pretty soon he felt the thing he was after, and grabbed it tight.

"But that monkey never saw that eel. The moment he clutched it he let go, gave one wild, backward leap, and fell on the floor with a dull thud. I went up to him, and found him laid out as if he were dead. I picked him up by the back of the neck, but he hung as limp as a wet dish-rag. The cook came along just then, and I said to him:

"Cook, Jacko is dead. He has found out what is in that barrel, and the eel has killed him."

"I laid him on the pork-barrel, and was just saying something about his having such an eternal amount of curiosity, when Jacko jumped to his feet, gave a bounce out of the store-room, and in a minute was up in the main cross-trees, chattering and screaming as if he had gone mad. After he had been knocked over by the shock, he had made believe to be dead, fearing that whatever had hit him would hit him again. He often used to play 'possum in this way when he was afraid of anybody; but I thought he was really dead this time.

"After that, he never came around us when we were at work at the eel's water-barrel. He did not want to know what was in it.

"I sold that eel for seventy-five dollars to a menageric man in New York State. And I sold the monkey too; but I have often wished I had him again, for he was the smartest monkey I ever saw."

"Did you ever carry any really dangerous animals, Captain John?" said I.

"Well," said he, "once, when I was in Para, I bought a snake, a boa-constrictor, seventeen feet long. I got him of four Indians, who caught him some twenty-five or thirty miles up the river. They brought him into town in a strong covered crate, or basket, which they carried on two poles. When I bought him I had him carried into my old consignee's yard, and I got a stout packing-box, and had it all double-nailed, and holes bored in the sides to give him air. Then the Indians put the



THE HEALTH-OFFICER INVESTIGATES THE MYSTERIOUS BARREL.

curiosity as he could stick. But he never could see anything in the barrel.

"One day, I thought there was going to be bad weather, and, as I was afraid it might be too cold for the eel on deck, I had his barrel moved to the store-room, where it would be well sheltered. This move made the monkey still more curious; and the first time we changed the water after the eel got into his new quarters, the monkey sat on the head of a pork-barrel close by, and had a better

snake in the box, and we nailed him up tight, leaving him in a snug corner for the night.

"The next morning, I went around early to the market (the markets there are open only about



HE GAVE ONE WILD, BACKWARD LEAP.

sunrise) to buy something for my snake to eat, for the Indians said he was nearly starved. I got a couple of little animals, something like our rabbits (for these snakes won't touch any food that is n't alive), and I carried them around to my consignee's house. I found the old gentleman had n't turned out of his hammock yet; but he soon got up, and went with me into the yard. When we got there, we saw the packing-box all burst open, the boards lying around loose, and no snake to be seen. We looked about, but could see nothing of him. I was amazed enough, to be sure, and the old gentleman felt quite uneasy at the thought of such a creature wandering about his place.

"'We won't look for him,' he said. 'Those Indians are still in town, and we will send for them to catch him.'

"The Indians came, and they soon found him.

You can't imagine where he had hidden himself. There was a pile of earthen drain-pipes in one corner of the yard, behind some bushes, and he had crawled into one of these short pipes, and then turned and crawled into the one next to it, and then into the next one, and so on, in and out, until he had put himself into five or six of the pipes. He had probably seen, through the holes in his box, some of my old consignee's chickens, and, being made perfectly ravenous by the sight, had broken out. Then, having made a meal of one or two of them, he had crawled into the pipes.

"The Indians were not long in capturing him. Fortunately, his head stuck out of one of the pipes near the ground; and one of the Indians, taking a long pole with a fork at the end, climbed on a high fence near by, and soon pinned Mr. Snake's head to the ground, leaning on the pole with all his weight. Then the other Indians straightened out the drain-pipes in which he was, and began to draw them off him, pulling them down toward his tail, and first exposing the portion of his body nearest his head. Then they took a long, strong pole, and, with bands of the tough grass which grows in that country, tied his body to the pole close to his head. Then they bound him again, about eighteen inches farther down. Slowly drawing down the pipes, they tied him again to the pole, about eighteen inches below, and so on until his whole length was fastened firmly to the pole. Thus he was held secure until the box was nailed up again, and I had sent for a blacksmith to put iron bands around it, so that it should be strong enough to hold any snake. Then the creature's tail was loosened and put through a hole in the top of the box. Then another band was cut, and the snake pushed still farther in. Then, one after another, every fastening was cut, and the snake pushed gradually into the box, until, his head being loosened and clapped in, a board was fastened over the hole, and he was snug and tight and ready for his voyage."

"Did you have any trouble with him when you were taking him to the North?" I asked.

But just then the supper-bell rang, and the captain arose to his feet. It was of no use to expect Captain John to go on with a story when supper was ready.



IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

HOW A HOOSIER BOY SAW THE TOWER OF PISA.

By A. H. FRETAGEOT.

DURING a tour of several months in Europe, I arrived in the ancient city of Pisa at eleven o'clock on a lovely summer night. Being of course very eager to see the famous Leaning Tower, I resolved, as the moon was shining brightly, not to wait for daylight, but to visit the Tower before retiring. On my asking the proprietor of the hotel to tell me the way to the Leaning Tower, he became greatly excited, and exclaimed: "It is impossible to go to-night!" I laughed at his fears, and told him nothing was impossible to an American boy. He still hesitated, but finally came out reluctantly into the middle of the street and pointed out the course I was to take.

Off I started, full of the self-confident fearlessness of impetuous youth. Before turning the corner, I looked back and saw the old man still standing and gazing after me. I felt sorry for him, thinking his fears for my safety were groundless.

For a few squares the street was wide, and the full light of the moon cheered me onward; but soon my way was not to be so clear.

Coming suddenly to the end of the wide street, I found myself by the side of the ruins of an old cathedral. The irregular walls covered with ivy, the light of the moon shining through the ruined gothic

windows, and showing the decayed and mossy interior, gave to the scene a solemn grandeur that filled me with awe. Just in front of the cathedral was the river Arno, a narrow stream, and the water low within its banks. Mine host's directions to me had been to go "straight onward" from the old cathedral. But how was the river to be crossed? There were no bridges in sight. Walking around the corner of the old edifice and up the bank of the Arno, I presently saw the outline of a boat close to the shore, and as I drew nearer, I not only found the boat, but discovered the owner thereof lying flat on his back, with his arms thrown over his head.

The light of the moon, shining on his face, gave it rather a ghastly expression, and for a moment I paused; but, with a laugh at my fears, I stepped into the boat and kicked one of his feet so as to waken him. This unceremonious treatment roused him quickly enough, and he sprang up and glared at me fiercely. Not being an expert in the Italian language, I went through a series of pantomimes, which he finally understood to mean that I wanted him to take me across the river. Whereupon, seizing a long pole, he pushed his craft out into the sluggish stream. As we reached the middle, it occurred

to me that here would be a fine opportunity for my ferryman to collect whatever fare he wished. Accordingly, I courteously declined his invitation to enter the cabin, as I much preferred standing where I could see all around me and watch his movements. However, I had no trouble with my sleepy boatman, and our craft soon reached the opposite side of the river. Walking up the bank I found, to my dismay, that I was in quite a different kind of a city from that I had left. The streets were so narrow that, extending my arms, I could touch the buildings on both sides as I walked, and the houses were very high and overhanging, almost shutting out the moonlight. After proceeding for several squares in hopes of finding a more inviting street, but without success, I gave up the search as vain, and started down one of these dismal alleys. The miserable little streets were not only narrow and very uneven, but destitute of pavements. After stumbling

found open. It was now two o'clock in the morning, and the intense stillness was oppressive. Not a sound of any kind excepting my footsteps; not a human being to be seen, nor a light in any of the buildings.

After a long, tedious tramp, I saw what appeared to be a fire a long way ahead of me, but shortly discovered that it was merely the light of the moon shining across an open space. Pushing on rapidly, I came to the end of the street, and there, to my delight, I saw directly in front of me the Grand Plaza of Pisa, with the massive Cathedral and the Baptistery and the beautiful Leaning Tower



CAMPO SANTO

along for an hour, I at last found myself facing a wall at the end of the street, and I must confess to feeling a little nervous. Retracing my steps to the first cross-street, I walked along it a short distance, and turned into another street which I



THE LEANING TOWER AND THE CATHEDRAL.

standing close together and gleaming in the moonlight!

After pausing a few moments to enjoy this first grand vision of the Tower, I turned toward a pair of beautiful ornamental iron gates which attracted my attention. But when I went up to them and looked through, the sight was not one calculated to add to my cheerfulness, for I found myself facing the great Campo Santo, or burying-ground of Pisa. The bright light of the moon on the marble monuments and tombs, the weird

shadows of the porches, the perfect stillness of the night, inspired me with a strange feeling of awe. Leaving this solemn place, I walked over to the grand old Cathedral and the Baptistery near the Leaning Tower. From that point the Tower was distinctly outlined, and the sight of its eight stories and the columns of pure white marble, glittering in the moonlight, amply repaid me for my tedious walk.

Advancing to the base of the Tower, I went inside and looked up. The bell-ropes touched the sides near the top and hung down close to the wall. I think that a man looking up from the bottom of a deep well would have a very good idea of the appearance of the Tower as seen within from the base, especially if the well happened to be quite off the perpendicular.

I began to climb leisurely to the top, but I could not prevent myself from edging toward the center as I walked around on the leaning side. It seemed to me that my weight alone would cause the whole structure to topple over.

This wonderful Tower is about thirty feet in diameter at its base, and is one hundred and forty-six feet high.

If any one of my boy-readers should climb the one hundred and ninety-four steps to the top without feeling inclined to hold on to the higher side and tread very lightly on the lower side, he would have steadier nerves than the "Hoosier" boy who climbed the Tower that night. The stairs are worn by the tramp of millions of feet, for the curiosity of people since the year 1174 has led myriads of them to climb the steps of this remarkable edifice, to reach the place where Galileo was wont to go to study the heavens.

There are in the belfry six large bells, which are still used. The largest one is said to weigh six tons, and is hung on the side opposite the overhanging wall, perhaps to aid in balancing the Tower, which is twelve feet out of the perpendicular. I believe that it is still unsettled whether its oblique position is the result of accident or design.

The foundation is in a low, wet place and, it is claimed, shows signs of having sunk many feet farther into the earth on one side than the other. The top story also leans back perceptibly from the lower side, as if built to counteract the sinking of the foundation.

After resting awhile at the top of the Tower, I descended and walked over to the Baptistery. Its magnificent bronze doors, so celebrated as works of art, could be seen to advantage that night only on the side on which the moonlight fell.

Close by the Baptistery stands the solemn, ancient Cathedral, finished in the same style of architecture as the Tower. It was the swinging of the ancient bronze chandelier in this cathedral that suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum, and thus originated the method of marking time which is used in some clocks.

I had almost decided to remain on the Plaza, and in the vicinity of these three justly celebrated objects,—the Tower, the Baptistery, and the Cathedral,—until morning; but I had now become very tired, and the desire for rest and refreshments decided me to make an effort to find my hotel. I must confess that this seemed to me a greater task than finding the Tower. I was in the situation of the Indian who could not find his wigwam—he was not lost, but the wigwam was. I was not lost, for I knew where I was, but it was my hotel that was to be found.

Off I started, however, to the end of the Plaza opposite to that I had entered, and here I found a wide, beautiful street, and proceeding along it for half an hour, I came to a handsome bridge over the Arno. Upon this bridge I paused to take my bearings, and presently descried the dim outlines of my old friend, the ruined Cathedral. Following the street along the river for a few squares, and turning the corner by the Cathedral, I came once more to the street on which stood the hotel, which I finally reached in safety just at daylight, and received a hearty welcome and many congratulations from the old landlord.





GOING TO THE FAIR.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



THE birds are singing,
 The bells are ringing,
 There's music in all the air, heigh-ho!
 As all together,
 In golden weather,
 We merrily go to the fair, heigh-ho!

We have no money
 For ribands bonny,
 Our clothes are the worse for wear,
 heigh-ho!
 But little it matters,
 In silk or in tatters,
 We merrily go to the fair, heigh-ho!

Come, lads and lasses,
 The time it passes;
 Step out with a royal air, heigh-ho!
 As all together,
 In golden weather,
 We merrily go to the fair, heigh-ho!



THE CLOISTER OF THE SEVEN GATES.

WITH THE STORY OF HOW PAUL AND HIS SISTERS SAW THE WHITE VILA OF THE FOUNTAIN.

BY E. S. BLOOMER.

Author of "The Seven Gates" and "The White Vila of the Fountain."

THREE children were swinging and swaying upon the bending branches of a stout Vistula cherry-tree—clinging and swinging and swaying there with shouts and laughter, in the same jolly way that you and I have swung, many a time, from the overhanging limbs of some springy willow or fragrant apple-tree in our own American meadows. But these noisy swingers were not Americans. They were the children of an old race and of a far-off day. Strong-limbed, fair-haired, blue-eyed Paul and his two sisters, Rosa and Mira, were children of Servia, natives of that slightly known but most interesting section of Eastern Europe whose plains and passes and wooded hill-slopes have echoed the war-cries of Roman and Byzantine, of Barbarian and Turkish conquerors from distant ages until now. Take your atlas and turn to the map of Turkey in Europe, follow the winding course of the "beautiful blue Danube" until you reach Belgrade, and there, stretching to the east and south, ribbed with mountain-ranges and crossed by several rivers, is the old kingdom of Servia, the country where, on a verdant hill-slope, near to the ancient city of Karanovatz, on a bright June morning away back in the year 1389, Paul and his two sisters were swinging merrily on the lower branches of their favorite cherry-tree, or, as they called it, their *vishnia*. As thus they swung, they could catch glimpses now and then, across the dark green fir-tops, of the tall, gray towers of the royal palace of King Lazarus, from which floated the imperial banner of the double eagle, and of the ivy-covered walls of the old monastery of Siczi, "the Cloister of the Seven Gates." And well they knew, simple children though they were, the stirring stories of Servian valor and of Servia's greatness. Often had they heard, both at the meetings of the grave elders, and from gray old Ivan the bard, as he sang to the music of the rude guitar, or *gusle*, how the palace was built in the early days of the kings; how from it had marched to victory the royal Stephen, the mighty Tzar, whose flag had floated over many a battle-field, until the power of Servia was acknowledged from the white walls of Belgrade to the azure waters of the Grecian Seas; how, in the holy cloister of Siczi, each new king of the line of Stephen had been crowned with the "diadem of Dushan," and, sword in hand, had issued from the cloister as

king of Servia, through a new door cut for his special exit in the ivy-covered wall; and how, now, seven gates for seven kings had thus been cut, and the noble Lazarus ruled as the seventh king of Servia in his palace at Karanovatz. All this they knew, for they were Servian children—proud of the old tales and legends told at the fireside, and dearly loving the green hills and fertile valleys of Servia, and, best of all, the waving forests that circled and shadowed their own Servian home.

And, as they swung, now high, now low, they played at their game of king and queen, singing the song known to every boy and girl of Servia. It was thus that Paul sang to Rosa:

"The king from the queen an answer craves:
How shall we now employ our slaves?"

And Rosa answered:

"The maidens to the comb and dery,
The widows to spin flax-yarn for me,
And the men to dig in the fields for me."

Then Paul sang to Mira:

"The king from the queen an answer craves:
How shall we, lady, feed our slaves?"

And Mira replied:

"The maidens shall have the honey-comb sweet,
The widows shall feed on the finest wheat,
And the men of maize-meal bread shall eat."

But just as they were about to sing the next verse, in which the king asks:

"Where for the night shall rest our slaves?"

they heard a shout and a rustle, and Mira's pretty, dappled fawnkin, Lado, all timid and trembling, came flying for safety up to the children; and almost before Mira and Rosa could calm the frightened creature, and Paul, snatching up a stout cherry-branch, could stand on guard, a swooping falcon darted down at poor Lado's head. The girls screamed, and shook their silken jackets at the fierce bird; but Paul, swinging his cherry-stick, struck the bird on its sleek gray neck, and stretched it, a dead falcon, at his feet.

"O Paul, Paul! O Lado, Lado!" cried both the girls in mingled joy and fear, as they stroked their rescued pet and trembled for Paul's safety; for he had killed, perhaps, one of the royal falcons.

They were not kept long in suspense, for there came galloping up to them, mounted on a swift Wallachian pony, a stout-built youth of some sixteen years, richly dressed, his long, yellow hair streaming out from under his scarlet cap.

"O Paul, run! Run, dear Paul!" moaned Rosa. "It is the young *bau*!"

Then Paul knew that he had killed the falcon of the young prince, or *bau*, Stephen, the son of King Lazarus. But he stood his ground. "I will not run," he said.

The prince looked at the group, saw the trembling Lado, saw the dead falcon, saw Paul's stout cherry-stick, and, leaping from his pony, he rushed at the boy, white with rage.

"Thou dog!" he said, striking at Paul with his unstrung bow. "How dar'st thou kill my fawn?"

Paul answered as bravely as will any boy of spirit who has justice on his side and the weak under his protection.

"Strike me not, O Prince!" he said. "I sought not to kill thy falcon, but to drive him off, lest he should tear and blind our fawn."

"Thou wolf! thou pig! thou dog!" screamed the prince, still furious at his loss; and flinging aside his bow, he grasped his yataghan, or short scimitar, to cut the boy down. Rosa and Mira threw their arms around Paul, but he shook them off, parried the prince's stroke with his stick, and, grasping his arm, said: "Take care what you do, my prince. My grandfather is Nicholas, an imperial officer. 'T will go hard, even with thee, shouldst thou harm or kill me."

"The *vilas* of the forest and the *vilas* of the mountain choke and smother thy grandfather!" said the enraged prince, and he would have struck at Paul again, but just then there came a clatter of horses' hoofs and a gleam of shining armor, and through the trees at full gallop came the prince's uncle, Milosh Obilitch, the chief captain, or *voivode*, of King Lazarus of Servia, followed by three mounted spearmen. A look of displeasure came into his face as he caught sight of the prince's angry countenance and Paul's defensive attitude.

"Come here, my prince," he said, sharply; "why dost thou loiter there? Even now thy father, the Tzar, is on the march to Kosovo, and waits but for his son."

"I would be even with this vampire though the Turkish Tzar himself was at our palace gates," said the prince, wrathfully, and then he told his side of the story.

"But his falcon would have killed our fawn, O mighty *bau*," said Rosa — "our fawn, Lado, dear to us as life."

The *voivode* Milosh laughed a mighty laugh.

"Now, by the fist of the Cloud-gatherer," he swore in roughest Servian, "*bau* I may be, and trusted soldier of the Tzar, but I am no judge of man or child. Come, we waste words. Get you to horse, my prince. A gallop through Kushaja will cool your hot young head. Fawns and falcons must wait, for 'When the Tzar rides, all business bides.'"

The prince stood in great awe of his mighty uncle. He therefore obeyed his command, though in rebellious silence, and mounted his pony with angry reluctance.

"As for you, little ones," said the *voivode*, "you, too, must wait for justice with fawns and falcons. Here, Dessimir," he said, turning to one of his spearmen, "take these children to the cloister. Greet the abbot Brankovicz for me, and bid him give these little ones safe keeping till I return, God willing, from Kosovo. Then shall the king decide on the right of this affair, for surely I will not. Now, gallop, my prince! To the Turk, to the Turk!"

There is nothing more unlovely and unforgiving than a sulky boy balked of his revenge. The Prince Stephen followed his uncle as commanded, but there were black looks on his face and blacker thoughts in his heart. As for Paul, he was overjoyed at this fortunate end of an unlucky quarrel. He knew the kindly old abbot Brankovicz, and felt that he and his sisters would be safer within the protecting walls of the great cloister than even in the strongest inner chamber of their grandfather Nicholas' house, now shorn of all its men for service against the Turkish invaders. So he took his sisters by the hand, and, following the spearman Dessimir, they walked rapidly toward the gates of the old monastery, while Paul sang softly to himself, as he looked at the giant form of the *voivode* Milosh, who galloped far in advance, a popular Servian song:

"Swaggering surely is no sin,
Fair I face the battle's din,
Laughed old Peter Doitchin,
The burly *bau* of Varadin."

The good abbot Brankovicz, who was the superior or head of the cloister, at once understood the children's case, and readily took them under his protection; but, before they had passed within the outer gate, Paul's eyes rested upon a sight that fired his boyish heart with the chiefest of boyish ambitions — the wish to be a soldier. For there, along the white road that passed through fields of growing maize and under arching forest-trees, the main body of the army of Servia wound over the mountains toward the rocky ridge that overlooked the field of thrushes — the fatal field

of Kosovo. The fair June sunlight flashed on the fast vanishing array of steel-capped casques and bristling spears, and, just before the cloister gates, it touched with a glorious gleam the golden corselet of King Lazarus himself, as, with his guards and seigneurs, he rode in the vanguard of his army. Tall, commanding, and gentle-featured, he glanced backward but once to the gray towers of the palace of his queen, and but once to the ivy-grown walls of the Cloister of the Seven Gates, from which in brighter days he had issued as Serbia's acknowledged king. The shadow of his dream seemed resting upon him—that dream in which, 't is said, the Lord offered him the kingdom of Serbia or the kingdom of Heaven—an earthly or a heavenly realm; and the gentle Tzar made the better choice, for he said:

“W.
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 It passeth away,
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 But”

And so, pointing with his “massy mace of gold” toward his advancing army, he bent his head to the priestly benediction as he passed the cloister gates, and, preceded by the gallant young Bocko Yougovitch, bearing the great purple standard of the cross, with his son, the sulky Prince Stephen, riding at his bridle-hand, with nobles in golden corselets and gleaming helmets following after, with stout spearmen, and lusty curtal-axmen, and trusty archers closing the glittering cavalcade, up the steepes of the Scardus, and on toward the distant mountain-passes through the fair June weather rode Lazarus, the last of the Servian kings to fight for his fatherland against the hosts of the Turkish invaders.

Paul gave a great sigh as the cloister gates shut the inspiring sight from his boyish eyes.

“O that I were a man and a soldier!” he said.

“Would to St. Sava that you were, little brother!” said the patriotic old abbot. “Serbia needs every hand and every heart to guard the crown and save the cross from infidel robbers.”

But childish desires quickly change, as childish hearts quickly open to each new joy, and, through the few days that followed, Paul found no lack of incident to blur the memory of shield and helm and brighten the joys of living pleasures. For the good monks of the monastery, too engrossed in prayers for Serbia's safety and in anxious and weary waiting for tidings from the battle to look after three harmless children, suffered them to roam at will, unquestioned and unchecked. So Paul and Rosa and Mira, merry-hearted, and thinking little of a danger still distant, roamed

alike through cloister and “holy forest.” Paul could recall many of the stories and legends that hovered about the old walls—legends of the saints it shrined and stories of the mighty Tzar who had honored and decorated it. These he could tell, with many boyish embellishments, to his wondering and adoring sisters. Together they knelt before the scarlet altar, or looked with curious awe at the dusty memorials of dead kings or the relics of Serbia's saints; together they stood before each of the seven gates in the cloister wall, rehearsing the stories of the kings, while Paul, crowned with maple-leaves and roses, and bearing a white wand of peeled maple, stood in turn under the shadow of each royal gate personating each of the seven kings, while Rosa and Mira wheeled and whirled before him in the fleet figures of the *kolo*, the favorite dance of Serbia. When tired of the sunny cloister and the chapel walls, they would wander through the forest paths that, to them, led to fairy-land.

No people in Europe is so greatly given to romance and superstition as are the Servians. But it is an airy and fanciful superstition, full of fairies and angels and lucky signs or unlucky omens. And Paul and his sisters were devoted believers in all the delicious mysteries of their home-land. To them every tree, and stream, and grassy mound had its attendant sprite—its fairy guardian, or *vila*, as they called it; witches and vampires sought to entrap heedless or wicked children, but would quickly disappear at the sound of a little prayer or at the sign of the holy cross. So they roamed and romanced through the monastery woodlands, seeing fairy forms in every waving bush, and weaving innocent fairy fancies around each sunny grotto and shady nook. But their favorite resort was the old moss-grown fountain close to the cloister walls. Here they would sit for hours under the shade of the mountain maples, watching the bubbling waters and speculating about the Lady of the Fountain—the White Vila of whom they had so often heard in the songs of old Ivan the bard—the White Vila who haunted the holy fountain, and appeared only when Serbia's glory or Serbia's distress called her forth.

On the fifth day of their stay in the monastery, the fifteenth of June, 1389, the children came from the cloister woods, where they had been playing at the Fire-festival, Serbia's great June festival of St. John. It was a lovely afternoon, and they were wrapped in mystery and fancy, and therefore happy. For Paul had declared that, as he watched while the girls waved their tiny torches, he had thrice seen the sun stand still, as it was said to do on St. John's feast, in honor of that worthy saint. The girls, of course, devoutly believed it too, and

now the three approached their favorite maple-tree, singing softly the Servian harvest song:

"Take hold of your reeds, youths and maidens, and see
Who the kissers and kissed of the reapers shall be;
Take hold of your reeds, till the secret be told,
If the old shall kiss young, and the young shall kiss old."

But the song died upon their lips as Rosa, suddenly clutching Paul's arm, pointed to the moss-grown fountain, and whispered:

"Oh, Paul! Paul! see there!"

Paul looked as directed, and there, under their favorite maple, he saw a white-robed female figure, standing motionless. Her hands were clasped, her eyes were turned toward that part of the cloister where the last of the seven gates, the gate of King Lazarus, pierced the ivy wall.

"Rosa! Mira!" he exclaimed, under his breath, "'t is she! 't is she—the White Vila!"

The figure raised its clasped hands toward the cloister walls. "O holy Elias! O saintly Maria! saintly Sava!" it said, "guard thou the Tzar Lazarus; save thou the golden crown of Servia from the infidel Turk!"

Now restrained by childish timidity, now drawn on by childish curiosity, Paul and his sisters gradually approached the apparition. Then Paul's curiosity, as is often the case, got the better of his caution. Stretching far forward to hear the Vila's words, he tripped and fell forward. At the sound the figure turned quickly. A beautiful but sorrow-filled face looked upon the children, and a tear-laden voice asked: "And who are you, O little ones, here in the cloister gardens?"

Rosa and Mira drew back in fear, but Paul answered stoutly enough, though a trifle shakily: "The grandchildren of the good Nicholas, so please you," he said; and then added: "We are here, under safeguard of the holy abbot, for killing the falcon of the young *bau*, Stephen."

"The falcon of Stephen killed!" said the white figure. "Oh, cruel omen!"

"But it would have killed our fawn, O White One!" said trembling Rosa—"our fawn Lado, and Paul struck it down."

"And we wait here till the king's return," said Paul.

"The king's return?" sadly echoed the White One. "Ah, little brother, they who wait longest wait safest."

"But will the king not return?" Paul asked, for the first time feeling that perhaps all the gleam and glitter of that soldierly array might go down in disaster.

"Who shall say?" the figure replied. "This morning, when the dawn was dim, two black ravens, flying from Kosovo, perched upon the palace of the Tzar, and thrice they croaked and thrice they called."

And Paul, full of Servia's legends and omens, said sadly:

"When ravens croak and falcons fall,
Low hangs the black cloud over all."

"The falcon has fallen, the ravens have croaked, the black cloud hangs low over the Seven Gates. See!" said the White One, and she pointed where, across the cloister wall, the heavy shadows lay across the gateways of the kings.

"But, can you not save Servia, O lady White Vila?" Paul asked, appealingly. "Old Ivan the bard has sung that the White Vila of the Fountain stands Servia's friend in Servia's need."

But, before an answer could be made, the cloister gates swung open with a sudden clang, and straight to the holy fountain dashed a black courser, flecked with foam, while on his back swayed a wounded rider—the courier of the Tzar.

"O Milontine!" cried the white lady, rushing toward him. "The Tzar, the Tzar?"

The courier dropped from his saddle and kissed the lady's robe.

"O true-eyed Queen," he said, "the sun of Servia is down; dead is the great Lazarus!"

"Ah, woe is me!" she said; "the ravens, the falcon, and the black cloud did show but the truth!"

And as her fair head drooped in grief, Paul knew that the White Vila of the Fountain was "the sweet-eyed Melitza," the widowed queen of Servia.

"And my boy Stephen? How died the young *bau*, Milontine?" she asked, raising her head.

The courier hesitated. "Hear the end, O Queen!" he said, and then he told in few but weary words the whole sad tale. He told how gallantly Servia's army met the foe; how bravely young Bocko guarded the purple standard of the cross; how her brother, the *voivode* Milosh, cut his way through twelve thousand Turkish soldiers to where King Lazarus stood at bay, and fought the Turkish sultan himself; how, when they were overpowered by numbers, Milosh and the king still fought until vanquished, and how even in his death-struggle the *voivode's* blade had cut down the sultan too; how the new sultan, Bajazet, in his tent, slew the great Lazarus; and, last of all, how Stephen—her son, the young *bau*, the hope of Servia—had early in the battle deserted to the enemy, told the Turks the secret of Servia's array and the weakest spot in her battle-line, and now, in the tent of the Turkish sultan, saluted him as master and lord.

Calm in face and feature, the queen waited till the last; but when the story of her son's treachery was told, she started to her feet.

"O sacred house!" she said, turning to the monastery walls, "O Cloister of the Seven Gates!

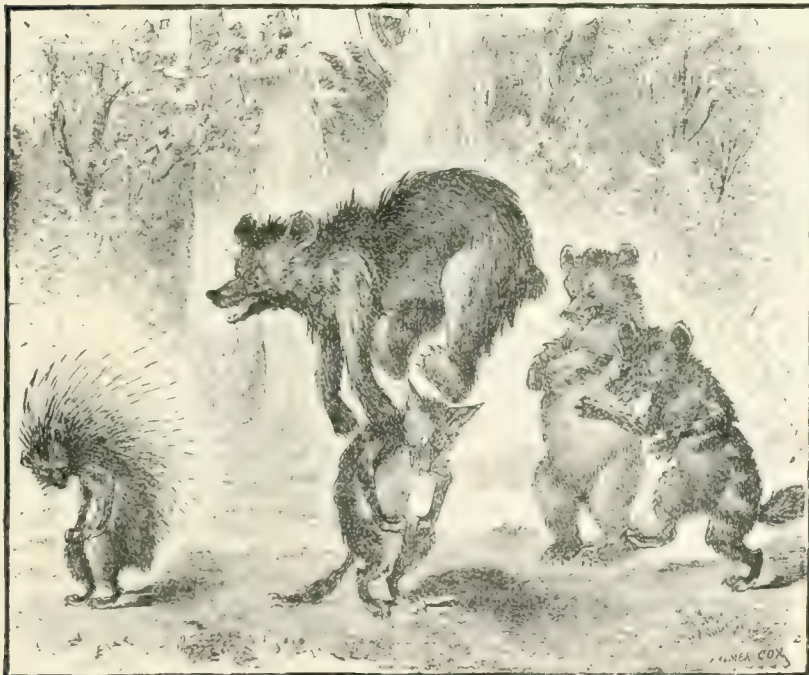
from out whose holy doors have issued Serbia's kings, at whose sacred altar the holy christening drops fell on my baby Stephen's head, fall now and cover Serbia's wretched queen!"

"And doubt ye, doubt ye, the tale I tell;
Ask of the dead, for the dead I know well;
Let them answer ye, each, from his mouldy bed,
For there is no falsehood among the dead;
And there be twelve thousand dead men know
Who betray'd the Tzar at Kosovo."

So, under the ivy-covered walls of the Cloister of the Seven Gates, swooned the sweet queen of Serbia; so, on the fatal field of Kosovo, fell the noble Lazarus, the last of Serbia's kings; so a traitor son betrayed a kingly father; so Lado the fawn lost the crown of Serbia.

And now, why have I told this story of Serbia's sorrow, this tale of a far-off time, and of a land so little known to the boys and girls of to-day—this tale, half fact, half fable, as I have gathered it from the mist of romance that obscures the history of a fair land and of a gallant race?

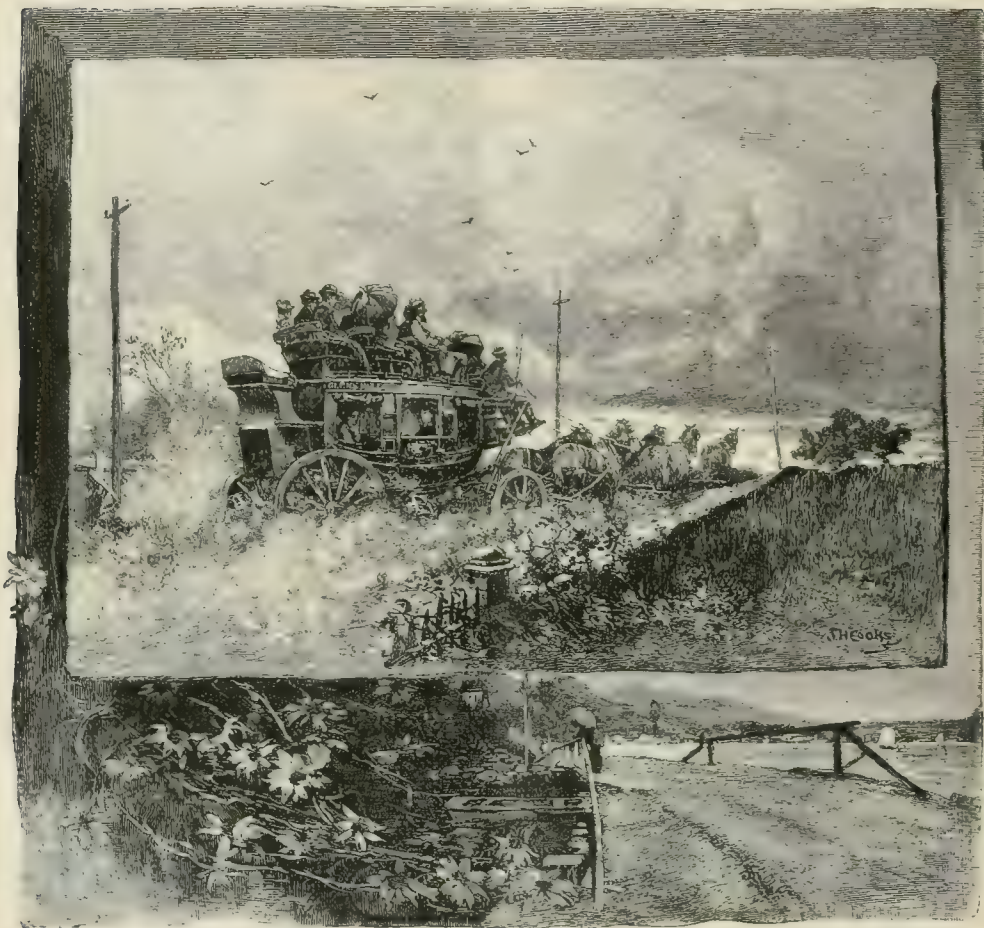
Five hundred years have passed since the fatal day of Kosovo, five centuries since the last of Serbia's kings fell, fighting bravely in her defense. Through all these years, with only now and then a gleam of light, a bright but transient flaring-up of the spirit of liberty, the Turk has ruled as master of the land. But now her deliverance has come. In 1868, when but a boy of fourteen, the young Milan Obrenovitch was acknowledged as tributary prince of Serbia; a young man of twenty-two he, in the year 1876, revolted against Turkish misrule and freed Serbia from the long tyranny of her Moslem conquerors. And now, in this very month of August, 1882, he will, unless some change of ceremonial occurs, "bear his crown forth into the world," amid the glad acclaims of an emancipated people, as King Milan the First of Serbia, passing through a new gate cut in the time-stained, moss-grown wall of the old Cloister of the Seven Gates, under the shadow of which Paul and his sisters saw the White Vila of the Fountain five hundred years ago.



LEAP-FROG IN THE WOODS.

SUMMER DAYS AT LAKE GEORGE.

BY LUCY A. MILLINGTON.



ON THE ROAD TO LAKE GEORGE.

MASTER HARRY HADLEY, aged just fourteen at the time I shall tell you about, was a very genial boy, and had no fear of making the acquaintance of strangers whose appearance pleased him. His sister Anne, two years younger, but almost as tall, went everywhere with him, and shared in all his adventures, without a thought of consequences.

They finally tired of the places they had been in the habit of visiting summer after summer, and, having recently read Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," had succeeded in persuading their mother that, after a brief stay at Saratoga, a visit to Lake George would be an agreeable change for them all.

So it happened that, on a bright summer morning, they found themselves actually at the beginning of their long-anticipated journey, and about to enter the commodious stage drawn up at the door of the hotel. And when a dark, grave-looking stranger, who occupied an outside seat, beckoned to Harry with the air of one who knew the best places, and generally got them, nothing seemed to him more natural than at once to accept so friendly an invitation, in which he also liberally included Anne.

If Mamma made any objections, they were so faint as to be lost in the bustle attending the start, for the next moment the stage was off.

Mamma and her eldest daughter, Marie, settled themselves comfortably inside the coach, content to know that Harry and Anne were at least safely on board, and would need no further care for the present.

It was a perfect summer day. The six shining horses trotting smoothly along the planked road; the light, bounding motion of the coach, the lofty seat whence they could look down complacently on the boys and girls toiling along the sidewalks or roadsides,—all this made Harry's blood tingle with a pleasant excitement.

He sat quite still, however, for he was not given to making a noise when he was pleased; but looked about with an interest sharpened by his keen enjoyment. The swallows darting from low eaves, sparrows in oak thickets, and a kingbird poised on beating wings over a fluttering moth, he

passing over had been used by the armies, that there had often been much fighting along it; and that the block-houses had been built for shelter and protection.

Harry became so interested that he began to make good resolutions about studying colonial history; but he forgot all about them when the stranger beside him asked him if he liked fishing, and pointed out a trout-brook, winding among meadows and thickets. Sometimes it was lost in a green level, and anon hid itself in a small piece of woodland. A miserable little scow, managed by two boys, was coming slowly down the brook, laden with water-lilies. Anne shouted with delight when they threw her a handful. She could not find a penny to throw to the boys, for her purse was at the bottom of a pocket very much like Harry's, full of all sorts of things accumulated in



THE STEAMER "CANOU SKIE"

merely pointed out to Anne. Looking back, he saw distant purple mountains, which their new acquaintance told them were the long, outlying ranges of the Green Mountains. Then Anne remembered having read that, during the French and Indian wars, this very road which they were

their travels. However, that did not matter, for the stranger threw down some small change. "Evidently," thought Harry, "he carries his pennies loose in his pockets."

Then they wound along hill-sides shaded by huge chestnut-trees, whose little fuzzy burs began

to peep from among the green leaves. The hills beyond were high and covered with dark woods. Anne wondered if there were not bears in those woods.

"Very likely," said the stranger; "bears are very fond of chestnuts and acorns."

"Have you ever seen a bear loose in the woods?" inquired Harry.

"Once or twice—yes, twice," said the stranger, meditatively.

Harry took a good look at him for the first time. He was a handsome man, with dark eyes and dark skin, almost like an Indian's, but his hair and beard were fine and smooth. Anne could not help noticing his brown hands, with clean nails, and the "useful" look they had—not at all like most gentlemen's hands; but he seemed in no hurry to tell them about the bears.

"Did you see them here?" asked Harry.

"Oh, no—a long way off in the mountains. We were hunting deer, and our supper depended on our success. I was not anxious to see a bear, because I had become tired of eating bear-steak, and we were wishing for a change. I waited for a deer to pass me, for the dogs had started one; but they had started a bear also. Well, when I heard the small cedar-trees rustle, I thought a deer was coming, and took up my gun; but after waiting a long time, a huge black paw was put out from among the branches, and slowly waved, as though beckoning me to come forward. It was so like a great rough hand that I shuddered. Then there was a silence. I took steady aim, and fired where I had seen the paw. Something or somebody cried 'Oh!' in a deep voice, and a heavy body plunged off the rocks, and fell with a scramble and a crash down the hill. I was so sure that I had shot one of my men that I threw down my gun and ran forward, calling out, 'Who are you? Oh, tell me who it is!' A howl that was more dreadful than any thing I ever heard before or since answered me. I had only my knife, but I knew that my shot would call in the rest of my men, if they were near me. I could hear the bear crashing about in the close thicket. It seemed an age, but it could not have been five minutes, before I had regained my rifle and faced the bear as it scrambled up the rocks. As its breast rose over the hill I fired, and it fell back, dead."

Harry's cheeks tingled, and he panted softly, looking into the dark eyes before him.

"Was it a very large bear?" asked Anne.

"Very large," said the stranger, "and we had to eat it, for there was no deer killed that day."

"Oh," said Harry, "I wish I had been with you!"

"To eat bear-meat?" laughed the man. Then

he pointed out to them a bit of blue like the sky, which he said was Lake George. They rolled down the long, sloping embankment of the sliding sand-hill, with its bank swallows wheeling in circles overhead, and then through the pines, and across to the hotel—a thing Harry and Anne cared very little about, and that little only for the supper and the rest, before the glad to-morrow in which they should see the old fort and the scene of the massacre of the unfortunate prisoners by their savage conquerors.

About nine o'clock next morning, Harry and Anne came out of the woods, and climbed the grassy mound that covers what was once Fort George. They had walked slowly across the rough lime-rocks, trying to trace in the confused heaps of broken stone the lines of defense and the fire-places of the log-barracks which once stood there. Harry had grown eloquent in his descriptions, for he knew that he had an admiring audience, and that gave him a sense of freedom which made him rather reckless as to numbers and dates. After a time he began to be speculative, and he seriously questioned the possibility of three thousand men getting inside so small an inclosure. The bit of wall still left, with its half-closed embrasure, he considered a trifling affair. Tramping up and down over the short, fine grass that covered the piles of stones and mortar, he went too near the edge, and, in the midst of a flourish of sneers and gesticulations, disappeared from Anne's admiring eyes, as suddenly as if some hidden savage had extended a long arm from below and pulled him down. Indeed, it was several seconds before she quite understood that he was gone. Then her screams rang through the woods and echoed along the rocky mountain-sides, peal after peal, as, more than a hundred years before, the screams of the helpless prisoners had waked the echoes on the day of the massacre. She dared not look down, though the fall was not great, for she did not doubt that Harry was killed. So she stood with clenched hands, crying loudly in a way that Harry despised and had often scolded her for, when two strong brown hands clutched her arms, and she felt herself swung into the air and carried swiftly along the mound and down the broken rocks below the wall.

Five minutes later, she was laughing through her tears to see the mortified look on Harry's face when he opened his eyes and beheld the grave countenance of their companion of the day before.

Presently, Anne brought some water in Harry's folding cup, and he sat up as well as ever, but with a monstrous bump on his forehead where he had indented the turf, as their new acquaintance smilingly showed them.

"Now," said Harry, "I am Harry Hadley, and this is my sister Anne ——"

"And I," said the gentleman, interrupting him, "I am the Old Man of the Mountains, and if you want to address me by a commoner name, you may call me John Jones. Suppose you call me John, and let us shake hands and swear eternal friendship."

"I don't mind if I do," said Harry; "and if you are going to the mountains again soon, I wish you would persuade Mamma to let me go too. I don't care sixpence for school, and I'd rather be a good hunter than any thing I can think of."

"Oh, but I am not a hunter," said John, "and I went to school for many years before I visited the mountains. I should like to have you go with me, but you would not be happy yourself, or help me, until you had a good education. The more you learn, the more you will enjoy the woods; so, my boy, stick to school and be a brave man. Just now, you and I and sister Anne are having a play-spell, so let us enjoy it. Come, if you feel like walking, we will go back to the place you came from in such a hurry, and I will tell you something about this old fort."

So they climbed the mound, and John took them about, and showed them what the shape of the fort had been before it was blown up, and how easily the Frenchmen had taken it by planting guns on a height, and shooting into the inside instead of the outside of the inclosure.

You can read the whole story in any good Colonial History.

Harry, kicking carelessly about in a heap of rubbish dislodged by recent rains, had unearthed a round ball of rusty iron—an old grape-shot, which made him very happy, but not more happy than Anne, who picked up a bit of glazed ware as large as a penny. Nothing but the persuasion of their new friend kept them both from digging with might and main for more relics.

John led them down across the rocks, among the pines and thorn-bushes, to the lake, and then he gathered some waxy white callas and arrow-leaves to put with Anne's harebells. It was very late before they thought of dinner—so late that Mamma and sister Marie began to feel uneasy, and were looking out for them, when they came up from the lake along the road shaded by pines.

It did not add to Mamma's pleasure to observe that the children were accompanied by a stranger, a dark man whom she took to be a foreigner; and, moreover, that both the young people were evidently charmed with him.

However, Mrs. Hadley forebore spoiling their enjoyment by reproving them, but after dinner she went down and bought tickets for passage on the

"Ganouskie" to French Point the next day. When the young folks heard of it, Anne tried to console Harry by reminding him that the steam-boat ride must be delightful, and then there was the whole afternoon still left for a row.

Harry had learned to row well, so that his mother readily gave her consent to his taking Anne for a ride on the lake. They had not long been on the water before they discovered Mr. Jones at a little distance in a pretty boat. Though they did not speak to him, he presently rowed near them, and kindly showed Harry where to land on one of the little islands. They were very much puzzled by his proceedings. He rowed up and down, and looked through a telescope at the mountains for a long time, first from one point, then from another. When they left the lake he was still lying down in his boat, with the long glass resting across the side.

When Mamma took Harry and Anne on board the "Ganouskie" the next morning, she looked all about the boat and the dock for the dark man, but he was nowhere in sight; so she gave herself up to the enjoyment of the beautiful blue sky, with its great, fleecy, piled-up banks of white clouds, that were so perfectly reflected in the lake as to seem another sky below. Even the ripple made by the boat when under way did not spread far or fast enough to break the picture, and rocks, trees, and mountains all floated in doubles along the shore. Little steamers, with gay parties on board, trailed lines of light from point to point, and canoes and yawls, holding specks of dazzling scarlet, blue, and white, flitted about like some strange species of water-beetles. Anne was in ecstasies, and even sister Marie forgot her fine complexion, and let the sun and the wind kiss her pink cheeks. Harry was having a splendid time watching the boys out on the water.

So Harry watched the boats, and let the shores, with their glimpses of houses embowered in trees, stretches of woods along the water, and bits of green meadow-land, slip by him unobserved. When he saw a boy about his own age hauling in fish, he could hardly keep from clapping his hands.

Often, the little boats lay so near that he could look down into them as they danced about in the swell the "Ganouskie" made, and the little steamers puffing away so spitefully bobbed about in such a merry way that Mamma and the children laughed to see them.

But there are other ways of traveling than by steamer, for here, some miles up the lake, pulling easily along in a pale green tinted boat, built as long and slim as a trout, was Mr. Jones himself. He turned his dark face toward them, and nodded smilingly to both Anne and her brother. Harry



FRENCH POINT FROM THE NORTH.

became thoughtful as he watched him. Of all ways of traveling, he decided he should prefer canoeing. It cuts one off from the rest of the world—at least, that part of it which travels in cars and steam-boats. "Everybody goes this way," said Harry to Anne, as he confided to her his preference for small boats; "but to row about wherever you like, to sleep in your boat, and to cook and eat in it, would be glorious. I say, Anne, you and I will go off together that way, some day."

Anne was sure she should like it if Harry did.

After seeing Mr. Jones, Harry began to be interested in the places where the boat made landings. He could not help being amused by the troops of children at every little pier. Some were busy with rods and lines, and one party of boys had a splendid water-spaniel that plunged in and brought back to shore whatever they threw to him, till one boy pulled off his shoe, and tossed it out, crying, "Take it, Charley!" But before Charley could

reach it, the shoe turned around once and sank out of sight, to the great amusement of the boys, who made the hills ring with their shrill laughter. Before the boat left, Harry saw the boy hobbling up to the house with but one shoe on, for they had not been able to make the dog understand that he was expected to dive for the one tossed out to him.

The pretty pavilion standing on the bank of the lake, within the line of tall trees, with groups of ladies in delicately tinted dresses standing about or sitting on the grassy banks, shone down on the water like some fairy picture. Harry was mainly interested in the name, "Trout Pavilion," for once or twice in his life he had done a little trout-fishing—enough, however, to make him wish for more. He thought of the beautiful rod and the flies that were packed in his trunk, and the pride and pleasure he had had in buying them. He did not quite understand whether trout were to be looked for in the lake or in the brooks, and he

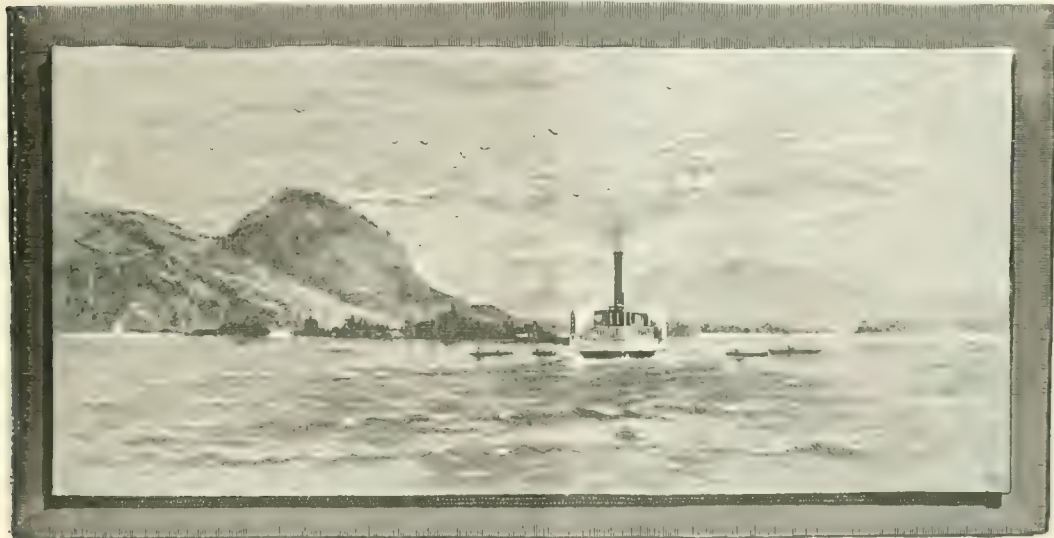
would not have asked about it for the world; but he resolved to try the lake on the first opportunity.

Anne tried hard to interest him in the beautiful scenery, but just now he could think only of good places to fish from. Shelving Rock, stretching out along the lake, looked like good fishing-ground, and he rather wondered at seeing so many people fishing from boats.

The shores were dotted with tents and tiny cottages, that seemed to swarm with people. Their flags looked like blossoms among the leaves. Boats darted in and out of every nook in the rocky shores, and from among the islands that were covered with trembling poplars and fragrant cedars. They swarmed along the steamer's track, and were supplied with ice, milk, fish, bread, and mail-matter by the boat-steward. The steamer's whistle was

summer. The stony desert of the city streets, the methodical school-drill, the constraint within known lines of city life had drifted so far into the past that they seemed to them both but a vague, hazy memory compared with the present, vivid with sunshine, sweet airs from evergreen woods, and the sheen of crystal water.

After dinner, which proved a pleasant occasion, as Mamma liked her rooms, and the children were in high spirits, Harry fished his rod out of his trunk, and, with Anne's help, arranged his lines for use. Just then, he was struck with a sudden pang of remorse. It had not occurred to him before, but he remembered that a good many of the boats he had seen held boys, no older than himself, who had young girls fishing with them—evidently brothers and sisters.



SHELVING ROCK.

blown every few minutes, and it was generally the signal for some boat that lay in waiting somewhere near. Young girls in gay flannel dresses, or boys with bare legs and arms and the broadest of hats, brought the letters and empty milk-cans from their camp. There were small cannon mounted on a hillock on the shore, and the girls fired a salute as the boat passed. It seemed a general holiday. Everything and everybody was enjoying the golden summer days. Even the leaves on the trees seemed to rustle happily on their stems, and the little puffs of wind that roughened long streaks of the silvery lake and made them look a steely blue, wandered aimlessly about, as if in the general enjoyment they too had a share. Long before they reached French Point, Harry and Anne had entered into the very spirit of a Lake George

"Anne," said he, "I must go down into the office; I won't be gone five minutes."

He came back silent and preoccupied. He could send an order to town for fishing-tackle, but could not get it until the next day, and he was determined to try the lake early in the morning.

After the tackle, he must secure his boat; so he took Anne to the wharf, and they climbed in and out of every one, tried the seats, and inspected the oars carefully.

One of the boys playing about on the beach came and looked at them with a knowing smirk on his sunburnt face. Seeing Harry pause at a boat with a rather broad stern-seat, with the name "Fred" painted above it, he could not restrain himself, but burst out:

"Oh, I would n't take that, if I were you. I took

it once because *my* name's Fred; but it hangs back so in the water that it is very hard to row."

"What ails it?" asked Harry.

"I don't know, I'm sure, but the man said it

is my sister's name," and he looked at Anne, who blushed when Fred took off his rather rusty straw hat and made her a bow.

"You might have it if Papa had not taken it for the month; but there are others just as good. Pick out one, and enter your name for it, and then I should like to have you and your sister try mine. I'm going fishing over toward the other shore."

Harry looked the boats over once more, and finally took the one Anne liked best. It was named the "Susan," to which some school-boy had added a "Jane" in straggling red chalk letters, so that it read "Susan Jane." Harry and Fred laughed at it, but Anne tried to wipe it off with her handkerchief.

"No use, Miss Anne," said Fred. "I've seen it tried before, and it wont come off."

"What do you catch the most of?" asked Harry, as though he had but to choose the fish he wished for, and catch them.

"Perch mostly, and sometimes bass and pickerel. It is the best time in the season for pouts, too; but they are ugly things to handle, though they are nice eating. I'll get my bait now and take you over, if you will go."

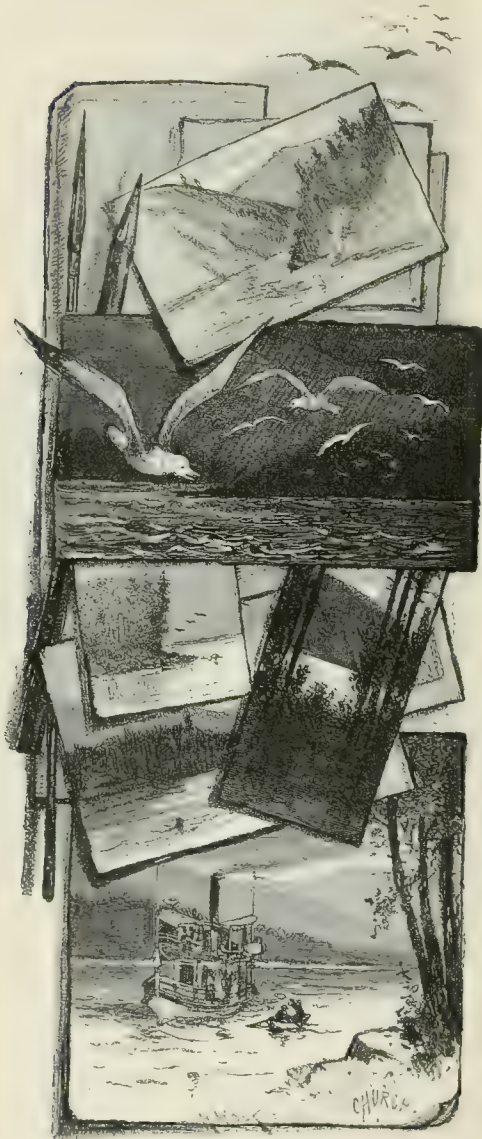
"Very well; I will see about the boats first."

Harry was ashamed to say, "I will ask my mother," for he felt himself at the age of fourteen very tall and old, and he thought he ought to be able to go fishing without asking permission. However, his sense of honor was his strongest trait, and he went at once and told his mother about the boat and the invitation. Anne, with a keener instinct as to what her mother would most approve, enlarged somewhat on Fred's good manners, and the result was a cordial permission to go fishing with his new friend.

When they got down to the boat, Harry found that some cushions and three kettles of bait had been put in, and he remembered with some chagrin that poor Anne had no tackle. He had not thought, when at home, of a girl fishing; but here the girls had as many privileges as their brothers, and he was ashamed of his carelessness. He was resolved, too, that Anne should have a nice dark flannel dress, so that she could go about without trembling for her skirts and sister Marie's reproof for a stain or a water-splash.

Fred then rowed them over quickly to his fishing-ground.

Harry was a long time in getting out his rod, in order to see what Fred would do; then he followed him as nearly as possible in all things. Anne watched their floats and the neighboring boats till she singled out a pale green one that seemed to be getting all the fish. It made her nervous to see Harry's fingers pricked till they bled



GLIMPSES ALONG THE LAKE.

'hogged'; whatever that means I can't say, but I know it seems as if it touched bottom all the time."

"Have you a boat?" inquired Harry.

"Yes, that one with the pink-tipped oars is mine. It is the 'Anne.'"

"Oh," said Harry, "I should like that. That

by the two or three pouts that he caught, but with Fred's help he presently learned to unhook them more skillfully. Still, they were not getting many fish, and Fred put them nearer the green boat, in which they found their friend Mr. Jones. He was glad to see them, shook hands cordially, and inquired after Harry's head. Five minutes later, Anne found herself in the green boat, dropping a coil of line into the water, under Mr. Jones's instruction. Anne had never fished before, and she needed all her life-long habits of prompt obedience to keep her from rising in the boat and becoming wildly excited when an active fish ran away with her line. It darted madly about, now on this side, then on that, shooting off like an arrow, flinging itself at last quite out of the water, before she lifted it over the side of the boat, doing it all at Mr. Jones's quiet dictation.

"Hurrah for Anne!" shouted Harry and his friend, and they pulled over to inspect the prize.

Harry's elation knew no bounds when he found that it was a trout, and a heavy one at that. Mr. Jones thought it would weigh five pounds, and he complimented Anne on her coolness and skill.

Poor Anne! Her hands certainly trembled very much, and she wondered more and more how she ever got the fish into the boat. Harry and Fred did not waste much time talking about it, but hurried their lines over the side, and waited impatiently for the almost imperceptible signal from below that a fish was taking the bait.

Twice Fred lost a fish, and then caught a small trout. Anne caught nothing more, and Harry

in the bottom of the boat, and he could feast his eyes on it and wish that his father was there to see it. So much absorbed was he, that he did not see nor hear another boat coming up with them, until its inmate exclaimed, "My! but that's a bouncer!" And Anne cried out in unselfish glee, "Hurrah! Harry has beaten me."

Then the happy young people came back to the Point, for Fred enjoyed their success almost as much as if it had been his own. Next came the exhibition to Mamma and sister Marie, and the triumphal procession to the kitchen to hand the fish over to cook to be weighed and dressed, so that they might have them for tea and breakfast.

In the meantime, Mamma had discovered that she knew of Fred's family. They were the Lelands, of Fairton, and she told Harry to send Mr. and Mrs. Leland a plate of fish from their own table, which led to further acquaintance and much pleasure for Anne and the two boys.

Anne told her mother that her fish was caught from Mr. Jones's boat, and with his tackle. She at first seemed to be somewhat vexed that Anne should have allowed herself to be indebted for so much attention to a perfect stranger; but when she learned that Mr. Jones was staying at a neighboring hotel, she made no further remark.

The next morning, Fred and Harry got up early and went out to catch pouts. The sun had not risen, and the great mountains that nestle so closely on all sides of the beautiful lake wore the loveliest garbs of purple and gold. Light scarfs of lace-like mist floated across their tops. The wood-duck led out her brood in the shadows of the rocks, and the great northern diver called his mate in the far-off, plaintive voice that, once heard, can never be forgotten. The lake lay still before them, black in shadow, streaked with steely blue where the brightening sky was reflected on the placid water. The two boys laid down their oars when they reached their fishing-ground, and sat a moment silent, looking and listening.

"This is glorious," said Harry at last. "I wish it would last forever."

"So do I," said Fred; "I would fish every day."

The word fish recalled them to the business of the morning, and they drew their boats away from each other and put out their lines.

In the meantime, Anne, who was awakened by Harry's going out, had risen and dressed, and went out to look at the sky and the mountains. She could see the boats and the flash of water from the oars, as they rose and fell. A bittern in some moist hollow near by called to his mate, and the kingfisher's clanging cry came from some tall old trees beside the lake. A bustling robin, that had already given its brood their breakfast, came



began to feel hot and flurried over his lack of success, when the signal came so suddenly as to almost upset his usual calmness.

"Go slow, or you'll lose him!" Fred shouted.

It seemed a long time to Harry, but a delicious time, too, before his fish lay glistening before him

down in the grass on the lawn for a bath, and fluttered its feathers, and rolled about in the dew, until it was thoroughly wet; then flew up and began to dry itself, with many cunning motions and twirling of rustling wings. The swallows flew in and out of the barn, squeaking and twittering, and sweeping over the trees and down on the lake, dipping here and there a wing, and then whirling back again, until Anne forgot, in watching them, that she lived in a world where breakfasts and dinners were occasions which well-behaved young people were expected to remember.

Several happy days had gone by, when Mrs. Hadley and the children were invited by the Lelands to share in a picnic at the Narrows. They had hired a large sail-boat, and would land somewhere and have lunch. Fred and Harry could tie their boats behind if they wished, and then row about when they reached the picnic ground. The weather was hot, but when once fairly upon the water the breeze that wafted them smoothly along made a delicious coolness in the air. The lake was alive with saucy little steamers, sail and row boats, their gay bunting and the brilliant-colored dresses of their occupants shining in the sun. The mountains in the distance were faintly tinged with purple, while the nearer rocks glowed in blended hues of russet and gold.

The young people were happy. They sang and whistled to the birds, they clapped their hands, hurrahed, and waved their handkerchiefs by way of returning the salutes of the camps they passed.

dodging in and out of all sorts of queer places, sometimes so close to the shore that they could look into pleasant camps and see bits of country roads, where carriages, toiling over the rocks or through the sand, made their own easy sailing-boat seem more delightful, until they reached a spot which seemed to be the very place for their picnic.

The two boys carried the party ashore in their small boats. They brought out the baskets, gathered sticks for their gypsy fire, and then went down to the beach to hunt for periwinkles and to catch crickets for bait.

Harry called them to dinner with a fish-horn. It was the merriest dinner they had ever eaten, and though they had laughed until they were tired, they none the less enjoyed the sail back to the hotel above, where they were to join another party going to French Point.

Every wind that blew was favorable, and almost too soon they swept up to the place where their boat was waiting for them. It was a small steamer, and had been whistling frantically for some minutes. They threw a line on board the Lelands' boat, and away they went across the lake. Sailing was well enough, but being towed was a new experience, and Fred enjoyed it to the utmost; and when they had nearly reached the other shore, he wished to have Harry and Anne sit near him.

As Harry was helping Anne over, he tripped on a rope, and in falling gave her such a pull that they both fell head foremost into the dark water. Their mother's cry of distress hardly quivered on the air



SAILING ON LAKE GEORGE.

The little steamers whistled to them, and everybody appeared to be glad with everybody else.

The sail was so delightful that the young people begged for more, and the boat went on up toward Shelving Rock, creeping between the islands, and

before there was a splash from the steamer. Somebody had gone over after them. Fred jumped into his boat, and some one cast him loose, while the steamer turned slowly about and lay head on, ready to go in any direction. All eyes were turned toward



A ROAD-WAY BY THE LAKE

the bubbling wake of the "Water Witch" to see the children rise.

Anne appeared first. Fred rowed with might and main to reach her, and the swimmer beat the water with strong arms. Just as poor Harry came up, groping about for her with both hands while he gasped for breath, she sank out of sight again.

Fred forged ahead, and, hooking his feet under a stationary seat, lay far over the side, waiting breathlessly for the child to come in sight. In the meantime the swimmer had reached Harry, and was supporting him until he could take breath, while gasping over and over: "I tried to find her—I tried so hard to find her!"

The poor mother moaned, and wrung her hands, not daring to look on. If she had, she would have seen Fred lean suddenly far out and plunge his head and arms into the water, rising again with Anne's pretty, white face close to his. As he afterward told Harry privately, it was like something done in a dream. He had clutched her dress, and then had grasped both arms.

Fred was able to hold his precious burden until Harry and his preserver came and lifted her into the boat, into which they also climbed, and rowed away with all their might to the hotel at the Point, not far off, while the rest of the party came on behind as fast as possible.

Blankets and hot-water bottles were hurried out, and before very long Anne opened her eyes upon a rather misty scene. Unknown faces peered at her through the mist, and hollow voices sounded in her ears; but presently all faded slowly out of sight and hearing, and she had a little sleep.

As soon as it was possible to take Anne away from Harry, he was sent to his room to change his wet clothes. He would not consent to leave her until he was assured that she was alive and would soon be all right. By the time he had got on some dry clothes, Fred came to the door with his father and Mr. Jones, and Harry discovered that his rescuer was no other than his friend of the fort. They clasped hands with an earnest look into each other's eyes. Fred had a sudden call to the window, and Mr. Leland said smilingly: "Harry, you seem to know this gentleman. I'm glad you have found him out, for I have known him a long time. We knew each other when we were boys, like you and Fred. We went to college together, and almost every summer we meet here at Lake George."

Mamma and sister Marie stepped forward and heartily thanked the stranger for his noble kindness to them, to which he replied with a blush that showed even through his tanned cheek; and then honest, cordial little Anne ran up to him and threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming: "Dear John Jones, I think you are just splendid!" at which everybody laughed, especially Mr. Leland, who, as they went out of the door together, patted his friend's shoulder, and said smilingly: "*John Jones*, indeed! Since when has my old chum, Rob Hamilton, become John Jones?"

I should like to tell you more about this pleasant summer trip, but must content myself with saying that all the rest of the days at Lake George were golden days, that made their lives brighter and happier, and the very memory of them filled the winter with sunshine.



TIT FOR TAT.

BY EVA F. L. CARSON.



GRASSHOPPER GOGGLEYES, down in the clover,
Drearly cries: "Well! I've traveled all over,
High as the clover-tops, down to the ground;
Rest for my weary legs never I've found.
Over field and through meadow, up hill and down
dale,

There's a fat little foot coming just at my tail,
And the shrill little voice of that fat little Joe
Exclaims: 'Jump, Mr. Grasshopper, don't be so
slow,

Jump high and low!

Hop, Mr. Grasshopper—get up and go!"



"Would Joe find it pleasant, I'd just like to know,
If I suddenly stretched, and, beginning to grow,
Grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger—just so—
And then, gently extending my little green toe,
I gayly cried out: 'Come, get up, little Joe?
Jump, little fat boy, and don't be so slow,
Jump high and low!
Hop, little fat boy—get up and go!"

HOW JOE BENTLY WON A BOUQUET FROM THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.*

BY H. H. CLARK, U. S. N.



JOE BENTLY lived on a cattle-farm in the interior of one of the New England States. His rough, wild life had developed in him great physical strength and endurance. At sixteen he grew tired of his surroundings, and having heard in the meantime of the naval apprentice system, made up his mind that the deck of a man-of-war would afford much larger scope for his talents and be vastly more congenial to his tastes. Having obtained his father's consent, at the end of the month he was an apprentice on board the "Minnesota," lying in dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

After a year spent in that great vessel, learning the drills and exercises of a man-of-war, he, with about a hundred others, was found qualified for a cruise at sea. Early in March, he was detailed to make a summer cruise in the Mediterranean. His ship, a fine sloop-of-war, sailed late in the same month for Lisbon.

Never did vessel make a finer voyage. In nineteen days, driven by a moderate westerly gale, she brought the heights of Cintra, on the Portuguese coast, in full view. In the sunlight they stood out like a mountain of gold against the sky.

Nearly all the boys had suffered from sea-sickness, and when they saw land once more they felt somewhat as Columbus did when he knelt and kissed the soil of San Salvador. In the course of the day, the ship stood up the Tagus under full canvas. The beautiful banks seemed to them like a panorama of Paradise. This noble river, with its

emerald banks, crowned with ancient windmills, quaint castles, and glittering palaces, has been for centuries the delight of poets and travelers, and after a passage across the stormy Atlantic it falls upon the eye with an indescribable charm.

The moment a man-of-war comes to anchor in a foreign port, all sorts of people throng about her, all clamorous for patronage. There are washerwomen, bumboatmen, theatrical agents, guides, musicians—each setting forth his particular attractions in a very animated manner. Among the people who came on board was a man who especially interested Joe. He brought a flaming advertisement of a bull-fight, which he undertook to explain in broken English. As nearly as Joe could make out, there was to be, during the following Easter week, a great bull-fight. The wildest bulls had been brought from Andalusia, a large number of horses from the royal stables were to be in the ring, the queen herself would preside and distribute the favors, and, in short, it was to be the grandest bull-fight seen in Portugal for many years.

All this had a peculiar fascination for Joe. In all his allusions to Portugal and Spain, he had declared to the boys that the only thing he cared to see in those countries was a bull-fight.

The bull-fights of Portugal are different from those of Spain in several important particulars. At every such fight in Spain, where this cruel sport is conducted in the most barbarous manner, many horses are killed, and sometimes men, too, fall victims, and at the close of the fight the bull is dispatched by the *matador*, or bull-killer. The law of Portugal does not allow the bull to be killed, and his horns are always padded, or tipped with brass, so that he can not gore the horses. Once in a while, however, a man is killed, in spite of this precaution. The excitement is intense, as the object is to drive or drag the bull from the inclosure.

In the general liberty-list of the ship some of the boys were always included, and Joe was rejoiced to find his name among the fortunate number on the day of the fight. Long before the hour, he went ashore and walked impatiently about the city. At last, with several of his comrades, he started for the bull-ring. Thousands, bedecked in gay colors, thronged the great highway. Carriages, bearing the coats of arms of noble families, rolled along, drawn by horses in richly ornamented harness, fol-

* See "Letter-box."



SPANISH BULL-FIGHTERS

lowed by postilions in livery of many hues. Had Joe not known that all this display was over a bull-fight, he would have thought that it was coronation day, or that a king was coming from some foreign capital to visit the country, and the people were going forth to welcome him.

At the ring he had to wait long, with a densely packed, impatient crowd, for admission. Finally the doors were thrown open, and there was a grand rush for seats. Joe succeeded in getting one of the best. Whoever knew an American boy abroad who failed in getting a good seat, if left to his own ingenuity and activity?

Joe's position commanded a full view of every part of the pavilion. He thought that all Lisbon must be there, from the barefooted water-carriers to the royal family. All waited in suspense for the queen to enter the royal box. Presently she appeared, and was greeted by the audience with repeated cries of applause. She waved her handkerchief, there was a grand burst of music, and an officer of the royal household, followed by a troop of riders dressed in brilliant and fantastic costumes, mounted on horses in rich housings, galloped into the ring. After they had gracefully saluted the court and the public, they dashed with a great flourish of lances to their several stations. A large number of *campinos*, or bull-fighters, similarly dressed, but unmounted, followed them into the ring, each bearing a gaudy flag or mantle.

The public imagination was highly wrought up by this display. Joe now saw a man step forward

and quickly pull open a little door. Standing one side, he shook a red flag violently in the aperture, and in an instant a noble bull bounded into the ring. For a moment he stood regarding the vast audience with astonishment and anger. Joe thought he never before had seen so beautiful an animal. He was as lithe and graceful as a deer, and as he pawed the ground and lashed his sides furiously with his tail, Joe's admiration burst into an enthusiastic shout. The bull's *début* had been so handsomely made that the audience cheered him lustily.

Already the *campinos* had begun their feats of agility and daring. The air was aglow with their waving mantles and flags. Not only did they endeavor to exhibit their own bravery, but also to infuriate the bull for the mounted men, who as yet remained inactive. So violently did the bull charge upon them that in a few minutes nearly every one of them had vaulted over the palings. For an instant, the bull was master of the ring.

Joe's excitement increased. Up to the present moment his sympathy was with the bull. He wished that he were astride one of those magnificent horses, or that he was even afoot in the ring; he would show the audience some sport.

Led by the royal officer, the knight-errant of the occasion, each rider had now put spurs to his horse, and they were all executing a series of quick evolutions preparatory to a direct attack upon the bull. Horses and riders were so admirably trained that even the bull looked as if he were charmed by the exhibition. The riders now began severally to confront the bull and provoke his wrath by sharp thrusts of their lances. Thus insulted and wounded, he sprang at his tormentors with such force that they were barely able to evade his stroke by the utmost dexterity and promptness. One fine horse was at length struck with such violence that, in rearing, he lost his balance and fell heavily to the ground. Both the horse and his rider lay for a moment stunned, when they were assisted from the ring. This being repeated, the queen gave orders for the horsemen to withdraw, as the royal horses were too valuable to be injured in this manner.

The programme with the first bull was nearly completed. The band struck up a lively air, and several men came in to compete in single combats for the honors of the day. One of them, wrapped in a crimson cape, stationed himself in a chair. The bull immediately tossed the chair many feet into the air, the occupant barely saving himself from a mortifying fall. Another man stood on his hands, shaking a bright cloth with his teeth. He recovered his feet within a few inches of the bull as he rushed madly past.

The most perilous feat of the bull-ring was now

attempted. A young man, covered with silver lace hung all over with little bells, undertook to throw himself between the bull's horns and cling to them till the bull should be sufficiently exhausted to be overpowered and taken from the ring. He courageously made the attempt, but unhappily missed his aim and fell directly in front of the enraged animal.

At this moment of terrible suspense, moreover, Joe suddenly saw what had not yet been discovered by any one else—that the bull had lost the padding from one of his horns. He stood over

temerity. An Englishman present, fearing for the life of the unpracticed lad, cried out, "Come back!" Several Americans shouted for him to leave the ring. But Joe had made the venture, and he was not going to be frightened from the ring. On the farm at home he had conquered many a steer quite as wild and powerful as even this maddened bull.

He was conscious that thousands of eyes were watching him with eager interest; but without hesitation he advanced toward the bull, coolly placing himself so that with one hand he could



JOE JOINS THE FIGHT

the young man, his eyes glaring and his whole attitude one of furious anger. He refused to be diverted by the colors glancing all around him, and he seemed to be considering whether he should trample on his victim or pierce him with the naked horn. The young man did not dare to move, for he was aware that the bull possessed every advantage. The excitement of the audience was at its highest point, and the overwrought feelings of our hero would allow him to retain his seat no longer.

With the sprightliness of a sailor-boy he leaped the paling. Everybody was astonished at his

grasp the bull's horn, while with the other he could seize his shaggy mane. The young man, meanwhile, had leaped to his feet and retired to a safe position, leaving Joe to fight the bull alone. Joe's mode of attack had never before been seen in Portugal, and it appeared the extreme of folly. A murmur of remonstrance was heard in every part of the audience. Many cried out for the *campinos* to rush in and rescue the reckless youth. The bull did not seem to appreciate the turn events had taken, and for a moment stood motionless. A strange silence, almost ominous of defeat to our hero, settled upon the pavilion. It was a thrilling

scene—the brave sailor boy apparently at the mercy of the furious animal, and thousands of spectators looking on with breathless interest.

Suddenly the bull recovered himself, and, with an angry flaunt of his head, renewed hostilities. Joe quickly found it more difficult clinging to the bull's slippery horn than to a yard-arm in a tempest; but he was determined to be captain of this lively craft. Somehow he felt that the honor of his country depended upon his victory.

As a good seaman favors his ship in a hurricane, so Joe resolved to humor the bull. He realized that he must take care of his strength, for he would need it all before he got through with his antagonist. Now the bull began to exhibit his wrath. He writhed, and hooked, and stamped. One instant the audience expected to see poor Joe dangling from his horns, and the next trampled helpless beneath his feet. But Joe clung as he would cling to a life-line in a fearful surf. During the intervals of the bull's violence, as in the water on its ebb, he struck gallantly upon his feet. Each time he did so, cries of "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. The bull continued to put forth still greater power. He plunged and tore around the ring. Alternately he jerked and swung Joe from his feet, and fairly spun him through the air. The pavilion tossed, and reeled, and whirled before Joe's giddy sight. Round and round flew the bull as in a race for life. Several times he completed the circuit of the ring; a circle of dust rose from his track and hung over it like a wreath of smoke.

How Joe held on! He feared he could not endure the shock and strain for a minute longer, and he dreaded to let go. He began to lament his rashness. But all at once the bull's speed slackened. Joe felt a thrill of gratitude as his feet once more touched the ground. He was tired of flying, and was very glad to run. The bull, convinced that he could not liberate his horn from Joe's unyielding grip, came to a halt, and with disappointed anger began to paw the ground. Joe had longed for this advantage, which, strange to say, a bull seldom gives till toward the close of a fight, and he sprang directly in front of him and firmly grasped both his horns. "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. Joe braced himself and waited, and when the bull threw his foot high in the air with its little cloud of dust, by a quick, powerful movement, Joe twisted his head to one side so strongly that the fierce animal was thrown off his balance, and fell heavily upon his side.

A score of men rushed in to hold him down until he should be secured; then he was rolled and taken triumphantly from the ring. Joe was almost deafened by the applause. He suddenly found himself a hero in the estimation of the audience, and was overwhelmed by the outbursts of enthusiasm. He was not allowed to leave the ring until he had been led to the royal box, where the queen, with her own hand, passed him a beautiful bouquet. She also extended to him an invitation to come to the palace, where she herself would receive the brave American boy.

HOW FAR YET?

BY CELIA THAXTER.

ARE you so doubtful, poor Nanette?
So many miles to travel yet!
Your chin within your little hand,
Far gazing o'er the darkening land,

Where, like a dream, the village shows
Against the sunset's golden rose;
And day is done, and night begun—
Are you so tired, little one?

And grandmother so weary, too?
Fast comes the dark—what will you do?
Already creeps the twilight down
Above the plain so bare and brown.

Though wide the barren loneliness,
And fear grows more and hope grows less,

And o'er the roofs and towers so far
Trembles the timid evening star,

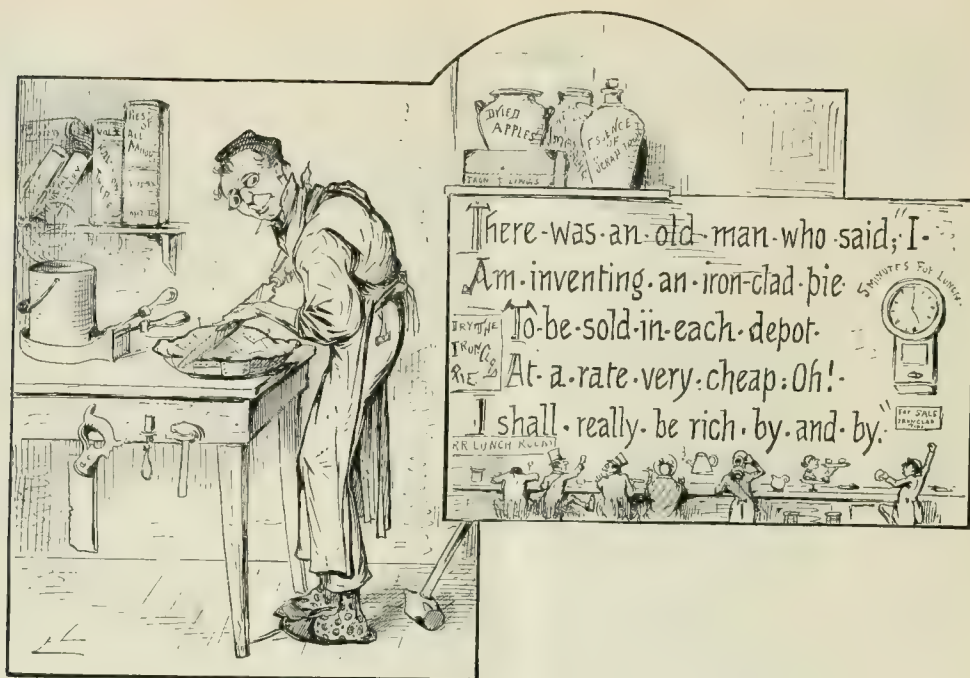
The village from the fallen sun
Is beckoning, now the day is done,
With many a cheerful twinkling light,
Bright sparkling through the gloom of night.

And every sparkle calls to you:
"Cheer up! Press on through dusk and dew!
Welcome is waiting you, and rest;
You shall be comforted and blest."

Poor grandmother and poor Nanette!
To-morrow morn you shall forget,
'Mid voices kind and faces dear,
How sad the long way seemed, and drear.

"SO MANY MILES TO TRAVEL YET!"





DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SUNSET.

FOR an instant Mr. Reed was too astonished to speak.

"Tell me," implored Donald, "is n't Dorothy my sister?"

"Hush! hush!" was the hurried response. "She'll hear you!"

"Is she or not?" insisted Donald, his eyes still fixed on his uncle's face. It seemed to him that he had caught the words, "She is." He could not be certain, but he stepped hopefully forward and laid his hand upon Mr. Reed's shoulder.

"She is!" he exclaimed joyfully, bending over till their faces almost met. "I knew it! Why did n't you tell me the fellow lied?"

"Who? What fellow?"

"First, Uncle—*Is* she or not? I *must* know."

Mr. Reed glanced toward the door, to be sure that it was closed.

"Oh, Uncle, do answer my question."

"Yes, my boy—I think—that is, I *trust* she is. Oh, Donald," cried Mr. Reed, leaning upon the table and burying his face in his hands, "I do not know myself!"

"What don't you know, Uncle?" said a merry voice outside, followed immediately by a light rap at the door. "May I come in?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Reed, rising. But Donald was first. He almost caught Dorothy in his arms as she entered.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "I thought I'd never get dressed. But where's the sense of shutting yourselves in here, when it's so beautiful outside after the shower? It's the grandest sunset I ever saw. Do come and look at it!"

With these words, and taking an arm of each, she playfully led them from the room, out to the

piazza, where they could see the glory of the western sky.

"Is n't it wonderful?" she went on, as they stood looking over the glowing lake. "See, there's a splendid, big purple cloud with a golden edge for you, Uncle, and those two little ones alongside are for Don and me. Oh!" she laughed, clapping her hands, "they're twins, Don, like ourselves; what a nice time they're having together! Now, they are separating—further and further apart—and yours is breaking up too, Uncle. Well, I *do* declare," she added, suddenly turning to look at her companions, "I never saw such a pair of doleful faces in all my life!"

"In *all* your life?" echoed her uncle, trying to laugh carelessly, and wishing to divert her attention from Donald.

"Yes, in all my life—all *our* life I might say—and it is n't such a very short life either. I've learned ever so many things in it, I'd have you know, and not all of them from school-books, by any means."

"Well, what have you learned, my girl?"

"Why, as if I could tell it all in a minute! It would take volumes, as the story-tellers say. I'll tell you *one* thing, though, that I've found out for certain" (dropping a little courtesy): "I've the nicest, splendidest brother ever a girl had, and the best uncle."

With these words, Dorothy, raising herself on tiptoe, smilingly caught her uncle's face with both hands and kissed him.

"Now, Don," she added, "what say you to a race to the front gate before supper? Watch can try, too, and Uncle shall see which—Why, where is Don? When did he run off?"

"I'll find him," said Uncle George, passing her quickly and reaching his study before Dorry had recovered from her surprise. He had seen Donald hasten into the house, unable to restrain the feelings called up by Dorry's allusion to the clouds, and now Mr. Reed, too, felt that he could bear her unsuspecting playfulness no longer.

Dorry stood a few seconds, half puzzled, half amused at their sudden desertion of her, when sounds of approaching wheels caught her attention. Turning, she saw Josie Manning in a new rockaway, driven by Mr. Michael McSwiver, coming toward the house.

"Oh, Dorothy!" Josie called out, before Michael had brought the fine gray steed to a halt; "can you come and take supper with me? I drove over on purpose, and I've some beautiful lichens to show you. Six of us girls went out moss-hunting before the shower. So sorry you were not with us!"

"Oh, I don't think I can," hesitated Dorry. "Donald and I have been away all day. Can't you stay here with us?"

"*Im*-possible," was Josie's emphatic reply. "Mother will wait for me—Oh, what a noble fellow! So this is Watch? Ed Tyler told me about him."

Here Josie, reaching out her arm, leaned forward to pat the shaggy head of a beautiful Newfoundland, that, with his paws on the edge of the rockaway, was trying to express his approbation of Josie as a friend of the family.

"Yes, this is our new dog. Is n't he handsome? Such a swimmer, too! You ought to see him leap into the lake to bring back sticks. Here, Watch!"

But Watch would not leave the visitor. "Good fellow," said Josie, laughingly, still stroking his large, silky head. "I admire your taste. But I must be off. I do wish you'd come with me, Dot. Go and ask your uncle," she coaxed; "Michael will bring you home early."

Here Mr. McSwiver, without turning his face, touched the rim of his hat gravely.

"Well, I'll see," said Dorothy, as she ran into the house.

To her surprise, Mr. Reed gave a ready consent.

"Shall I really go?" she asked, hardly satisfied.

"Where is Donald?"

"He is readying himself for supper, I think, Miss," said Kassy, the housemaid, who happened to pass at that moment. "I saw him going into his room."

"But you look tired, Uncle dear. Suppose I don't go this time."

"Tired? not a bit. Never better, Dot. There, get your hat, my girl, and don't keep Josie waiting any longer."

"Well, good-bye, then. Tell Don, please, I've gone to Josie's—Oh, and Josie and I would like to have him come over after tea. He need n't, though, if he feels very tired, for Josie says Michael can bring me home."

"Very well, my dear. If Donald is not there by half-past nine o'clock, do not expect him. Wait, I'll escort you to the carriage."

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNCLE GEORGE TELLS DONALD.

"COME in here, Don," said Uncle George, after the quiet supper, slowly leading the way to his study; "we can have no better opportunity than this for our talk. But, first tell me—Who was the 'fellow' you mentioned? Where was he? Did Dorry see him?"

Donald, assuring his uncle that Dorry had not recognized the man, told all the particulars of the interview at Vanbogen's, and of Jack's timely appearance and Slade's beating.

Disturbed, even angry, as Mr. Reed was at hearing this unwelcome news, he could not resist Donald's persistent, resolute desire that the present hour should be given to the main question concerning Dorry.

Twilight slowly faded, and the room grew darker as they sat there, until at last they scarcely could see each other's faces. Then they moved nearer to the open window, conversing in a low tone, as star after star came softly into view.

Donald's large, wistful eyes sometimes turned to look toward the front gate, through which Dorry had passed, though he gave close attention to every word Mr. Reed uttered.

It was a strange story; but it need not all be repeated here. Suffice it to say, at last Donald learned his uncle's secret, and understood the many unaccountable moods that heretofore had perplexed Dorry and himself.

What wonder that Mr. George had been troubled, and had sometimes shown signs of irritation! For nearly fifteen years he had suffered from peculiar suspense and annoyance, because, while he believed Dorothy to be his own niece, he could not ascertain the fact to his complete satisfaction. To make matters worse, the young girl unconsciously increased his perplexity by sometimes evincing traits which well might be inherited from his brother Wolcott, and oftener in numberless little ways so reminding him of his adopted sister Kate in her early girlhood, that his doubts would gain new power to torment him.

All he had been able to find out definitely was that, in the autumn of 1859, in accordance with his instructions, Mrs. Wolcott Reed, his brother's widow, with her twin babies, a boy and girl of six weeks, and their nurse, had sailed from Europe, in company with Kate and her husband, George Robertson, who had with them their own little daughter Delia, a baby of about the same age as the twins.

When about seven days out, the steamer had been caught in a fog, and, going too near the treacherous coast of Newfoundland, had in the night suddenly encountered a sunken rock. The violence of the shock aroused every one on board. There was a rush for the pumps, but they were of no use—the vessel had already begun to sink. Then followed a terrible scene. Men and women rushed wildly about, vainly calling for those belonging to them. Parents and their children were separated in the darkness—nearly every one, officers and crew alike, too panic-stricken to act in concert. In the distracting terror of the occasion, there was barely time to lower the steamer's boats.

Several of these were dangerously overloaded;

one, indeed, was so crowded that it was swamped instantly. The remaining boats soon were separated, and in the darkness and tumult their crews were able to pick up but a few of the poor creatures who were struggling with the waves.

Two of the three babies, a boy and a girl, had been rescued, as we already know, by the efforts of one of the crew, Sailor Jack, known to his comrades as Jack Burton. He had just succeeded in getting into one of the boats, when he heard through the tumult a wild cry from the deck above him:

"Save these helpless little ones! Look out! I must throw them!"

"Aye, aye! Let 'em come!" shouted Jack in response, and the next moment the babies, looking like little black bundles, flew over the ship's side one after the other, and were safely caught in Jack's dexterous arms. Just in time, too, for the men behind him at once bent to the oars, in the fear that the boat, getting too near the sinking ship, was in danger of being engulfed by it.

Against Jack's protesting shout of "There 's another coming!—a woman!" the boat shot away on the crest of a wave.

Hearing a helpless cry, Jack hastily flung off his coat, thrust the babies into the arms of his comrades, shouting out: "Keep them safe for me, Jack Burton! It may be the mother. Wait for me, mates!" and with a leap he plunged into the sea.

Jack made gallant efforts for a time, but returning alone, worn out with his fruitless exertions, he was taken into the boat. If, after that, in the severe cold, he remembered his jacket, it was only to take real comfort in knowing that the "little kids" were wrapped in it safe and sound. In the darkness and confusion he had not been able to see who had thrown the babies to him, but the noble-hearted sailor resolved to be faithful to his trust, and never to lose sight of them until he could leave them safe with some of their own kindred.

All night, in the bitter cold, the boat that carried the two babies had tossed with the waves, the men using their oars as well as they could, working away from the rocks out to the open sea, and hoping that daylight might reveal some passing vessel. All, excepting the babies, suffered keenly; these, wrapped from head to feet in the sailor's jacket, and tucked in between the shivering women, slept soundly, while their preserver, scorning even in his drenched condition to feel the need of his warm garment, did his best at the oars.

With the first streaks of dawn a speck appeared on the horizon that at last proved to be the "Cumberland," a fishing-vessel bound for New York. Everything now depended upon being able

to attract her attention. One of the women, who had on a large white woolen mantle, snatched it off, begging the men to raise it as a signal of distress. As soon as practicable, they hoisted the garment upon an oar, and, heavy and wet though it was, waved it wildly in the air.

"She 's seen us!" cried Sailor Jack at last. "Hooray! She 's headin' straight for us!"

And so she was.

Once safely on board, Sailor Jack had time to reflect on his somewhat novel position—a jolly tar, as he expressed it, with two helpless little kids to take ashore as salvage. That the babies did not now belong to him never entered his mind; they were his twins, to be cared for and to keep, he insisted, till the "Cumberland" should touch shore; and his to keep and care for ever after, unless somebody with a better right and proof positive should meet him in New York and claim them, or else that some of their relatives should be saved in one of the other boats.

So certain was he of his rights, that when the captain's wife, who happened to be on board, offered to care for the little creatures, he, concealing his helplessness, accepted her kindness with a lordly air and as though it were really a favor on his part. "Them twins is Quality," he would say, "and I can't have 'em meddled with till I find the grand folks they belong to. Wash their leetle orphan faces, you may—feed 'em, you may—and keep 'em warm, you may, but their leetle night-gownds and petticoats an' caps has got to stay just as they are, to indentify 'em; and this ere gimcrack on the leetle miss—gold it is, you may well say" (touching the chain on the baby's neck admiringly)—"this ere gimcrack likely 's got a legal consequence to its folks, which I could n't and would n't undertake to state."

Meantime the sailors would stand around, looking reverently at the babies, until the kind-hearted woman, with Jack's gracious permission, would tenderly soothe the little ones to sleep.

Among the survivors of the wreck, none could give much information concerning the babies. Only two were women, and one of these lay ill in a rough bunk through the remainder of the voyage, raving in her fever of the brother who bent anxiously over her. (In her delirium, she imagined that he had been drowned on that terrible night.) Sailor Jack held the twins before her, but she took no notice of them. Her brother knew nothing about them or of any of the passengers. He had been a fireman on the wrecked vessel, and scarcely had been on deck from the hour of starting until the moment of the wreck. The other rescued woman had seen a tall nurse with two very young infants in her lap, and a pale mother dressed in

black standing near them; and she remembered hearing some one say that there was another mother with a baby on board, and that the two mothers were sisters or relatives of some kind, and that the one with twins had recently become a widow. That was all. Beyond vaguely wondering how any one could think of taking such mites of humanity across the ocean, she had given no more thought to them. Of the men, hardly one had even known of the existence of the three wee passengers, the only babies on board, as they had been very seldom taken on deck. The two mothers were made so ill by the voyage that they rarely left their state-rooms. Mr. Robertson, Kate's husband, was known by sight to all as a tall, handsome man, though very restless and anxious-looking; but, being much devoted to his wife and child, he had spoken to very few persons on board the vessel.

Jack never wearied of making inquiries among the survivors, but this was all he could find out. He was shrewd enough, however, to ask them to write their names and addresses for him personally, so that, if the twins' people (as he called them) ever were found, they could in turn communicate with the survivors, as they naturally would want to inquire about "the other baby and its poor father, and the two mothers, one of which was a widow in mournin'—poor soul! and the nurse-girl, all drowned and gone."

Long weeks afterward, one other boat was heard from—the only other one that was ever found. Its freight of human beings, only seven in all, had passed through great privation and danger, but they finally had been taken aboard a steamer going east. The list of persons saved in this boat had been in due time received by Mr. Reed, who, after careful investigation, at last ascertained to a certainty that they all were adults, and that neither Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, nor Wolcott Reed's widow, were of the number. He communicated in person or by letter with all of them excepting one, and that one was a woman, who was described as a tall, dark-complexioned girl, a genteel servant, who had been several times seen, as three of the men declared, pacing up and down the deck of the ill-fated vessel during the early part of its voyage, carrying a "bundled-up" baby in her arms. She had given her name as Ellen Lee, had accepted assistance from the ship's company, and finally she had been traced by Mr. Reed's clerk, Henry Wakeley, to an obscure boarding-house in Liverpool. Going there to see her, Mr. Wakeley had been told that she was "out," and calling there again, late on the same day, he learned that she had paid her bill and "left for good," four hours before.

After that, all efforts to find her, both on the

part of the clerk and of Mr. Reed, had been unavailing; though to this day, as the latter assured Donald, detectives in Liverpool and London had her name and description as belonging to a person "to be found."

"But do they know your address?" asked Donald.

"Oh, yes, I shall be notified at once if any news is heard of her; but after all these years there is hardly a possibility of that. Ellen Lees are plentiful enough. It is not an uncommon name, I find; but that particular Ellen Lee seems to have vanished from the earth."

CHAPTER XXVII.

DELIA OR DOROTHY?



Donald listened to his uncle by the study-window, on that starlight evening, part of the strange story was familiar to him; many things that he had heard from Sailor Jack rose in his memory and blended with Mr. Reed's words. He needed only a hint of the shipwreck to have the scene vividly before him. He and Dorry had often heard of it and of their first coming to Nestletown. They knew that Uncle George had established his claim to the babies very easily, as these and the one that was lost were the only babies among the passengers, and that he had brought them and Sailor Jack home with him from New York; that Jack had been induced to give up the sea and to remain with Mr. Reed ever since; and that they, the twins, had grown up together the happiest brother and sister in that part of the country, until the long, lank man had come to mar their happiness, and Uncle had been mysteriously bothered, and had seemed sometimes to be almost afraid of Dorry. But now Donald learned of the doubts that from the first had perplexed Mr. Reed; of the repeated efforts that he had made to ascertain which one of the three babies had been lost; how he had been baffled again and again, until at last he had given himself up to a dull hope that the little girl who had become so dear was really his brother's child, and joint heir to his and his brother's estates; and how Eben Slade actually had come to claim her, threatening to blight the poor child with the discovery that she might perhaps be *his* niece, Delia Robertson, and not Dorothy Reed at all.

Poor Donald! Dorry had been so surely his

sister that until now he had taken his joy in her as a matter of course—as a part of his existence, bright, and necessary as light and air, and never questioned. She was Dorry, not Delia—Delia, the poor little cousin who was lost; certainly not. She was Dorry and he was Donald. If she was not Dorry, then who was he? Who was Uncle George? Who were all the persons they knew, and what did everything in life mean?

No, he would not give her up—he could not. Something within him resented the idea, then scouted it, and finally set him up standing before his uncle, so straight, so proud in his bearing, so joyfully scornful of anything that threatened to take his sister away from him, that Mr. George rose also and waited for him to speak, as though Donald's one word must settle the question forever.

"Well, my boy?"

"Uncle, I am absolutely sure of it. Our Dorry is Dorothy Reed—here with us alive and well, and I mean to prove it!"

"God grant it, Donald!"

"Well, Uncle, I must go now to bring my sister home. Of course, I shall not tell her a word of what has passed between us this evening. That scoundrel! to think of his intending to tell her that she was his sister's child! Poor Dot! think of the shock to her. Just suppose he had convinced her, made her think that it was true, that it was her duty to go with him, care for him, and all that—Why, Uncle, with her spirit and high notions of right, even you and I could n't have stopped her; she'd have gone with him, if it killed her!"

"Donald!" exclaimed Mr. Reed, fiercely, "you're talking nonsense!"

"So I am—sheer nonsense! The man has n't an argument in his favor. But, Uncle, there is a great deal yet to be looked up. After Dot has bidden us good-night and is fast asleep, may I not come down here to the study again? Then you can show me the things you were speaking of—the pictures, the letters, the chain, the little clothes, the hair, and everything—especially that list, you know. We'll go carefully over every point. There *must* be proof somewhere."

Donald was so radiant with a glad confidence that for an instant his uncle looked at him as one inspired. Then sober thoughts returned; objections and arguments crowded into Mr. Reed's mind, but he had no opportunity to utter them. Donald clasped his uncle's hand warmly and was off, bounding down the moon-flecked carriage-way, the new dog leaping after him. Both apparently were intent only on enjoying a brisk walk toward the village, and on bringing Dorry home.

Dorry was very tired. Leaning upon Donald's

arm as they walked homeward—for they had declined Mr. McSwiver's services—she had but little to say, and that little was all about the strange adventure at Vanbogen's.

"Who in the world was that man, Don?" and then, without waiting for a reply, she continued: "Do you know, after I started for home, I really suspected that he was that horrid person—the long, lank one, you know—come back again. I'm glad it was n't; but he may turn up yet, just as he did before. Why does n't he stay with his own people and not wander about like a lunatic? They ought to take care of him, any way. Ugh! I can't bear to think of that dreadful man. It gives me cold shivers!"

"Then why *do* you think of him?" suggested Donald, with forced cheerfulness. "Let us talk of something else."

"Very well. Let's talk—let's talk of—of—oh, Don, I'm so tired and sleepy! Suppose we don't talk at all!"

"All right," he assented. And so in cordial silence they stepped lightly along in the listening night, to the great surprise of Watch, who at first whined and capered by way of starting a conversation, and finally contented himself with exploring every shadowed recess along the moonlit road, running through every opening that offered, waking sleeping dogs in their kennels, and in fact taking upon himself an astonishing amount of business for a new-comer into the neighborhood, who naturally would be excused from assuming entire charge of things.

Mr. Reed met Don and Dorry on the piazza. Greetings and good-nights were soon over; and before long, Dorry, in her sweet, sound sleep, forgot alike the pleasures and adventures of the day.

Meantime, Mr. Reed and Donald were busily engaged in examining old family ambrotypes, papers, and various articles that, carefully hidden in the uncle's secretary, had been saved all these years in the hope that they might furnish a clew to Dorry's parentage, or perhaps prove that she was, as Mr. Reed trusted, the daughter of his brother Wolcott. To Donald each article was full of interest and hopeful possibilities, but his uncle looked at them wearily and sadly, because their very familiarity made them disappointing to him. There were the little caps and baby-garments, yellow, rumpled, and weather-stained, just as they had been taken off and carefully labeled on that day nearly fifteen years ago. (Donald noticed that one parcel of these was marked, "The boy, Donald," and the other simply "The girl.") There were the photographs of the two babies, which had been taken a week after their landing, labeled in the same way—poor, pinched, expres-

sionless-looking little creatures, both of them—for, as Uncle George explained to the slightly crest-fallen Donald, the babies were really ill at first from exposure and unsuitable feeding. Then there were the two tiny papers containing hair, and these also were marked, one, "The boy, Donald," and the other simply "The girl." Donald's had only a few pale brown hairs, short ones, but "the girl's" paper, when opened, disclosed a soft, yellow little curl.

"She had more than you had," remarked Uncle George, as he carefully closed the paper again; "you'll see that, also, by the descriptive list that I wrote at the time. Here it is."

Donald glanced over the paper, as if intending to read it later, and then took up the chain with a square clasp, the same that Uncle George held in his hand when we saw him in the study on the day of the shooting-match. Three delicate strands of gold chain came together at the clasp, which was still closed. It was prettily embossed on its upper surface, while its under side was smooth.

"Was this on Dor—on *her* neck or on mine, Uncle?" he asked.

"On the little girl's," said Mr. Reed. "In fact, she wore it until she was a year old, and then her dear little throat grew to be so chubby, Lydia fancied that the chain was too tight. The catch of the clasp seemed to have rusted inside, and it would not open. So, rather than break it, we severed the three chains here across the middle. I've since——"

Donald, who was holding the clasp toward the light, cut short his uncle's remark with the joyful exclamation:

"Why, see here! The under side has letters on it. D. R.—D for Dorothy."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Reed, impatiently, "but D stands for Delia, too."

"But the R," insisted Donald; "D. R., Dorothy Reed—it's plain as day. Oh!" he added quickly, in a changed tone, "that does n't help us, after all; for R would stand for Robertson as well as for Reed. But then, in some way or other such a chain as this ought to help us. It's by no means a common chain. I never saw one like it before."

"Nor I," said Mr. Reed.

By this time, Donald had taken up "the girl's" little garments again. Comparing them with "Donald's" as well as he could, considering his uncle's extreme care that the two sets should not get mixed, he said, with a boy's helplessness in such matters: "They're about alike. I do not see any difference between them, except in length. Hoho! these little flannel sacques are of a different color—mine is blue and hers is pink."

"I know that," his uncle returned, despondingly.

"For a long time I hoped that this difference would lead to some discovery, but nothing came of it. Take care! don't lay it down; give it to me" (holding out his hand for the pink sacque, and very carefully folding it up with "the girl's" things).

"How strange! And you wrote at once, you say, and sent somebody right over to Europe to find out everything?"

"Not only sent my confidential clerk, Henry Wakeley, over at once," replied Mr. Reed, "but, when he returned without being able to give any satisfaction, I went myself. I was over there two months—as long as I could just then be away from my affairs and from you two babies. Lydia was faithfulness itself and needed no oversight, even had a rough bachelor like me been capable of giving it; but I—I felt better to be at home, where I could see how you were getting along. As Liddy and Jack and everybody else always spoke of you as 'the twins,' my hope that you were indeed brother and sister became a sort of habit that often served to beguile me into actual belief."

"Humph! well it might," said Donald, rather indignantly. "Of course we're brother and sister."

"Certainly," assented Mr. Reed, with pathetic heartiness, "no doubt of it; and yet I would give, I can not say how much, to be—well, absolutely certain."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DON RESOLVES TO SETTLE MATTERS.



FOR a time, an outsider looking on would have seen no great change at Lakewood, as the Reed homestead was called. There were the same studies, the same sports; the same every-day life with its in-comings, its out-goings, its breakfasts, dinners, and pleasant home-scenes; there were drives, out-door games, and sails and rambles and visits; Uncle George always willing to take part when he could leave his books and papers; and Lydia, busy attending to household matters, often finding time to teach her young lady some of the mysteries of the kitchen.

"It's high time Miss Dorry learned these things, even if she is to be a grand lady, for she'll be the mistress of this house in time; and if anything should happen to me, I don't know where things would go to. Besides, as Mr. G. truly says, every lady should understand housekeeping. So,

Miss Dorry, dear, if you please to do so, we'll bake bread and cake on Saturday, and I'll show you at to-morrow's ironin' how we get Mr. G.'s shirt-bosoms so lovely and smooth; and, if you please, you can iron one for him, all with your own pretty hands, Miss."

As a consequence of such remarks, Mr. G. sometimes found himself eating, with immense relish, cake that had only "just a least little heavy streak in the middle," or wearing linen that, if any one but Dorry had ironed it, would have been cast aside as not fit to put on.

But what matter! Dorry's voice was sweet and merry as ever, her step as light and her heart even more glad; for Uncle was always his dear, good self now, and had no mysterious moods and startling surprises of manner for his little girl. In fact, he was wonderfully relieved by having shared his secret with Donald. The boy's stout-hearted, manly way of seeing the bright side of things and scouting all possible suspicions that Dorry was not Dorry, gave Mr. Reed strength and a peace that he had not known for years. Dorry, prettier, brighter, and sweeter every day, was the delight of the household—her very faults to their partial eyes added to her charm; for, according to Lydia, "they were uncommon innocent and funny, Miss Dorry's ways were." In fact, the young lady, who had a certain willfulness of her own, would have been spoiled to a certainty but for her scorn of affectation, her love of truth, and genuine faithfulness to whatever she believed to be right.

Donald, on his part, was too boyish to be utterly cast down by the secret that stood between him and Dorry; but his mind dwelt upon it despite his efforts to dismiss every useless doubt.

Fortunately, Eben Slade had not again made his appearance in the neighborhood. He had left Vanbogen's immediately after Jack had paid his rough compliments to him, and he had not been seen there since. But, at any moment, he might re-appear at Lakewood and carry out his threat of obtaining an interview with Dorry. This Donald dreaded of all things, and he resolved that it should not come to pass. How to prevent it was the question. He and his uncle agreed that she must be spared not only all knowledge of the secret, but all anxiety or suspicion concerning her history; and they and Jack kept a constant lookout for the disagreeable intruder.

Day by day, when alone, Donald pondered over the case, resolved upon establishing his sister's identity, recalling again and again all that his uncle had told him, and secretly devising plans that grew more and more settled in his mind as time went on. Jack, who had been in Mr. Reed's confidence from the first, was now taken

fully into Donald's. He was proud of the boy's fervor, but had little hope. Fourteen, nearly fifteen, years was a long time, and if Ellen Lee had hidden herself successfully in 1859 and since, why could she not do so still? Donald had his own opinion. Evidently she had some reason for hiding, or fancied she had; but she must be found, and if so, why should not he, Donald Reed, find her? Yes, there was no other way. His mind was made up. Donald was studying logic at the time, and had committed pages of it to memory in the most dutiful manner. To be sure, while these vital plans were forming in his brain, he did not happen to recall any page of the logic that exactly fitted the case, but in some way he flattered himself that he had become rather expert in the art of thinking and of balancing ideas.

"A fellow can't do more than use his wits, after all," he said to himself, "and this getting fitted for college and expecting to go to Columbia College next year, as Uncle says I may, will do well enough *afterward*; but at present we've something else to attend to."

And, to make a long story not too long and tedious, the end of it was that one bright day, months

after that memorable afternoon at Vanbogen's, Donald, after many earnest interviews in the interim, obtained his uncle's unwilling consent that he should sail alone for England in the next steamer.

Poor Dorry—glad if Don was glad, but totally ignorant of his errand—was too amazed at the bare announcement of the voyage to take in the idea at all.

Lydia, horrified, was morally sure that the boy never would come back alive.

Sailor Jack, on his sea-legs in an instant, gave his unqualified approbation of the scheme.

Uncle George, unconvinced but yielding, answered Donald's questions, agreed that Dorry should be told simply that his uncle was sending him on important business, allowed him to make copies of letters, lists, and documents, even trusted some of the long-guarded and precious relics to his keeping; furnished money, and, in fact, helped him all he could; then resolved the boy should not go after all; and finally, holding Dorry's cold hand as they stood a few days later on the crowded city wharf, bade him good-bye and God bless him!

(To be continued.)



OFF TO ENGLAND



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now is the time to put your thermometers in ice-water, my friends. They can not be kept too cool,—for my birds tell me that, in August, the moment an English or American thermometer feels the heat, it straightway lets the fact be known; and the moment the fact *is* known, the weather gets the blame of it.

Now, that's too bad!

It's surprising how much a willing-minded Jack-in-the-Pulpit may get from his birds. The keen little observers, you see, not knowing any better, peep from vines and tree-tops into people's windows, and in that way really learn a good deal about human nature.

Sometimes I fancy that is what makes them sing so joyfully, for human nature at its best is quite enough to make every bird in creation happy. Don't you say so, my hearers?

A LITTLE EXERCISE.

YES, here 's a little exercise for you, my dears, out—your Jack's word for it, in advance—not too severe for even this warm vacation month. All you have to do is to turn the pages of a Webster's or a Worcester's Unabridged, and I've reliable information that—if you know how—you can do that in such a way as to fan yourselves with the breeze from the leaves while you're searching for your word.

This exercise comes from the Little School-ma'am's friend, Cornelia Lesser, who sent it to her, and now she, in turn, sends it to your Jack. "It is quite easy and simple, dear Jack," writes the learned little lady, "as it is merely a story in verse containing a number of words that are not now in general use. Please tell your young friends from me that, no matter how queer and foreign the verses may look at first sight, if they will turn to

the dictionary for each of these strange words, as they come to it, and then pencil the definition above the word itself, they will find a complete and quite simple story in the verses when they come to re-read them with the Dictionary meanings substituted for the queer-looking words."

A DICKER OF DOWLES.

ONCE a culver roiled a corby,
Chiding his furacious prowls;
And the corby from the culver
Tozed in wrath a dicker of dowles.

"Give me back my dowles, O Corby!
Tozed from me with cruel force."
"When you bring a cogue of cullis,
Fribble Culver, we will scorse!"

Through the dorp beyond the hill-top,
To appease the knaggy rook,
Flew the culver; spied some cullis
Left to cool, and to the cook:

"Let me have a cogue of cullis,
Daff me not with angry scowls,
I will take it to the corby
And get back my dicker of dowles."

"Fetch me first a trug of cobbles,"
Said the cook; and, undismayed,
To the collier sped the culver,
And a trug of cobbles prayed.

"Collier, give a trug of cobbles
For the cook, who 'll give to me
Cullis for the edacious corby,
Then I 'll once more heppen be."

"Fetch me first a knitch of chatwood,
Culver," said the collier grim.
Culver sought a frim woodmonger
And the chatwood begged of him.

"Give to me a knitch of chatwood,
From the collier that will buy
For the cook a trug of cobbles,
Then with cullis I will fly

To the roiled, dicacious corby,
And he 'll give me back once more
All my pretty dowles, the dicker,
That he tozed from me before."

"You shall have the knitch of chatwood
If you 'll through the hortyard pass,
And this rory croceous pansy,
Give to yonder sonsy lass."

Through the hortyard twired the culver,
With the rory croceous paunce;
Hattle, cocket, vafrous, pawky,
Hoiting, churring, did advance.

There, beside a muxy dosser,
With a spaddle in her hand
Cruddled close the sonsy lassie
Whin excerpting from her land.

Down he dropped the paunce so rory,
Dugging her with dew-drops sweet;
Back he flew to the woodmonger,
Claiming chatwood for the feat.

Next he this, the knitch of chatwood,
Quickly to the collier took;
Collier gave the trug of cobbles
Which won cullis from the cook.

Back, then, with the cogue of cullis—
Cullis made from fubby fowls—
Flew the culver, and the corby
Gave to him his dicker of dowles.

Now for it! Who will be the first to send me word of having successfully read this queer specimen of English verse?

A YOUNG GARDENER.

HERE is a letter from Lynn S. Abbott, Esq., a young gentleman who evidently is not afraid of work, and has no objection to stating the fact. He wrote it to ST. NICHOLAS when the editors printed some little black pictures and asked for stories about them for the Very Little Folk, and Deacon Green, taking a fancy to the little man, obtained permission to show the letter to us—that is, to you and your Jack.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have chosen the picture of the little gardener as the subject for my story. I know considerable about gardening. My garden was planted in vegetables. I raised cantaloupes, water melons, sweet potatoes, and pop-corn. I spent many days hoeing and weeding them, and they were last summer day. I thought I had done well, when I could have them at my pleasure, though the cantaloupes were a failure, the pop-corn yielded very well. When I came to eat them, I saw it had no worth for my trouble, and we have had pop-corn all winter. I would like to take care of flowers also, and see them blossom, and smell their sweet odor. But I had no ground to grow flowers, so I grew only vegetables. Besides, I have had no experience in growing flowers. I wish that every little boy and girl could have a vegetable garden, for it affords so much pleasure. I suppose that every one would like a garden of either kind. And this is my story.

LYNN S. ABBOTT (aged nine)

A TWO-LEGGED STEED.

AN artist with a lively fancy sends me a picture of his favorite steed, so to speak, and says I may show it to you, my chicks—so here it is.

It strikes me that this mode of riding is no more peculiar or out of the way than bicycling, and certainly the gentleman in the picture seems to be having an easier time of it than some of the boy-

bicyclers who dash past my meadow these hot days. And I'm informed by birds well acquainted with this two-legged steed that he would give a trained bicyclist a close contest in the matter of speed. Ostriches, they say, are remarkably fast travelers, for birds that can't fly, and it's a good horse that can overtake one in a fair race.

THAT "CLOUDY SATURDAY" QUESTION.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., MAY 7, 1882.

DEAR JACK: In ST. NICHOLAS for May the statement was made by "L. B. G." that "there is only one Saturday in the year when the sun does not shine some part of the day." This is a mistake, for, since that number of ST. NICHOLAS came out, there have been two Saturdays when the sun has not shone at all—May 13th and 20th being the days.

ALFRED C. P.

Alfred's answer seems to be complete and satisfactory, and, in your Jack's humble opinion, settles the question concerning the sun's dealings with the Saturdays. There's nothing like *facts* in such matters, I find.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WATERBURY, N. Y., MAY 5, 1882.

DEAR JACK: I think I have found the correct answer asked by F. in ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1878: "When did the ancients leave off and the moderns begin?" I think the "ancients left off" at the fall of Rome, 476 A. D., and the "moderns began" at the close of the Middle Ages, in the fifteenth century. Will you please tell me whether I am right or not?

Yours truly, L. K.

Thank you, my little girl. Jack will show your letter to the other girls and boys, and if you do not hear from them to the contrary right away, you will know that your answer is right.



A TWO-LEGGED STEED.



"NOW, SUSIE, YOU CAN REST WHILE I FINISH IT. I'M GOING TO MAKE IT THE BIGGEST HILL IN THE WORLD."

LITTLE-FOLK STORIES.

[DEAR LITTLE FOLKS: We think you will like these stories that three kind friends of about eleven years of age have written for you, to explain the pretty black pictures that were printed in *ST. NICHOLAS* for April, page 497. As some of you may not have that number of *ST. NICHOLAS* to look at, we give you the same pictures made small. You will see that Mildred and Violet each tell about one picture, but Willie mentions them all.—THE EDITOR.]

NEDDIE AND LILLIE MELVILLE.

BY MILDRED E. T.

"COME, Neddie," said Lillie, "put down your toy horse that the kind lady gave you, and let us wind this worsted for Mother. You know, ever since Father was lost at sea, she has to knit stockings at night and sell them to buy us bread. Let us wind the worsted so she will not have so much trouble."

So Neddie put down his toy horse, and gladly ran to hold the skein for his sister.

After a while Mrs. Melville came home, but she stopped on the doorstep and stood still—for she thought how a merciful God had blessed

her. She said: "Look in there at the children!" But who was it that she was talking to? Mr. Melville! It was all a mistake about his being drowned, and he had come home to his wife and children.

HERBIE'S GARDENING.

BY VIOLET.

HERBIE was a little boy seven years old. His real name was Herbert, but they called him Herbie for short. This little Herbie was very fond of flowers, and he loved to watch his sisters, Clara and Bertha, with their plants.

One spring, when they were planting some seeds and raking their beds, and asked him to help them about some of the work, he thought: "Now, I'd like to know why I can't have a garden just as well as the girls;" and he went and asked his mother for a bed,—"'cause, you see," he said, "the girls have 'em, and I'd like to know why I can't."

"You can, my boy, if you will be faithful and attend to your plants, water them, and weed them, even though you want to do something else. Will you?"

"I'll try, Mamma," said Herbie; and his mother knew that his "I'll try" meant that he *would* try.

The next day he was given a little bed and some seeds, and Mamma, Clara, and Bertha showed Herbie how to make his bed, rake it, plant it, and water it. It soon grew to be a pleasant task to Herbie, and he got so he dearly loved to tend his flowers. But when the warm weather came, and school was out, he was very much tempted to go and play with the boys; but Mamma's cheery words of help, and above all his "I'll try," and even the twitter of the birds that seemed to say, "Keep on, keep on," helped him, and he did "keep on."

Every day he would water his plants, and when his garden was in bloom he felt fully repaid for all his care.

There were geraniums, petunias, roses, mignonettes, pansies, and many other lovely and sweet flowers. Those are long, hard names, are n't they? Get some one to say them for you.



Herbie, when he had all his flowers grown, could make beautiful bouquets to put in the parlor or give to his friends, which the other boys could not do; and he considered this, his first attempt at gardening, a great success, and thought he would surely try it again; and Mamma softly whispered:

"I am glad I have a little boy who can say 'I'll try' and *mean* it."

FANNIE AND JOHNNY.

BY WILLIE D. O.

THESE little children's names are Fannie and Johnny. They are brother and sister, and love each other dearly. Johnny is the youngest of the two, and is always very glad to help Fannie in any way that he can. So in the first picture we see him holding some worsted on his hands for her to wind. They are both very good children, and help their mamma and papa a great deal. If a cup of coffee is wanted, Fannie does not wait to be told to get it, but jumps up and says, "Let me get you some coffee, Mamma." She has a pet kitten, and it never goes hungry, for she is very careful that her pussy shall have all it wants.

Johnny tries to help, too, and sometimes brings things to his papa. In the next picture we see Johnny playing horse with a chair. We see, too, that he has a cannon planted in front of him, and that on his head he has a cap, which looks very much as if he was a captain in the army, but he is rather too young to be that, don't you think so? Now we see Fannie coming home from the store, where she has been on an errand for her mamma, and in her hand she has a bandbox, which, I guess, has a new hat in it. What do we see now? Why! Master Johnny has turned gardener, and is watering the flower-bed. By his side lies his rake, and behind him there are some birds which are trying to see what that little boy is doing. The next time we see Johnny he is painting, and the last time we shall look at our little friend he is making a bridge out of blocks.

Nearly three hundred stories were written and sent in by older brothers and sisters in response to the invitation on page 497 of the April number of this magazine, and ST. NICHOLAS thanks one and all most heartily for the kind attention. Many of the stories are excellent in some respects, but not suited to very little readers; and others, that have the great merit of simplicity, are not quite up to the desired standard. Therefore, we print, just as they were sent, the above three as being the best, considering the required conditions and the ages of the writers. The competition has been so close that it is very difficult to make the selection. Indeed, if space permitted, we would give many others and a long roll of honor, containing the names of those children whose work deserves praise. As it is, we must confine ourselves to three stories, and specially mention only "Alice and Marion," ten and eleven years old, who sent in a little story written in three languages (French, German, and English), and little Oliver E. and Emily M., two eight-year-olds, whose stories are too good to be passed by in silence.

THE LETTER-BOX.

For the interesting illustrations, in this number, of the interior of the home of Sir Walter Scott, we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. George W. Wilson & Co., of Aberdeen, Scotland, who kindly allowed us to copy these pictures from a series of very beautiful photographs of Abbotsford, issued by their house.

REVERIES: The evening story of "How Joe Bently won a Bouquet from the Queen of Portugal" may be interested to know that the narrative is founded on fact. The author's letter concerning it says: "The account is essentially true, and based upon an actual occurrence. A young man belonging to the United States man-of-war Trenton once saved the life of a bull-fighter, in the ring at Lisbon, by throwing the animal in the manner described in this story." Nevertheless, ST. NICHOLAS would caution the average American boy against making a daily practice of similar performances.

DELIA M. L. SHERRILL: You will find an explanation of the "little white things" covering a "large green worm found on the woodbine" in Mrs. Ballard's "Insect Lives," under the title of "A Hundred to One."

REMEMBER: The first and second volumes of ST. NICHOLAS are out of print.

ALTA: A competent authority to whom we have referred your question says that the gems mentioned are of no great value, and would not be likely to find a purchaser.

A CORRESPONDENT sent us last month, as a Fourth of July item, this interesting sketch, showing that, by a slight exaggeration of outline, the map of the State of New Jersey may be made to form a respectable portrait of George Washington:



THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—SEVENTEENTH REPORT.

AGASSIZ'S BIRTHDAY.

THE Lenox Chapter celebrated the birthday of Professor Agassiz by an excursion and picnic by the side of Stockbridge Bowl. An essay on the life of the great naturalist was read, also a history of the A. A. Many interesting specimens were found, and the pleasure of the day was many times multiplied by the thought that so many of the rest of you were uniting with us in honoring a grand and good man. Doubtless many others observed the day, but we have heard from the following only: Warren, Me., Brooklyn, N. Y. (B), Easton, Pa. (C), Davenport, Iowa, Depere, Wis., Hyde Park, Mass., Philadelphia, Pa. (C), Hoosac, N. Y., Lansing, Mich., Independence, Kan.

Longfellow's poem on Agassiz's fiftieth birthday is especially appropriate for reading or recitation on the 28th of May.

The highest number on our register is now 3,395, and new Chapters are forming like pop-corn over fresh coals. So much of our space is necessarily devoted to the list of Chapters that we can give only the most concise epitome of the hundreds of interesting reports which have cheered us during the month, many of which richly deserve to appear in full.

Chapter 292 dwells on "a prairie covered with flowers which we are trying to analyze." The London, Eng., Chapter has a new idea. "Once a month we take turns in giving a lecture to our friends. Several ladies and gentlemen attend, and do all they can to help us."

A LETTER FROM DUBLIN.

You will be pleased, I am sure, to hear that we have formed a Chapter of the "Agassiz Association" in Dublin. We meet once a fortnight and are growing rapidly, having nearly thirty members already. We have chosen a bright crimson ribbon for our badge. It is to have shamrock-leaves and the initials A. A. worked on it with silver thread. Great enthusiasm is manifested in collecting specimens.

ELLEN J. WOODWARD, Sec.,
5 Carlton Terrace, Upper Rathmines, Dublin.

[Letters reporting the organization of this Chapter in Dublin, and the London Chapter, reached us by the same mail. Rose and Shamrock are heartily welcome. May we not have a Thistle?] 1

WILKESBARRE, PA., CHAPTER 77.

Since our last letter, our Chapter has grown from five to eighteen members, and the meetings are well attended. Our principal study has been conchology. We have studied, too, about minerals, and after we know a little chemistry we are going to learn more. We are pretty familiar with quartz in its crystallized and amorphous forms, and recognize micas and some feldspar. Our collection is all arranged, labeled, and catalogued, and we have duplicate minerals and shells for exchange. A silver medal was awarded by our Chapter to Arthur Hillman, for best solution of ST. NICHOLAS questions for January, 1882, and to Helen Reynolds, for best solution of same for March. We have a balance in the treasury and want to buy a picture of Professor Agassiz. Can you tell us where one can be had, and the price?

HELEN REYNOLDS.

BOSTON, MAY 18, 1882.

We now number twenty-two active members, with the names of several more candidates for admission before the committee. Last Friday evening we celebrated the anniversary of the establishment of our Chapter. Just a year ago, four of us, enthusiastic over the plan suggested in the ST. NICHOLAS, met for the first time to try to form a branch of the A. A. in Buffalo. Now, as the result of our efforts, we have a delightful company of interested workers, all alive to the beauties of Nature, and eager to study her wonders. The entire club is busy preparing for an entertainment, the object of which is to buy a microscope. We have \$11.50 in the bank already, but \$50 remains to be gained, as we wish to procure a good instrument.

CORA FREEMAN, Cor. Sec. B. C. A. A.

Linville H. Wardwell, Secretary of Chapter 127, Beverly, Mass., writes that they are raising a large number of butterflies and moths from the larva state, and will take notes upon their transformation. Entomological correspondence desired.

Andrew Allen, of Newburyport, Mass., reports his Chapter so enthusiastic that it required seven meetings in April to satisfy the members. A live alligator is their pride.

Chapter C, Washington, D. C., through its secretary, Emily K. Newcomb, sends a well-written, business-like report. The regulation badge has been adopted.

William Carter, Chapter 123 A, Waterbury, Conn., says: "We have now about one hundred and ten different kinds of minerals on our shelves, and have introduced debates at each meeting."

Harry E. Sawyer, Secretary of Chapter 112 A, South Boston, Mass., says: "We have about one hundred and twenty-five differ-

ent kinds of minerals, thirty shells, etc., thirty kinds of eggs, and a few insects, almost all collected in less than ten months, and we expect to greatly enlarge our collection this spring and summer.

Luther Moffitt's Chapter of nine-year-olds is especially welcome.

Nashua A. is among the wise. It has started a library. We hope that many valuable public libraries may be started by the A. A. Hugh Stone and his sister have found a flying-squirrel's nest. It contained three young squirrels rolled up in a ball of grass. They squeaked just like a new shoe, until their mother sailed down from a tree, took them by the back of the neck, as a cat takes her kittens, and carried them away.

Ashtabula, Ohio, wants to know why striking the ice on a pond will kill fish beneath; whether snails can leave their shells; whether the shells of oysters, etc., grow with the animal, and whether *Lignum vitae* grows in the United States. They have had four meetings, and every member has been present each time—"so slight hinderances as rain and mud—in some cases two miles of it—making no difference." (The Secretary told me confidentially a little incident, which I will just whisper to you, because it pleased me so much: "I went the other day to one of our neighbors to buy something needed for use. She filled my pail and said: 'I take noting for it. You gif dose children such goot dimes. It ees shust all the goot dimes dey haf in dis contry. Dey shust cand wait for Sadur-day night.'")

Harrie Hancock asks information about a curious stone of India, which will bend a little, and which, when set on end, "will swing to and fro while the base remains firm."

St. Helena, Cal., is studying mosses. "The most noticeable is a pale sage-green variety, hanging straight down on trees. It is from one to three feet long, and like beautiful lace. I have counted sixteen varieties on one small branch."

A. B. G. has discovered that "every single little branch of a common bur is provided with a hook at the end, and a very strong one. If a hair be stretched between two pins and then hooked with a piece of a bur, the force that must be employed before the tiny thing will break is really surprising."

A. D. Ristun writes: "The other day I tried to determine the rate of vibration of a fly's wing. I imprisoned it in a box, where it buzzed in a lively manner; and I found, on producing the same tone on my violin, that the insect emitted the 'A' below fundamental 'C.' From this I computed that the fly beat its wings two hundred and thirteen times per second."

Boston B, "to a man," "are keeping aquaria and watching mosquito larvæ and dragon-fly larvæ preparing to leave the water; also, tadpoles whose legs are visible beneath the skin." The same chapter has a library and a life-size bust of Professor Agassiz. An excursion was recently made to Cambridge, where Agassiz's museum was visited and thoroughly enjoyed.

Providence, R. I., A, is going to hold field-meetings. "My brother and I," writes the Secretary, "knew Professor Agassiz at Penikese Island."

Willie Sheraton (not quite eleven) speaks from Toronto, Canada, to say that he thinks, "when tadpoles turn into frogs, their tails are tucked up underneath." [Some of our Boston (B) aquaria will solve this problem for us.]

BURLINGTON, KAN., June 6th.

One of our members introduced something quite nice, each member receives a topic from the President, to which he reads an answer at the following meeting. For the past week curious birds have been seen near our city. They resemble the black-headed gull; measure twenty-four inches from tip to tip of wing; have very small bodies, jet black head and bill, and their wings very much longer than their tail. Can any one tell me what they are?

P. M. FLOYD, Sec.

EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Pressed flowers correctly named. Correspondence, West and South.—G. C. Baker, Comstock, N. Y.
Pyrites, fossils, ferns, for gold, silver, or copper ore.—Geo. Rowell, Box 208, St. Clair, Pa.

Fossils, for nests and eggs.—Walter M. Patterson, Chapter G, 1010 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ills.

Other minerals, for sapphire, cairngorm, and butterflies.—E. S. Foster, 18 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass.

Iron ore, insects, plants.—Geo. C. McKee, State College, Pa.

Copper carbonate, silver, fossils, and insects, all labeled neatly, for labeled minerals and insects.—Fred. M. Pease, Sec. Chapter 276, 114 W. Sixth St., Kansas City, Mo.

Three-ounce specimens from St. Johns River, for others as heavy.—F. C. Sawyer, Beaulieu, Fla.

Manganese ore, for tin or zinc ore.—F. E. Coombs, 634 Q St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Iron ore, for bugs.—J. C. Winne, Sec. Chapter 209, Brownsville, N. Y.

Rare fossils, minerals, and marine specimens, for rare fossils.—H. U. Williams (Chapter B), 163 Delaware St., Buffalo, N. Y. Our Chapter will also offer the following prize: A good specimen of *Eurypterus*, seven inches long, for the best *Tribolite* sent within two months after this notice appears.

Iron ore, fossils of Lower Silurian, coal, and pressed flowers.—Fred. Clearwaters, Brazil, Ind.

One variety *Pectea* and several species of *Unio*, and fresh-water snails. Also correspondence on entomology.—John P. Gavit, Sec. Chapter A, 3 Lafayette St., Albany, N. Y.

Eggs, for eggs, and lead ore, for other minerals.—Alvin S. Wheeler, Sec. Chapter 285, Dubuque, Iowa.

Birds' eggs or minerals, for eggs. Write before sending specimens.—Reginald I. Brasher, 107 Sands street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Viola cucullata, for geodes.—Marie Stewart, South Easton, Pa.

Correspondence.—Wm. R. Nichols, Sec. Chapter 288, 10 Hawk street, Albany, N. Y.

Kansas fossils.—P. M. Floyd, Chapter A, Burlington, Kans.

Cecrofia, polyphemus, and promestrea, for other lepidoptera or coleoptera.—C. C. Beale, Sec. Chapter 297, Box 131, Faulkner, Mass.

Petrified wood from California and shells from Sandwich Islands.—Samuel Engs, Newport, R. I.

Petrified moss.—Wm. E. Loy, Eaton, Ohio.

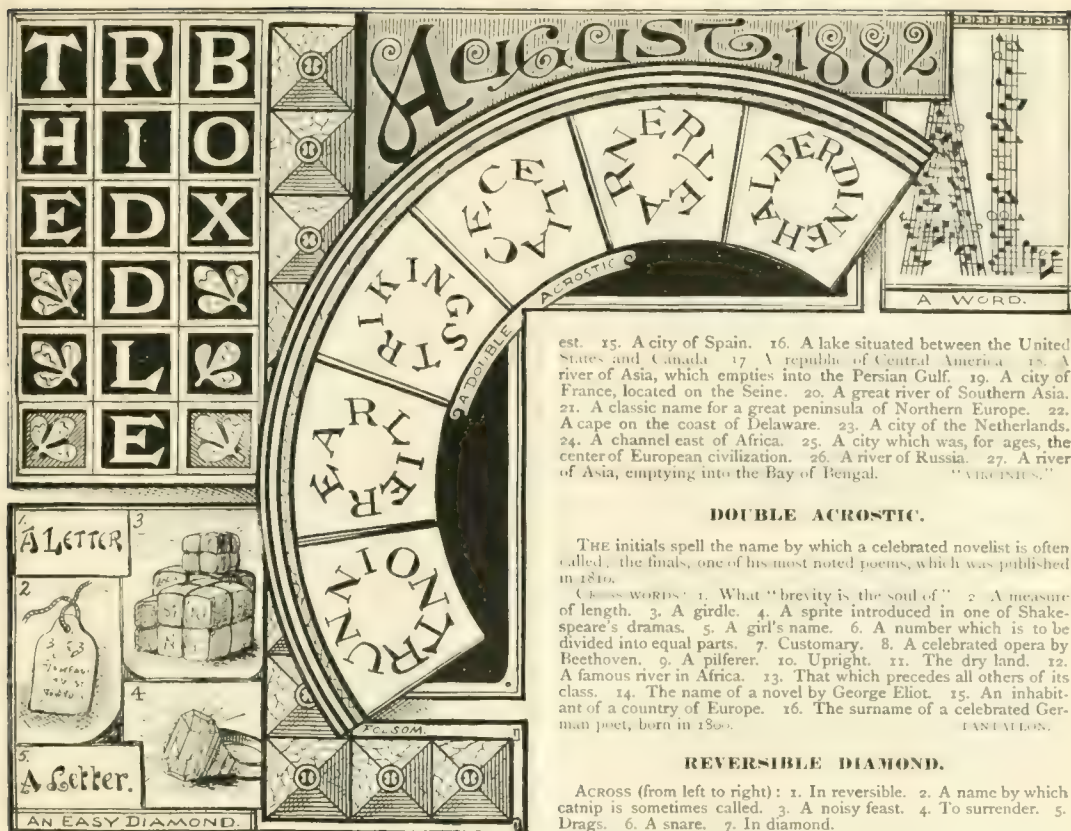
Fortification agates.—John J. O'Connell, Fort Stockton, Texas.

The name of Greenwood Lake, Ky., has been changed, by order of the P. O. D., to Erlanger. Those wishing to exchange with the former "Greenwood Lake" Chapter, for crinoid stones and fossils, please notice.—Lillie M. Bedinger.

Eggs of red-head duck, fish-hawk, willet, and black skimmer, for other rare eggs.—Ch. E. Doe, 28 Wood street, Providence, R. I.

LIST OF NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name of Chapter.	Members.	Address.
250.	Tiffin, O.	Please send it to us.
251.	Saratoga, N. Y. (A).....	4.	H. A. Chandler, Box 15.
252.	Nanuet, N. Y. (A).....	4.	C. D. Wells.
253.	Poynette, Wis. (A).....	6.	Harry Russell.
254.	Fulton, N. Y. (A).....	7.	H. C. Howe.
255.	Chester, Pa. (A).....	5.	Frank R. Gilbert.
256.	Newton Upper Falls, Mass.	6.	Josie M. Hopkins.
257.	Plantsville, Conn. (B).....	4.	L. Jennie Smith.
258.	Reading, Pa.	11.	W. W. Mills,
			205 South Fifth St.
259.	Dixon, Ill. (A).....	7.	Eddie Shephard.
260.	Mercer, Pa. (A).....	4.	Mrs. H. M. Magoffin.
261.	East Boston, Mass.	11.	Edith M. Buffum,
			284 Meridian St.
262.	Denver, Col. (B).....	4.	Ernest M. Roberts.
			Address, please?
263.	Gardiner, Me. (A).....	14.	A. C. Brown.
264.	Gainesville, Fla. (A).....	8.	Paul E. Rollins.
265.	Indianapolis, Ind. (B).....	7.	Cornelia McKay, 156 Ash St.
266.	St. Clair, Pa. (A).....	10.	Geo. Powell.
267.	Chicago, Ill. (G).....	6.	W. M. Patterson,
			1010 Van Buren St.
268.	Thompsonville, Ct. (A).....	30.	Alice Briscoe.
269.	Wareham, Mass. (A).....	10.	H. M. Humphrey.
270.	Severance, Kan.	7.	Chas. Plank.
271.	Newburyport, Mass. (B).....	6.	R. E. Curtis.
272.	Westtown, N. Y. (A).....	4.	W. Evans.
273.	Pittsburgh, Pa. (B).....	12.	F. K. Gearing,
			20th and Sidney Sts.
274.	Hartford, Ct. (D).....	5.	Clive Day, 655 Asylum Av.
275.	Washington, D. C. (E).....	12.	Ch. Beardsley, Jr.,
			214 4th, S. E.
276.	Kansas City, Mo. (A).....	6.	F. M. Pease, 114 W. 6th.
277.	Altoona, Pa. (A).....	6.	Geo. Piper.
278.	E. Pittsburgh, Pa. (C).....	4.	J. F. McCune.
			Address, please?
279.	Easton, Pa. (A).....	6.	Augustus Tyler,
			1313 Ferry St.
280.	Little Rock, Ark. (A).....	4.	Victor C. Lewis.
281.	Webster, Mass.	4.	R. G. Leavitt.
282.	Zellwood, Fla.	7.	Allie D. Williamson.
283.	Greenfield, Mass. (A).....	6.	C. H. K. Sanderson.
284.	Swanzy, N. H. (A).....	4.	Lucy A. Whitcomb,
			Marlboro Depot.
285.	Dubuque, Iowa (A).....	8.	Alvin S. Wheeler.
286.	Stockport, N. Y. (A).....	18.	W. J. Fisher.
287.	Ottawa, Ill. (A).....	5.	Edgar Eldredge.
288.	Albany, N. Y. (B).....	7.	Wm. R. Nichols,
			10 Hawk St.
289.	Cambria Station, Pa.	6.	E. P. Oberholtzer.
290.	Dublin, Ireland (A).....	30.	Ellen J. Woodward, 5 Carlton Terrace, Upper Rathmines.
291.	Providence, R. I. (A).....	6.	Mattie W. Packard,
			115 Angell St.
292.	Independence, Kan.	18.	Willie H. Plank
293.	Syracuse, N. Y. (A).....	10.	Clara White,
			99 W. Onondaga St.
294.	Garden City, L. I. (A).....	4.	Wm. R. Kitchen.
295.	Boonville, N. Y. (A).....	6.	Franklin C. Johnson.
296.	San Francisco (D).....	8.	Bertha L. Rowell,
			476 Sacramento St.
297.	Malden, Mass. (A).....	7.	C. C. Beale,
			Box 131, Faulkner, Mass.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

I. A DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Divide each of the six letter-circles in such a way that the letters, in the order in which they now stand, will form a word. The six words, when rightly placed, will make a double acrostic, the initials will name an agricultural implement, and the finals a word meaning to gather for preservation.

II. AN EASY DIAMOND: From the names of the objects here pictured, form a five-letter diamond.

III. A WORD: What adjective is here represented? G. F.

WORD-SQUARE.

EACH of the following lines describes one word, when the six words are rightly selected and placed one below another, in the order here given, they will form a word-square:

1. A sultry month of scorching sun;
2. Of muses nine a "heavenly" one;
3. Part of a house much used for store;
4. Our state when griefs are pondered o'er;
5. A nap from which, refreshed, one rises;
6. In India, frames for cooling houses.

A LATIN-GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

For Older Puzzlers.

EACH of the following geographical questions may be answered by one word, and the initial letters of these words, placed in the order here given, will spell a Latin phrase used by Suetonius in writing of the Emperor Titus.

1. A group of islands belonging to Portugal.
2. An island in the Mediterranean.
3. A river of South America.
4. A city of the Netherlands.
5. An inland sea in Asiatic Russia.
6. A commercial city of China.
7. A kingdom of Western Europe.
8. A country in the western part of South America.
9. An important manufacturing city of France.
10. The lake in which the Mississippi River rises.
11. The principal city of British India.
12. One of the United States, noted for its silver mines.
13. A country of Eastern Africa.
14. A country of Africa, famous for its historical inter-

est. 15. A city of Spain. 16. A lake situated between the United States and Canada. 17. A republic of Central America. 18. A river of Asia, which empties into the Persian Gulf. 19. A city of France, located on the Seine. 20. A great river of Southern Asia. 21. A classic name for a great peninsula of Northern Europe. 22. A cape on the coast of Delaware. 23. A city of the Netherlands. 24. A channel east of Africa. 25. A city which was, for ages, the center of European civilization. 26. A river of Russia. 27. A river of Asia, emptying into the Bay of Bengal.

"VERGILUS."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials spell the name by which a celebrated novelist is often called; the finals, one of his most noted poems, which was published in 1810.

CROSS WORDS: 1. What "brevity is the soul of." 2. A measure of length. 3. A girdle. 4. A sprite introduced in one of Shakespeare's dramas. 5. A girl's name. 6. A number which is to be divided into equal parts. 7. Customary. 8. A celebrated opera by Beethoven. 9. A pilferer. 10. Upright. 11. The dry land. 12. A famous river in Africa. 13. That which precedes all others of its class. 14. The name of a novel by George Eliot. 15. An inhabitant of a country of Europe. 16. The surname of a celebrated German poet, born in 1795.

"ANACREON."

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND.

ACROSS (from left to right): 1. In reversible. 2. A name by which catnip is sometimes called. 3. A noisy feast. 4. To surrender. 5. Drags. 6. A snare. 7. In diamond.

REVERSED (from right to left): 1. In reversible. 2. To write. 3. A mechanical power. 4. Reproached. 5. A scriptural word, frequently occurring in the Psalms, supposed to signify silence. 6. A number. 7. In diamond.

HOSMER CLARK.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-seven letters, and am a quotation from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

My 6-10-25-11-27 is to mock. My 26-3-14-2-4-13-7 is to issue. My 24-12-15 is to adapt. My 20-1-21-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27 is to worry. My 19-5-8 is an inhabitant of a country of Northern Europe. My 9-16-22-26 are troublesome rodents.

D. D. T.

GREEK CROSS.

I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Obscurity. 2. A mark of respect. 3. A British officer who was hung in 1780 as a spy. 4. Pertaining to an order of Grecian architecture. 5. Upright.

II. Left-hand Square: 1. To strike. 2. Inferior. 3. Empty. 4. A medicine that gives vigor to the system. 5. Upright.

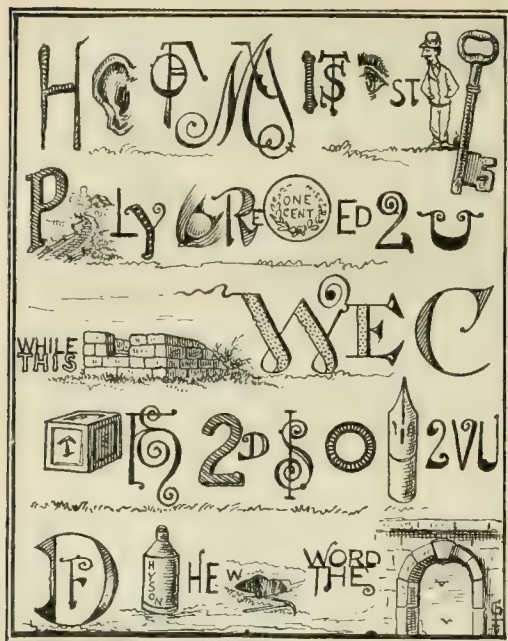
III. Central Square: 1. Upright. 2. A boy's name. 3. The joint of the arm. 4. Land. 5. A high building.

IV. Right-hand Square: 1. A high building. 2. The emblem of peace. 3. To extend. 4. Occurrence. 5. Lessons.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A high building. 2. Oxygen in a condensed form. 3. Formed into a fabric. 4. A Latin epic poem, written by Virgil. 5. Tears asunder.

"ALCIBIADES."

PICTORIAL CHARADE.



THE above should first be read as a rebus. The answer will be a charade consisting of five lines, each line of pictures representing a line of the stanza. This should, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar charades. The compound word which is the answer to the charade is hinted at in the illustration.

G. F.

FOUR EASY DIAMONDS.

I. 1. IN supposing. 2. A body of water. 3. A fruit. 4. A unit. 5. In chasing. II. 1. A common article. 2. To imitate. 3. A common fruit. 4. A sprite. 5. In foreign. III. 1. In appealing. 2. Encountered. 3. A tropical fruit. 4. A measure. 5. In promenading. IV. 1. In abruptly. 2. A marsh. 3. A kind of tea. 4. A jewel. 5. In inclination.

"FRANCIS CO.," AND C. D. H.

SYNCOPIATION AND TRANSPOSITION.

My whole 's a name for anything —

A comprehensive word,
And yet 't is sometimes definite,
Unless I 've greatly erred.

Remove one letter, then transpose,
And you can spell a wine —
Perhaps too common on the board
Where gentlemen may dine.

Subtract another letter now,
Rightly transpose the rest,
And you at once will get the clew
By which some things are guessed.

Remove one more, transpose again,
And the result, you 'll say,
Is very useful in New York
Upon the first of May.

Repeat the process once again,
And you may now unfold
A certain little tiresome thing
E'en in the best household.

Remove its head (would that you might,
Of every living one!)
And leave "near to, in, by, on, with,"
"And now my tale is done."

AUNT SUE.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

THE synocopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell a word meaning majestic.

1. Syncope a garment and leave a humble dwelling. 2. Syncope a spy and leave an inhabitant of Great Britain. 3. Syncope humorists and leave a verb. 4. Syncope was able and leave chilly. 5. Syncope a kind of pipe and leave a gardening instrument. 6. Syncope part of a barrel and leave to succor.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE. Roman candle.

Did the first go to bed by the second's light,
Or shoot off the whole on a gala night?

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Left to right, Pompey; right to left, Taurus. Cross-words: 1. Packet. 2. COeval. 3. SaMuel.

4. TurPin. 5. SuTEy. 6. Shabby. CENTRAL SYNCOPIATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Pocahontas. 1. Co-Pal. 2. Al-O-es. 3. Fa-C-ts. 4. Lo-A-ch. 5. Sc-H-io. 6. Mo-O-re. 7. Ca-N-to. 8. Mi-T-re. 9. Co-A-st. 10. Ca-S-ts.

CROSS PUZZLE. 1 to 2, keel; 5 to 2, reel; 3 to 2, pool; 4 to 2, evil. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Excalibur.

PI. Events are only winged shuttles which fly from one side of the loom of life to the other, bearing the many colored threads out of which the fabric of our character is made.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Calhoun; finals, Webster. Cross-words: 1. CaW. 2. ArchivE. 3. LimB. 4. HarasS. 5. Oce- loT. 6. UtilizE. 7. NavigatoR.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.—Ecclesiastes, xii., 12. ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. A few easels (few (w)easels).

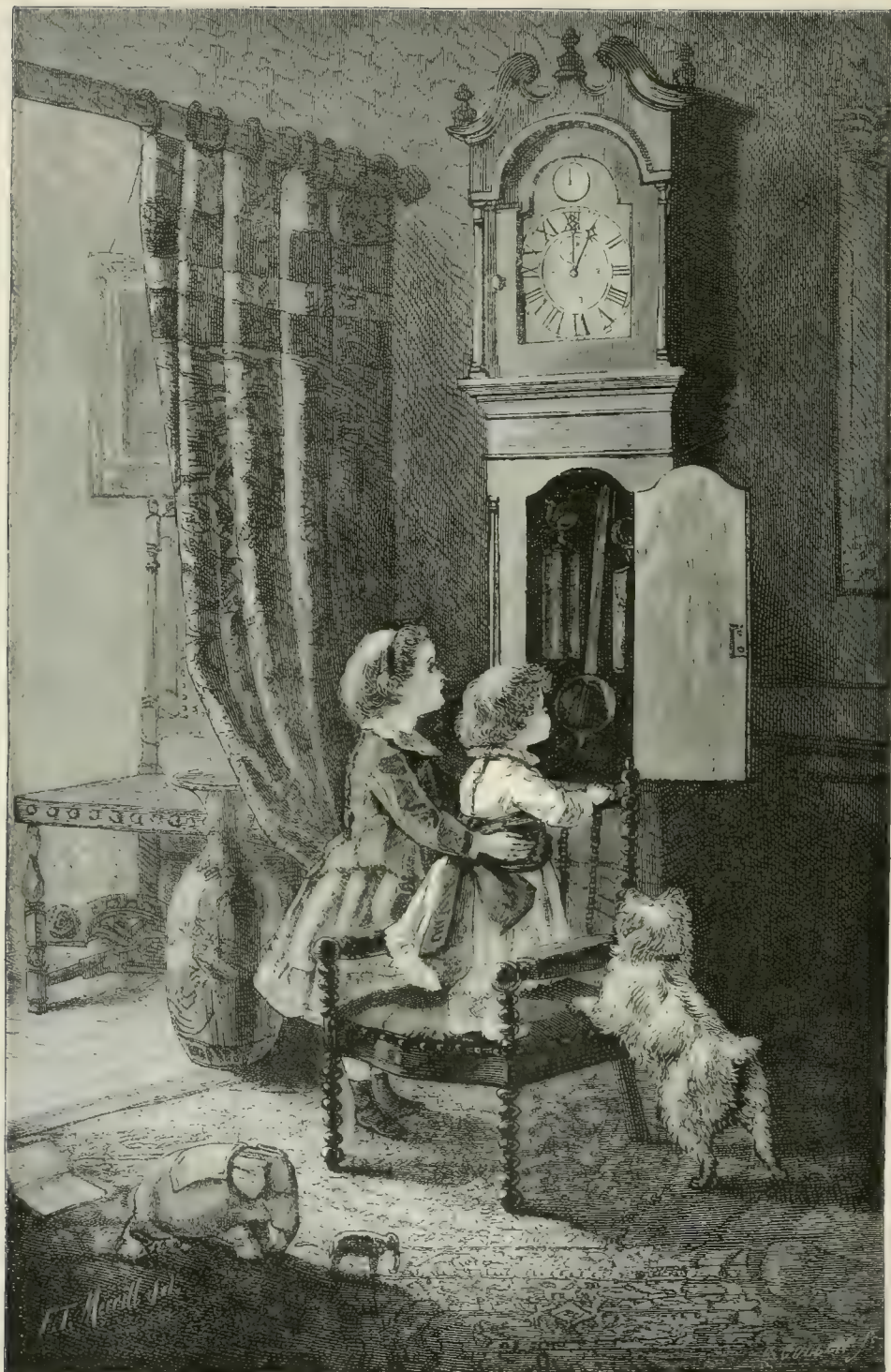
ANAGRAMS. 1. Home, Sweet Home, by John Howard Payne. 2. The Star Spangled Banner, by Francis Scott Key. 3. Battle Hymn of the Republic, by Julia Ward Howe. 4. The Old Oaken Bucket, by Samuel Woodworth. 5. Woodman, Spare that Tree, by George P. Morris.—CHARADE. Manage.

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Fourth of July.

OCTAGON. Across: 1. Pan. 2. Cares. 3. Parcels. 4. Arcadia. 5. Needing. 6. Slink. 7. Sag.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Marna and Bae and Helen E. Mahan.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Paul, Frank, and John, 1—Arthur A. Moon, 2—Helen M. Dunnan, 3—"A Solver," 6—Daisy, 2—A. Hawthorne, 2—Annetta W. Peck, 1—Lightner Witmer, 5—Charlie Wright, 3—B. H., 1—Natie P. Cutler, 1—G. C. Southard, 1—May Fuller, 1—Lannie Daniels, 3—Julia P. Ballard, 11—Maidie R. Lang, 2—F. Pearl Holden, 1—E. A. W. and J. C. N., 1—Willie Witherle, 2—Sara M. and Edith Gallaudet, 7—Bessie Ammerman, 2—S. R. T., 11—Omer T. Trash, 1—B. F. E., 3—Edward Dana Sabine, 3—"Wilmington," 6—Aggie Rhodes, 8—Frankie Crawford, 7—Thomas H. Miller, 3—Alice S. Rhoads, 9—Frank Benedict, 1—Charlie S., 2—Emeline Tungerich and Clara Small, 7—F. Edith Case, 7—Daisy F. and Ethel B. Barry, 7—Eva M. Hoadley, 1—Anna K. Thompson, 2—Frederica and Andrew Davis, 11—"Leather Stocking," 1—Etta U. Taylor, 3—Willie H. Bowden, 5—"Youle," 5—"Alciades," 11—George Leonard, Jr., 1—Harvey F. Phipard, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 9—E. L. Jones, 2—C. O. B., 3—Leslie Douglass, 8—Asenath B. Hosmer, 1—Ruth and Samuel Camp, 5—A. M. and M. W., 8—Ethel M. Eager, 7—Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace, 6—Maud T. Badlam, 2—Mabel Thompson, 5—Polywog and Tadpole, 5—Anna Buell Ely, 1—A. F. and B. L., 7—Pau Z., 10—Ralph and Josephine, 10—Annie, Mabel, and Florence Knight, 10—Bessie P. McCollin, 10—Virginia M. Giffin, 1—May Beadle, 7—Mary Burnam, 6—Charles P. Shoemaker, 2—No Name, 7—Minnie B. Murray, 11—Grace P. Ford, 1—Howard Smith, 1—Violette, 1—James R. Moore, 3—"The Houghton Family," 11—Jim Hutchinson, 8—From Canada, 5—Lottie Foggan, 4—Mollie Weiss, 4—Anna Clarke, 3—Anna R. Warner, 8—Vin and Alex, 9—May, Bess, and Verna, 8—Rory O'More, 6—"Joe B., 5—Florence G. Lane, 4—Winnie, 2—Clara, Luzia, and Elsie, 9—S. W. McCleary, 2—Wiley P. Boddie, 1—Mamie Baker, 1—"Professor and Co., 10—D. S. Crosby and H. W. Chandler, Jr., 11—James Herbert Jordan, 2—Alice Maude Kyte, 9—Florence E. Provost, 5—Paul England and Co., 2—A. P. Redington, 3—Nellie Caldwell, 7—J. S. Tennant, 11—Fred. Thwaites, 11—Eliza L. McCook, 7—Maud and Sadie, 3—Georgia Harlan, 5—Charles H. Parmly, 7—Kate Flemming, 5—Nathalie and Mary, 8—Sadie L. Rhodes, 3—Mother and I, 4—Ruhtra and Oeht, 5—Daisy Vail, 5—Allen H. C., 8—Anne Lovitt, 9—W. Manchester, 11—Clara and her Aunt, 10—Clara J. Child, 11—M. S. G., 6—Wilde, 2—Madge Tolderlund, 8—Sallie Viles, 11—Three Robins, 7—Lyde McKinney, 5—Sid and I, 8—Geo. J. Fiske, 7—Appleton H., 10—Edith McKeever and Amy Elliott, 10—Florence Leslie Kyte, 10—Harry Johnston, 7. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



"WHAT MAKES IT GO?"

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

NO. II.

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THE DOLL THAT COULD N'T SPELL HER NAME.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

TOM was really at the bottom of it. It very often turned out that Tom *was* at the bottom of things.

In the Belknap household, when the pot of jam tumbled off the top shelf of the pantry, when the cream was all drunk up, when the Sevres china cups were broken, they never suggested that it was the cat; they merely groaned, "Tom!"

Sometimes there was mischief done for which Tom was not accountable, but, being proven guilty of so much, of course he was blamed for all.

Bess had Tom for a brother. She had no sister and no other brother, so, of course, she had to make the best of Tom. And sometimes he was really quite nice; he had once taken her out into the park, and let her fly his kite—a beauty, with Japanese pictures all over it, and yards and yards of tail; once in a while he would draw her on his sled—though I am sorry to say he generally did n't want to be bothered with girls; and now and then, though not often, he had more caramels than he wanted.

He put on as many airs with Bess as if he were the Great Mogul, and, if he had been, Bess could not have had greater faith in him, or obeyed him more implicitly. When you are a boy thirteen years old and study Latin, it is easy to be the Great Mogul to a little body not quite eight, who is only a girl, any way, never went to school in her life, and can't go out when it rains, because she is delicate.

Bess was sure that a boy who studied Latin and could ride on a bicycle, as Tom could, must know

everything. So when Tom told her that, if her doll was going to give a kettledrum, she (the doll) ought to write the invitations herself, she did not think of questioning it. She could n't quite see how it was to be done, but it must be the proper way, if Tom said so.

"It's the fashion now for ladies to write their own invitations," said Tom. "Have n't you noticed that Mamma writes all her cards? Never has them engraved, as she used to. It would n't be at all stylish, or even proper, for your doll to have a kettledrum, unless she wrote the invitations herself."

"But Lady Marion can't write," said Bess, mournfully. "I was going to ask Mamma to write them."

"Oh, you have only to put the pen in her hand, and guide it slowly, and she will write them well enough. I will tell you what to have her write. And she must draw a kettle at the top of the sheet and a drum at the bottom, like those that Miss Percy sent to Mamma, you know."

"It would be beautiful, Tom, but Lady Marion never could do it in the world!" said Bess.

"Oh, pooh! I'll show you just how, and you can help her. It will be just the same as if she did it all herself. There! that is the way to draw a kettle, and that's a drum," and Tom drew, with just a few strokes of his pencil, a kettle that was just like a kettle, and a drum that you would have known anywhere, while Bess looked on in breathless admiration, and thought Tom was almost a magician.

"And this is what you're to write—to make the doll write, I mean." And he repeated a formula several times, until Bess had learned it by heart.

"Oh, Tom, it will be perfectly splendid! How good you are to me!" said Bess, gratefully. "You shall have my new Roman sash for a tail to your kite!"

"Mamma would n't like that, and she would be sure to find it out; but I'll tell you how you can pay me: you can lend me your two dollars and fifteen cents. I am awfully short, and I must have a new base-ball bat."

Bess's face fell at this suggestion. She had been hoarding that two dollars and fifteen cents for a long time, to buy Lady Marion a new traveling trunk, her old one being very shabby, and having no bonnet-box in it, so that her bonnets got frightfully jammed whenever she went on a journey; and Nurse advised her never to lend money to Tom, because his pay-day was so long in coming; and when he got to owing too much he often went into bankruptcy, and paid but very little on a dollar.

But when one has been very kind, and shows you how to get up beautiful invitations, it is not at all easy to refuse to lend him your money. And, besides, if Bess should refuse, Tom would be very likely to tear up the beautiful kettle and drum that he had drawn, and, without a pattern to copy, Lady Marion could never draw them.

So Bess produced her purse, and poured its contents into Tom's hand.

"I'll be sure to pay you, Bess, the very first money I get," said Tom, as he always said.

"I hope you will, Tom," said Bess, with a sigh, "because Lady Marion is suffering for a new trunk. She'll have to stay at home from Saratoga if she does n't get it."

"Oh, you'll get the money long before summer. And, I say, Bess, I shall expect you to save me some of the goodies from that kettledrum—though I don't suppose you can save much, girls are such greedy things!"

"I will, Tom," said Bess, earnestly. "I will save lots of meringues and caramels, because those are what you like. And I'm very much obliged to you."

"Well, you ought to be! I don't know how you'd get along without me." And Tom went off, singing, at the top of his voice, about the "ruler of the queen's navee."

Left alone, Bess went to work diligently. Lady Marion's kettledrum was to come off next week; it was high time that the invitations were out.

Lady Marion had been invited out a great deal, but she had never yet given a party. She was well fitted to be a leader of fashion, but hitherto

her mamma's health had prevented her from assuming that position. Nature had been very bountiful to her, giving her cheeks just the color of strawberry ice-cream, eyes like blueberries, and truly hair the color of molasses candy that has been worked a long, long time. She was born in Paris, and had that distinguished air which is to be found only in dolls who have that advantage. She had, it is true, been out for a good many seasons, and looked rather older than several of her doll associates; her cheeks had lost the faintest tinge of their strawberry ice-cream bloom, and her beautiful hair had been so tortured by the fashionable style of hair-dressing—bangs and crimps and frizzes and Montagues and water-waves and puffs—that it had grown very thin in front, and she was compelled to wear either a Saratoga wave or a Marguerite front to cover it. The Saratoga wave was not a perfect match for her hair, so she wore that only by gas-light. She had also been in delicate health, the result of an accident which strewed the nursery floor with saw-dust, and made poor Bess fear that her beloved Lady Marion would be an invalid for life. The accident happened at the time when Tom had decided to be a surgeon, and had bought three new knives and a lancet to practice with, and the dreadful cut in Lady Marion's side looked, Bess thought, very much as if it had been done with a knife.

Tom, however, affirmed that it was caused by late hours and too much gayety, and Bess did not take Lady Marion to a party again for more than two months. The accident destroyed her beautiful plumpness, but Mamma thought that slenderness added to her distinguished appearance, so Bess was comforted. This kettledrum was intended to celebrate Lady Marion's return to society, and Bess was anxious that it should be a very elegant affair. It was to be held in the drawing-room, and Bess had permission to order just what she liked for refreshments. There was to be more than tea and cake at that kettledrum.

And the invitations must be in the very latest style. Bess felt as if she could not be grateful enough to Tom for telling her just what was the latest style.

She aroused Lady Marion from her afternoon nap and forced a pen into her unwilling fingers—being such a fashionable doll Lady Marion had neither time nor taste for literary pursuits, and I doubt whether she had ever so much as tried to write her name before. But at last the pen was coaxed to stay between her thumb and forefinger, and Bess guided her hand. After much patient effort and many failures, a tolerably legible one was written, and Bess thought it was a great success for a doll's first effort, although the kettle and

drum were not by any means perfect like Tom's, and, indeed, she felt obliged to write their names under them, lest they should not be understood.



"BESS—MRS. C. H. HAN—"

They did not all look quite so well as the first. After one has written twenty-five or thirty invitations, one's hand grows tired, and one is apt to get a little careless; but, on the whole, Bess thought they did Lady Marion great credit. Not one was sent that had a blot on it, and Bess was satisfied that the spelling was all quite correct. Before six o'clock they were all written and sent, and Bess had a great weight off her mind. But she was very tired, and Lady Marion was so exhausted that she did n't feel equal to having her hair dressed, and was not at home to visitors.

Before she slept, however, Bess made out a list of the refreshments she wanted for the kettledrum, and she gave especial orders that there should be plenty of meringues and caramels, that Tom need not come short—he was so fond of them, and he would make such unpleasant remarks about the girls if they were all eaten.

And having settled all this, Bess felt that there was nothing more to do but to wait for that slow coach of a Tuesday to come around; party days always are such slow coaches, while the day on which you are to have the dentist pull your tooth comes like the chain-lightning express! There was nothing more that she could do, but there was one little thing that did n't quite suit her: she wanted to invite the nice little girl who lived around the corner of Pine street, and when she had asked leave, Mamma had said:

"Oh, hush, dear! No, no! you must n't ask her. You must n't speak of her! Papa would be very angry!"

Bess thought that was very strange. She was a very nice little girl. Bess had made her acquaintance in the park; they had rolled hoops together, and exchanged a great many confidences. Bess had told her about her parrot that could say "Mary had a little lamb," and about the funny little mice that Tom had tamed, and described

Lady Marion's new dresses that Aunt Kate had sent her from Paris; and the strange little girl told her that her name was Amy Belknap,—Belknap, just like Bess's name, which Bess thought was very strange,—and that she had three brand-new kittens, as soft and furry as balls of down, with noses and toes just like pink satin, with dear little peaked tails, and the most fascinating manners imaginable; and she had invited Bess to come and see them. But her mamma would not let her go, and told that if she ever talked to the little girl again her papa would be angry. And Mamma looked very sad about it; there were tears in her eyes. It was all very strange. Bess did not know what to think about it, but Papa was very stern when he was angry, so she did not say anything more about Amy, although she met her two or three times at parties. But she did so want to have Lady Marion invite her doll to the kettledrum that she could not help asking; but it was of no use, and Mamma said "Hush! hush!" as if it were something frightful that she had proposed. And last night she had heard Nurse talking with Norah, the parlor maid, when they thought she was asleep, and Nurse had said that Amy Belknap's father was Papa's own brother, but they had quarreled years before about a will, and were so angry still that they would not speak to each other. And Amy's mother was Mamma's cousin, and had been brought up with her, so that they were just like sisters, and Mamma felt very unhappy about the quarrel.

It did not seem possible to Bess that her papa would quarrel, when he always told Tom and her that it was so wicked, and when he got down on his knees and said, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," just as if he meant it!

Just what a will was, Bess did not know, but she had a vague idea that it had something to do with money. Surely her father would not quarrel about money! She had heard him say that it was very wrong to think too much of it.

There must be a mistake somewhere, Bess thought, and she wished very much that it might be set right, so that Amy and she might be friends.

Tuesday came at last, and long before four o'clock Bess and Lady Marion had their toilets completed, and were perched up on the window-seat to watch for the coming of their guests. It was not very dignified, certainly—Mamma never did so when she expected guests; but then Lady Marion was of a nervous temperament, and could not bear to sit still.

Lady Marion had on a lovely "tea-gown" of Japanese foulard over blue satin, trimmed with

beautiful lace, and carried a new Japanese fan, with pearl sticks and lace, and her hair was arranged in a new style that was extremely becoming.

The refreshments and flowers had all come: there was nothing wanting to make the kettle-drum a complete success—nothing but the guests. Strangely enough, they did not appear! Four o'clock came, and half-past four, and not one of the dolls that Lady Marion had invited came, but all the time a stream of carriages had been going around the corner of Pine street, and stopping at

and some locks of golden hair. And Amy declared that she never would have another doll that looked in the least like Flora; it would break her heart. But she had another doll, who, strange as it may seem to you when I tell you how she looked, was very popular in society. She was a colored doll, and her name was Mary Ann. A very black doll indeed she was, with the kinkiest wool that ever was seen, eyes that would roll up so that you could see only the whites, and very big, red lips, that were always smiling and showing her white teeth. She looked so jolly that



"SHE RAN OUT, NOT WAITING FOR HAT OR CLOAK."

Amy Belknap's door; and Bess could see gayly dressed little girls tripping up the steps, every one with her doll in her arms!

Had Amy Belknap sent out invitations for this afternoon, and did all the girls prefer to go to her party? It was very strange. And a doll's party, too, apparently! Amy's best doll, Flora McFlimsey, had been left carelessly on the mantel-piece when a very hot fire was burning in the grate, and there was nothing left of her when Amy found her but a pool of wax, a pair of lovely blue glass eyes,

it made one laugh just to see her. She could turn her head from side to side and give you a friendly little nod, and if you pulled a string she could walk and dance. It was not a dance suited to polite society that she danced—it was a real negro break-down; indeed, I do not think that Nature had intended Mary Ann for polite society, but for all that she was very popular in it. No doll's party was thought to be complete without her, and her mamma paid as much attention to her toilet as to the lamented Flora McFlimsey's. Was Mary Ann

having a party this afternoon? A suspicion darted into Bess's mind. The names were a good deal alike—Marion and Mary Ann. Could they have made a mistake?

She rushed up to the nursery, and found one of the invitations which had been discarded by reason of many blots. It seemed to her that the *o* was plain enough, but, oh, dear! Mamma had told her once that Marion was spelled with an *i* and not with a *y*.

"It was Lady Marion's fault! If I had been writing by myself I should have thought. It does look like Mary Ann, and Amy's Mary Ann had so many parties, and goes so much, they thought it must be her kettledrum, and they have all gone there!"

Bess wrung her hands, and hid her face on Lady Marion's sympathizing bosom. Only for one moment; in that moment she decided that she could not bear it. She rushed to the table, in a little ante-room, where the refreshments were spread, and taking up her over-skirt, apron fashion, she filled it full of goodies, tossing them all in helter-skelter, never minding that the candied fruit was sticky and the grapes juicy. Then she seized Lady Marion upside down, actually with her head downward and her feet sticking up in the air, so that she was in imminent danger of apoplexy—not to mention her feelings, which were terribly wounded by such an indignity—and ran out of the street door, not waiting for hat or cloak!

Mamma was away, and would not be home until night, but if Nurse saw her she probably would not allow her to go, so she closed the door very softly behind her. In her eagerness she quite forgot that there was a mysterious reason why she should not go to Amy Belknap's house; she only realized that Lady Marion's kettledrum had gone astray, and she was fully determined not to lose it entirely.

The servant who opened the door had been surprised at the appearance of so many little girls and dolls, when none had been invited, but she was still more surprised when she opened the door to a little girl without hat or cloak, with her over-skirt full of bon-bons, and her doll's legs waving wildly in the air!

Amy had thought it a surprise party, and there had been no explanations until Bess and Lady Marion appeared. The girls were all very much surprised at the mistake, and said they did not understand why "Lady" was prefixed to Mary Ann's name, and some of them thought they ought to go at once to Lady Marion's house, since the invitations had really come from her; but Bess was quite willing to stay where she was, and Lady Marion made no objection.

The only difference was that there were two hostesses instead of one, Lady Marion and Mary Ann being seated side by side in state. Lady Marion was very elegant and polite, and was greatly admired; and as for Mary Ann, she fairly outdid herself, setting everybody into roars of laughter with her dancing; and the refreshments were not so *very* much mixed up.

Bess and Lady Marion staid after the others were gone. Bess wanted to see the kittens and the other pretty things that Amy promised to show her; and, besides, she had begun to realize by this time that she had done wrong in coming, and she did n't want to go home and tell how naughty she had been.

If it were wrong merely to mention Amy's name, how dreadfully wrong it must be to have run away, without asking leave of anybody, and stay so long in Amy's house! She must be as bad as Tom was when he got acquainted with the circus clown, and went home with him and staid all night. Tom was kept shut up in his room all day, on bread and water, and Papa said he would "rather have no boy at all than a boy he could n't trust." Would he wish that he had no girl at all? That was a dreadful thought.

But why should n't she visit Amy, who was the very nicest little girl she knew, and never got cross and said she would n't play if you did n't do just as she wanted to, as some of the girls did?

Bess turned it over and over in her small mind, and decided that it was very unjust. But she was very tired, and while she was puzzling over it her thoughts got queerly mixed up, and, before she knew what she was going to do, she had "taken the boat for Noddle's Island." They were sitting on the warm, fluffy rug, before the fire, in the nursery. Amy's nurse had given them some bread and milk, and then she had hinted, very strongly, that it was growing late, and Bess had better go home.

Bess did n't choose to pay any attention to the hints. She dreaded going home, and it was very pleasant where she was. They had the three kittens, who were twice as furry, frolicsome, and fascinating as Amy had said; a toy mouse, with a spring that, when wound up, would make him run and spring so like a "truly" mouse that it made one's blood run cold, and nearly drove the kittens frantic; a music-box that played the loveliest tunes, and a Jack-in-the-box that fired off a tiny pistol when he popped out; all these delightful things they had on the hearth-rug, besides Lady Marion and Mary Ann, who were a little neglected, I am afraid, but so tired and sleepy that they did n't mind.

After such an exciting day as Bess had spent, one can't keep awake long, even when there is so

much fun to be had, especially when it is past one's bed-time.

Nothing but politeness had kept Amy's eyes

They had discovered her absence two or three hours before, and had been seeking her far and near, in the keenest anxiety and distress. They



"LADY MARION AND MARY ANN SEATED SIDE BY SIDE IN STATE"

open so long, and when she saw that Bess was asleep she gave a great sigh of relief, and she, too, got into Noddle's boat. The three kittens, finding it very tame to play with a mouse that would n't go for the want of winding up, curled up together in a little furry, purring heap, and went fast asleep, and the Jack-in-the-box, losing all hope of getting another chance to pop out, did the same. Lady Marion had long ago been lulled to sleep by the soft strains of the music-box, and, last of all, Mary Ann, who ached in every joint from so much dancing, and whose eyes were strained and smarting from continual rolling up, but who never left the post of duty while there was anybody to be entertained, stretched herself comfortably out on the soft rug and, like the others, forgot her weariness in slumber.

The nurse stole out to have a chat with a crony. Amy's mother was out, and there was no one to notice that it was very quiet in the nursery, or think that it was time for the strange little girl to go home. But in the strange little girl's own house they were thinking that it was time for her to *come* home!

had visited every house where they thought she would be at all likely to go; they had given notice of her loss at several police stations, and secured the aid of two or three police officers in the search. Last of all, having heard that Amy Belknap had had a party that afternoon, they came there: Papa and Mamma almost beside themselves; Nurse never ceasing to weep and wring her hands; Tom outwardly stolid, and with his hands in his pockets, but inwardly wishing heartily that he had been a great deal better to Bess, and resolving that, if they ever found her, he would pay her that two dollars and fifteen cents right away.

"I am sure she is n't here," said Bess's mamma, as they rang the door-bell. "Bess never does what she knows I would not wish her to."

But when the door was opened the servant said she thought she was up in the nursery. And upstairs rushed Bess's father and mother immediately, scarcely remembering whose house they were in, but thinking only of their lost little girl who might be found.

It happened that they opened one door into the nursery just as Amy's papa opened another. And

when Bess opened her eyes, almost smothered with her mother's hugs and kisses, there stood her papa and Amy's papa, looking at each other, as Tom, afterward, rather disrespectfully remarked, "just as his big Newfoundland Rover and Bobby Sparks's big Caesar looked at each other, when they had n't made up their minds whether to fight each other, or go together and lick Dick Jefferd's wicked Nero!"

Bess discovered that she was not going to be scolded, but was the heroine of the hour; even Tom, who hated "making a fuss," was actually crying and kissing her; and Bess began to feel very important and thought she might set things to rights. She tugged at her father's coat-tails to gain his entire attention.

"Papa," she began, "don't you know 'Birds in their little nests agree,' and 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite'? I 'll get Nurse to say them to you, if you don't. It is n't right for you to quarrel just because you 're big! And he 's your brother, too—just like Tom and me. And he 's Amy's father, and Amy 's my pertikler friend. You kiss him, now, and say you 're sorry, and—and I 'll buy you something nice!"

In her eagerness, Bess had fallen into Nurse's style of bribery.

There was one very good thing about it—it made everybody laugh; and sometimes a laugh will swallow up more bitterness than tears can drown. They did not kiss each other, to Bess's great disappointment; but the very next day Amy came to see her, and Amy's mamma too, and she and Bess's mamma kissed and cried over each other, just as if they were school-girls; and they called Bess "a blessed little peace-maker;" so Bess is quite sure that it is all coming out right, and that she shall always have her cousin Amy for her "pertikler friend."

When Bess's mamma heard that it all came about because Lady Marion could n't spell her own name, she praised Lady Marion, and said her ignorance was better than all the accomplishments that she ever knew a doll to have!

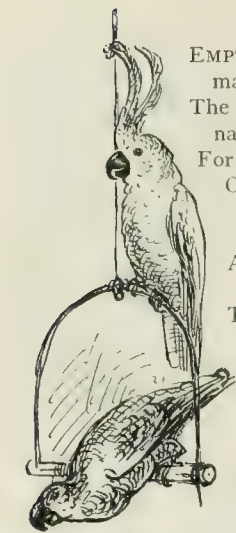
But as for Tom, who was really at the bottom of it, nobody thought of praising him.

But Bess had saved a great many meringues and caramels for him—more than anybody but a boy could eat—so he did n't mind.



THE COCKATOOS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



EMPTY the throne-chair stood;
mayhap
The king was taking his royal
nap,
For early it was in the afternoon
Of a drowsy day in the month
of June.

And the palace-doors were
open wide
To the soft and dreamful airs
outside,
And the blue sky burned
with the summer glow,
And the trees cool masses
of shade did throw.

The throne-chair stood in
a splendid room.

~ } There were velvets in ruby and purple bloom,
Curtains magnificent to see,
And a table draped most sumptuously.

And on the table a cushion lay
Colored like clouds at the close of day,
And a crown, rich-sparkling with myriad rays,
Shone on the top in a living blaze.

And nobody spoke and nobody stirred
Except a bird that sat by a bird—
Two cockatoos on a lofty perch,
Sober and grave as monks in a church.

Gay with the glory of painted plume
Their bright hues suited the brilliant room;
Green and yellow, and rose and blue,
Scarlet and orange and jet black, too.

Said one to the other, eyeing askance
The beautiful *fleur-de-lis* of France
On the cushion's lustrous edge, set round
In gleaming gold on a violet ground—

Said one to the other, "Rocco, my dear,
If any thief were to enter here,
He might take crown and cushion away,
And who would be any the wiser, pray?"

Said Rocco, "How stupid, my dear Coquette!
A guard is at every threshold set;
No thief could enter, much less get out,
Without the sentinel's warning shout."

She tossed her head, did the bright Coquette.
"Rocco, my dear, now what will you bet
That the guards are not sleeping this moment
as sound
As the king himself, all the palace round?"

"'T is very strange, so it seems to me,
That they leave things open so carelessly;
Really, I think it 's a little absurd
All this should be left to the care of a bird!"

"And what is that creaking so light and queer?
Listen a moment. There! Don't you hear?
And what is that moving the curtain behind?
Rocco, dear, are you deaf and blind?"

The heavy curtain was pushed away
And a shaggy head, unkempt and gray,
From the costly folds looked doubtful out,
And eagerly everywhere peered about.

And the dull eyes lighted upon the blaze
Of the gorgeous crown with a startled gaze,
And out of the shadow the figure stepped
And softly over the carpet crept.

And nobody spoke and nobody stirred,
And the one bird sat by the other bird;
Both overpowered by their surprise,
They really could n't believe their eyes!

Swiftly the madman, in fear's despite,
Darted straight to that hill of light;
The frightened birds saw the foolish wretch
His hand to the wondrous thing outstretch.

Then both at once such an uproar raised
That the king himself rushed in, amazed,
Half awake, in his dressing-gown,
And there on the floor lay the sacred crown!

And he caught a glimpse through the portal
wide
Of a pair of flying heels outside,
And he shouted in royal wrath, "What ho!
Where are my people, I'd like to know!"

They ran to the rescue in terror great.
"Is this the way that you guard my state?
Had it not been for my cockatoos
My very crown I had chanced to lose!"

They sought in the shrubbery to and fro,
Wherever they thought the thief might go;
They looked through the garden, but all in vain,
They searched the forest, they scoured the plain.

They'd a special servant on them to wait,
To do their pleasure early and late:
They grew so haughty and proud and grand,
Their fame was spread over all the land.



They gave it up, for they could not choose.
But oh, the pride of those cockatoos!
If they were admired and petted before,
Now they were utterly spoiled, be sure!

And when they died it made such a stir!
And their skins were stuffed with spice and myrrh,
And from their perch they still look down,
As on the day when they saved the crown.

ELEVEN OR NONE.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A KINDLY looking gentleman one day accosted me:
 "Do you know any one who wants eleven dogs?" asked he.

"They 're so gentle and so good
 That I 'd keep them if I could,
 But I really can't gratify their appetite for food."

I told him I 'd take *one*, but he slowly shook his
 head;

"There are many who have told me that they
 wanted *one*," he said,

"But I 've such a tender heart
 That I could n't bear to part
 Eleven little doggies all so loving in their sport!

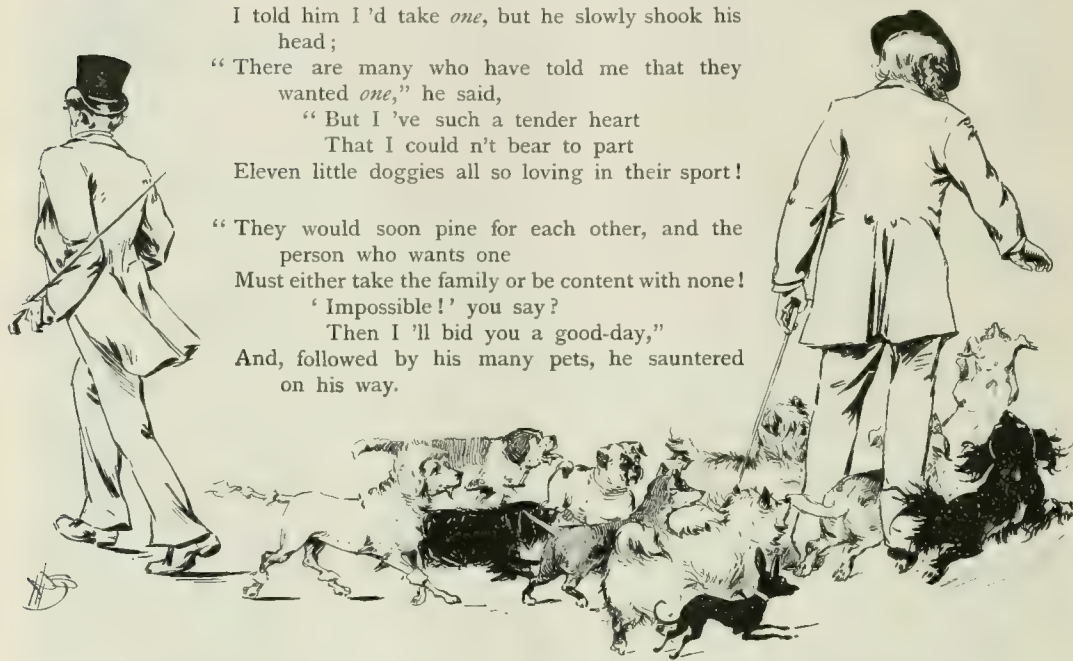
"They would soon pine for each other, and the
 person who wants one

Must either take the family or be content with none!

'Impossible!' you say?

Then I 'll bid you a good-day,"

And, followed by his many pets, he sauntered
 on his way.



OUR LARGEST FRIENDS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

FEW persons will deny that an elephant is as large a friend as any of us can expect to have. There is but one other living creature that is larger than an elephant, and that is a whale; but, on account of the peculiarity of his residence, it would be difficult for any one to keep company with a live whale long enough to form a lasting friendship. Even Jonah and his whale staid together only three days, and, after that, it is quite certain that they never met again.

But strong friendships have been formed between elephants and men, and it is on this account

that I call these great beasts our largest friends. And who could chide a person on good terms with an elephant for boasting that he had an extensive acquaintance?

At the present time of writing there is no animal, not domestic, which occupies so prominent a position before the public as the elephant; and the great interest which is now taken in these animals is probably due to the fact that we have some extraordinary specimens of them among us. One of the most remarkable of these is the baby elephant recently born in this country. This

little animal, not higher than a table, is certainly the most amusing and interesting creature of its kind that I ever saw. He is very frisky and playful, and trots about on his stumpy little legs in a way that is very surprising to those who have always considered elephants among the steadiest and most solemn creatures in the world. The fact that, with the exception of being ever so much smaller, he is exactly like a full-grown elephant, makes him all the more interesting and peculiar. In color and proportions he resembles a full-sized elephant looked at through the wrong end of a telescope. If he should never grow any larger than he is now, he would be the most valuable elephant in the world.

Another very noticeable elephant is the great beast Jumbo, recently brought from England to this country. This is one of the very largest animals of his kind; and although he has been a long time in captivity, he is occasionally very difficult to manage, and, until recently, there was only one man who was able to control him. Most of us know what an undertaking it was to bring him to this country. It was necessary to put him into a great box, as strong as iron and wood could make it, which was hoisted on board of a ship, and in this way Jumbo was brought across the ocean.

It is very unusual to have such trouble in transporting elephants from place to place; for, although I have classed them among the animals that are not domestic, it is generally quite easy to train and tame them. I suppose, in some countries where they are extensively used as beasts of burden and for other purposes, they may be said to be domesticated. But, after all, an elephant, however kind and gentle he may be, is not the sort of animal we would like to have about our houses, like a cat or dog.

Most of us are so familiar with elephants, which we frequently see in menageries and circuses, and which are generally so gentle and docile, obeying the slightest word or sign of their keepers, that we are accustomed to look upon them as the most peaceable and quiet, as well as the slowest and most awkward animals on the face of the earth. It is therefore difficult sometimes to imagine what an active and often terrible fellow an elephant is in his native wilds. He can run very rapidly, and when his temper is aroused there is no more savage creature to be found. Sometimes two of these ponderous beasts, who have imagined themselves insulted or injured in some way, or, from their natural viciousness, feel inclined to vent their bad temper upon any animal they may meet, join themselves together, and range forest and plain in search of a victim. It would be a terrible thing indeed, to meet a pair of such elephants on murderous

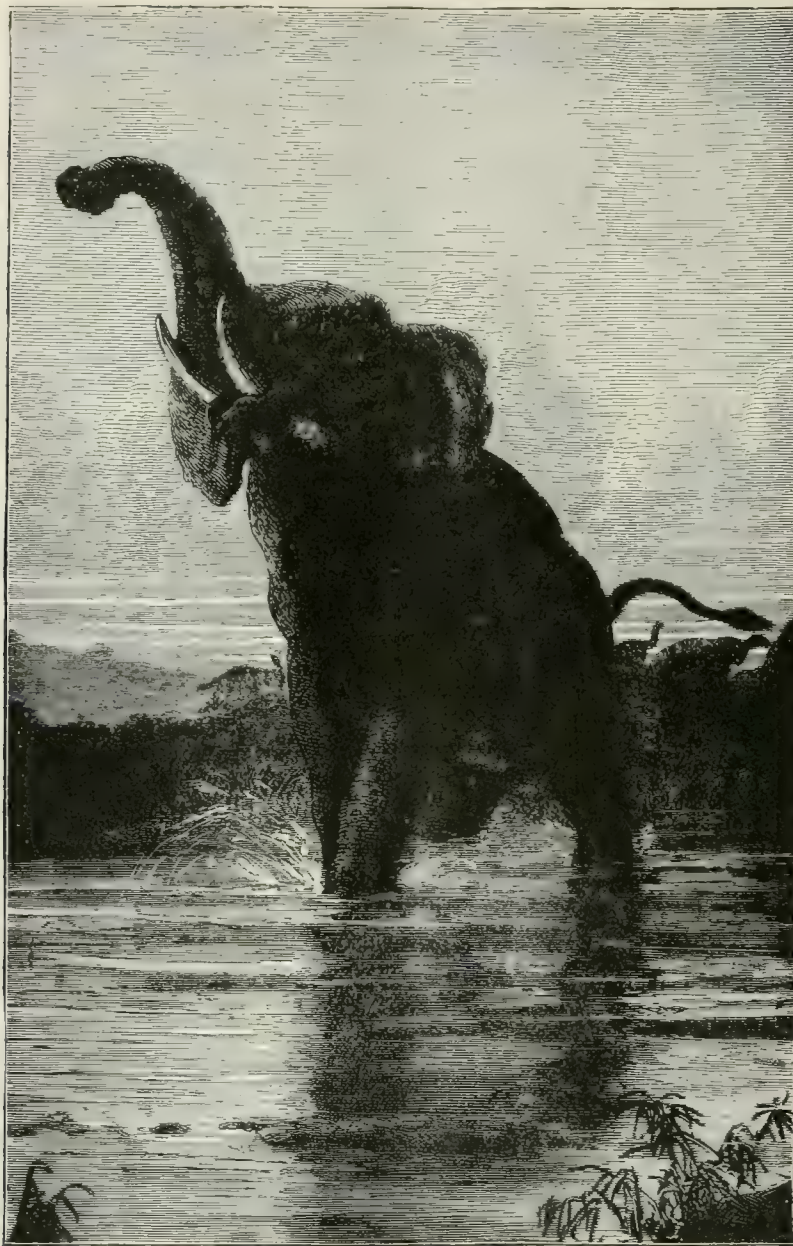
thoughts intent, for it would be almost impossible for any man to defend himself against two such assailants. With one of the heavy rifles used in elephant-hunting, a steady eye, and an unflinching soul, it might be possible to stop the onward progress of one such mass of savage fury. But if two creatures of the kind should be met, there would be no safety but in a very high tree with a very thick trunk.

Apart from man, there is no animal that can successfully combat with a full-grown elephant. The largest tiger can be crushed beneath his feet or knees. His great tusks can be driven even into the body of a rhinoceros; and, although a savage enemy may spring upon his back, and keep out of the way of his elastic and powerful trunk, it is not easy for even the fiercest tiger to make much of an impression upon his thick hide and enormous body.

Sometimes, indeed, when attacked by two animals at once, such as a lion and a lioness, who surprise him at his favorite drinking-place, an elephant may be thrown into a state of considerable agitation. In such a case, he would feel very much as a boy would who should be attacked by two hornets, for the teeth and claws of the lion and lioness would inflict painful wounds; but, if he were not able to throw off his antagonists, so as to pierce them with his tusks or trample them with his feet, he would soon feel as the boy would if a hornet had got down his back, and his impulse would doubtless be to rush into deep water, where he could breathe with nothing but his trunk in the air, but where his enemies would have to swim ashore, or be drowned; and they might be obliged to swim away with much alacrity, for it would doubtless please the elephant as much to seize a swimming lion with his trunk and hold his head under water, as it would please the boy to clap his hat over a half-drowned hornet and help him to sink.

In warm countries the borders of rivers are favorite places for hunters, whether they be men or animals, to wait and watch for their game or prey; and when a herd of elephants approaches one of these drinking-places it is customary for the leader to go on ahead, and if, when he reaches the edge of the water, he perceives or suspects the presence of enemies, he throws up his trunk and loudly trumpets an alarm. His companions then halt, and the whole band retreats, unless it is thought better to stand and make a fight. If the latter plan is determined upon, it is quite certain that the affair will be well managed and carried on with spirit, for the elephant is endowed with good sense as well as courage.

But if the enemies lying in wait happen to be hunters, armed with murderous rifles, it is probable



SOUNDING THE ALARM.

that several of the huge animals will soon lie lifeless on the sands, and that their tusks will be carried away to make billiard-balls and piano-keys.

Considering the elephant as a fighting animal, we should not forget to include his trunk among his weapons of offense and defense. With his powerful and sinuous trunk, which the elephant

uses for so many and such different purposes, he can seize almost any animal and hurl it to the ground. But wily and savage creatures, such as tigers, almost always attack an elephant in the rear, and spring upon some part of him which he cannot reach with his trunk. It is not likely, however, that lions and tigers often attack elephants,

unless there is some unusual reason for so doing. When, for instance, a Bengal tiger springs upon an elephant which is trampling through his jungle, it is because there are men upon the huge creature's back who are hunting the tiger, and who have wounded or otherwise enraged him. It is scarcely possible to suppose that any wild beast would be so hungry as to try to kill a full-grown elephant for his dinner.

A great deal has been written about the elephant's trunk, but I believe that few persons thoroughly understand the variety of uses to which it is put. Not only is everything the elephant eats or drinks conveyed to his mouth by the trunk, but the little hand or finger at the end of the long proboscis is used very much as we would use our hands and fingers. Not long ago, I saw the great elephant Jumbo receive from one of his visitors a package of candy, neatly wrapped in white paper. He curled up the end of his trunk and laid the

and carried it to his mouth without dropping a single piece.

In regard to Jumbo, who is one of the largest, and is perhaps the best known elephant in the world, I must say something more. We have all heard of the sacred white elephants of Siam and Burmah; but if one of these revered beasts had been carried away from either of those countries, it is scarcely possible that the Siamese or Burmese could have been more excited or troubled than were the English people when their favorite elephant Jumbo was carried away from the Zoölogical Gardens in London, and brought to the United States. Great public feeling was aroused, and there was a general demand that he should not be taken away. Lords and ladies, and even high public officers, signed petitions protesting against his removal. He had been in England for nearly thirty years; thousands and thousands of children had ridden upon him, and even the Queen of Great



A SAVAGE FIGHT.

package in the hollow of the curve: then he rubbed it with his finger until the paper was broken and the candy fell out on his trunk. He threw the paper away, gathered up the candy with his finger,

Britain had mounted upon his back. If the Prime Minister had left the country, it is not likely that there would have been such public grief.

In looking at Jumbo, it is easy to see that it is

not on account of his beauty that the English people wished to keep him among them. He is one of the ugliest beasts alive. But he is enormously large, and towers far above other elephants. He was born in Africa, and, like the other elephants of that country, has very large ears and a slightly humped back. The Indian elephant has a much handsomer head. His ears are smaller, and his tusks grow more gracefully from his upper jaw.

It seems a curious thing for elephants to work on a railroad, for we generally consider these ani-

constructed, elephants were used to pack the earth down firmly. Long lines of the great creatures walked backward and forward on an embankment, their immense weight pressing the earth into a solid and compact mass. It is not likely that in that country anything else could have been found so serviceable for this purpose as the wide feet and ponderous bodies of elephants.

In connection with the employment of the elephant by man, there is an allegorical fable which, although it has probably no basis of fact, may



LION AND LIONESS ATTACKING AN ELEPHANT.

mals as either inhabitants of forests and jungles, or the servants of oriental masters who have no idea of the improvements and inventions of modern times. And yet, elephants have been employed on railroad work. On a road recently built in Burmah, from Rangoon to the city of Prome, there were many embankments to be made where the road ran over low lands. While these were being

possess a certain interest for those who are fond of investigating the reasons of things.

According to this story there was, at one time, a comparatively small number of elephants upon the earth, and these lived together in one great herd. They were quiet, docile animals, and did no injury to any one. They were formed, however, somewhat differently from the elephant of the



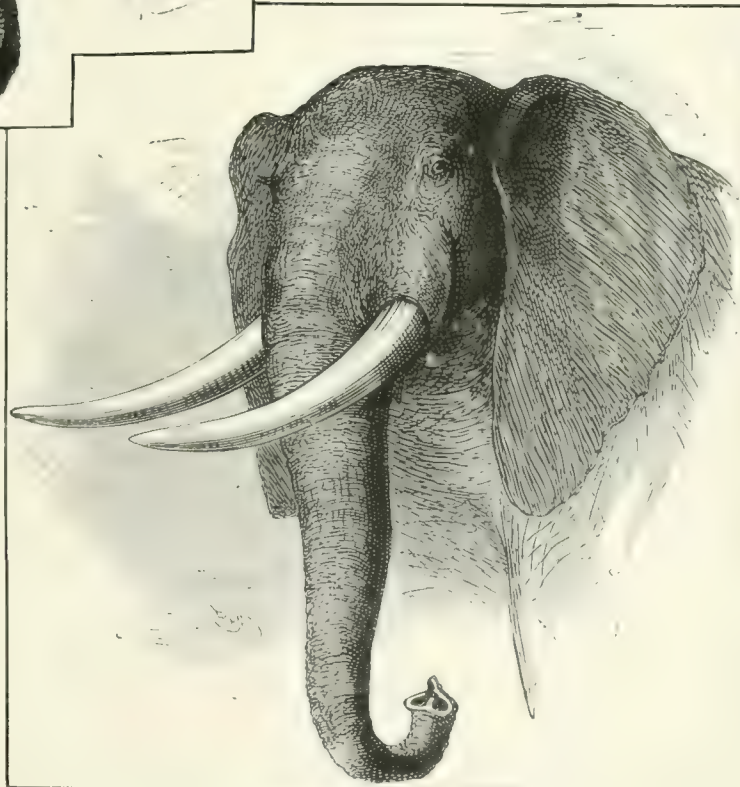
HEAD OF INDIAN ELEPHANT.

present day. You may have noticed that the hind legs of these animals bend forward like the legs of a man, while the hind legs of nearly all other quadrupeds bend out backward. In the days of which this allegory tells, the elephant's hind legs were formed in the same way: they bent out backward like the legs of a dog, a horse, or a cow. The people in that part of the country where these elephants lived had no beasts of burden, or wagons, or carts, and they often thought what an excellent thing it would be if the great, strong elephants would carry them and their families about on their broad backs, or bear for

them the heavy loads which they were often obliged to carry from place to place.

One day, several of the men saw the leader of the herd of elephants standing in the shade of a clump of trees, and they went to him to talk upon this subject. They told him of the difficulty they had in taking journeys with their wives and children, especially in the rainy season, when the ground was wet and muddy, and explained to him how hard it was for them to carry loads of provisions and other things from one village to another.

"Now, twenty of these loads," said the spokesman of the men, "would be nothing for one of you to carry; and if one of us, and all his family, and even some of his household goods, were upon your great back, you could walk off with ease. Now, what we wish to propose to you is this: If some of your herd will consent to carry us when we wish to make a journey, and to bear about our heavy goods for us, we will give you grass, rice, and banyan-leaves and melons from our gardens, and such other things as may be proper, for your services. By this arrangement both sides will be benefited."



HEAD OF AFRICAN ELEPHANT.

The elephant listened with great attention, and when the man had finished speaking he replied :

"Melons are very tempting, for these we seldom find in the forest, and fresh leaves from the luxuriant banyans which grow about your houses are highly attractive to elephants; but, in spite of the inducements you offer, there are objections to the plan you propose which will, I fear, prevent it from being carried out. If, for instance, one of your families wished to get upon my back, or if you desired to place a heavy load thereon, it would be necessary for me to lie down, would n't it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man. "Our women and children could never climb up to your back while you are standing, and we could not reach high enough to place loads upon it unless you should lie down."

"There comes in the difficulty," said the elephant. "Our bodies are so large and heavy that when we lie down it is as much as we can do to get up. Indeed, most of us prefer to sleep leaning against a tree, because when we lie down at night we often find in the morning that it is almost impossible for us to rise. Now, if we find it difficult to get up from the ground when we have nothing but ourselves to lift, it is quite plain that we could not rise at all if we had a load upon our backs. That is clear to your mind, is it not?"

"Yes," said the man, rather ruefully. "I see that what you say is true. You would be of no service to us if you could not get up after we had placed our loads upon your backs."

And he and his fellows returned sadly to their village.

But some of the people, when they heard this story, were not willing to give up the matter so easily. There was a witch of great wisdom who lived in the neighborhood, and they went and consulted her. She considered the matter for three days and nights, and then she told them that, if they would give her twenty pots of rice and a bronze gong, she would make it all right. The twenty pots of rice and the bronze gong were speedily brought to her; and that night, when the elephants were all fast asleep, she went to the place where they were lying on the ground, or

leaning against the trees, and bewitched them. She managed her witcheries in such a way that the hind legs of the elephants all bent inward instead of outward, as they had done before.

When the head elephant awoke and walked from under the tree against which he had been leaning, he was very much surprised at the change in his gait. He shuffled along in a very different way from that in which he had always walked before.

"I feel as if I were all shoulders," he said to his wife.

"And well you may," said she, "for your hind legs bend forward, exactly like your fore legs."

"And so do yours!" he cried, in utter amazement.

The elephants who were lying down were awakened by this loud conversation, and, noticing that many of their companions were moving about in a very strange way, thought it would be a good idea to get up and see what was the matter. To their astonishment they arose with great ease. Their hind legs were bent under their heavy bodies, and they were enabled to lift themselves up with what seemed to them no trouble at all.

When all this was made known to the men of the village, they immediately urged upon the head elephant that he and his companions should enter into their service. An elephant was thereupon ordered by his chief to lie down and be loaded, and when the men had tied an immense number of packages upon his back, he arose with apparent ease and shambled away.

There being now no possible objection to an elephant becoming a beast of burden, these great animals began to enter into the service of man. But many of them did not fancy labor, no matter how able they might be to perform it, and these separated from the main herd and scattered themselves over various parts of Asia and Africa, where their descendants are still found.

As has been said before, it is quite likely that this story may not be true; but still the facts remain that the elephant's hind legs bend forward just like his fore legs, and that he shambles along very much as if he were all shoulders.

NONSENSE SONG.

The

BY A. R. WEISS.

Jack and the Jolick and the Jamborie,
They climbed up into the banyan tree.

They climbed to the top,
But they had to stop,

For no more foot-hold could they see.
The Jack and the Jolick and the Jamborie
To climb still farther did all agree,
So the Jack stood up on the topmost limb,
And then the Jolick climbed over him.
Over the two went the Jamborie,—
He climbed up quickly the world to see,—
And then the Jack from the topmost limb,
With grin and chuckle, climbed after him.

To the top climbed he,
The world to see,

And there in the air swung all the three:
The Jolick gleefully followed the Jack,
And quickly reached the topmost back.
And then again went the Jamborie
Up to the top, the world to see.
On they are going, and on and on;
They 'll reach the stars before they are done!



LITTLE BROWN BETTY.

BY ADA NEVL.

LITTLE brown Betty looks out in the morning,
And sees the great dew-drops the bushes adorn-
ing,

The sky all aglow, and the clouds in a flurry,
Where the sun has jumped out of his bed in a
hurry.

She hears in the distance the low of the cattle,
The shout of the herd-boy, the bark of old
Rover,

And nearer the tinkle of baby's tin rattle,
And the hum of the bees o'er the dainty white
clover.

Little brown Betty fills deftly her bowl,
And splashes and gurgles and laughs as the
water

Goes trickling and tickling from forehead to sole;
Then she brushes her curls as her mother has
taught her.

Then neatly puts on all her clothes in a twinkle,
With her little brown hands patting out every
wrinkle;

Then softly she kneels at her bedside, and prays
That God will watch over her words and her
ways.

Now little brown Betty is helping her mother,
And merrily flitting from cupboard to table;
Now stooping a moment to fondle her brother,
Now giving a pat to the black kitten Sable.

She sets up the chairs, and she goes for the
water,
And sings as she comes with her pail running
over,

Then she watches for Father,—the dear little
daughter!—

And picks him a posy of daisies and clover.

Little brown Betty, when breakfast is ended,
Trips into the garden, by Rover attended,
And waters her pansies, and ties up her roses,
While Rover lies under the lilacs and dozes.

Then back to the house, with her dusky cheeks
glowing,

Goes little brown Betty, and takes out her sew-
ing,

And in her small rocker she patiently matches
On apron and stocking the wearisome patches.

Now little brown Betty, knee-deep in the clover,
Stands watching the mower's harmonious motion,
While the tender cloud-shadows go hurrying
over

The meadows like ships on an emerald ocean.

The bobolink sings o'er his nest in the meadow,
The breezes blow cool from the distant blue
river,

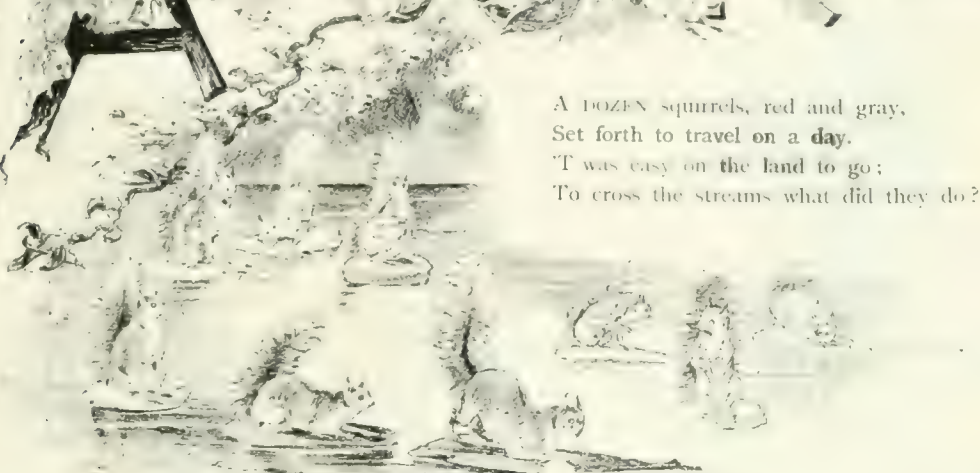
The grasshopper sleepily whirs in the shadow,
And Betty's head droops and her soft eyelids
quiver.

And now on a bed of the newly mown hay
Sleeps little brown Betty as sweet as the clover,
And here we must leave her, half hidden away,
While her father is searching the meadow all over.

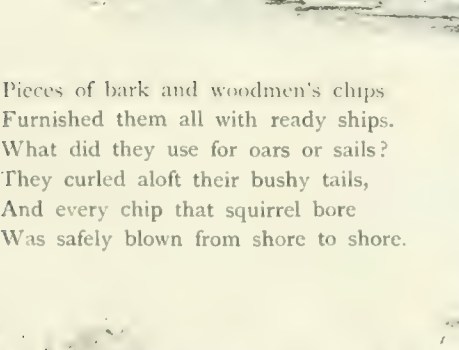




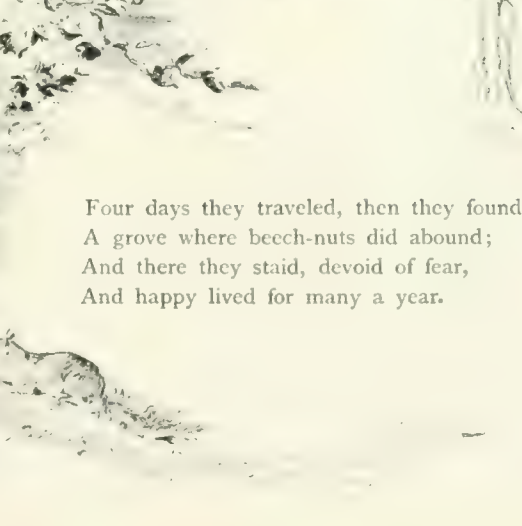
A DOZEN SQUIRRELS



A DOZEN squirrels, red and gray,
Set forth to travel on a day.
'T was easy on the land to go;
To cross the streams what did they do?



Pieces of bark and woodmen's chips
Furnished them all with ready ships.
What did they use for oars or sails?
They curled aloft their bushy tails,
And every chip that squirrel bore
Was safely blown from shore to shore.



Four days they traveled, then they found
A grove where beech-nuts did abound;
And there they staid, devoid of fear,
And happy lived for many a year.

JIRO—A JAPANESE BOY.

By C. A. W.



ONCE knew a little boy who was not at all like the little boys whom you are accustomed to see every day. He did not have blue eyes and curly brown hair, nor did he wear gray trousers and short jackets.

No; his eyes and hair were jet black,

and he was troubled with no other clothing than a loose, wrapper-like garment, which he bound about his waist with a long sash, using its wide sleeves for pockets. Perhaps, from the description of his dress, you will think that he looked like a girl; but he was a real boy, and would have felt indignant if you had taken him for anything else.

In fact, Jiro—for that was the young gentleman's name—was an inhabitant of that country somewhere down under our feet known as Japan, and sometimes called the "Children's Paradise." Now, Jiro was very proud of his country, and believed, as did all his countrymen, that the inhabitants had descended from the gods. Although he was only eight years old, because his father was one of those terrible fellows called *samurai*, or retainers (who would lop your head off in a minute and think nothing of it), little Jiro was allowed to carry in his belt a real sword. He was not ignorant of its use, either, as he took lessons in fencing twice a week.

Jiro's elder sister, Miss Koto, was learning to handle the lance and spear—an accomplishment of Japanese ladies of position, which is considered as necessary as learning to sew, or read, or paint; and Jiro longed for the time to come when his own hands would be strong enough to lift these heavier weapons. One day, as our little friend was returning from fencing-school, he thought that, instead of making his way homeward through the crowded streets, he would take a shorter cut he knew of, across the fields, where he would be able to find some tall lotus-flowers for his sister's deft fingers to arrange in the parlor flower-vases.

On reaching the pond where the lotus grew, he found that several children were already there, some busily engaged in collecting the sweet lotus-

roots for eating, and others, who were more fond of play than of work, strutting about, holding up the great lotus-leaves for parasols, or wearing them as jaunty sun-hats. Jiro did not care for the roots (as his mother frequently bought them of the vegetable-man), and, as he felt too busy to play, he set manfully to work and cut down some of the most beautiful buds growing high above his head. When he had cut enough he started for home, sturdily trudging along with his arms full of the rosy flowers and their great, wide leaves.

He had not gone very far, however, before one of those long snakes which, in Japan, inhabit trees or low shrubs, lifted up its ugly head right in Jiro's path, and made him drop his fragrant bundle and grasp the hilt of his little sword. The serpent looked very ugly, seeming to say, "No! no! Master Jiro, you can't pass here until I have a bite of you!" and I rather suspect that Jiro's first impulse was to run away. But, remembering that his father was the retainer of a great prince, and that some day he would be a retainer too, Jiro felt braver, and as the snake continued to rear its head right in his path, Jiro cut at it with his sharp little sword and lopped its head right off; giving it another cut to make quite sure it was dead, the lad picked up his flowers and went on, feeling very proud of his triumph.

Jiro went to school like other boys, and sat on the floor, as every one does in Japan. The school-room was full of children, who studied their lessons aloud, without disturbing each other in the least. He had plenty of holidays, so you need not be afraid that he hurt himself by studying too hard.

Perhaps you will think it strange that, among all Jiro's holidays, he had never counted a birthday. Birthdays are so important over here, that I fancy the boys would be inclined to object if they were told that such days were not to be celebrated any more. Jiro, however, did not even know the day of the month when he was born, but, like all good Japanese, counted his age from the first New Year's day of his life. So you will understand how much the people over there love New Year's, which comes, like ours, on the first of January. But I think that our friend Jiro, together with the other boys of Japan, was most pleased when old Father Time brought around the fifth of May, which is called "Boys' Day," because especially devoted to the boys of Japan. Oh, they do have good times



then! And I have no doubt that the little, olive-tinted, almond-eyed fellows look forward with as much pleasure to that day as our boys do to the fourth of July. The little girls feel very much cast in the shade



JIRO KILLS THE SNAKE.

on "Boys' Day"; but then they have their time to rejoice on the third of March, which is dedicated to them.

I suppose you would like to know what the boys do on their "day," so I will tell you some things our young friend did.

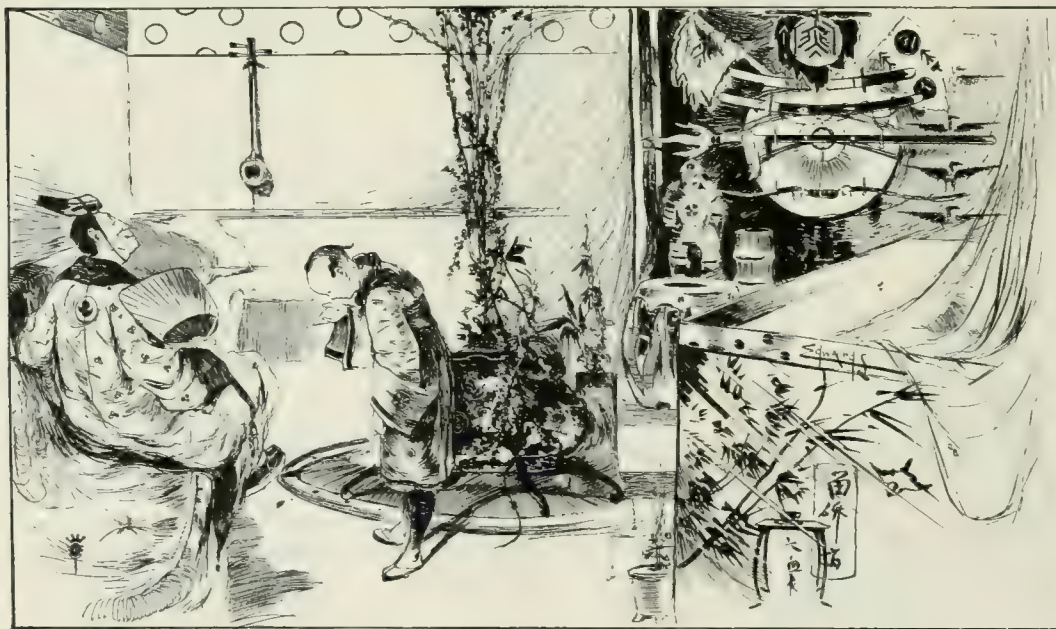
There was no need of a breakfast-bell to arouse Jiro on that eventful morning, for he was up and dressed long before Tama, the maid, had finished dusting the sitting-room, from which he was therefore shut out. So he amused himself by teasing his sister's cat, Sir Tora-no-ské, until he could have his breakfast of rice, which he ate with chopsticks instead of a spoon. He walked out into the garden and tried to count the numerous canvas fishes which floated from nearly every house in the neighborhood. Per-

haps you would like to know the meaning of the curious fishes which, on the fifth of May, float from every house where a boy lives. You are probably familiar with the round, red sun-flag of Japan, which suggests the "Rising Sun Land," as the Japanese call their country, and if you lived there you would soon learn to distinguish the flags of the different provinces and their peculiar designs. Well, then, the fish is the boys' flag, and I will tell you why. Did you ever see a shoal of fish swimming one by one down a water-fall? Salmon and trout do this, but there are few fishes which can *ascend* a cataract, as well as leap down it. There is one kind, however, which can do this, and the Japanese call it *roi*, but we know it as the carp. As is readily apparent, to be able to swim up the rapids as well as to descend them requires both strength and courage; so the fanciful Japanese decided that the carp would be a good emblem for their boys, and in presenting the image of this fish express a wish that they may be as strong and as brave as the carp in overcoming the difficulties of life. I do not suppose that little Jiro quite understood the meaning of the boys' flag, but he felt very proud as he looked at the swelling monster floating from his father's roof in his especial honor.

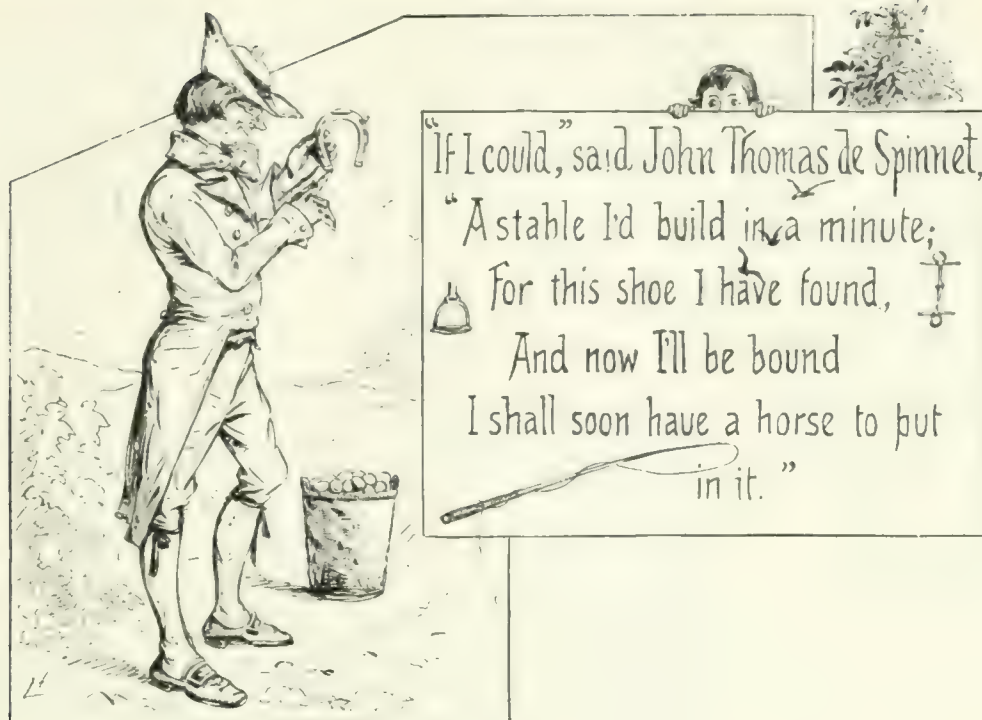
Jiro was presently told to go into the parlor, where he found that the loving hands of friends

had prepared a surprise for him. The deep niche which usually contained his sister's flower-vases and his father's favorite pictures had been robbed of these ornaments, and was now filled by a complete set of miniature weapons. A large picture of a battle scene hung against the wall, and below it was a rack filled with crested standards, lances, spear-heads, and shields, surmounted by a plumed helmet. In front of these, but a little lower, were arranged some pretty bows and a quiver full of arrows. To crown all were two figures of fully equipped warriors, each bearing in his hand a small but exact copy of the provincial flag under which his father once fought.

You ought to have seen how Jiro's eyes sparkled when he beheld all these wonders! The first thing he did was to make a low bow to his parents (for Jiro was a well-taught boy), and thank them very politely for the pleasure they had given him. All day long the presents of kind friends were left at Jiro's door—among them numerous representations of the favorite carp, and plenty of highly colored story-books about great generals and famous soldiers. That night, when it was time to go to bed, I do not believe there was a happier boy in Japan than little Jiro as he laid down to dream of famous warriors of ancient times and their thrilling deeds of bravery.



JIRO'S SALUTATION OF THANKS TO HIS FATHER.



STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.—NINTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

BRUNELLESCHI.

IN reading about art we often find something concerning a certain time which is called the Renaissance, and the art of that period bears the same name—the art of the Renaissance. This is a word meaning a new birth or a re-awakening, and in art it denotes the time when the darkness and ignorance of the Middle Ages was passing away, and men were arousing themselves and endeavoring to restore literature and art to the high places they had once occupied. The artists who took the lead in this movement were a remarkable class of men, and merit remembrance and gratitude from all those of later times who have profited by their example.

Some authors call Filippo Brunelleschi, or Brunellesco, the "Father of the Art of the Renaissance." He was born in Florence in 1377, and died in 1446. His mother was of a noble family, and on

his father's side he had learned notaries and physicians for his ancestors. Filippo's father desired that his son should be a physician, and directed his education with that end in view; but the boy had such a love of art, and was so fond of the study of mechanics, that his father at length allowed him to learn the trade of a goldsmith, which trade was, in that day, more closely connected with what we call the fine arts than it is now.

Filippo made rapid progress, now that he was doing something that pleased him, and soon learned to excel in the setting of precious stones, and this, too, in exquisite designs drawn by himself. He also made some beautiful figures in niello. This art was so interesting that I must describe it to you, especially because to it we owe the origin of engraving.

The niello-worker drew a design upon gold or silver, and cut it out with a sharp tool called a burin. He then melted together some copper, sil-

ver, lead, and sulphur, and when the composition was cool ground it to a powder. He covered his drawing with this, and over it sprinkled some borax; he then placed it over a charcoal fire, and the powder and borax melted together and ran into the lines of the drawing. When this was cool, the metal on which the drawing had been made was scraped and burnished, and the niello then had the effect of a drawing in black upon gold or silver. Niello-work was known to the ancients, and there are very rare old specimens of it in some museums. The discovery of the art of taking impressions on paper from these drawings on metal is ascribed to Maso Finiguerra, who flourished about the time when Brunelleschi died.

After Filippo had perfected himself as a goldsmith and niello-worker he studied sculpture and executed some designs in bass-relief, but he was always deeply interested in such mathematical and mechanical pursuits as fitted him to be the great architect which he finally became.

He went to Rome with his friend Donatello, and there Filippo was untiring in his study of architecture, and made innumerable drawings from the beautiful objects of ancient art which he saw. One day, when these two artists were digging among the ruins in the hope of finding some beautiful sculpture, they came upon a vase full of ancient coins, and from that time they were called "the treasure-seekers." They lived very poorly, and made the most of their small means, but even then they suffered many privations. Donatello returned to Florence, but Filippo Brunelleschi studied and struggled on, and there grew up in his heart a great desire to accomplish two things in his native city—to revive there a pure style of architecture, and to raise the dome upon the then unfinished cathedral. He lived to see the realization of both these ambitious hopes.

The Cathedral of Florence is also called the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, which means St. Mary of the Flower; this may also be rendered St. Mary of the Lily, and is better so, since the lily is the emblem of the Virgin Mary, the chief patron saint of Florence. St. Reparata is another favorite Florentine saint, who, in pictures, holds in her hand a banner, on which is a lily. The same device was on the red shield of the republic; indeed, the very name of Florence is popularly believed to have had its origin in the abundance of its flowers, especially the lily known as the *Iris Florentina*, which grows wild in the fields and in the clefts of the old walls in various parts of the city.

In 1407 Brunelleschi returned to Florence, and

soon after the superintendents of the works upon the cathedral listened to the plans of various architects for raising the dome. Filippo proposed his views, but they were considered far too bold. He made models in secret and convinced himself that he could accomplish the great work. After a time he wearied of the waiting and returned to Rome, always thinking and planning about the dome, the erection of which had now become the one passionate wish of his heart. The struggle was long, and he suffered from the ignorance and indecision of the officials of Florence; at length, in 1420, a call was made for the architects of all countries to come with their plans, and, after many meetings and debates, the commission was finally given to Brunelleschi, thirteen wearisome years having passed since he had first asked for it.

At this meeting of architects, Filippo refused to show his models, and when he was criticised for this it is said that he proposed that, if any one present could make an egg stand upright on a smooth marble, he should be the builder of the dome. The eggs were brought, and the others all tried in vain to make one stand. At last Filippo took his egg, and, striking it a little blow upon the marble, left it standing there. Then the others exclaimed that they could have done the same. To this Filippo replied: "Yes, and you might also build a dome if you had seen my design!"*

The story of the building of the dome is very interesting, but it is too long to be given here. There were endless difficulties placed in Filippo's way, but he overcame them all and lived to see his work almost completed; only the outer coating was wanting at the time of his death. It is the largest dome in the world. The cross on the top of St. Peter's at Rome is farther from the ground than is that above Santa Maria del Fiore, but the dome of the latter is larger than the dome of St. Peter's. It was also the first dome that was raised upon a drum, as the upright part of a dome or cupola is called, and this fact alone entitles Filippo Brunelleschi to the great fame which has been his for more than four centuries.

He designed many other fine architectural works in and about Florence, among which are the church of San Lorenzo, that of Santo Spirito, some beautiful chapels for Santa Croce and other churches, the Hospital of the Innocents, and the Badia at Fiesole. That he had also a genius for secular architecture is proved by his having designed the famous Pitti Palace.

Its builder, Luca Pitti, was a very rich rival of the great Medici and Strozzi families, and he

* This story of the egg is also told of Columbus, but it doubtless originated as given above, as many Italian writers thus tell it, and, if true of Brunelleschi, the incident must have happened some fourteen years before Columbus was born. The astronomer Toscanelli was a great admirer of Brunelleschi, and there is little doubt of his having told this story to Columbus.

determined to erect a palace which should excel theirs in grandeur and magnificence. This palace stands in the midst of the Boboli gardens, and was for a long time the residence of the sovereigns of Tuscany and Italy, but was given up by Victor Emmanuel when he removed to Rome and made that city the capital in 1870.

The visitor to the Pitti Palace has his interest and attention divided between the beauty of its surroundings, the splendor of the palace itself, and the magnificent treasures of art preserved there, the collection being now best known as the Pitti Gallery.

Filippo's enthusiasm for art made him willing to endure any amount of fatigue for the sake of see-

Donatello was angry, and replied: "It is easier to criticise than to execute; do you take a piece of wood and make a better crucifix."

Brunelleschi did this, and when he had completed his work invited Donatello to dine with him. He left the crucifix in a conspicuous place in his house while the two went to the market to buy the dinner. He gave the parcels to Donatello and asked him to precede him, saying that he would soon be at home. When Donatello entered and saw the crucifix, he was so overcome with admiration that he dropped eggs, cheese, and all on the floor, and stood before the carving as motionless as if made of wood himself. When Brunelleschi came in he said, "What are we to do now? You

have spoiled all the dinner!" "I have had dinner enough for to-day," replied Donatello. "You, perhaps, may dine with better appetite. To you, I confess, belongs the power to carve the figure of Christ; to me that of representing day-laborers." This crucifix is now in the chapel of the Gondi in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, while that of Donatello is in the chapel of Saints Ludovico and Bartolommeo, in the Church of Santa Croce.

On the south side of the square which surrounds the cathedral, called the Piazza del Duomo, there is a modern

statue of Brunelleschi. He is represented as sitting with a plan of the great dome spread upon his knee, while his head is raised and he looks at the realization of his design as it rises above the cathedral. He was buried beneath the dome. His monument is the first in the southern aisle, where he was interred at the expense of the city. A tablet in the wall bears his epitaph, and above it is his bust, made by his pupil Buggiani.

Ghiberti.

ing beautiful things. One day he heard Donatello describe an ancient marble vase which he had seen in Cortona. As Filippo listened he was possessed with the desire to see it, and quietly walked away, saying nothing of his intentions. He went on foot to Cortona, a distance of seventy-two miles, saw the vase and made accurate drawings from it, and was again in Florence before he was really missed by his friends, who supposed him to be busy with his inventions in his own room.

A very interesting story concerning himself and Donatello is that the latter received an order for a crucifix, carved from wood, for the church of Santa Croce, and when it was finished asked Brunelleschi's opinion of it. Relying on their long friendship, Filippo frankly said that the figure of Christ was like that of a day-laborer, whereas that of the Saviour should represent the greatest possible beauty.



VIEW OF FLORENCE, SHOWING BRUNELLESCHI'S DOME.

LORENZO Ghiberti also belonged to the early days of the Renaissance, and took a leader's place in the sculpture of bass-reliefs, as Brunelleschi did in architecture. He was born at Florence in 1378 and died in 1455. He was both a goldsmith and a sculptor, and all his works show that delicate finish

and exquisite attention to detail which is so important when working in precious metals. When the plague broke out in Florence in 1398, Ghiberti fled to Rimini, and while there painted some pictures; but his fame is so closely linked with one great work that his name usually recalls that alone. I mean the bronze gates to the Baptistery of Florence, and these are so grand an achievement that it is fame enough for any man to be remembered as their maker.

Andrea Pisano had made the gates to the south side of the Baptistery, which is octagonal in form, many years before Ghiberti was born. When the plague again visited Florence in 1400, the people believed that the wrath of Heaven should be appeased and a thank-offering made, so that they might be free from a return of this dreadful scourge. The Guild of Wool-merchants then decided to add these gates to their beloved Church of St. John the Baptist.

They threw the work open to competition, and many artists sent in models of a bass-relief representing the sacrifice of Isaac. Finally all were rejected but those of Brunelleschi and Ghiberti, and for a time there was a doubt as to which of these artists would be preferred. It had happened that, while Brunelleschi had been struggling for the commission for the building of his dome, Ghiberti had annoyed him very much, and, indeed, after the work was begun, he did not cease his interference. For this reason it could scarcely have been expected that Brunelleschi should favor Ghiberti; but the true nobility of his character declared itself, and he publicly acknowledged that Ghiberti's model was finer than his, and retired from the contest.

The gates on the north were first executed; they were begun in 1403 and finished twenty-one years later. They contain twenty scenes from the life of Christ, with the figures of the Evangelists and the four Fathers of the Church, in a very beautiful frame-work of foliage, animals, and other ornaments, which divides and incloses the larger compositions. These gates are in a style nearer to that of Pisano and other artists than are his later works; however, from the first Ghiberti showed original talent, for even his model of the Sacrifice of Isaac, which is preserved in the Museum of the Bargello together with that of Brunelleschi, proves that he had a new habit of thought.

Beautiful as these gates are, those on the east are finer and far more famous; it is of these that Michael Angelo declared, "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise!" Here he represented stories from the Old Testament in ten compartments: 1. Creation of Adam and Eve. 2. History of Cain and Abel. 3. Noah. 4. Abraham

and Isaac. 5. Jacob and Esau. 6. History of Joseph. 7. Moses on Mount Sinai. 8. Joshua before Jericho. 9. David and Goliath. 10. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Ghiberti showed great skill in composition, and told these stories with wonderful distinctness; but I fancy that every one who sees them for the first time must have a feeling of disappointment on account of the confusion which comes from the multitude of figures. But when they are studied attentively this first effect passes away, and the wonderful skill of their maker is revealed. They must ever remain one of the great monuments of this most interesting age of the Renaissance.

Ghiberti also made the Sarcophagus of Saint Zenobius, which is in the Cathedral of Florence, and is his greatest work after the gates. Other sculptures of his are in the churches of Florence and Sienna.

DONATELLO.

THE real name of this sculptor was Donato di Betto Bardi. He was born in 1386 and died in 1468. He was a realist; that is to say, he followed nature with great exactness, and this was not productive of beauty in his works; indeed, many of his sculptures were painfully ugly. Donatello is important in the history of art, because he lived at a time when every advance was an event, and he made the first equestrian statue of any importance in modern art. This is at Padua, in the square before the Church of San Antonio; it represents Francisco Gatta-Melata, and is full of life and power.

He made some beautiful marble groups of dancing children for the front of the organ in the Cathedral of Florence, which have since been removed to the Uffizi Gallery. One of these groups is shown in the illustration on page 858. Several of his statues of single figures are in Florence, Sienna, and Padua. He considered his "David," which is in the Uffizi, as his masterpiece. It is familiarly known as "*Lo Zuccone*," which means the bald-head; he was so fond of this statue that he had the habit of affirming his statements by saying, "By the faith I place in my Zuccone!" In spite of Donatello's opinion, however, it is generally thought that his statue of "St. George" (shown on page 856) is far more admirable than the "David."

The German art-writer Grimm says of this statue: "What a man is the St. George in the niche of the Church of Or San Michele! He stands there in complete armor, sturdily, with his legs somewhat striding apart, resting on both with equal weight, as if he meant to stand so that no power could move him from his post. Straight before



THE GIBERTI GATES — THE EAST DOOR OF THE BAPTISTERY AT FLORENCE.

him he holds up his high shield; both hands touch its edge, partly for the sake of holding it, partly in order to rest on it; the eyes and brow are full of expectant boldness. * * * We approach this St. George, and the mere artistic interest is transformed suddenly into a more lively sympathy with the person of the master. * * * Who is it, we ask, who has placed such a man there, so ready for battle?"

The story we have told of Donatello, in connection with Brunelleschi, shows that he was impetuous and generous by nature. Another anecdote relates that a rich Genoese merchant gave him a commission to make a portrait bust of himself in bronze. When it was finished, Cosimo de' Medici, the friend and patron of Donatello, admired it so much that he placed it on a balcony of his palace, so that all Florentines who passed by might see it.

When the merchant heard the artist's price for his work he objected to it; it was referred to Cosimo, who argued the case with the merchant. In this conversation the Genoese said that the bust could be made in a month, and he was willing to give the artist such a price that he would receive a dollar a day for his time and labor. When Donatello heard this he exclaimed, "I know how to *destroy* the result of the study and labor of years in the twinkling of an eye!" and he threw the bust into the street below, where it was shivered into fragments.

Then the merchant was ashamed, and offered Donatello double the price he asked if he would repeat his work; but, though the sculptor was poor, he refused to do this, and remained firm in his decision, though Cosimo himself tried to persuade him to change his determination.

When Donatello was old, Cosimo gave him a sum of money sufficient to support himself and four workmen. In spite of this generous provision the sculptor paid little attention to his own appearance,



DONATELLO'S STATUE OF ST. GEORGE.

and was so poorly dressed that Cosimo sent him a gift of a red surcoat, mantle, and hood, but Donatello returned these with thanks, saying that they were far too fine for his use.

His patron and friend died before him, and during the last of his life the sculptor was a bedridden paralytic. Piero de' Medici, the son of Cosimo, was careful to supply all Donatello's wants, and when he died his funeral was conducted with great pomp. He was interred in the Church of San Lorenzo, near to the tomb of his friend Cosimo. The artist had purchased the right to be thus buried—"to the end," he said, "that his body might be near him when dead, as his spirit had ever been near him when alive." Several of Donatello's sculptures are in this church, and are a more suitable monument to his memory than anything could be that was made by others after his death.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THIS sculptor had an eventful life, and the story of it, written by himself, is one of the most interesting books of its class in existence. He was born in Florence in 1500, and died in 1571. He gives a very interesting though improbable account of the origin of his family, which is that "Julius Cæsar had a chief and valorous captain named Fiorino da Cellino, from a castle situated four miles from Monte Fiascone. This Fiorino having pitched his camp below Fiesole, where Florence now stands, in order to be near the river Arno, for the convenience of the army, the soldiers and other persons, when they had occasion to visit him, said to each other, 'Let us go to Fiorenza,' which name they gave to the place where they were encamped, partly from their captain's name of Fiorino, and partly from the abundance of flowers which grew there; wherefore Cæsar, thinking it a beautiful name, and considering flowers to be of good augury, and also wishing to honor his captain, whom he had raised from an humble station, and to whom he was greatly attached, gave it to the city which he founded on that spot."

When the child was born, his father, who was quite old, named him Benvenuto, which means welcome, and, as he was passionately fond of music, he wished to make a musician of this son. But the boy was determined to be an artist, and his time was divided between the two pursuits until he was fifteen years old, when he went as an apprentice to a celebrated goldsmith. We must not forget that to be a goldsmith in the days of the Renaissance meant in reality to be a designer, a sculptor—in short, an artist. They made altars, reliquaries, crucifixes, caskets, and many sacred articles for the churches, as well as the splendid services for the

tables of rich and royal patrons; they made weapons, shields, helmets, buttons, sword-hilts, coins, and many kindred objects, besides the tiaras of popes, the crowns, scepters, and diadems of sovereigns, and the collars, clasps, girdles, bracelets, rings, and numerous jeweled ornaments then worn by both men and woman. So exquisite were the designs and the works of these men that they are now treasured in the museums of the world, and belong to the realm of art as truly as do pictures and statues.

Benvenuto was of so fiery a temper that he was early involved in a serious quarrel and fled to Sienna, and then to Bologna. When he dared he returned to Florence and resumed his work, but soon again became angry because his best clothes were given to his brother, and walked off to Pisa, where he remained a year. Meantime he had become skillful in the making of various articles, and not only his execution but his designs were so fine that in some respects he has never been excelled.

When Cellini was eighteen years old, the sculptor Torregiano—who had given Michael Angelo a blow upon the nose which disfigured the great sculptor for life—returned to Florence to engage workmen to go with him to England to execute a commission which he had received. He desired to have Cellini among the number, but the youth was so outraged by Torregiano's boasting of his disgraceful deed that he refused to go, in spite of the natural desire of his age for travel and variety. Doubtless this predisposed Michael Angelo in his favor, and led to the friendship which he afterward showed to Cellini.

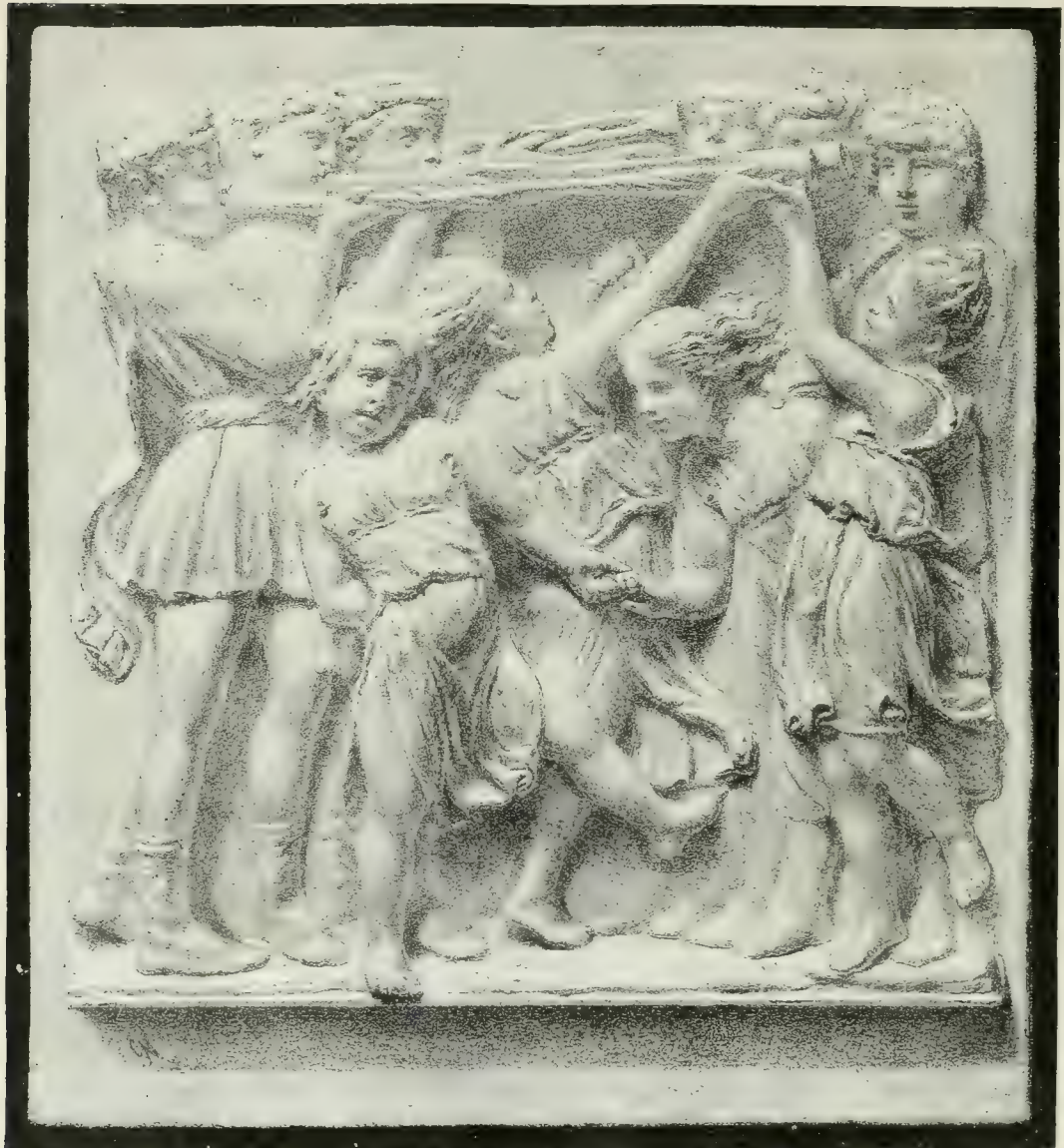
During the next twenty-two years he lived principally in Rome, and was largely in the service of Pope Clement VII., the cardinals, and Roman nobles. The Pope had a magnificent diamond,—for which Pope Julius II. had paid thirty-six thousand ducats,—and he wished to have it set in a cope button. Many artists made designs for it, but the Pope chose that of Cellini. He used the great diamond as a throne upon which sat a figure representing God; the hand was raised to bless, and many angels fluttered about the folds of the drapery, while various jewels surrounded the whole. The other artists shook their heads at the boldness of Cellini and anticipated a failure, but he achieved a great success.

Cellini, according to his own account, bore an active part in the siege of Rome, May 5, 1527. He claims that he slew the Constable di Bourbon, the leader of the besieging army, and that he also wounded the Prince of Orange, who was chosen leader in place of Bourbon. These feats, however, rest upon his own authority. Cellini entered the castle of St. Angelo, whither the Pope retired for

safety, and he rendered such services to the cause of the Church that the Holy Father pardoned him for all the "homicides he had committed, or might commit, in the service of the Apostolic Church."

But, in spite of all his boasted bravery on this

In 1534, Cellini committed another crime in killing a fellow goldsmith, Pompeo. Paul III. was now the pope, and because he needed the services of Cellini he pardoned him, but the artist felt that he was not regarded with favor. He therefore



GROUP OF DANCING CHILDREN, BY DONATELLO.

occasion, Cellini acted a cowardly part a few years later, when he was called upon for the defense of his own city: he put his property in the care of a friend and stole away to Rome.

went to France, but returned at the end of about a year, to find that he had been accused of having stolen certain jewels, the settings of which Clement VII. had commanded him to melt down, in order

to pay his ransom when he was kept a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo. Cellini's guilt was never proved, but he was held a prisoner for nearly two years.

In 1540, his friend Cardinal Ippolito d'Este obtained his release on the plea that Francis I., king of France, had need of his services. He remained five years in France, and received many gifts and honors. He was made a lord and was presented with the Hôtel de Petit Nesle, which was on the site of the present Hôtel de la Monnaie. The story of his life in France is interesting, but we have not space to give it here, and he never made the success there which he merited as an artist, because Madame d'Étampes and other persons who had influence with the King were the enemies of Cellini. Francis I. really admired the sculptor, and on one occasion expressed his fear of losing him, when Madame d'Étampes replied that "the surest way of keeping him would be to hang him on a gibbet." A bronze nymph which he made for the Palace of Fontainebleau is now in the Renaissance Museum at the Louvre, and a golden salt-cellar, made for King Francis, is in the "Cabinet of Antiques" in Vienna; these are all the objects of importance that remain of his five years' work in France.

At length, in 1545, Cellini returned to Florence, never again to leave it for any considerable time. He was favorably received by Duke Cosimo, and received a commission to make a statue of Perseus to be placed in the Loggia dei Lanzi. When Cellini heard this, his ambition was much excited by the thought that a work of his should be placed beside those of Michael Angelo and Donatello. The Duke gave him a house in which to work, and a salary sufficient for his support. Nine years passed before this statue was in place and uncovered. Meantime the sculptor had suffered much from the hatred of his enemies, and especially from that of Baccio Bandinelli. In one way and another the Duke had been influenced to withhold the money that was necessary to carry on the work; but at last the time came for the casting; everything was prepared, and just at the important moment, when great care and watchfulness were needed, Cellini was seized with so severe an illness that he was forced to go to bed and believed that he should soon die.

As he lay tossing in agony, some one ran in and exclaimed, "Oh, Benvenuto! your work is ruined past earthly remedy!" Ill as he was he rushed to the furnace, and found that the fire was not sufficient and the metal had cooled and ceased to flow

into the mold. By superhuman efforts he remedied the disaster, and again the bronze was liquid; he prayed earnestly, and when he saw that his mold was filled, to use his own words, "I fell on my knees and thanked God with all my heart, after which I ate a hearty meal with my assistants, and it being then two hours before dawn, went to bed with a light heart, and slept as sweetly as if I had never been ill in my life."

When the statue was at last unveiled it was as Cellini had predicted: "It pleased all the world excepting Bandinelli and his friends," and it still stands as the most important work of his life. Perseus is represented at the moment when he has cut off the head of Medusa, who was one of the Gorgons and changed every one who looked at her into stone. The whole story of what he afterward did with this dreadful head before he gave it to Minerva to put in her breast-plate you will find one of the most interesting in your mythology.

After the completion of the Perseus, Cellini visited Rome and made a bust of Bindo Altoviti, concerning which Michael Angelo wrote: "My Benvenuto, I have long known you as the best goldsmith in the world, and I now know you as an equally good sculptor, through the bust of Messer Bindo Altoviti." This was praise indeed. He did no more great work, though he was always busy as long as he lived. A marble crucifix which he made for his own grave he afterward gave to the Duchess Eleanor; later it was sent to Philip II. of Spain, and is now in the Escorial.

We have spoken of his autobiography, which was honored by being made an authority in the Accademia della Crusca on account of its expressive diction and rich use of the Florentine manner of speech; he also wrote a valuable treatise upon the goldsmith's art, and another upon sculpture and bronze-casting. He takes up all the departments of these arts, and his writings are of great value. He also wrote poems and verses of various kinds. But his association with popes, kings, cardinals, artists, men of letters, and people of all classes, makes the story of his life by far the most interesting of all his literary works.

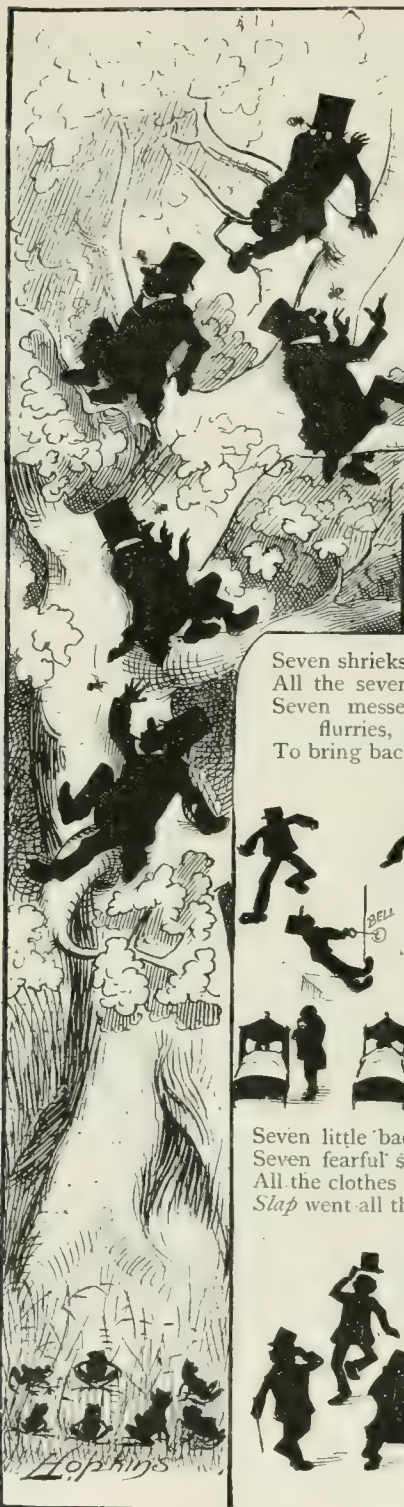
His life was by no means a good one, but he had a kindly spot in his heart after all, for he took his widowed sister with six children to his home, and treated them with such kindness that their dependence upon him was not made bitter to them.

When he died, every honor was paid to his memory and he was buried in the Church of the Annunziata, beneath the chapel of the Company of St. Luke.

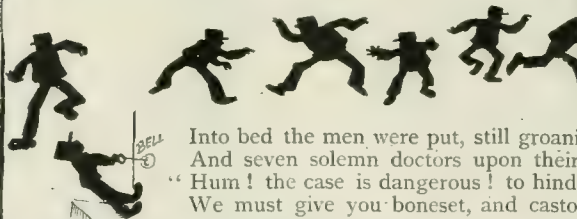
SEVEN IDLE LITTLE MEN.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.

SEVEN idle little men were sitting on a tree,
 Discussing all that 's happened and all that 's sure to be.
 Seven giant bumble-bees, from off a bush of posies,
 Stung the seven little men upon their seven noses.



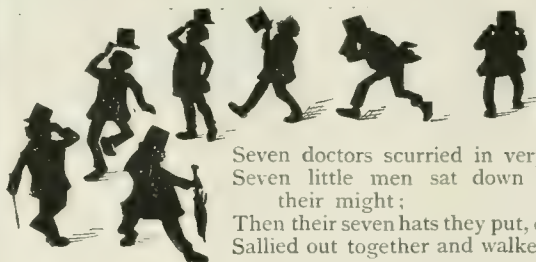
Seven shrieks arose at once and seven wives did run;
 All the seven noses were bandaged, one by one;
 Seven messengers were sent, in seven separate
 flurries,
 To bring back seven doctors in seven awful hurries.



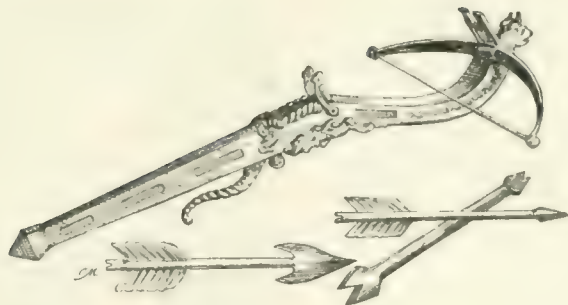
Into bed the men were put, still groaning loud and dazed,
 And seven solemn doctors upon their patients gazed;
 "Hum! the case is dangerous! to hinder further ills,
 We must give you boneset, and castor-oil, and squills!"



Seven little backs arose without the least delay;
 Seven fearful somersaults were turned, right away;
 All the clothes were scattered on all the seven beds;—
 Slap went all the medicines at all the doctors' heads!



Seven doctors scurried in very serious fright;
 Seven little men sat down and laughed with all
 their might;
 Then their seven hats they put, each, on his curly pate—
 Sallied out together and walked abroad in state.



THE STORY OF THE ARBALIST.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

HAVE you ever seen one of those old-time Southern kitchens? Think of a room twenty-four feet long and twenty feet wide, with a huge fireplace and a heavy, rudely carved mantel. Overhead are great beams of hewed pine, smoked until they look like ebony, upon which rest the broad planks of the ceiling. In one corner is a cupboard, of triangular form, in which may be seen pottery plates and dishes of curious shapes and brilliant colors. Several four-post chairs are scattered around, and the tall, black andirons spread out their crooked legs and seem to gaze at you from beneath the charred wooden crane. The walls are smoked and dingy, but the floor is clean and white. In such a kitchen I saw my first cross-bow. It was a heavy piece of finely carved oak, with a steel lathe or bow. It was hung obliquely across a raw-hide shield, or buckler, just above the mantel. Two or three arrows, called quarrels, stood beside it, and the head of an ancient spear projected from a rude stone jar just beyond. In this kitchen, two brown-haired boys heard their father tell all about cross-bows. It was a windy night and a cold rain was falling. The blackness and dreariness out-doors made the flaring pine-knot fire on the wide hearth seem doubly bright and comforting. The mother of the boys, a sweet-faced woman, was sewing near a round cherry table whose feet had claws like those of a lion. On this table stood a brass candlestick in which burned a tallow candle, and beside the candlestick lay a big Bible bound in undressed calf-skin, with the hairy side out. The father sat in front of the fire. The boys sat one on either side of him. The pine-knots flamed and sputtered, and black, fleecy-looking smoke rolled heavily up the yawning chimney.

"I will now tell you about the cross-bow," said

the father, settling himself deeper into the wide-armed chair.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said the older boy.

"Oh, good, good!" cried the younger, clapping his hands and laughing happily.

The mother looked up from her sewing and smiled at the joyful faces of her children. The rain swashed and throbbed on the roof, the wind shook the house.

"That cross-bow was sent to me from England. It is said to be of Spanish make, and to date back to the fourteenth or fifteenth century. It may have been used in the terrible battle of Cressy, for all any one knows. The cross-bow was the most deadly of all the missile weapons before the perfecting of fire-arms. The Spaniards brought it to the greatest degree of efficiency, but the French and English also made very fine cross-bows. You see how simply it is constructed. The stock is of black oak, carved to suit the taste of the maker, whilst the lathe, or bow, is of spring steel. The stocks of some cross-bows are straight, others are crooked, somewhat after the shape of the stock of a gun. A great many of these weapons had wooden bows in the place of steel lathes; these were made of yew-wood. The arrows of the cross-bow were called quarrels, or bolts. They were shorter, thicker, and heavier than the arrows of the English long-bow. The place in the cross-bow where the string is fastened when it is pulled back, ready to shoot, is called the nut. From the nut to the fore end of the stock the wood is hollowed out, so that, when a quarrel is placed in position for firing, it does not touch the stock, except at the tip of its notch and the point where it lies on the fore end. The trigger, as you see, works on a pivot, causing the nut to free the string, whereupon the bow discharges the quarrel.

"The history of the cross-bow is very interesting. You will find that Richard the Lion-hearted was a great cross-bowman. He used to carry a very strong arbalist (the old name for cross-bow) with him wherever he went. Even on his long expedition to Palestine against the Saracens his favorite weapon (possibly it may have been that one hanging over the mantel there) was his constant companion."

"Oh, Papa!" cried the younger boy, in an excited voice, "do you really think that can be King Richard's bow?"

"I have no means of telling whose bow it may once have been," replied his father. "But I was going to tell you that Richard Cœur de Lion, at the siege of Ascalon, is said to have aimed his quarrels so skillfully that many an armed warrior on the high walls was pierced through and through."

"The steel bolts fired from the strongest cross-bows would crash through any but the very finest armor. There are breast-plates and helmets of steel, preserved among British antiquities, which have been pierced by quarrels. I have read in old books, written in French and Spanish, all about how these terrible weapons were made and used."

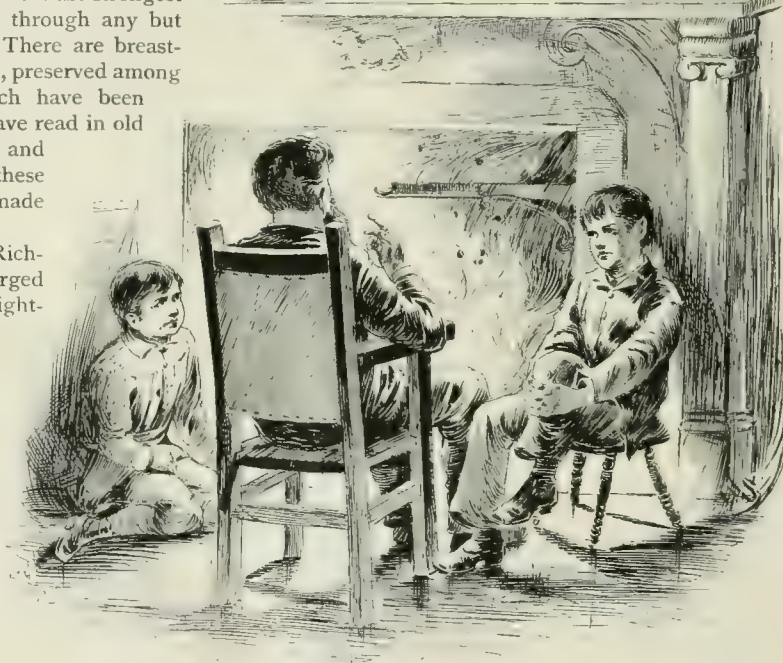
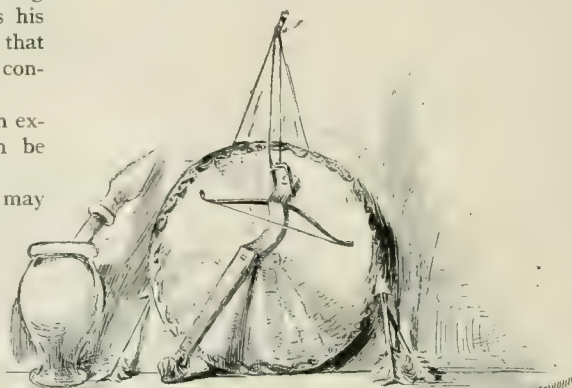
"Tell us more about Richard the Lion-hearted," urged the younger boy, who delighted in stories of battle.

"Richard was killed by a quarrel from a French cross-bow," replied the father.

"Oh, dear!" cried the boys.

"Yes, I will tell you the story as I have gathered it from the old accounts: A plowman in the province of Compiègne unearthed a gold statuette of Minerva, a most valuable thing. This he divided, sending one half to Richard, and keeping the other half himself. But, you know, in those days a king wanted everything. Richard's lion heart could not brook to divide a treasure with one of his vassals. So he peremptorily demanded the other half of the treasure, which being refused, he called together a small army and went to lay siege to the strong castle of Chalus, in Normandy, wherein the treasure was said to be hidden. But

it was a dear expedition for the bold king. A famous cross-bowman by the name of Bertram de Jourdan, standing on the tall turret of the castle, saw Richard riding around in the plain below and



LISTENING TO THE STORY OF THE ARBALIST.

took steady aim at him. This Bertram de Jourdan had cause to hate the king, for Richard had killed his two brothers with his own hand. So when he pressed the trigger of his powerful cross-bow he sent a hiss of revenge along with the steel-headed quarrel. Richard heard the keen twang of the bow-string and bent low over the bow of his saddle, but the arrow struck him in the shoulder and he died of the wound. So, you see, he would have

done better to leave that gold alone. However, his men stormed the castle and brought Bertram de Jourdan before him while he lay dying. Richard was too noble to mistreat a prisoner, so he gave the cross-bowman a magnificent present and ordered him to be set at liberty. But one Marcadee, an infamous brute, who was next in command to Richard, as soon as the king was dead ordered De Jourdan to be flayed alive and hung up for the vultures to eat."

"Oh, how mean and cowardly!" exclaimed the younger boy, indignantly. "If I'd been there and had a cross-bow, I'd have shot that miserable Marcadee!"

"Yes," said the older boy, "and then his soldiers would have hacked you to pieces in a minute."

"It may be," said their father, reflectively, "that our cross-bow up there is the very one with which Bertram de Jourdan killed the lion-hearted king."

"If it is, let's burn it up!" said the younger boy. "I would n't have a cross-bow about that would do so mean a thing."

"On the 2d of August, in the year 1100," continued the father, "William II., surnamed Rufus, a famous king of England, and a son of the conqueror, was killed by a cross-bow bolt in the forest at Charningham, accidentally, it is said, by Sir Walter Tyrrel, his bow-bearer. A nephew of King Rufus had been killed in May of the same year by a like mishap. But the deeds done with the cross-bow were not all so bloody and terrible. From a very early date in the history of France companies of cross-bowmen have existed, among which those at Lisle, Roulaix, Lennoy, Comines, Le Guesnoy, and Valenciennes may be mentioned as prominent. That at Roulaix was instituted by Pierre de Roulaix in 1491, a year before America was discovered by Columbus. The members of these societies shot at targets and marks of various kinds, and their meetings were often the occasion for great pomp and splendor. Many of these companies have been suppressed by law in comparatively recent times.

"The sportsmen of Spain and France used the cross-bow as their principal hunting weapon up to the time when the flint-lock fire-arm had reached a degree of power and accuracy at short range second only to the perfected weapon of the nineteenth century. In England, as far back as the reign of William Rufus, laws were passed forbidding the use of the arbalist, excepting by persons having especial royal permit. This was because the cross-bow, particularly the kind with a windlass attachment to draw the string, was so destructive to the king's deer. You will at once see the great advantage the arbalist gave to huntsmen who

used it instead of the long-bow; for he could shoot from any tangled thicket where a long-bowman could not use his weapon at all. Then, too, it required years of patient practice before a man could shoot well enough with a long-bow to hit a deer, while any one, with but a day or two's experience, could successfully aim a cross-bow.

"The mediæval arbalister, as the cross-bowman was called, is represented in old drawings and



THE MODERN TOY WITH HIS CROSS-BOW.

engravings as a strong, heavy-limbed man, wearing a helmet and a coat of chain mail, or of quilted silk and thongs of raw-hide, and a loose, shirt-like garment over all, belted at the waist. He stands in the attitude of aiming, with his feet planted firmly on the ground, his bow-stock resting in the hollow of his left hand, whilst his right forefinger presses the trigger. He takes sight over the point of his quarrel. His attitude is very much like that of a rifleman aiming a rifle.

"I have told you that the Spaniards were probably the most skillful arbalist-makers in the world,

but I forgot to relate how I once came near becoming the owner of a genuine old Spanish weapon. I was at St. Augustine, that strange old town on the coast of Florida, and was having a man dig up a plant which grew close beside the crumbling wall that flanks the famous gate, when his hoe struck something hard, and he dragged out of the loose sand a rusty bow of iron set in a piece of rotten oak-wood."

"That was luck!" exclaimed the older boy.

"But it belonged to the man who dug it up," interposed the younger.

"Not when Papa had hired him," replied the elder.

"As I was proceeding to tell you," continued their father, "it proved to be ——"

"Oh, how came it there?" cried the younger boy, excitedly. "Tell us the story!"

"Well, he was telling it, and you went and stopped him," said the elder.

"Now Claude," said the younger, whose name was Jesse, "you know I did n't mean it!"

"You know," said their father, "that when that celebrated captain, the blood-thirsty Menendez, was fighting everybody, white or Indian, that he could find in Florida, his cross-bowmen used to prowl all through the woods where St. Augustine now stands, and they no doubt had many a deadly trial of skill with the cunning Indian archers.



WHAT HE AIMED AT.



AND WHAT HE HIT. [SEE PAGE 866]

This, of course, might be one of Menendez's arbalists, or even one of De Soto's. To be sure, it was a mere fragment, which the teeth of time had left for me; but would n't the merest rotten splinter and rusty remnant of those knightly days be worth a good deal?"

"I should think so," said Claude.

"Tell us about fighting the Indians and the wild game and all," said Jesse.

"Oh, for that matter," said the father, "those Spanish soldiers were great murderers. Once when De Soto and his men were pursuing some flying savages, a warrior suddenly turned his face toward the Spaniards and halted. He was armed with a long-bow and arrows, and was just across a narrow river from his foes. He made signs that he challenged any one of the Spanish cross-bowmen to fight a duel with him. The challenge was accepted by one Juan de Salinas, a most expert arbalister, who stepped forth and faced the Indian. The comrades of Salinas offered to cover him with their shields, but the brave soldier scorned to take advantage of a naked savage. So he refused the cover, and placing a quarrel on the nut of his drawn bow made ready to shoot. The Indian also was ready by this time, and both discharged their arrows at the same moment. But Salinas was cooler under such stress of danger than the Indian was, and so took truer aim. His quarrel pierced the savage warrior's heart, and he fell dead. The bows of the savages were puny things when matched against the steel arbalists of the trained Spanish soldiers. The Indian's slender reed arrow passed through the nape of Juan de Salinas' neck, but without seriously hurting him. A quilted shirt of doubled silk was sufficient protection against most of the Indian missiles, and a man in steel armor was proof against all."

"But did the man let you have the old cross-bow he dug up?" asked Claude, as his father stopped speaking.

"I picked it up," said his father, "and found it to be a rotten barrel-stave with an arc of old rusted hoop fastened to it."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Jesse. "You were badly sold, were n't you?"

"But to go back to hunting with the cross-bow," said his father. "I have seen a picture of Queen Elizabeth of England, representing her in the act of shooting at a deer with an arbalist."

"Oh, Papa! May be our cross-bow was the one she used!" said Claude, breathlessly.

"Why, Claude," exclaimed Jesse, in a tone of voice that indicated surprise, "you know very well that a woman never could have handled *that* bow!"

"But Queen Elizabeth had a strong man for her bow-bearer," said his father, "and all she had to do was to take aim and pull the trigger after the bow-bearer had made the arbalist all ready for shooting. Nevertheless, I think she would not have chosen so heavy a weapon. Its recoil might have hurt her."

"The manner of hunting deer in those days was to stand in a spot whence you could see in all directions through the forest, while a number of expert woodsmen drove the game near to you as you held your arbalist ready to shoot. If you shot at a running deer you would have to aim far ahead of it in order to hit it.

"Hare or rabbit shooting was great sport for the cross-bowmen. For this purpose lighter arbalists were used. The hunter kept carefully trained dogs, somewhat like our pointers and setters, whose business it was to find the game. Twenty-five yards was about the usual distance for shooting at rabbits. They were rarely shot while running.

"A cross-bow for throwing pebbles, called a stone-bow, was used in small bird shooting. This weapon was also called a rodd. At short distances it shot with great force and precision. The rodd differed very little from the ordinary arbalist. Its string was armed with a sort of loop or pouch at the middle for holding the pebble or small stone. Some men became very expert in the use of the stone-bow. There are old pictures which seem to convey the idea that birds were shot on the wing; but I doubt if that could be done with so clumsy an instrument as the rodd."

"Papa, I think my rubber gun must be somewhat like a rodd," said Jesse. "You know it has an attachment for shooting bullets."

"Yes," replied his father; "it is the same principle. But your rubber gun shoots by the elasticity of its string, while the rodd was a real cross-bow, or arbalist, many of them having powerful lathes of steel.

"The long-bowmen of England cordially hated the arbalisters, especially when it came to shooting game in the green woods. The good yeomen who had spent years of unremitting practice to become proficient with the famous Norman long-bow, could not bear to see lazy fellows, who had never given a

month to practice, coming into the best hunting-grounds armed with those murderous steel cross-bows. A great deal of quarreling and bloodshed was the result. So, as I have said, the Government



OLD ILLUSTRATION OF AN ARBALIST.

of England passed stringent laws against the arbalist, and the weapon became somewhat dishonored. But in France and Spain it held the supremacy over all the weapons of the chase. Even to this day in Spain a hunter is called *ballastero*, which means cross-bowman or arbalister.

"De Espinar, a Spanish writer of the seventeenth century, in a curious and most delightful book on hunting and field sports, gives minute details of the grand royal hunting matches in the time of Philip IV. of Spain; but I think the arbalist fell into comparative disuse at about the end of the first half of the seventeenth century.

"The strongest and most deadly arbalists were

those constructed with monlinet pulleys and movable handles or cranks, which gave a man power to spring a bow of enormous strength. These were clumsy instruments and rather uncouth in appearance."

"But, Papa," exclaimed Jesse, "why don't you sometimes take the old cross-bow and go hunting? I should think it would be just splendid fun!"

His father gazed into the fire and smiled rather grimly, as if some curious recollection had been suddenly called up.

"I did try that once," he presently said.

"Oh, tell us about it!" cried both boys, drawing their chairs closer to him and leaning forward in their eagerness.

"It was soon after I got the arbalist," continued their father, "when the idea of trying its shooting qualities came into my mind. I think I must have allowed the poetry of the thought to get the better of me, for I never once stopped to consider the chances of any disastrous result to the experiment. For some time the hares had been gnawing at my young apple-trees. This afforded me a good excuse, if any was needed, for shooting the little pests. So one morning I took down the old cross-bow and its quarrels and went forth, as I imagine the poachers of the fourteenth century used to do in Merrie Englande, to have an hour or two of sport. It chanced that the first live thing I saw was a gold-shafted woodpecker. It was on an old stump, and I thought I would try a shot at it. But I found it no easy task to pull the string back to the nut. I tell you that steel bow was strong. The string came near cutting my hands, I had to pull so hard. At last I got the weapon sprung and a quarrel in the groove, ready for firing; but when I looked for my bird it was gone and I could not find it any more. So I kept the bow set and my thumb on the nut to prevent any accidental discharge, as I pursued my search for game. Hares were plenty in this region then, and it was not long before I discovered one lying in its form. A form

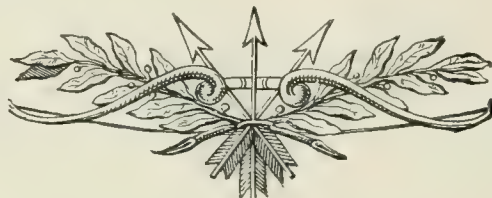
is the shallow bed a hare sleeps in during the day-time. I was not more than forty feet distant from it as it lay in its peculiar crouching attitude, amid the thin weeds and briers. I raised the arbalist, and took careful aim at the little animal. When I thought all was right, I pressed the trigger with the forefinger of my right hand. Clang! whack! you ought to have heard that racket. The recoil was astonishing, and painful as well. The stock had jumped against my chin and hurt it; but I did not take my eyes off the hare. You never saw anything so badly scared. The quarrel had hit the ground just a little short of the game and was sticking there. The hare had turned its head and was gazing wildly at the quarrel, but the next second it leaped from its form and scudded away, soon disappearing in a thicket of sassafras and persimmon bushes. Upon another occasion I tried the same feat again, with a somewhat different but equally unsatisfactory result. Though my aim this time was truer, the second hare was too quick for me. Simultaneously with the 'clang' of the bow it disappeared in the thicket, my arrow burying itself harmlessly in the hollow it had just quitted. This was the last of my cross-bow shooting, however. The recoil of my second shot had snapped one limb of the steel lathe of the arbalist short off."

"Oh, Papa, that would spoil it!" said Jesse.

"So it did. I got a skillful workman to rivet the lathe, but of course it is spoiled for all shooting purposes, and must hang over the mantel as a mere relic of the past. Sometimes I half imagine it broke in sheer resentment at having a nineteenth-century man presume to disturb the long rest it had enjoyed since Richard Cœur de Lion, or Bertram de Jourdan, or Sir Walter Tyrrel, or Queen Elizabeth, or Ponce de Leon had last fired it."

"I am sorry it is broken," said Claude, ruefully.

Soon after this the boys kissed their mother good-night, and went to bed to dream of mediæval days and mighty feats with the arbalist.



DO YOU KNOW SUCH BOYS?

A Tale of the Marlborough Sands.

BY ELLIOT McCORMICK.



TOM KIDDER lay stretched upon the hay in the loft of his father's barn, idly whittling a piece of wood with his new knife, and listening to the superior conversation of his latest acquaintance, Dick Jones. Tom had never been out of Sconsett in his life,—except once when he went to Portland,—and heard with deep interest the marvelous tales which Dick, who was a summer visitor down at the beach, had brought from Boston. The two boys were about the same age, but Tom regarded his friend with as deep veneration as though Dick had been Methuselah. It was a beautiful summer afternoon, the air was perfectly still and not very warm, and Dick, having exhausted for the time his stock of adventures, began to find the haymow too confining for his restless ambition.

"Say," he remarked, "don't you want to harness up the horse and take me down to the beach? It would be a nice afternoon for a drive, and I ought to be going home."

Tom looked a little uncomfortable.

"I don't believe I can do that," he said. "Father has gone off with the buggy and old Sam."

"So much the better," remarked Dick. "That leaves the other horse for you and me, don't you

see? Only it's a nuisance that we shall have to take the wagon."

"But I can't," remonstrated Tom. "Father never lets any one drive Prince but himself, and never harnesses him to the wagon. I'll row you down to the ferry-pier, though, and you can take the train there over to Marlborough."

Dick curled up his lip in a disagreeable way, rising at the same time to his feet. "Thanks," he said, "but I guess I'll walk. Only I don't see how I can get up here very often if it is such hard work to get back. It is n't any joke, you know, to walk two miles through the heat and dust."

Tom was in an agony of mortification.

"Oh, I say, Dick!" he cried, "you know I don't want you to walk; let me row you down to the pier. The tide will be running out in ten minutes, and it will be an easy row. Or, stay here all night, wont you? and I'll row up to town and telephone down to the beach that you wont be home."

But Dick was quite inflexible.

"No," he declared, "I am not going to be drowned in the river, and I can't stay all night. I have got an appointment at six o'clock, at the hotel.

If you can't harness up Prince, as you call him, why, I'll have to walk."

"But he balks," faltered Tom.

"Balks, does he? Well, if there's one thing I'm more glad to get hold of than another it's a balky horse. Why, my dear boy, I know a trick that will cure the worst case you ever saw."

Tom hesitated. Had not his father said, only the day before, that if some one could not cure Prince of his balking the horse must be sold? What a grand thing it would be if he could take Prince out and bring him back cured! Deacon Kidder did not like Dick, as Tom very well knew, but if Dick should cure Prince the Deacon could have no reason for not liking him.

"How do you do it?" Tom asked at length.

Dick surveyed him with an air of surprise.

"How do I do it?" he asked. "Well, I guess that's my secret. May be you wont find out how when you've seen it done, but I'll do it all the same. Does he balk when you drive him?"

"I never drove him," said Tom, meekly.

"Never drove him? Well, before I'd let a horse like that stand idle in my father's stable while my father was away, I'd know it. It's time you began, young fellow. You can drive him part of the way this afternoon."

Now, considering that the horse belonged to Tom's father, and that if either of the two boys had a right to drive him it was not Dick, this offer was not so magnanimous as it seemed. Indeed, it was what Tom himself, if he had not been dazzled by Dick's air of superiority, would have called impudent; but just now he was under a spell which blinded his judgment and made him willing to do things that at other times he would not have dreamed of doing.

"Well, I'd like to drive Prince," he admitted.

"Of course you would, and if you'd had any pluck you'd have driven him long ago. The idea of a fellow like you having to take that old cow every time you go out! Why, your father ought to buy you a light wagon and let you drive Prince out every afternoon. I dare say you could train him so that he'd go inside of three minutes. Come, let's go down and harness."

Tom still deliberated. He felt flattered by Dick's sugared compliments and enticed by his wily suggestions and stung by his contempt. Perhaps it was the contempt that decided him; for when Dick rather sneeringly remarked, "Afraid, are you?" Tom with a quick, angry flush jumped to his feet and faced his friend.

"No, I'm not afraid!" he said. "I dare say Father'll thrash me for it; but I'm not afraid."

"Oh, he wont thrash you, if you bring the horse back cured."

"Well, I don't know," said Tom, reflectively. "Father would n't believe he was cured until he'd tried him himself; but we'll go down just the same and harness him."

Tom had not lived on a farm all his life without knowing how to harness a horse, but Dick, when it came to putting Prince in the wagon, did not display that proficiency which his somewhat boastful conversation had led Tom to expect from him. Tom, indeed, had to go over his work, straightening out the trace, readjusting the breeching strap, and making things generally safe and sure. It was strange, he thought, that a fellow who knew so much about horses should not know more about harnessing them; but then, perhaps, that had always been done for him. At any rate, the job was now complete and they were ready to start.

"Which way did your father go?" asked Dick, as they got in the wagon.

"Oh, father went up to Lyman," said Tom. "We sha'n't meet him anywhere. Which road shall we take?"

"Let's keep down your road," returned Dick. "That will take us to the Ferry Beach, then we can drive along the beach to Marlborough."

"You forget about the quicksands," objected Tom. Dick threw back his head and laughed.

"Of all ridiculous tales," he declared, "that quicksand story is about the worst I ever heard! Why, I drove over there the other day, and it was like a floor the whole way."

"A horse and wagon were swallowed up there once," observed Tom, soberly.

Dick's lip curled. "Oh, pshaw!" he said, "I don't believe a word of it. I'm not afraid."

By this time they were fairly on their way. The horse as yet had not shown the slightest symptom of balking, which, though it certainly made the drive more agreeable, left Tom without the excuse which he had been making to himself for taking the horse out.

"It's always the way," he said, gloomily. "If nobody wanted him to balk, he would be sure to do it."

"Who wants him to balk?" said Dick, flicking a fly off of Prince's flank with the whip. "I'm sure I don't; perhaps he'll gratify you coming back."

This possibility had not struck Tom before.

"Suppose he should?" he exclaimed.

Dick laughed. For the first time it struck Tom what a cold, disagreeable laugh Dick's was.

"Well, you'd have to get along the best way you could," he said, indifferently.

"And wont you tell me your trick?"

Dick smiled, and made no response.

There was a few minutes' silence while the wagon rolled swiftly along the road. However much

Dick might be enjoying it, the ride was already becoming to Tom a very unpleasant experience. The sense of his disobedience and of his father's displeasure, his fear lest the horse might balk when he should be alone, and his dread of the Marlborough Sands combined to make his situation extremely uncomfortable.

"Fine, is n't it?" remarked Dick at length.

Tom mumbled something which might have been either yes or no.

"It'll be finer, though," Dick continued, "when we get down to the beach."

This time Tom did not say a word, and they drove along without speaking until another turn brought them in sight of the Bay View House. In a moment more they had passed the house and crossed the railroad track and gained the hard surface of the sand beyond.

"Glorious!" Dick cried. "Reminds me of Nantasket."

"Nantasket!" exclaimed Tom, indignantly: "there isn't another beach like the Marlborough in the world."

It seemed, indeed, as if Tom must be right. Far away in the direction which they were taking curved the hard, level sand—so far, indeed, that the eye could not discern the end; and though it was high tide, there were yet a hundred feet between them and the rippling waves. They were leaving the Ferry Beach, as it was called, behind them, and were approaching the little river which marked the boundary of Marlborough Beach and concealed, as Tom had said, the dreaded quicksands. Already they had crossed one or two little rivulets when Tom, who had been keeping a sharp watch, saw the glitter of a wider stream not far ahead.

"Now look out for the sands," he cried. "They're right along here where one of these inlets sets in from the sea."

Dick hit the horse with the whip.

"Oh, bother take the sands!" he exclaimed. "I don't believe there are any."

"Here it is!" cried Tom, excitedly, "right ahead—Dick, you *shall* stop!" and leaning over he grasped both reins and pulled up the horse on the brink of a stream about fifty feet wide, the appearance of which certainly gave no cause for alarm. One could hardly imagine that underneath the rushing water lurked the terrible power to seize and drag down those who might venture to cross it.

"Let go!" shouted Dick, angrily, tearing the reins away from Tom's hold. "What a fool you are! Don't you know that's the worst thing in the world to do? I'm going through here, quicksands or no quicksands. There's a wagon ahead

that has been through, and where one man has gone another can go, I guess."

There was a wagon ahead,—that was a fact,—and, as the tracks showed, it had been through the stream. The marks of the wheels going down one bank were quite plain, and they were equally plain going up the other. Seeing that, Tom felt somewhat reassured and withal a little ashamed of his own haste.

"Well," he said, "perhaps it may be further on, but this looks just like the place."

"Of course it is further on," said Dick, mockingly, "if it's anywhere. I don't believe it's anywhere. Get up!" he cried, striking Prince again with the whip.

The horse, still obedient, started forward and walked cautiously into the river. Then, as he felt the water rising about his fetlocks, he raised his feet nervously and showed a disposition to stop.

"Get up!" said Dick again, with a snap.

But Prince did not get up. On the contrary, he stood still. They were by this time a dozen feet past the water's edge; the water was rushing violently under the body of the wagon, and Tom noticed, to his dismay, not only that the body was nearer the surface of the water than it had been a moment before, but that the wagon tracks on the opposite side, at which they had aimed, were several feet up stream.

"It is the Marlborough Sands!" he cried; "and oh, Dick! we are going down!"

At the same moment, the man in the wagon ahead happened to turn around and discovered their perilous position.

"Whip your horse!" Tom could hear him cry; "for heaven's sake, whip your horse!"

Dick had already been whipping the horse, but whether the wagon was too heavy to be pulled out of the shifting sand, or the animal himself was contrary, they did not move an inch, except as the swift current carried them down the river, and the sand threatened to swallow them up. Already the wagon had sunk to the hubs of the wheels.

"Jump!" cried the man, driving back to the bank; "jump now! It's your only chance!"

Dick threw down the whip and flung the reins over the dashboard. "I was a fool to trust myself to a balky horse!" he said. "You'd better jump, Tom, while you've got a chance, and leave the brute to take care of himself. I'm going now."

With these words he clambered into the back of the wagon, coolly removed the second seat, tossed it into the river, and then jumped in after it. The seat served as a buoy to keep him above the dangerous sands, and with a few rapid strokes he gained the shore which they had left. Without waiting to see how Tom came out of the scrape, he

made his way up the stream to where it might be crossed, and thence as quickly as he could go to the hotel.

Tom, meanwhile, sat hopeless and dazed. Rather than go back to his father without the horse he would go down with the wagon. It would n't be long, if he sat there, before he would be drowned. How terribly he was paying for his disobedience, and how ill prepared he was to die! The cries of the man urging him to jump fell on deaf ears. He could not jump and leave Prince to drown.

But need he leave Prince? A sudden thought roused him from his stupor. Leaning over the dashboard he cut the traces with two strokes of his sharp knife. Another stroke severed the strap that connects the saddle with the breeching; then, gathering the reins in his hands and stepping carefully on the shaft, he mounted Prince's back and hit him sharply with the reins. The horse, alive to the situation, plunged forward. Tom's feet pushed the tugs away from the shafts, and with another plunge the shafts dropped into the river. The horse stood free. Another plunge—the reins were not needed now to urge him—and his feet were extricated from the shifting bottom. Another, and Prince, quivering like a leaf, was scrambling up the farther shore. The whole operation had taken but a moment, but when Tom had leaped from the horse's back and looked around for the wagon, he discovered with a thrill of horror that it had disappeared from sight.

"Well!" exclaimed the man, who had watched the proceeding with eager interest, "that was a smart thing to do, but let me tell you, young fellow, you had a pretty narrow escape."

Tom's face had not yet regained its natural color, nor his voice its usual steadiness.

"Yes," he said, soberly, "I suppose I did."

"Horse balk?" inquired the other.

Tom nodded.

"Wont do it again," said the man, "no more'n you'll cross the Marlboro' Sands again with a heavy wagon at a high tide."

"I guess I wont," said Tom. "I did n't want to do it to day."

"The other fellow led you into it, did he? Well, you wont be led so easy the next time. Going up Sconsett way?"

"Yes," said Tom; "I'm Deacon Kidder's son."

The man whistled. "Deacon Kidder your pa!" he exclaimed. "Land's sake! wont you get it when you get home! Guess I'd better stop in and tell them how cute you saved the horse. You can ride up with me, if you like."

"Thank you," said Tom, "I'll be glad to ride up with you, but I'll tell father myself about— The fact is, I took the horse and wagon without

leave, and I shan't feel quite easy until I've made it right."

"You'll get a thrashing," said the man, who seemed to be intimately acquainted with the deacon's peculiarities.

"All right!" said Tom cheerfully. "I'd rather be thrashed than feel mean."

"Well," said the man, as he whipped up his own horse and the two started off, leading Prince behind, "so would I; but I'll tell you what I'd do—I'd take it out of that other fellow the next time I met him."

Tom laughed.

"Oh!" he said, "I don't want to take it out of anybody. I'm too glad to have got out of that place alive to feel mad."

"Well, you had a mighty narrow escape," said the man again, as though that, after all, was the chief impression which the affair had left upon his mind.

Did Tom get a thrashing? Well, I am obliged to admit that he did. He brought back the horse, to be sure, but then he had had no business to take the horse out; beside which he had lost the wagon. He bore the chastisement, however, very philosophically, knowing that he deserved it, and after it was all over told his father that Mr. Chase—John Chase, of Lyman, which Tom had discovered to be the man's name—had said that the horse would never balk again. The deacon was very incredulous, but as it turned out Mr. Chase was right. Prince never did balk again—except once when the deacon tried to drive him through the Marlborough Sands at low tide. Then he rebelled; and not all Mr. Kidder's persuasions could induce him to take one step until he had been turned around, when he went willingly enough in the opposite direction.

The credit for the horse's cure Dick Jones hastened to take to himself.

"Yes," he would say, in answer to people's inquiries, "I drove him out one day, and he has n't balked since."

Unfortunately, however, he repeated this tale in the hotel office one evening when Tom's friend, Mr. Chase, whom Dick did not recognize, happened to be present.

"Was that the day," Mr. Chase asked, quietly, "when you drove the horse into Marlborough Sands and then jumped out of the wagon, leaving Tom Kidder and the horse to drown?"

Dick flushed scarlet.

"Tom need n't have staid," he stammered.

"Tom staid to look after the horse; and if you had been any kind of a man you'd have done it, too. It was Tom Kidder who got the horse out,

and if anybody cured his balking it was Tom Kidder who did that. Don't tell your story around here any more, Dick Jones. People might not believe it, you know."

Dick took the advice, leaving the next day for Boston and never re-appearing in the place. Tom was not sorry when he heard Dick had gone.

"Well, I'm glad of it," he said. "When he jumped out of that wagon it seemed as though a ray of light lit him all up and showed what a mean little soul he had. People get experiences," he added, meditatively, "in very queer ways. I am sure I never got so much in all my life as in that one moment on the Marlborough Sands."



LAUGHING LILL.

By M. J.



LAUGHING LILL lives on the hill,
Where runs the water to the mill,
And be the day or fair or gray,
She sings her merry roundelay:
"Come weal or woe, come good or ill,
The stream goes dancing to the mill;
The robin sings, whate'er the sky,
And so do I!"

The rain may fall, the loud winds call,
And stormy clouds be over all.
But laughing Lill she carols still,
While sweeter grows her merry trill:
"Come weal or woe, come good or ill,
The stream goes rippling by the mill;
The robin sings, though dark the sky,
And so will I!"

THE LAND OF NODDY.—A LULLABY.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

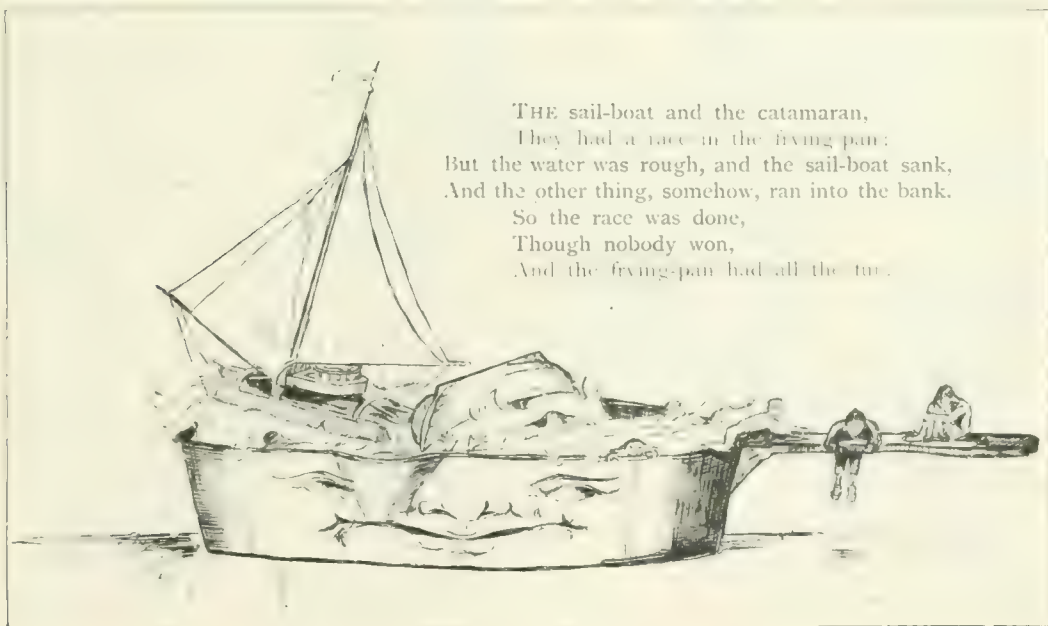
PUT away the bauble and the bib,
 Smooth out the pillows in the crib.
 Softly on the down
 Lay the baby's crown,
 Warm around its feet
 Tuck the little sheet,—
 Snug as a pea in a pod!
 With a yawn and a gap,
 And a dreamy little nap.
 We will go, we will go,
 To the Landy-andy-pandy
 Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
 To the Landy-andy-pand
 Of Noddy-pod.

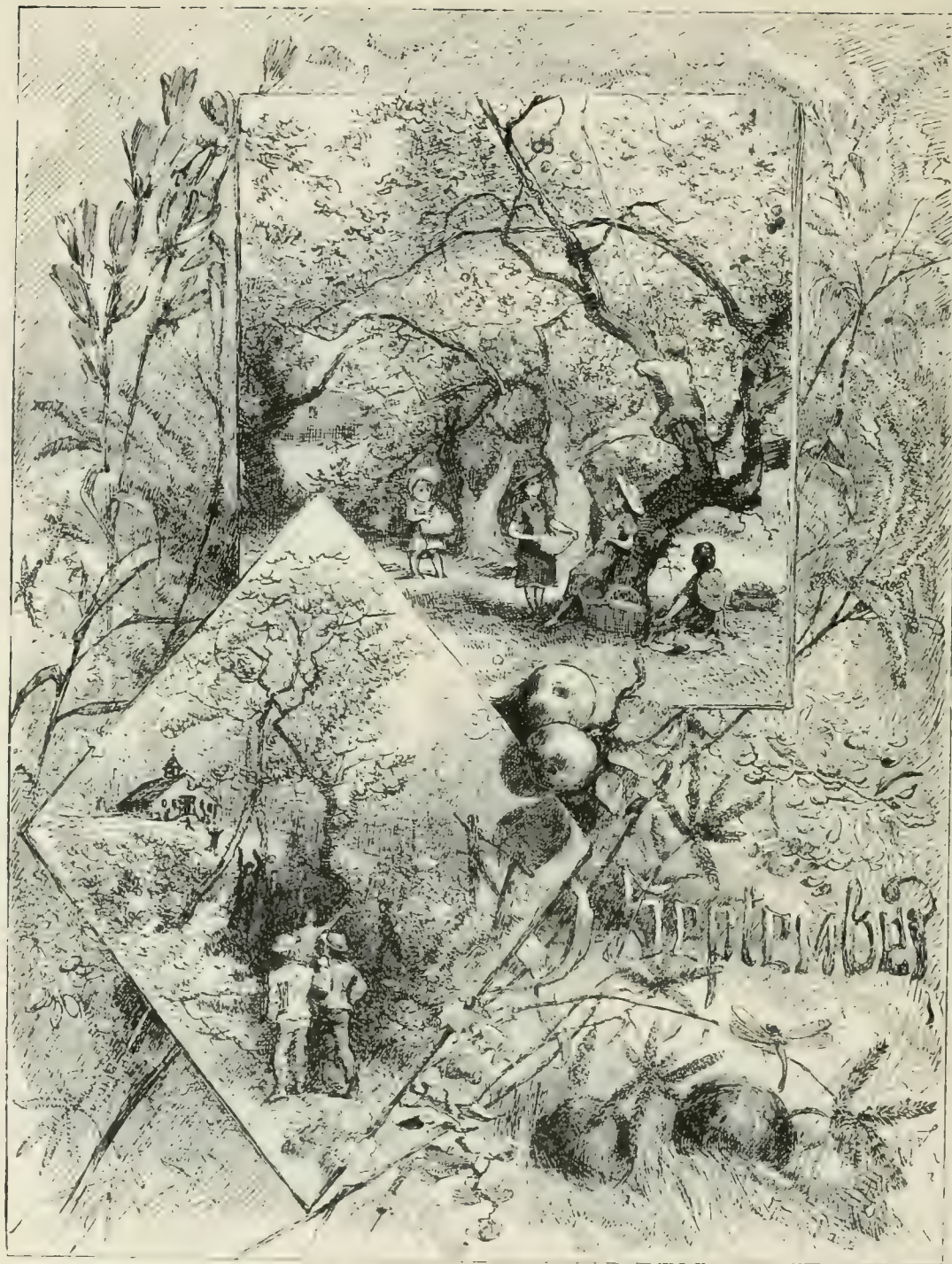
There in the Shadow-maker's tent,
 After the twilight's soft descent,
 We'll lie down to dreams
 Of milk in flowing streams;
 And the Shadow-maker's baby
 Will lie down with us, may be,
 On the soft, mossy pillow of the sod.

In a drowse and a doze,
 All asleep from head to toes.
 We will lie, we will lie,
 In the Landy-andy-pandy
 Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
 In the Landy-andy-pand
 Of Noddy-pod.

Then when the morning breaks.
 Then when the lark awakes,
 We will leave the drowsy dreams,
 And the twinkling starry gleams;
 We will leave the little tent,
 And the wonders in it pent,
 To return to our own native sod.
 With a hop and a skip,
 And a jump and a flip,
 We will come, we will come,
 From the Landy-andy-pandy
 Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
 From the Landy-andy-pand
 Of Noddy-pod.

THE sail-boat and the catamaran,
 They had a race in the frying pan;
 But the water was rough, and the sail-boat sank,
 And the other thing, somehow, ran into the bank.
 So the race was done,
 Though nobody won,
 And the frying-pan had all the fun.





HOW THE CHILDREN EARNED MONEY FOR CHARITY.

BY G. B. BARRETT.

MANY years ago, in a little village among the hills, lived some children whose names you would know very well if you saw them here; but it would not do to make them public, for, to tell the truth, some of them have not grown any older yet in heart, although their merry faces are wrinkled with the smiles of age, and the tops of their heads resemble snow-drifts. As they lived long before the iron horse had dug through the mountain barriers, only one of them had ever seen a city. He had made a trip to Boston on the stage, starting before daylight, and riding all the next day and night over the route now traveled by the express train in a few hours. The hero of this remarkable expedition was named Joseph, and, like the "dunces who have been to Rome," he seldom failed to allude in every possible manner to his adventures abroad. So, when the children met to discuss the project of giving a theatrical performance in order to raise money enough to buy a Thanksgiving turkey for a poor widow, Joseph was, of course, chosen manager, because he had seen a real play at the Museum.

"My friends," said the oracle, in his opening speech, "you will need a curtain, and a place in which to hang it."

"My father will let us use the mill-chamber," said blue-eyed Katy, the miller's daughter; "for the stream is so low that he will not work there for a month, and there are lots of boards which we can use if we do not spoil them."

"Very well," said Joseph; "to-morrow will be Saturday, and we will meet at the mill to build the stage and cast our plays; so let us all bring any pieces of cloth we can borrow, and as many play-books as possible."

So that bright afternoon sun, as it shone cheerily through the chinks and cracks of the mill-garret, lit up the bright faces of the children who were preparing for the opening of their theater. The boys first brought up the boards and carefully piled them at the western end of the room, until they had formed a platform three feet high across one end of the chamber, while the girls sewed into three curtains the motley strips of cloth which they had borrowed from their mothers' rag-bags—the odd combinations of materials and shades thus obtained producing an effect very much like some of the grotesque draperies which the modern art-lovers profess to admire. The most showy

piece was chosen for the central curtain, upon the edge of which brass rings were sewed. The boys next stretched a wire across the room at just the same distance from the stage as the height of the curtain, on which the girls had strung the rings before it was fastened in place. A post was then put up at each side of the curtain, and securely nailed to the stage and to the top beams of the room, and the two other pieces of cloth tacked, one on each side, to the post and to the sides of the room. Two other curtains were made, large enough to fill the spaces from the posts to the back of the room, thus forming a dressing-room on each side of the stage, the entrances to which were made by pushing away the curtains at the front and rear corners, as required. The only change of scene from interior to exterior was made by pine-trees fastened into wooden blocks, which could be placed in various positions. The setting sun lighted up the completed stage, and the busy children grouped themselves in restless attitudes upon it, to select and cast the play. Dramatic works had, at that time, little place among the libraries of the simple farm-folk, who were content with "Pilgrim's Progress," "Fox's Martyrs," and the weekly visits of *The Ploughman*. But the lawyer's daughter, Annie, had brought a volume of Shakespeare's plays, and golden-haired Mabel had her "Mother Goose," the best and only play-book she had ever known.

"Shakespeare," said Joseph, "is a good writer, for I saw one of his plays myself. 'Hamlet' was the name of it, and I will be *Hamlet*, for I know how to act."

The children, of course, agreed, and each accepted the part which the manager assigned to him or her. Maggie was to be the *Queen*, because she was so tall, and Dick was unanimously chosen for the *Ghost*, because he was so thin. Bill Jones was offered the part of *Polonius*, because he liked to use big words; and sweet Mabel Drake took *Ophelia*, because she had lovely long hair and a brand-new white dress. *Lacertes* was given to Sam Williams, because he was a good fighter—for they decided to have the combat with fists, as swords were very dangerous, even if they could get any, which they could not. The only sword in the village was somewhat damaged through long use as a poker by old Squire Hawks, who was mad

when he was not chosen captain of the militia. The minor parts of the play were given out by lot, and thus some of the children had two or three each, as there were so many, and all were told to come again on Wednesday, ready for rehearsal. But, when Wednesday afternoon came, they did not know their parts, for the words were so long and hard they could not remember them, and it seemed impossible even to the energetic Joseph to have "Hamlet" ready by Saturday afternoon, the day announced for the opening of the show. So Shakespeare was given up, and little Maud ventured to say that he was not half so good as Mother Goose. Struck with this idea, the children gave up their search for the unknown, and wisely resolved to content themselves with something less ambitious. Mabel Drake, in full costume copied from the picture, read the rhymes as they were acted with spirit by those who knew and loved them. Joseph resigned the part of *Hamlet* for that of *Bobby Shaftoe*, and sweet Effie Jones brought tears to the eyes of all as she knelt at the flax-wheel in grief for the drowned sailor, who returned triumphant in the next scene, in a neat sailor-suit, which seemed to have passed through the shipwreck uninjured. Maggie looked and acted the tall daughter to perfection, and little Maud was lovely as the bride, in poke-bonnet, as she rode proudly in the wheelbarrow, the chosen bride of little Eddie, who preferred her to the short, the greedy, or the progressive girl of the period. The hall was filled by the delighted parents of the children on that memorable Saturday, and the entrance fee of ten cents each gave the Widow Simpkins such a Thanksgiving dinner as she had never had before. But this was not all that the children earned for charity; for, when one of them grew up, he wished to write for the ST. NICHOLAS something that would interest the hosts of children who read the magazine, and he wrote for them a full account of the pantomime of "The Rats and the Mice," and the operetta of "Bobby Shaftoe," which have since been acted in hundreds of parlors, to the delight of old and young.

And even this was not the end. A few years later he was asked to assist in raising a very large sum of money for charity; and remembering the funny old mill theater, he caused lovely airs to be composed for these pieces, and, in connection with many other scenes, had them presented in large opera-houses by young ladies and children, to audiences of their friends, who gathered in such numbers that as much as one thousand dollars has been realized in a single evening from the simple and natural representation of these Mother Goose plays. In every city of note from Montreal to St.

Louis, with three exceptions, these Gems of Nursery Lore have earned money for charitable purposes, and in many of the representations the costumes and appointments have been very costly and elegant; but none of them have given more pleasure to actors and spectators than was enjoyed by the simple country people who witnessed the original performance in the old mill on the hillside, in which all these greater and more elaborate exhibitions originated. This little tribute of respect to the dear old Dame, to whose early inspiration so many poets and wise men owe their best efforts, will not be considered out of place; but there are those who feel that Mother Goose has had her day, and that her old rhymes have become a little hackneyed by oft-repeated representation. To such as these, ST. NICHOLAS has offered many pantomimes and operettas on wholly new themes, and these may be readily used by young folk to earn money for charity.

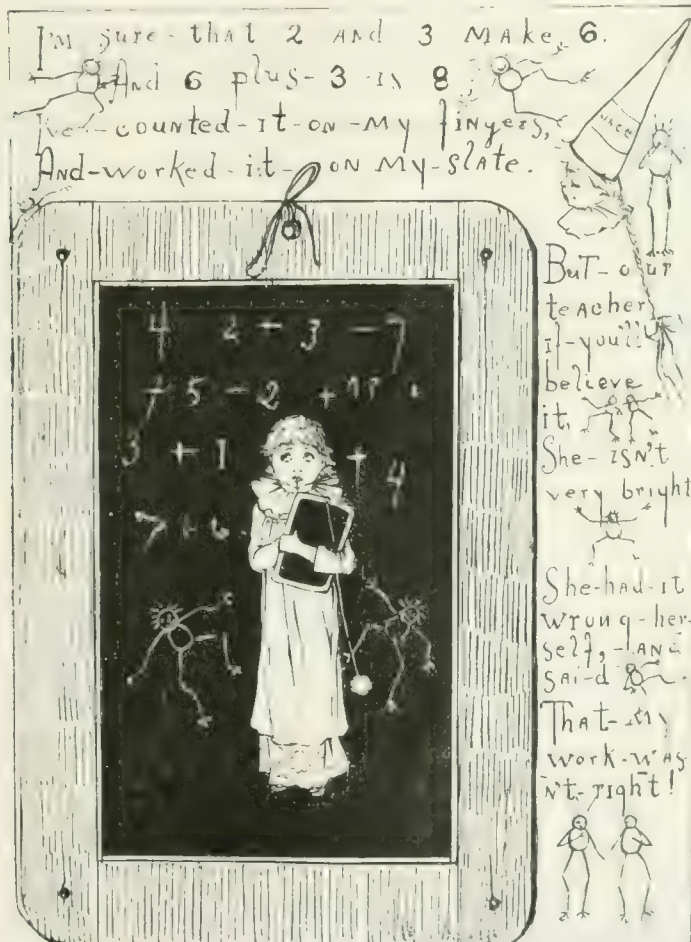
The children of to-day are constantly asking: "How can we also make money to help carry on our Sunday mission schools and to help the poor?" Letters of inquiry come often from distant cities and towns in the Far West. In reply to these queries we would recommend the Children's Carnival as the simplest and newest method. To encourage the little ones in this endeavor, a true story may not be out of place. In one of the chief cities of Western New York the largest church in town contemplated an entertainment for charity and became discouraged, when two young school-girls took up the abandoned idea and carried it out with immense success, using the operetta and pantomime from this magazine.

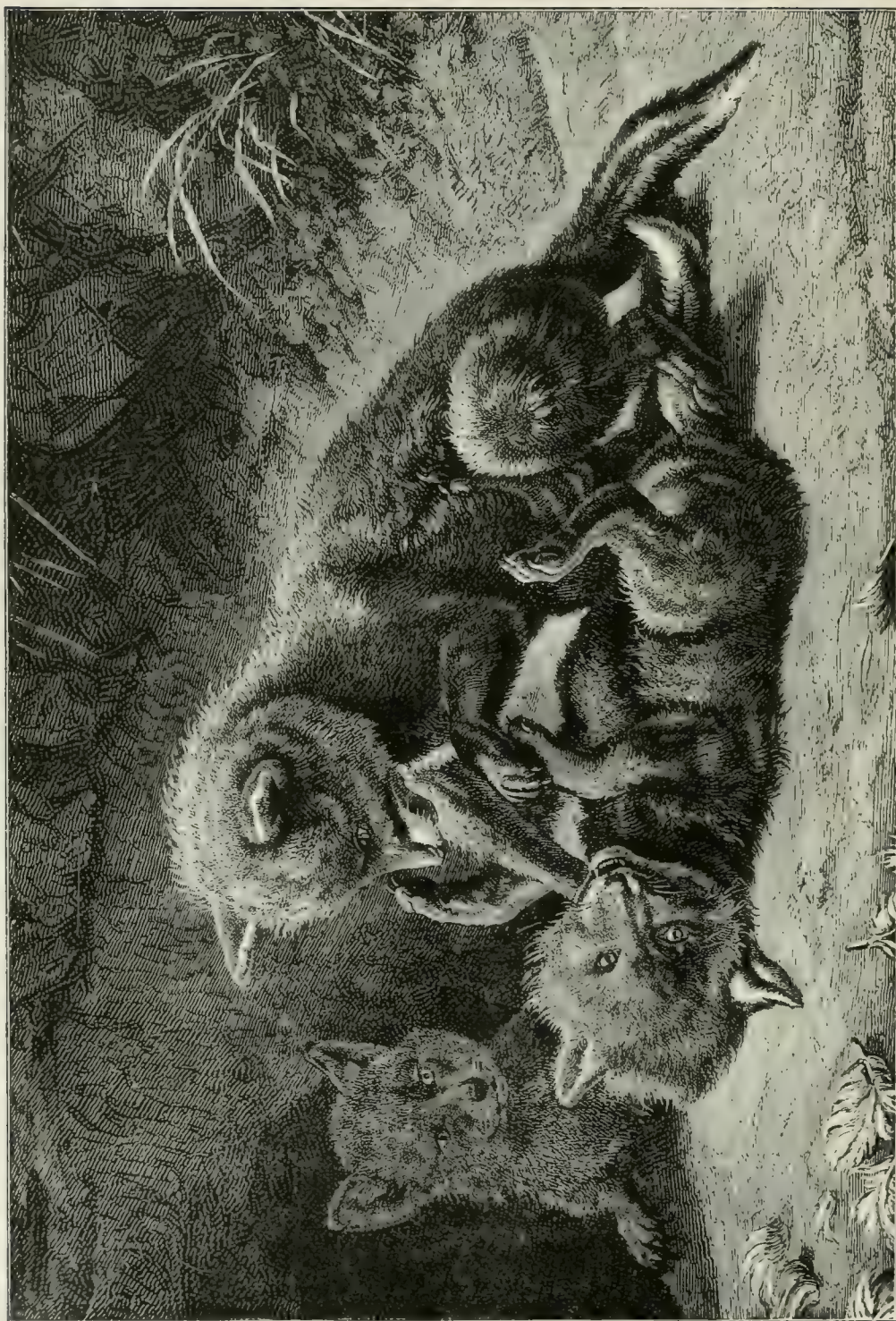
To get up a Children's Carnival, first give notice of your plan in the schools, asking those interested to meet for the choice of manager, treasurer, and committees for the alcoves, refreshments, and amusements, which may consist of three or more girls and boys for each. The first committee has the duty of arranging a stage at the end of the hall, unless one is already built, as is the case in many town-halls, and also the choice of twenty-five performers and the selection of the pantomime, operetta and tableau from their magazines. The manager is responsible for all performances on this stage, which should occupy an hour after the supper, and before the sales in the alcoves. The refreshment committee prepare tables across the end of the hall opposite the stage, and attend to the supper, which is solicited from the homes of all interested. They also choose four waiters for each table, who bring the refreshments from a side room and collect the money for them. The treasurer has charge of all receipts and pays all expenses, and appoints door-keepers, ushers, and ticket-sellers.

The committee on alcoves prepare three on each side of the hall, draped with cambric or any hangings suitable for the periods represented. They also choose attendants for each, in appropriate costumes, as for instance: the Curiosity Shop, with "Little Nell" and "Grandfather," who show or sell antique furniture and bric-à-brac in the upper alcove on the left side of the hall. In the next, three Turkish girls sell coffee, and in the third, two Japanese sell tea and fans. Across the hall, "Simple Simon" sells pies and cakes, and "Dame Trot" fancy-goods and

toys; and in the last alcove, on the right side of the hall, three little fairies sell candy. Flower-girls flit around the hall with bouquets, and music is furnished from a piano or orchestra, in case of a dance or promenade at the end of the evening. The performance on the stage is of course the principal attraction, and may be very effectively used in any parlor or hall, with or without the carnival; but the latter, when the work is divided, is not as laborious as you might suppose, and can not fail to please as well as to earn money for charity.

IN SCHOOL AGAIN.





YOUNG WOLVES AT PLAY.

STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

BALDER.

BALDER, the god of the summer, was Odin's son, and he was the brightest and best of all the Asa-folk. Wherever he went, there were gladness and mirth, and blooming flowers, and singing birds, and murmuring water-falls. Balder, too, was a hero, but not a hero like Siegfried. For he slew no giants, he killed no dragons; he was not even a warrior; he never went into battle, and he never tried to make for himself a great name. There still are some such heroes, but they make little noise in the world; and, beyond their own neighborhood, they often are unnoticed and unknown.

Hoder, the blind king of the winter months, was Balder's brother, and as unlike him as darkness is unlike daylight. While one rejoiced and was merry and cheerful, the other was low-spirited and sad. While one scattered sunshine and blessings everywhere, the other carried with him a sense of cheerlessness and gloom. Yet the brothers loved each other dearly.

One night Balder dreamed a strange dream, and when he awoke he could not forget it. All day long he was thoughtful and sad, and he was not his own bright, happy self. His mother, the Asa-queen, saw that something troubled him, and she asked:

"Whence comes that cloud upon your brow? Will you suffer it to chase away all your sunshine, and will you become, like your brother Hoder, all frowns, and sighs, and tears?"

Then Balder told her what he had dreamed, and she, too, was sorely troubled; for it was a frightful dream and foreboded dire distress.

Then both she and Balder went to Odin, and to him they told the cause of their uneasiness. And he was dismayed at what he heard; for he knew that such dreams dreamed by Asa-folk were the forewarnings of evil. So he saddled his eight-footed horse Sleipner, and, without telling any one where he was going, he rode with the speed of the winds down into the Valley of Death. The dog that guards the gate-way to that dark and doleful land came out to meet him. Blood was on the fierce beast's jaws and breast, and he barked loudly and angrily at the Asa-king and his wondrous horse. But Odin sang sweet magic songs as he drew near, and the dog was charmed with the sound, and Sleipner and his rider went onward in safety. They passed the dark halls of the pale-

faced queen, and came to the eastern gate of the valley. There stood the low hut of the witch who lived in darkness and spun the thread of fate for gods and men. Odin stood before the hut, and sang a wondrous song of witchery and enchantment, and he laid a spell upon the weird woman, and forced her to come out of her dark dwelling and answer his questions.

"Who is this stranger?" asked the witch. "Who is this unknown who calls me from my narrow home and sets an irksome task for me? Long have I been left alone in my quiet hut, and little recked I that the snow sometimes covered with its cold, white mantle both me and my resting-place, or that the pattering rain and the gently falling dew often moistened the roof of my house. Long have I rested quietly, and I do not wish now to be aroused."

"I am Valtam's son," said Odin, "and I come to learn of thee. Tell me, I pray, for whom are the soft and beautiful couches prepared that I saw in the broad halls of Death? For whom are the jewels and rings and rich clothing, and the shining shield?"

And she answered:

"All are for Balder, Odin's son; and the mead which has been brewed for him is hidden under the shining shield."

Then Odin asked who would be the slayer of Balder, and she answered that Hoder was the one who would send the shining Asa to the halls of Death. And she added: "But go thou hence, now, Odin; for I know thou art not Valtam's son. Go home, and none shall again awaken me nor disturb me at my task until Balder shall rule over the new earth in its purity, and there shall be no death."

Then Odin rode sorrowfully homeward; but he told no one of his journey to the dark valley, nor of what the witch had said to him.

Balder's mother, the Asa-queen, could not rest because of the ill-omened dream that her son had had; and, in her distress, she called together all the Asa-folk to consider what should be done. But they were speechless with alarm and sorrow, and none could offer advice nor set her mind at ease. Then she sought out every living creature and every lifeless thing upon the earth, and asked each one to swear that it would not on any account hurt Balder, nor touch him to do him harm. And this oath was willingly made by fire and water,

earth and air; by all beasts and creeping things and birds and fishes; by the rocks; by the trees and all metals. For everything loved Balder the Good.

Then the Asa-folk thought that great honor was shown to Balder each time an object refused to hurt him; and, to show their love for him, as well as to amuse themselves, they often hewed at him with their battle-axes, or struck at him with their sharp swords, or hurled toward him their heavy lances. For every weapon turned aside in its course, and would neither mark nor bruise the shining target at which it was aimed; and Balder's princely beauty shone as bright and pure as ever.

When Loki, the mischief-maker, saw how all things loved and honored Balder, his heart was filled with jealousy, and he sought all over the earth for some beast, or bird, or tree, or lifeless thing that had not taken the oath. But he could not find one. Then, disguised as a fair maiden, he went to Fensal Hall, where dwelt Balder's mother. The Asa-queen was busy with her golden spindle, and her maid-servant, Fulla-of-the-flowing-hair, sat on a stool beside her. When the queen saw Loki, she asked:

"Whence come you, fair stranger, and what favor would you ask of Odin's wife?"

"I come," answered the disguised mischief-maker, "from the plains of Ida, where the gods meet for pleasant pastime, as well as to talk of the weighty matters of their kingdom."

"And how do they while away their time to day?" asked the queen.

"They have a pleasant game which they call Balder's Honor. The shining hero stands before them as a target, and each one tries his skill at hurling some weapon toward him. First, Odin throws at him the spear Gungner, but it passes harmlessly over his head. Then Thor takes up a huge rock and hurls it full at Balder's breast, but it turns in its course and will not strike the sun-bright target. Then Hoenir seizes a battle-ax, and strikes at Balder as though he would hew him down; but the keen edge refuses to touch him. And in this way the Asa-folk show honor to the best of their number."

The Asa-queen smiled in the glad pride of her mother-heart, and said: "Yes, everything shows honor to the best of Odin's sons; for neither metal, nor wood, nor stone, nor fire, nor water will touch Balder to do him harm."

"Is it true, then," asked Loki, "that everything has made an oath to you, and promised not to hurt your son?"

And the queen, not thinking what harm an unguarded word might do, answered: "Everything has promised, save a little, feeble sprig that men

call the mistletoe. So small and weak it is that I know it could never harm any one; and so I passed it by and did not ask it to take the oath."

Then Loki went out of Fensal Hall and left the Asa-queen at her spinning. And he walked briskly away, and paused not until he came to the eastern side of Valhalla, where, on the branches of an old oak-tree, the mistletoe grew. Rudely he tore the plant from its supporting branch and hid it under his cloak. Then he walked leisurely back to the place where the Asa-folk were wont to meet in council.

The next day the Asas went out, as usual, to engage again in pleasant pastimes. When they had tired of leaping, and tilting, and foot-racing, they placed Balder before them as a target again; and, as each threw his weapon toward the shining mark, they laughed to see the missile turn aside from its course and refuse to strike the honored one. But blind Hoder stood sorrowfully away from the others and did not join in any of their sports. Loki, seeing this, went to Hoder, and said:

"Brother of the gloomy brow, why do you not take part with us in our games?"

"I am blind," answered Hoder, "and I can neither leap, nor run, nor throw the lance."

"But you can shoot arrows from your bow," said Loki.

"Alas!" said Hoder, "that I can do only as some one shall direct my aim. For I can see no target."

"Do you hear that laughter?" asked Loki. "Thor has hurled the straight trunk of a pine-tree at your brother, and, rather than touch such a glorious target, it has turned aside and been shivered to pieces upon the rocks over there. It is thus that the Asa-folk, and all things living and lifeless, honor the sun-bright Balder. Hoder is the only one who hangs his head and fears to do his part. Come, now, let me fit this little arrow in your bow, and then, as I point it, do you shoot. When you hear the gods laugh, you will know that your arrow has shown honor to the hero by refusing to hit him."

And Hoder, thinking no harm, did as Loki wished, and allowed him to fit the mistletoe to his bow. And the deadly arrow sped from the bow and pierced the heart of shining Balder, and he sank lifeless to the ground. Then the Asa-folk who saw it were struck speechless with sorrow and astonishment; and, had it not been that the Idá plains whereon they were standing were sacred to peace, they would have seized upon Loki and put him to death. Forthwith the world was draped in mourning for Balder the Good; the birds stopped singing and flew with drooping wings toward the far Southland; the beasts sought to hide them-

selves in their lairs and in the holes of the ground ; the trees shivered and sighed until their leaves fell withered to the earth ; the flowers closed their eyes and died ; the rivers ceased to flow, and dark and threatening billows veiled the sea ; even the sun shrouded his face and withdrew silently toward the south.

When Balder's good mother heard the sad news, she left her golden spindle in Fensal Hall, and

beach, and bewailed the untimely death of their hero. First came Odin with his grief-stricken queen, and then his troop of handmaidens the Valkyrien, and his ravens Hugin and Munin. Then came Thor in his goat-drawn car, and Heimdal on his horse Gold-top. Then Frey in his wagon, behind the boar Gullinbruste of the golden bristles ; then Freyja, in her chariot drawn by cats, came, weeping tears of gold. Lastly, poor blind Hoder,



"BALDER'S HONOR" — "EVERY WEAPON TURNED ASIDE."

with her maidens hastened to the Ida plains, where the body of her son was lying. Nanna, the faithful wife of Balder, was already there, and wild was her grief at sight of the lifeless loved one. And all the Asa-folk, save guilty Loki, who had fled for his life, stood about them in dumb amazement ; but Odin was the most sorrowful of all, for he knew that, with Balder, the earth had lost its gladsome life.

They lifted the body and carried it down to the sea, where the great ship "Ring-horn," which Balder himself had built, lay ready to be launched. And a great company followed, and stood upon the

overcome with grief, was carried thither on the back of one of the Frost giants. And old Ægir, the Ocean-king, raised his dripping head above the water and gazed with dewy eyes upon the scene, and the waves, as if affrighted, left off their playing and were still.

High on the deck they built the funeral-pile ; and they placed the body upon it, and covered it with costly garments and woods of the finest scent ; and the noble horse which had been Balder's they slew and placed beside him, that he might not have to walk to the halls of Death ; and Odin took from his finger the ring Drapner, the earth's

enricher, and laid it on the pile. Then Nanna, the faithful wife, was overcome with grief, and her gentle heart was broken, and she fell lifeless at the feet of the Asa-queen. And they carried her upon the ship and laid her by her husband's side.

When all was in readiness to set fire to the pile, the gods tried to launch the ship; but it was so heavy that they could not move it. So they sent, in haste, to Jotunheim for the stout giantess, Hyrroken; and she came with the speed of a whirlwind, riding on a wolf which she guided with a bridle of writhing snakes.

"What will you have me do?" she asked, as she looked around upon them.

"We would have you launch the great ship 'Ring-horn,'" answered Odin.

"That I will do," roared the grim giantess; and giving the vessel a single push, she sent it sliding with speed into the deep waters of the bay. Then she gave the word to her grisly steed, and she flew onward and away, no one knew whither. The "Ring-horn" floated nobly upon the water, a worthy bier for the body that it bore. The fire was set to the funeral pile, and the red flames shot upward to the sky; but their light was but a flickering beam when matched with the sun-bright beauty of Balder, whose body they consumed.

Then the sorrowing folk turned and went back toward their homes; a cheerless gloom rested heavily where light gladness had ruled before. And when they reached the high halls of Asgard, the Asa-queen spoke and said:

"Who now, for the love of Balder and his stricken mother, will undertake an errand? Who will go down into the Valley of Death and seek for Balder, and ransom him and bring him back to Asgard?"

Then Hermod the Nimble, the brother of Balder, answered:

"I will go. I will find him, and, with Death's leave, will bring him back."

And he mounted Sleipner, the eight-footed steed, and galloped swiftly away. Nine days and nine nights he rode through strange valleys and deep mountain gorges where the sun's light had never been, and through gloomy darkness and fearful silence, until he came to the black river and the glittering golden bridge which crosses it. Over the bridge his strong horse carried him, although it shook and swayed and threatened to throw him into the raging black waters below. On the other side a maiden keeps the gate, and Hermod stopped to pay the toll.

"What is thy name?" asked she.

"My name is Hermod, and I am called the Nimble," he answered.

"What is thy father's name?"

"His name is Odin; mayhap thou hast heard of him."

"Why ridest thou with such thunderous speed? Five kingdoms of dead men passed over this bridge yesterday, and it shook not with their weight as it did with thee and thy strange steed. Thou art not of the pale multitude that are wont to pass this gate. What is thy errand, and why ridest thou to the domains of the dead?"

"I go," answered Hermod, "to find my brother Balder. It is but a short time since he unwillingly came down into these shades."

"Three days ago," said the maiden, "Balder passed this way, and by his side rode the faithful Nanna. So bright was his presence, even here, that the whole valley was lighted up as it had never before been lighted; the black river glittered like a gem; the frowning mountains smiled for once, and Death herself slunk far away into her most distant halls. But Balder went on his way, and even now he sups with Nanna in the dark castle over yonder."

Then Hermod rode forward till he came to the castle-walls; and they were built of black marble, and the iron gate was barred and bolted, and none who went in had ever yet come out. Hermod called loudly to the porter to open the gate and let him in; but no one seemed to hear or heed him, for the words of the living are unknown in that place. Then he drew the saddle-girths more tightly around the horse Sleipner, and urged him forward. High up the great horse leaped, and sprang clear over the gates, and landed at the open door of the great hall. Leaving Sleipner, Hermod went boldly in; and there he found his brother Balder and the faithful Nanna seated at the festal board, and honored as the most worthy of all the guests. With Balder Hermod staid until the night had passed; and many were the pleasant words they spoke. When morning came, Hermod went into the presence of Death, and said:

"O mighty queen, I come to ask a boon of thee. Balder the Good, whom both gods and men love, has been sent to dwell with thee in thy darksome house. And all the world weeps for him, and has donned the garb of mourning, and will not be consoled until his bright light shall shine upon them again. And the gods have sent me, his brother, to ask thee to let Balder ride back with me to Asgard, to his noble mother, the Asa-queen. For then will hope live again in the hearts of men, and happiness will return to the earth."

Death was silent for a moment; and then she said, in a sad voice:

"Hardly can I believe that any being is so greatly loved by things living and lifeless; for

surely Balder is not more the friend of earth than I am. And yet men love me not. But go you back to Asgard, and if everything shall weep for Balder, then I will send him to you; but if anything shall refuse to mourn, then I will keep him in my halls."

So Hermod made ready to return home, and Balder gave him the ring Draupner to carry to his father as a keepsake, and Nanna sent to the queen-mother a rich carpet of the purest green. Then the nimble messenger mounted his horse and rode swiftly back over the dark river and through the frowning valleys, and at last reached Odin's halls.

When the Asa-folk found upon what terms they might have Balder again with them, they sent heralds all over the world to beseech everything to mourn for him. And men and beasts, and birds and fishes, and trees and stones,—all things living and lifeless,—joined in weeping for the lost Balder. But, on their road back to Asgard, they met a giantess named Thok, whom they asked to join in the universal grief. And she answered:

"What good deed did Balder ever do for Thok? What gladness did he ever bring her? If she should weep for him, it would be with dry tears. Let Death keep him in her halls."

Here Dame Gudrun paused, and little Ingeborg

"How cruel of Death to keep the sun-bright Balder forever in her halls, when no one but the ugly giantess failed to weep for him!"

"She did not keep him there," answered Gudrun. "For some say that every year Balder comes back with Nanna to his halls in Breidablik, where he stays through the summer season; and then the earth throws off its mourning, and gods and men feast at his table and bask in his smiles, until the time comes for their return to the Valley of Death. And during their half-year of absence, the earth is not altogether sad, for all know that Balder and his faithful bride will come back with the spring, and in the joy of anticipation the months glide swiftly by."



LONG AGO.



ROUND the house
the birds were flying,
Long ago.

Came the little children,
crying,
"Teach us, we are tired of trying,
How to fly like you,
In the far off blue,"—
Came the eager children, crying,
Long ago.

From the house-top lightly springing,
Long ago,
'Mid the birds' enraptured singing,
Over hill and valley winging,
All the day they flew,
Up and down the blue;
While the blithesome birds were singing,
Long ago.

When the summer day was dying,
Long ago,
Suddenly, their mothers spying,
Down the children came, swift-flying,
And in cozy beds
Hid their weary heads.
Ended then the children's flying,
Long ago.

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNEXPECTED LETTER.

"It was all so sudden," explained Dorothy to Charity Danby, a few weeks afterward, in talking over her brother's departure, "that I feel as if I were dreaming and that Don must soon come and wake me up."

"Strange that he should 'a' been allowed to go all the way to Europe, alone so—and he barely fifteen yet," remarked Mrs. Danby, who was ironing Jamie's Sunday frock at the time.

"Donald is nearly sixteen," said Dorry with dignity, "and he went on important business for Uncle. Did n't Ben go West when he was much younger than that?"

"Oh, yes, my dear, but then Ben is—different, you know. He's looked out for himself ever since he was a baby. Now, Ellen Eliza," suddenly changing her tone as the tender-hearted one came in sight, "where in the world are you going with that face and hands? You 've been playin' in the mud, I do believe. Go straight in and wash 'em, and change your feet, too, they 're all wet—and don't lay your wet apron down on your sister's poetry like that, you forlorn, distres-séd looking child. She 's been writin' like wild this mornin', Mandy has, but I aint took time to read it. It's a cryin' shame, Dorothy, her writin's is n't all printed in a book by this time. It would sell like hot-cakes, I do believe,—and sell quicker, too, if folks knew she was n't going to have much more time for writin'. She 's going to be a teacher, Mandy is; young Mr. Ricketts got her a situation in a 'cademy down to Trenton, where she 's to study and teach and make herself useful till she perfects herself. 'T is n't every girl gets a chance to be perfected so easy, either. Oh, Charity—there 's so much on my mind—I forgot to tell you that Ben found your 'rithmetic in the grass, 'way down past the melon-patch, where baby Jamie must have left it. There, put up your sewing, Charity, and you and Dorothy take a run; you look jaded-like. Why, mercy on us!" continued the good woman, looking up at this moment and gently waving her fresh iron in the air to cool it off a little, "you look flushed, Dorothy. You aint gone and got malaria, have you?"

"Oh, no," said Dorry, laughing in spite of her

sadness. "It is not malaria that troubles me: it's living for three whole weeks without seeing Donald."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Danby. "I don't wonder if it is, you poor child—only one brother so, and him a twin."

Dorry laughed pleasantly again, and then, with a cheerful "good-bye," walked slowly homeward.

The next morning, when she awoke, she felt so weary and sleepy that she sent a good-morning message to her uncle and told Lydia she would not get up till after breakfast-time. "Be sure," she said to Liddy, "to tell Uncle that I am not really ill,—only lazy and sleepy,—and by-and-bye you may let Kassy bring me a cup of very weak coffee."

Lydia, secretly distressed, but outwardly cheerful, begged her dear young lady to take a nice, long nap. Then lighting the fire, for the morning was raw and chilly, though it was May, she bustled about the room till Dorry was very wide awake indeed. Next, Uncle George came up to bid her good-morning, and make special inquiries, and when he went down re-assured, Kassy came in with her breakfast. By this time Dorothy had given up all thought of sleep for the present.

"Why, Kassy!" she exclaimed in plaintive surprise, "you 've brought enough to feed a regiment. I can't eat all that bread, if I *am* ill——"

"Oh, but I 'm to make toast for you, here in your room, Miss," explained Kassy, who seemed to have something on her mind. "Lydia,—I mean Mr. Reed said so."

"How nice!" exclaimed Dorry, listlessly.

Kassy took her place by the open fire, and began to toast the bread, while Dorry lay looking at her, feeling neither ill nor well, and half inclined to cry from sheer loneliness. This was to be the twenty-third day without Donald.

"I wonder what the important business can be," she thought; "but, most likely, Uncle will tell me all about it before long."

Meanwhile, Kassy continued to toast bread. Two or three brown slices already lay on the plate, and she was attending to the fourth, in absent-minded fashion, much to Dorry's quiet amusement, when the long toasting-fork dropped aimlessly from her hand, and Kassy began fumbling in her pocket; then, in a hesitating way, she handed her young lady a letter.

"I—I should have given it to you before," she

faltered, "but kept it because I thought—that—perhaps—I——"

But Dorry already had torn open the envelope, and was reading the contents.

Kassy, watching her, was frightened at seeing the poor girl's face flush painfully, then turn deadly pale.

"Not bad news, is it, Miss? Oh, Miss Dorry, I feel I've done wrong in handing it to you, but a gentleman gave me half a dollar, day before yesterday, Miss, to put it secretly into your hands, and he said it was something you'd rejoice to know about."

Dorry, now sitting up on the bed, hardly heard her. With trembling hands, she held the open letter, and motioned toward the door.

"Go, call Uncle! No, no—stay here—Oh, what *shall* I do? What ought I to do?" she thought to herself, and then added aloud, with decision: "Yes, go ask Uncle to come up. You need not return."

Hastily springing to the floor, Dorry thrust her feet into a pair of slippers, put on a long white woolen wrapper that made her look like a grown woman, and stood with the letter in her hand as her uncle entered.

She remained motionless as a statue while he hastily read it, her white face in strange contrast to the angry flush that rose to Mr. Reed's countenance.

"Horrible!" he exclaimed, as he reached the last word. "Where did this letter come from? How did you get it?"

"Kassy brought it. A man gave her half a dollar—she thought it had good news in it. Oh, Uncle!" (seeing the wrath in Mr. Reed's face), "she ought not to have taken it, of course, but she does n't know any better—and I did n't notice either, when I opened it, that it had no post-mark."

"Did you read it all?"

Dorothy nodded.

"Well, I must go. I'll attend to this letter. The scoundrel! You are not going to faint, my child?" putting his arm quickly around her.

"Oh, no, Uncle," she said, looking up at him with an effort. "But what does it mean? Who is this man?"

"I'll tell you later, Dorry. I must go now——"

"Uncle, you are so angry! Wait one moment. Let me go with you."

Her frightened look brought Mr. Reed to his senses. In a calmer voice he begged her to give herself no uneasiness, but to lie down again and rest. He would send Lydia up soon. He was just going to open the door, when Josie Manning's pleasant voice was heard at the foot of the stair:

"Is any one at home? May I come up?"

"Oh, no," shuddered Dorothy.

"Oh, yes," urged Mr. Reed. "Let your friend see you, my girl. Her cheerfulness will help you to forget this rascally, cruel letter. There, good-bye for the present," and, kissing her, Mr. Reed left the room.

Josie's bright face soon appeared at the door.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed. "Are you



KASSY SEEMED TO HAVE SOMETHING ON HER MIND.

rehearsing for a charade, Miss Reed? And who are you in your long white train—Lady Angelica, or Donna Isabella, or who?"

"I don't know who I am!" sobbed Dorothy, throwing herself upon the bed and hiding her face in the pillow.

"Why, what *is* the matter? Are you ill? Have you heard bad news? Oh, I forget," continued Josie, as Dorry made no reply; "what a goose I must be! Of course you are miserable without Don, you darling! But I've come to bring good news, my lady—to me, at least—so cheer up. Do you know something? Mamma and Papa are

going to start for San Francisco on Wednesday. They gave me my choice—to go with them or to stay with you, and I decided to stay. So they and your uncle settled it last night that I am to be here with you till they come back—two whole months, Dot! Is n't that nice?"

"Ever so nice!" said Dorry, without lifting her head. "I am really glad, Jo; but my head aches and I feel dreadfully this morning."

"Have you had any breakfast?" asked the practical Josie, much puzzled.

"N-no," sobbed Dorry.

"Well, no wonder you feel badly. Look at this cold coffee, and that mountain of toast, and not a thing touched. I declare, if I don't go right down and tell Liddy. We'll get you up a good hot breakfast, and you can doze quietly till we come."

Dorry felt a gentle arm round her for an instant, and a warm cheek pressed to hers, and then she was alone—alone with her thoughts of that dreadful letter.

It was from Eben Slade, and it contained all that he had told Donald on that day at Vanbogen's, and a great deal more. He had kept quiet long enough, he added, and now he wished her to understand that, as her uncle, he had some claim upon her; that her real name was Delia Robertson—she was no more Dorothy Reed than he was, and that she must not tell a living soul a word about this letter or it would make trouble. If she had any spirit or any sense of justice, he urged, she would manage for him to see her some day when Mr. Reed was out. Of course—the letter went on to say—Mr. Reed would object if he knew, for it was to his interest to claim her; but truth was truth, and George Reed was no relation to her whatever. The person she had been taught to call Aunt Kate, it insisted, was really her mother, and it was her mother's own brother, Eben, who was writing this letter. All he asked for was an interview. He had a great deal to say to her, and Mr. Reed was a tyrant who would keep her a prisoner if he could, so that her own uncle Eben could not even see her. He had been unfortunate and lost all his money. If he was rich he would see that he and his dear niece Delia had their rights in spite of the tyrant who held her in bondage. She *must* manage somehow to see him,—so ran the letter,—and she could put a letter for him, that night, under the large stone by the walnut tree behind the summer-house. He would come and see her at any time she mentioned. No girl of spirit would be held in such bondage a day. The writer concluded by calling her again his dear Delia, and signing himself her affectionate uncle, Eben Slade.

CHAPTER XXX.

A TIME OF SUSPENSE.

THAT morning, after Josie had gone home to assist her mother in preparations for the trip to California, Dorothy, exhausted by the morning's emotions, fell into a heavy sleep, from which she did not waken till late in the afternoon. By the bed stood a little table, on which were two fine oranges, each on a Venetian glass plate, and surmounted by a card. On one was written: "Miss Dorothy Reed, with the high, respectful consideration of her sympathizing friend, Edward Tyler, who hopes she will soon be well"; and the other bore a limping verse in Josie's familiar handwriting:

"I, this fair maid no longer do sleep,
Good Orange, sweet and yellow,
But let her eat you in a certain way
That Dorothy and I both know
That— a good fellow!"

It must be confessed that Dot most implicitly followed the hint in Josie's verse, and that she felt much refreshed thereby. That evening, after they had had a long talk together, she kissed Uncle George for good-night, and, though there were tears in her bright eyes, she looked a spirited little maiden, who did not intend to give herself up to doubting and grieving so long as "there was more than hope" that she was Dorothy.

Half an hour later, the young girl stole softly down to the deserted sitting-room, lit only by the glowing remains of a wood-fire, and taking an unlighted student's lamp from the center-table, made her rapid way back to her pretty bedroom upstairs. Here, after putting on the soft, Lady-Angelica wrapper, as Josie had called it, she sat for a long time in a low easy-chair, with little red-slippered feet in a rug, before the fire, thinking of all that the eventful day had brought to her.

"There is more than hope," she mused, while her eyes were full of tears; "those were Uncle's very words—more than hope, that I am Dorothy Reed. But what if it really is not so, what if I am no relation to my—to the Reed family at all—no relation to Uncle George nor to Donald!" From weeping afresh at this thought, and feeling utterly lonely and wretched, she began to wonder how it would feel to be Delia. In that case, Aunt Kate would have been her mother. For an instant this was some consolation, but she soon realized that, while Aunt Kate was very dear to her fancy, she could not think of her as her mother; and then there was Uncle Robertson—no, she never could think of him as her father; and that dreadful, cruel Eben Slade, her *uncle*? Horrible! At this thought her soul turned with a great longing toward the un-

known mother and father, who, to her childish mind, had appeared merely as stately personages, full of good qualities—Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott Reed, honored by all who knew them, but very unreal and shadowy to her. Now, as she sat half-dreaming, half-thinking, their images grew distinct and loving; they seemed to reach out their arms tenderly to her, and the many good words about them that from time to time had fallen tamely upon her ears now gained life and force. She felt braver and better clinging in imagination to them, and begging them to forgive her, their own girl Dorothy, for not truly knowing them before.

Meantime, the night outside had been growing colder and there were signs of a storm. A shutter in some other part of the house blew open violently, and the wind moaned through the pine-trees at the corner of the house. Then the sweet, warm visions that had comforted her faded from her mind and a dreadful loneliness came over her. A great longing for Donald filled her heart. She tried to pray,—

“No thought confessed, no wish expressed,
Only a sense of supplication.”

Then her thoughts took shape, and she prayed for him, her brother, alone in a foreign land, and for Uncle, troubled and waiting, at home, and for herself, that she might be patient and good, and have strength to do what was right—even to go with Eben Slade to his distant home, if she were really his sister's child.

The storm became so dismal that she started up, poked the fire into a blaze, and lighted the student's lamp on the table behind the arm-chair. Then she took a photograph from the mantel and a large hand-glass from her dressing-table, and, looking hurriedly about her to be doubly sure that she was alone, she sat down resolutely, as if saying to herself:

“Now, we'll see!”

Poor Dot! The photograph showed Donald, a handsome, manly boy of whom any loving sister might be proud; but the firm, boyish face, with its square brows, roundish features, and shining black hair, certainly did not seem to be in the least like the picture that looked anxiously at her out of the hand-glass—a sweet face, with its oval outline, soft, dark eyes and long lashes, its low, arched eyebrows, finely modeled nose and chin, expressive mouth, and sunny, dark brown tresses.

Feature by feature, she scanned the two faces carefully, unconsciously pouting her lips and drawing in her warm-tinted cheeks in her desire to resemble the photograph, but it was of no use. The two faces would not be alike—and yet, as she looked again, was there not something similar

about the foreheads and the lower line of the faces? Hastily pushing back her hair with one hand, she saw with joy that, excepting the eyebrows, there really was a likeness: the line where the hair began was certainly almost the same in both faces.

“Dear, dear old Donald! Why, we are just alike there! I'll show Uncle to-morrow. It's wonderful.”

Dorry laughed a happy little laugh, all by herself.

“Besides,” she thought, as she laid the mirror away, “we are alike in our natures and in our ways and in loving each other, and I don't care a bit what anybody says to the contrary.”

Thus braced up, she drew her chair closer to the table and began a letter to Donald. A vague consciousness that by this time every one in the house must be in bed and asleep deepened her sense of being alone with Donald as she wrote. It seemed that he read every word as soon as it fell upon the paper, and that in the stillness of the room she almost could hear him breathe.

It was a long letter. At any other time, Dorry's hand would have wearied with the mere exercise of writing so many pages, but there was so much to tell that she took no thought of fatigue. It was enough that she was pouring out her heart to Donald.

“I know now,” the letter went on to say, “why you have gone to Europe, and why I was not told the errand. Dear, dear Donald! and you knew it all before you went away, and that is why you sometimes seemed silent and troubled, and why you were so patient and good and gentle with me, even when I teased you and made sport of you. Uncle told me this afternoon all that he has to tell, and I have assured him that I am Dorry, and nobody else, and that he need not be bothered about it any more (though you know, Don, I can not help feeling awfully about it). It's so dreadful to think of us all being so mixed up. The idea of my not being Dorry makes me miserable. Yet, if I were anybody else, would I not be the first to know it? Yes, Donald, whether you find proof or not, you dear, good, noble old fellow, *I am your sister*—I feel it in my very bones—and you are my brother. Nobody on earth can make me believe you are not. That dreadful man said in his letter that it was to George Reed's interest that I should be known as Dorothy Reed. Oh, Don, as if it were not to *my* interest, too, and yours. But if it is not so, if it really is *true* that I am not Dorothy, but Delia, why I must be Delia in earnest, and do my duty to my—*her* mother's brother. He says his wife is sick, and that he is miserable, with no comforts at home and no one to care whether he is good or bad. So, you see, *I must* go and leave you and Uncle, if I am Delia. And, Don, there's

another thing, though it's the least part of it: if I am Delia, I am poor, and it is right that I should earn my living, though you and Uncle should both oppose it, for I am no relation to any one, — I mean any one here, — and it would not be honorable for me to stay here in luxury.

"I can see your eyes flash at this, dear brother, or perhaps you will say I am foolish to think of such things yet awhile. So I am, may be, but I must talk to you of all that is in my thoughts. It is very lonely here to-night. The rain is pouring against the windows, and it seems like November; and, do you know, I dread to-morrow, for I am afraid I may show in *some* way to dear Uncle George that I am not absolutely certain he is any relation to me. I feel so strange! Even Jack and Liddy do not know who I really am. Would n't Josie and Ed be surprised if they knew about things? I wish they did. I wish every one did, for secrecy is odious.

"Donald dear, this is an imbecile way of talking. I dare say I shall tear up my letter in the morning. No, I shall not. It belongs to you, for it is just what your loving old Dorry is thinking.

"Good-night, my *brother*. In my letter, sent last Saturday, I told you how delighted Uncle and I were with your descriptions of London and Liverpool.

"I show Uncle your letters to me, but he does not return the compliment — that is, he has read to me only parts of those you have written to him. May be he will let me read them through *now*, since I know 'the important business.' Keep up a good heart, Don, and do not mind my whining a little in this letter. Now that I am going to sign my name, I feel as if every doubt I have expressed is almost wicked. So, good-night again, dear Donald, and ever so much love from your own faithful sister,

DORRY.

"P. S. — Uncle said this afternoon, when I begged him to start with me right away to join you in Europe, that if it were not for some matters needing his presence here we might go, but that he can not possibly leave at present. Dear Uncle! I'll be glad when morning comes, so that I may put my arms around his neck and be his own cheerful Dorry again. Liddy does not know yet that I have heard anything. I forgot to say that Mr. and Mrs. Manning are going to California and that Josie is to spend two months with me. Wont that be a comfort? How strange it will seem to have a secret from her! But Uncle says I must wait.

"P. S. again. — Be sure to answer this in English. I know we agreed to correspond in French for the sake of the practice, but I have no heart for it now. It is too hard work. Good-night, once more. The storm is over. Your loving Dorry."

CHAPTER XXXI

ONLY A BIT OF PAGE.

DORRY's long letter reached Donald two weeks later, as he sat in his room at a hotel in Aix-la-Chapelle. He had been feeling lonely and rather discouraged, notwithstanding the many sights that had interested him during the day; and from repeated disappointments and necessary delays in the prosecution of the business that had taken him across the sea, he had begun to feel that, perhaps, it would be just as well to sail for home and let things go on as before. Dorry, he thought, need never know of the doubts and anxieties that had troubled Uncle George and himself, and for his part he would rest in his belief that he and she were Wolcott Reed's own children, joint heirs to the estate, and, as Liddy called them, "the happiest pair of twins in the world."

But Dot's letter changed everything. Now that she knew all, he would not rest a day even, till her identity was proved beyond a possibility of doubt. But how to do it? No matter. Do it he would, if it were in the power of man. (Donald in these days felt at least twenty years old.) Dorry's words had fired his courage anew. He felt like a crusader, as he looked over the roof-peaks, out upon the starry night, and Dorothy's happiness was his Holy-land to be rescued from all invaders. The spirit of grand old Charlemagne, whose bones were in the Cathedral close by, was not more resolute than Donald's was now.

All this he told her in the letter written that night, and more, too, but the "more" did not include the experiences of the past twelve hours of daylight. He did not tell her how he had that day, after some difficulty, found the Prussian physician who had attended his father, Wolcott Reed, in his last illness, and how impossible it had been at first to make the old man even remember the family, and how little information he finally had been able to obtain.

"Vifteen year vas a long dime, eh?" the doctor had intimated in his broken English, and as for "dose dwiin bapies," he could recall "nothing about dat at all."

But Don's letter suited Dorothy admirably, and in its sturdy helpfulness and cheer, and its off-hand, picturesque account of his adventures, it quite consoled her for the disappointment of not reading the letter that she was positively sure came to Mr. Reed by the same steamer.

The full story of Donald's journey, with all its varied incidents up to this period, would be too long to tell here. But the main points must be mentioned.

Immediately upon landing at Liverpool, Donald had begun his search for the missing Ellen Lee, who, if she could be found, surely would be able to help him, he thought. From all that Mr. Reed had been able to learn previously, she undoubtedly had been Mrs. Wolcott Reed's maid, and had taken charge of the twins on board of the fated vessel. She had been traced fifteen years before, to Liverpool, as the reader knows, and had disappeared at that time, before Mr. Reed's clerk, John Wakely, had seen her. Donald found the house in Liverpool where she had been, but could gain there no information whatever. The house had changed owners, and its former occupants had scattered, no one could say whither. But, by a persistent search among the neighboring houses he did find a bright, motherly woman, who, more than fifteen years before, had come to an opposite house, a bride, and who remembered a tall, dark-complexioned young woman sitting one night on the steps of the shabby boarding-house over the way. Some one had told her that this young woman had just been saved from a shipwreck, and had lost everything but the clothes she wore, and from sheer sympathy she, the young wife, had gone across the street to speak to her, and had found her at first sullen and uncommunicative. "The girl was a foreigner" (said the long-ago bride, now a blooming matron with four children). "Leastwise, though she understood me and gave me short answers in English, it struck me she was French-born. Her black stuff gown was dreadful torn and ruined by the sea-water, sir, and so, as I was about her height, I made bold to offer her one of mine in its place. I had a plenty then, and me and my young man was accounted comfortable from the start. She shook her head and muttered something about 'not bein' a beggar,' but do you know, sir, that the next day she come over to me, as I was knitting at my little window, and says she, 'I go on to London,' she says, 'and I'll take that now, if you be pleased,' or something that way, I don't remember her words, and so I showed her into my back room and put the fresh print gown on her. I can see her now a-takin' the things out of her own gown and pinning them so careful into the new pocket, because it was n't so deep and safe as the one in her old gown was; and then, tearin' off loose tatters of the black skirt and throwing them down careless-like, she rolled it up tight, and went off with it, a-noddin' her head and a-maircyng me in French, as pretty as could be. I can't bring to mind a feature of her, exceptin' the thick, black hair and her bein' about my own size. I was slender then, young master; fifteen years makes —"

"And those bits of the old gown," interrupted

Donald, eagerly, "where are they? Did you save them?"

"Laws, no, young gentleman, not I. They went into my rag-bag like as not, and are all thrown away and lost, sir, many a day agone, for that matter."

"I am sorry," said Donald. "Even a scrap of her gown might possibly be of value to me."

"Was she belonging to your family?" asked the woman, doubtfully.

Donald partly explained why he wished to find Ellen Lee; and asked if the girl had said anything to her of the wreck, or of two babies.

"Not a word, sir, not a word, though I tried to draw her into talkin'. It's very little she said at best, she was a-grumpy like."

"What about that rag-bag?" asked Donald, returning to his former train of thought. "Have you the same one yet?"

"That I have," she answered, laughing; "and likely to have it for many a year to come. My good mother made it for me when I was married, and so I've kept it and patched it till it's like Joseph's coat; and useful enough it's been, too — holding many a bit that's done service to me and my little romps. 'Keep a thing seven year,' my mother used to say, 'keep it seven year an' turn it, an' seven year again, an' it'll come into play at last.'"

"Why may you not have saved that tatter of the old gown twice seven years, then?" persisted Donald.

"Why, bless you, young sir, there's no knowin' as to that. But you could n't find it, if I had. For why? the black pieces, good, bad, and indifferent, are all in one roll together, and you nor I could n't tell which it was."

"Likely enough," said Donald, in a disappointed tone; "and yet, could you — that is — really, if you would n't mind, I'd thank you very much if we could look through that rag-bag together."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the woman, seized with a sudden dread that her young visitor might not be in his right senses.

"If I could find those pieces of black stuff," he urged, desperately, "it would be worth a golden guinea to me."

Sure, now, that he was a downright lunatic, she moved back from him with a frightened gesture; but glancing again at his bright, boyish face, she said in a different tone:

"And it would be worth a golden guinea to me, young master, just to have the joy of finding them for you. Step right into this room, sir, and you, Nancy" (to a shy little girl who had been sitting, unobserved, on the lowest step of the clean, bare stair-way), "you run up and bring Mother down the old piece-bag. You shall have your way, young

gentleman—though it's the oddest thing ever happened to me."

Alas! To the boyish mind a bundle made of scores of different sorts of black pieces rolled together is anything but expressive. On first opening it, Don looked hopelessly at the motley heap, but the kind woman helped him somewhat by rapidly throwing piece after piece aside, with, "That can't be it—that's like little Johnny's trousers," "Nor that,—that's what I wore for poor mother;" "Nor that—that's to mend my John's Sunday coat," and so on, till there were not more than a dozen scraps left. Of these, three showed that they had been cut with a pair of scissors, but the others were torn pieces and of different kinds of black goods. Don felt these, held them up to the light, and, in despair, was just going to beg her to let him have them all, for future investigation, when his face suddenly brightened.

He put an end of one of them into his mouth, shook his head with rather a disgusted expression, as though the flavor were anything but agreeable, then tried another and another (the woman meantime regarding him with speechless amazement), till at last, holding out a strip and smacking his lips, he exclaimed:

"I have it! This is it! It's as salt as brine!"

"Good land!" she cried; "salt! who ever heard of such a thing, and in my rag-bag? How could that be?"

Don paid no attention to her. Tasting another piece, that proved on a closer examination to be of the same material, he found it to be equally salt.

His face displayed a comical mixture of nausea and delight as he sprang to his feet, crying out:

"Oh! ma'am, I can never thank you enough. These are the pieces of Ellen Lee's gown, I am confident—unless they have been salted in some way since you've had them."

"Not they, sir; I can warrant that. But who under the canopy ever thought of the taste of a shipwrecked gown before!"

"Smell these," he said, holding the pieces toward her. "Don't you notice a sort of salt sea odor in them?"

"Indeed, I fancy so," she answered, sniffing cautiously as she continued: "Fifteen years ago! How salt does cling to things! The poor woman must have been pulled out of the very sea!"

"That does n't follow," remarked Donald: "her skirt might have been splashed by the waves after she was let down into the small boat."

Donald talked awhile longer with his new acquaintance, but finally bade her good-day, first, however, writing down the number of her house, and giving her his address, and begging her to let

him know if, at any time, she and her husband should move from that neighborhood.

"Should *what*, sir?"

"Should *move*—go to live in another place."

"Not we," she replied, proudly. "We live here, we do, sir, John and myself, and the four children. His work's near by, and here we'll be for many 's the day yet, the Lord willing—No, *no*, please never think of such a thing as that," she continued, as Donald diffidently thrust his hand into his pocket. "Take the cloth with you, sir, and welcome—but my children shall never have it to say that their mother took pay for three old pieces of cloth—no, nor for showing kindness either" (as Don politely put in a word), "above all things, not for kindness. God bless you, young master, an' help you in findin' her—that 's all I can say, and a good-day to you."

"That nurse probably went home again to France," thought Donald, after gratefully taking leave of the good woman and her rag-bag. "Mother must have found her in Prussia, as we were born in Aix-la-Chapelle."

Before going to that interesting old city, however, he decided to proceed to London and see what could be ascertained there. In London, though he obtained the aid of one James Wogg, a detective, he could find no trace of the missing Ellen Lee. But the detective's quick sense drew enough from Donald's story of the buxom matron and the two gowns to warrant his going to Liverpool, "if the young gent so ordered, to work up the search."

"Had the young gent thought to ask for a bit like the new gown that was put onto Ellen Lee? No? Well, that always was the way with unprofessionals—not to say the young gent had n't been uncommon sharp as it was."

Donald, pocketing his share of the compliment, heartily accepted the detective's services, first making a careful agreement as to the scale of expenses, and giving, by the aid of his guide-book, the name of the hotel in Aix-la-Chapelle where a letter from the detective would reach him. He also prepared an advertisement "on a new principle," as he explained to the detective, very much to that worthy's admiration. "Ellen Lee has been advertised for again and again," he said, "and promised to be told 'something to her advantage;' but, if still alive, she evidently has some reason for hiding. It is possible that it might have been she who threw the two babies from the sinking ship into the little boat, and as news of the rescue of all in that boat may not have reached her, she might have felt that she would be blamed or made to suffer in some way for what she had done. I mean to advertise," continued Donald to the detective, "that information is wanted of a Frenchwoman,

Ellen Lee, by the two babies *whose lives she saved* at sea, and who, by addressing so-and-so, can learn of something to her advantage, and we'll see what will come of it."

"Not so," suggested Mr. Wogg. "It's a good dodge, but say, rather, by two young persons whose lives she saved when they were babies. There's more force to it that way; and leave out 'at sea'—it gives too much to the other party. Best have 'em address Mr. James Wogg, Old Bailey, N. London." But Donald would not agree to this.

Consequently, after much consulting and painstaking, the following advertisement appeared in the London and Liverpool papers:

IF ELLEN LEE, A FRENCHWOMAN, WILL KINDLY send her address to D. R., in care of Dubigk's Hotel, Aix-la-Chapelle, Prussia, she shall receive the grateful thanks of two young persons whose lives she saved when they were infants, and hear of something greatly to her advantage.

Again, Ellen Lees, evidently not French, came into view, lured by the vague terms of the advertisement, but as quickly disappeared under the detective's searching inspection; and again it seemed as if that particular Ellen Lee, as Mr. Reed had expressed it, had vanished from the earth. But Mr. Wogg assured his client that it took time for an advertisement to make its way into the rural districts of England, and he must be patient.

Donald, therefore, proceeded at once to Dover, on the English coast, thence sailed over to Ostend, in Belgium, and from there went by railway to his birthplace, Aix-la-Chapelle. As his parents had settled there three months before his mother started for home, he felt that, in every respect, this was the most promising place for his search. He had called upon George Robertson's few family connections in London, but these knew very little about that gentleman, excepting that he had been reckless and unfortunate in business, and that his wife in her poverty had received help from somebody traveling in Prussia, and that the couple had been sent for to meet these people at Havre, when his little girl was not two months old, and all had sailed for America together. Donald knew as much as this already. If, fifteen years before, they could give Mr. Reed no description of the baby, they certainly could give Donald no satisfaction now. So far from gathering from them any new facts of importance, in regard to their lost kinsman and his wife and child, they had all this time, as Donald wrote to Mr. Reed, been very active in forgetting him and his affairs. Still Donald succeeded in reviving their old promise that, if anything *should* turn up that would throw any light on the history of "poor Robertson's" family, they would lose no time in communicating the fact—this time to the nephew—Donald. No word had

been heard from them up to the evening that Dorothy's letter arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle. No satisfactory response, either, to the Ellen Lee advertisement, and Donald, who had had, as we know, a disappointing interview with his father's physician, was weary and almost discouraged. Moreover, every effort to find the store at which the gold chain was purchased had been in vain. But now that Dorothy's letter had come, bringing him new energy and courage, the outlook was brighter. There were still many plans to try. Surely some of them must succeed. In the first place, he would translate his Ellen Lee advertisement into French, and insert it in Paris and Aix-la-Chapelle newspapers. Strange that no one had thought of doing this before. Then he would—no, he would n't—but, on the other hand, why not send—And at this misty point of his meditations he fell asleep, to dream, not, as one would suppose, of Dorothy—but of the grand Cathedral standing in place of the chapel from which this special Aix obtained its name; of the wonderful hot springs in the public street; of the baths, the music, and the general stir and brightness of this fascinating old Prussian city.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DONALD MAKES A DISCOVERY.

The new French advertisement and a companion to it, printed in German, were duly issued, but, alas! nothing came from them. However, Donald carefully preserved the black pieces he had obtained in Liverpool, trusting that, in some way, they yet might be of service to him. He now visited the shops, examined old hotel registers, and hunted up persons whose address he had obtained from his uncle, or from the owners of the "Cumberland." The few of these that were to be found could, after all, but repeat what they could recall of the report which they had given to Mr. Reed and John Wakely many years before.

He found in an old book of one of the hotels the names of Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott Reed on the list of arrivals;—no mention of a maid, nor of a child. Then in the books of another hotel whither they had moved, he found a settlement for board of Wolcott Reed, wife, and maid. At the same hotel a later entry recorded that Mrs. Wolcott Reed (widow), nurse, and two infants had left for France, and letters for her were to be forwarded to Havre. There were several entries concerning settlements for board and other expenses, but these told Donald nothing new. Finally, he resolved to follow as nearly as he could the course his mother was known to have taken from Aix-la-Chapelle to Havre, where she was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and

their baby daughter, a few days before the party set sail from that French port for New York.

Yes, at Havre he would be sure to gain some information. If need be, he could settle there for a while, and patiently follow every possible clue that presented itself. Perhaps the chain had been purchased there. What more likely, he thought, than that, just before sailing, his mother had bought the pretty little trinket as a parting souvenir? The question was, had she got it for her own little twin-daughter, or for Aunt Kate's baby? That point remained to be settled. Taking his usual precaution of leaving behind him an address, to which all coming messages or letters could be forwarded, Donald bade farewell to Aix-la-Chapelle, and, disregarding every temptation to stop along the way, hurried on, past famous old cities, that, under other circumstances, would have been of great interest to him.

"We, all three, can come here together, some time, and see the sights," he thought to himself: "now I can attend to but one matter."

At Havre he visited the leading shops where jewelry and fancy goods were sold or manufactured. These were not numerous, and some of them had not been in existence fifteen years before, at the time when the sad-hearted widow and her party were there. There was no distinctive maker's mark on the necklace, and no one knew anything about it, nor cared to give it any attention, unless the young gentleman wished to sell it. Then they might give a trifle. It was not a rare antique, they said, valuable from its age; jewelry that was simply out of date was worth only its weight, and a little chain like this was a mere nothing. As Donald was returning to his hotel, weary and inclined to be dispirited, he roused himself to look for *Rue de Corderie, numéro 47*, or, as we Americans would say, Number 47 Corderie Street. As this house is famous as the birthplace of Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of "Paul and Virginia," Donald wished to see it for himself and also to be able to describe it to Dorothy. He did not visit it on that day, however, for on his way thither his attention was arrested by a very small shop which he had not noticed before, and which, in the new-looking city of Havre, appeared to be fully a century old. Entering, he was struck with the oddity of its interior. The place was small, not larger than the smallest room at Lakewood, and though its front window displayed only watches, and a notice in French and English that Monsieur Bajeau repaired jewelry at short notice, it was so crowded with rare furniture and bric-à-brac that Donald, for a moment, thought he had entered the wrong shop. But, no! There hung the watches, in full sight, and a bright-faced old man in a black skull-cap was industriously repairing a bracelet.

"May I see the proprietor of this store, please?" asked Donald, politely.

"Oui, monsieur," replied the old man, with equal courtesy, rising and stepping forward. "*Je suis l'ancien propriétaire de ce magasin. Je ne parle pas l'Anglais. Parlez-vous Français—eh?*"

"Oh, yes," said Donald, too full of his errand to be conscious that he was not speaking French, as he carefully took a little red velvet case from an inside pocket, "I wished to show you this necklace—to ask if you——"

The old man listened with rather an aggrieved air. "Ah! Eh! I shall re-paire it, you say?" then adding wistfully, "You no speak ze French?"

"*Oui, oui, monsieur,—pardonnez,*" said Donald, thus reminded. From that moment he and the now radiant Monsieur Bajeau got on finely together, for Donald's French was much better than monsieur's English; and, in truth, the young man was very willing to practice speaking it in the retirement of this quaint little shop. Their conversation shall be translated here, however.

"Have you ever seen this before, sir?" asked Donald, taking the precious necklace from the box and handing it to him over the little counter.

"No," answered the shop-keeper, shaking his head as he took the trinket. "Ah! that is very pretty. No, not a very old chain. It is modern, but very odd—very fine—unique, we say. Here are letters," as he turned the clasp and examined its under side. "What are they? They are so small. Your young eyes are sharp. Eh?" Here monsieur bent his head and looked inquiringly at Donald from over his spectacles.

"D. R.," said Don.

"Ah, yes! D. R.; now I see," as he turned them to the light. "D. R., that is strange. Now, I think I have seen those same letters before. Why, my young friend, as I look at this little chain, something carries the years away and I am a younger man. It brings very much to mind—Hold!—No, it is all gone now. I must have made a mistake."

Donald's heart beat faster.

"Did you make the chain?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, no, never. I never made a chain like it—but I have seen that chain before. The clasp is very—very—You know how it opens?"

"It is rusty inside," explained Donald, leaning forward anxiously, lest it should be injured. "We need not open it." Then controlling his excitement, he added as quietly as he could:

"You have seen it before, monsieur?"

"I have seen it. Where is the key?"

"The key, monsieur? What do you mean?"

"The key that opens the clasp," returned the Frenchman with sudden impatience. This Amer-

ican boy began to appear rather stupid in Monsieur's eyes. Donald looked at him in amazement.

"Does it lock?"

"Does it lock?" echoed monsieur. "Why, see here;" and with these words he tried to press the upper part of the clasp aside. It stuck at first, but, finally yielded, sliding around from the main part on an invisible little pivot, and disclosing a very small key-hole.

Donald stared at it in helpless bewilderment. Evidently his uncle had failed to find this keyhole, so deftly concealed?

The old man eyed his visitor shrewdly. Having been for some time a dealer in rare bric-à-brac, he prided himself on being up to the tricks of persons who had second-hand treasures to sell.

"Is this chain yours?" he asked, coldly. "Do you bring it to sell to me? All this is very strange. I wish I could remember——"

"Oh, no, indeed. Not to sell. Yes, the chain is mine, my sister's—my uncle's, I mean—in America."

Monsieur drew back with added distrust, but he was re-assured by Donald's earnest tone. "Oh, monsieur, pray recall all you can about this matter. I can not tell you how important it is to me—how anxious I am to hear!"

"Young man, your face is flushed, you are in trouble. Come in and sit down," leading the way into a small room behind the shop. "As for this necklace, there is something—but I cannot think—it is something in the past years that will not come back—Ah! I hear a customer—I must go. Pardon me, I will return presently."

So saying, Monsieur left him, bending slightly and taking short, quick steps, as he hurried into the shop. Donald thought the old man was gone for an hour, though it really was only five minutes. But it had given him an opportunity to collect his thoughts, and when Monsieur returned, Donald was ready with a question:

"Perhaps a lady—a widow—brought the chain to you long ago, sir?"

"A widow!" exclaimed Monsieur, brightening. "A widow dressed in mourning—yes, it comes back to me—a day, ten, twenty years ago—I see it all! A lady—two ladies—no, one was a servant, a genteel nurse; both wore black and there was a little baby—two little babies—very little; I see them now."

"Two!" exclaimed Donald, half wild with eagerness.

"Yes, two pink little fellows."

"Pink!" In a flash, Donald remembered the tiny pink sacque, now in his valise at the hotel.

"Yes, pink little faces, with lace all around—very droll—the littlest babies I ever saw taken into the street. Well, the pretty lady in black carried

one, and the nurse—she was a tall woman—carried the other."

"Yes, yes, please," urged Donald. He longed to help Monsieur on with the account, but it would be better, he knew, to let him take his own way.

It all came out in time, little by little—but complete at last. The widow lady had gone to the old man's shop, with two infants and a tall nurse. With a tiny gold key she had unlocked a necklace from one of the babies' necks, and had requested Monsieur Bajeau to engrave a name on the under side of its small square clasp.

"A name?" asked Donald, thinking of the two initials.

"Yes, a name—a girl's name," continued the old man, rubbing his chin and speaking slowly, as if trying to recollect. "Well, no matter. Intending to engrave the name later in the afternoon, I wrote it down in my order-book, and asked the lady for her address, so that I might send the chain to her the next day. But, no; she would not leave it. She must have the name engraved at once, right away, and must put the necklace herself on her little daughter. She would wait. Well, I wished to obey the lady, and set to work. But I saw immediately there was not space enough for the whole name. She was very sorry, poor lady, and then she said I should put on the two letters D. R. There they are, you see, my own work—you see that? And she paid me, and locked the chain on the baby's neck again—ah me! it is so strange!—and she went away. That is all I know."

He had spoken the last few sentences rapidly, after Donald had asked, excitedly, "What name, monsieur. What was the name, please?"

Now the old man, hardly pausing, deliberately went back to Don's question.

"The name? the name?—I can not quite say."

"Was it—Delia?" suggested Donald, faintly.

"Yes, Delia. I think that was the name."

If Donald had been struck, he could scarcely have been more stunned.

"Wait!" exclaimed Monsieur: "We shall see. I will search the old books. Do you know the year? 1850?—60?—what?"

"1859, November," said Donald, wearily, his joy all turned to misgiving.

"Ha! Now we can be sure! Come into the shop. Your young limbs can mount these steps. If you please, hand down the book for 1859; you see it on the back. Ah, how dusty! I have kept them so long. Now"—taking the volume from Donald's trembling hands—"we shall see."

Donald leaned over him, as the old man, mumbling softly to himself, examined page after page.

"July, August, September—ah, I was a very busy man in those days—plenty to do with my

hands, but not making money as I have been since—different line of business for the most part—October—November—let it be—

Donald leaned closer. He gave a sudden cry. Yes, there it was—a hasty memorandum; part of it was unintelligible to him, but the main word stood clear and distinct.

It was DOROTHY.

sure to write just what the lady told me." An antique-looking clock behind them struck "two." "Ah, it is time for me to eat something. Will you stay and take coffee with me, my friend. We are not strangers now."

Strangers, indeed! Donald fairly loved the man. He did not accept the invitation, but thanking him again and again, agreed to return in the



MONSIEUR BAJEAU, THE CHEN INCREST, AND DONALD'S DEED.

"Ah! Dorothy." Echoed the other. "Yes, that was it. I told you so."

"You said Delia," suggested Don.

The old man gave a satisfied nod. "Yes, Delia."

"But it's *Dorothy*," insisted Donald firmly, and with a gladness in his tone that made the old man smile in sympathy. "Dorothy, as plain as day."

To Monsieur Bajeau the precise name was of little consequence, but he adjusted his glasses and looked at the book again.

"Yes—Dorothy. So it is. A pretty name. I am glad, my friend, if you are pleased." Here Monsieur shook Donald's hand warmly. "The name in my book is certainly correct. I would be

evening, for Monsieur wished to know more of the strange story.

Donald walked back to the hotel lightly as though treading the air. Everything looked bright to him. Havre, he perceived, was one of the most delightful cities in the world. He felt like sending a cable message home about the chain, but on second thought resolved to be cautious. It would not do to raise hopes that might yet be disappointed. It was just possible that after the visit to Monsieur Bajeau, his mother, for some reason, had transferred the necklace to baby Delia's neck. He would wait. His work was not yet finished, but he had made a splendid beginning.

More than one tourist hurrying through Havre that day, bound for the steamer or for that pride of the city, the hill of Ingouville, to enjoy the superb view, noticed the young lad's joyous face and buoyant step as he passed by.

Donald walked briskly into the hotel, intent upon writing a cheery letter home; but, from habit, he stopped at the desk to ask if there was anything for him.

"Mr. D. Reed?" asked the hotel clerk, pointing to a bulky envelope half covered with postage stamps.

"That's my name," returned the happy boy as he hurriedly tore open one end of the envelope. "Whew! Six!"

There were indeed six letters; and all had been forwarded from Aix-la-Chapelle.

One was from Mr. Wogg, inclosing a bit of printed calico and a soiled memorandum, stating that he sent herewith a piece like the gown which the party in Liverpool had given to the young Frenchwoman fifteen years before. He had obtained it, Mr. Wogg said, "from an old patch-work quilt in the possession of the party, and had paid said party one crown for the same." Two letters were from Mr. Reed and Dorothy, and the rest, three in number—addressed to D. R., in care of Dubigk's Hotel, Aix-la-Chapelle—were from three persons with very different hand-writings, but each an Ellen Lee!

(Conclusion next month.)

DANDELION.

BY W. B. ALLEN.

A DANDELION in a meadow grew,
Among the waving grass and cowslips yellow;
Dining on sunshine, breakfasting on dew,
He was a right contented little fellow.

Each morn his golden head he lifted straight,
To catch the first sweet breath of coming day;
Each evening closed his sleepy eyes, to wait
Until the long, cool night had passed away.

One afternoon, in sad, unquiet mood,
I paused beside this tiny, bright-faced flower,
And begged that he would tell me, if he could,
The secret of his joy through sun and shower.

He looked at me with open eyes, and said:
"I know the sun is somewhere, shining clear,
And when I cannot see him overhead,
I try to be a little sun, right here!"

A QUEER BOAT AND A FUNNY CREW.

BY C. J. T.

ONCE there was a riv-er with too much wa-ter in it. It had been rain-ing for a long time, and all the small streams which ran in-to this riv-er were ver-y full, and they poured so much wa-ter in-to the large riv-er that it rose a-bove its banks and spread far out o-ver the shore on both sides. This ris-ing of a riv-er is called a fresh-et, and it of-ten hap-pens that hous-es on the banks of the riv-er are car-ried a-way by the wa-ter, and that peo-ple and an-i-mals are drowned.

The wa-ter in this large riv-er rose so quick-ly that a great man-y liv-ing creat-ures did not have time to get to dry land. Some men

were on horse-back, and made their horses swim a-shore; and some people saved themselves by climbing up on little islands, or banks of earth a-bove the wa-ter.

There was a big, fat hog, who was so la-zy that he did not run toward the dry land as did the lit-tle pigs when the wa-ter reached the place where they were feed-ing, and it was not long be-fore the wa-ter was so deep a-round him that he could not run at all. Then he began to be a-fraid he would be drowned, for he had never tried to swim, and he did not know wheth-er he could do so or not. Pres-ent-ly, he saw a large wood-en trough, which had been made for the hors-es to drink out of, come float-ing down quite near him.

"Hel-lo!" said the hog to him-self, "if here is n't a boat! I re-mem-ber when it was a horse-trough; but it must be a boat now, for it floats on the wa-ter. At a-ny rate, it is a good e-nough boat for me. If I can, I'll get in-to it and float a-shore."

So the hog wad-ed close up to the trough, and, af-ter a great deal of trou-ble, he climbed in-to it. He was so big and clum-sy that he came ver-y near up-set-ting it, and a good deal of wa-ter did get in-to the trough, but the hog was so glad to get in him-self that he did not mind stand-ing up to his knees in wa-ter. He now float-ed a-long ver-y well, but he did not float to the shore. The wa-ter was run-nig down the riv-er, and so, of course, his boat went that way too.

"If I on-ly had a sail, or a pair of oars," thought the hog, "I could make the boat go straight to shore. I have often seen a man in a boat, and when he had a sail or oars he could make the boat go just where he pleased. But I don't know how to man-age a sail, and I am not sure that I could hold oars with my fore feet; so, af-ter all, it may be just as well that I have n't ei-ther of them. Per-haps I may float a-shore be-fore long, and, at a-ny rate, this is a ver-y pleas-ant boat, and the wa-ter in it keeps my legs nice and cool."

Just then he came near an old hen-house which had once stood on dry land, but which was now far out in the wa-ter. On the roof of this house stood three hens and a cock, who had flown up there to keep dry.

"Cock-a-doo-dle-doo-oo-oo!" crowed the cock, as soon as the hog came near. "Don't you want some pas-sen-gers?"

"No," said the hog, "there's only room e-nough here for me. My boat is half-full of wa-ter a-ny-how, and you could n't stand in wa-ter, as I can."

"But we could perch on one side," said one of the hens.

"That would nev-er do at all," said the hog. "You would make that side heav-y and up-set us all. Why don't you fly a-shore?"

"It is too far," said an-oth-er of the hens; "we would flop in-to the wa-ter and be drowned."

"It is a great pit-y you are not ducks," said the hog; "then you could swim to the land."

"That 's ver-y true," said the cock. "I nev-er be-fore wished to be a duck; but I think now it would be very nice to be one, and to swim a-shore. But, since we are not ducks and can not swim, I wish you would let us come on your boat. We might all sit on the mid-dle of your back, and then we would not tip the boat at all."

"Ver-y well," said the hog, "if you can do that you can come a-board; but do not fly down all at once, for that would rock my boat too much. You must come one at a time."

The three hens now flew, one at a time, on the hog's back. The cock was ver-y po-lite, and did not fly un-til the hens were all com-fort-a-bly on board. By this time the trough had float-ed past the hen-house, and the cock had to fly a good deal be-fore he reached the hog's back, but he got there safe-ly, and did not rock the boat at all.

"Now, then," said the cock, "this is real-ly pleas-ant. I nev-er be-fore made a trip on the wa-ter."

"I nev-er did either," said the hog. "If we only had some-thing to eat, we should do very well."

"As for me," said one of the hens, "I think it is per-fect-ly charm-ing. And I am not a bit hun-gry."

"I am al-ways hun-gry," said the hog.

They float-ed, and they float-ed, and they float-ed un-til it was dark, and then they all went to sleep. About the mid-dle of the night the boat ran a-shore, and the hog, who was ver-y tir-ed of be-ing in the wa-ter, scram-bled out upon dry land. The fowls slipped off his back, and flut-tered on shore.

"This would do ver-y well," said the hog, "if we on-ly had some-thing to eat."

"We could n't see how to eat a-ny-thing if we had it," said one of the hens.

"If there was any food here I could eat it with-out see-ing it," said the hog. "I be-lieve I smell corn now."

With that he hunt-ed about un-til he found a corn-stack which stood near, and there he feast-ed un-til morn-ing. When it was day-light the fowls came to the corn-stack.



THE HOG AND THE CHICKENS

"Oho!" said the hog. "I am sor-ry for you. You have had to stay o-ver there in the dark, and I have been eat-ing corn all night."

"We could n't see what we were eat-ing if we ate in the dark," said one of the hens.

"That makes no dif-fer-ence to me," said the hog.

"But we are not hogs," po-lite-ly re-marked the cock.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

TREAD lightly this time, my dears, and take your places without saying a word. We are going to lead off with something a little bird brought me in a letter:

WOVEN WIND.

It is said that in India a muslin is manufactured which is so fine that it has received the poetic name of "Woven Wind." When laid upon the grass to bleach, the dew hides it from sight. It used to be spun only by native women who had been trained to the task from infancy; and so nice was the sense of touch required for the spinning of this yarn, that they were constantly waited upon by a retinue of servants, whose duty it was to relieve them of all menial offices that might endanger the fine faculty which long practice and seclusion had bestowed on their delicate finger-tips.

This "woven wind" is certainly a wonder of spinning, but your Jack happens to know of some spinners that are capable of still finer workmanship. The Deacon tells me that spiders have been seen as small as a grain of sand, and these spin a thread so fine that it takes many hundreds of them to equal in size a single hair.

WHO HAS TASTED IT?

I'M told that a certain fruit called the *durion* is the most delicious fruit in the world. The eatable part is a sort of cream-colored pulp, and this is enclosed in a hard shell covered with sharp spikes. It is a native of Borneo and grows on a tree like an elm. Has any one of my hearers ever tasted one? If so, Jack begs him, her, or it to report. Is it sweet, sour, high-flavored, or spicy? Does it resemble any North American fruit, and can it be raised in one of those glass buildings that prove such a puzzle to my birds? What of the *durion*?

By the way, I've just been informed that this

fruit, which must be pretty heavy, sometimes falls on persons passing under the high trees and hurts them seriously. It even has been known to kill people.

It does n't do to trust entirely to a thing being absolutely *good* because it is delicious, I find.

THE TREMBLING TREE.

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., July 24th.

DEAR JACK: We have a very strange plant, called sensitive plant, and it dislikes to be touched. If you put your finger on it, the fine little leaves shrink away from you, and for a moment look decidedly wilted. But they soon brighten up if you let them alone. Having seen this plant every day, I was very much interested when a girl who belongs to the St. Nicholas Agassiz Association sent me a printed account of a wonderful sensitive plant which grows in Australia. She had cut the piece out of a newspaper. Will you please show it to the boys and girls, and then if any of them have ever seen just such a plant they will let you know. I do wonder if it is true. It says the tree is a kind of acacia, and ours is one of that kind, too, though it does not cut up so much.

This specimen, the account says, was grown from a seed brought from Australia, and already it has grown to be a sapling eight feet in height.

Regularly, every evening, when the chickens "go to roost," the tree performs very much the same duty. The leaves fold together and the ends of the tender twigs coil themselves up. After one of the twigs has been stroked or handled, the leaves move uneasily and are in a sort of mild commotion for a minute or more. Lately, the tree being in a comparatively small pot, which it was fast outgrowing, it was deemed best to give it one of much larger size, but, when removed to its new quarters, it resented the operation to the best of its ability. When it had been fairly transplanted it acted as if furiously enraged. The leaves began to stand up in all directions, like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a feverish quiver. This could have been endured, but at the same time it gave out an odor most sickening and pungent—just such a smell as is given off by rattlesnakes and many other kinds of venomous serpents when disturbed. The odor filled the house. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace, and it appeared that it had given up the battle only because the hour for its peculiar manner of "retiring" had arrived. It is probably needless to say that the children, and in fact the whole household, now stand in abject awe of the strange tree, as being a thing vastly more repulsive than vegetable. Many similar experiences, and some even more remarkable, have been had with the different forms of highly sensitive plant-life.

Yours truly,
JENNIE C. R.

WAYS OF THINKING.

ONCE there was a man who did n't know what to do with himself. He had traveled twice around the world, he said, and there was nothing more to be seen. He was only twenty-eight years old.

And there was another man who said that life was too short, even what is called a long life would be too short for one to be able to thoroughly *see* a patch of growing grass a foot square.

Each of these men was right according to his way of thinking. But what a difference in the ways!

A TIDE 1296 FEET HIGH.

"Now you certainly must be mistaken, Jack," do I hear you say? "Why, in such a case the land would nearly all be covered by water, and—well, we never heard of such a thing, anyway."

But, my dears, this was long ago—ages and ages ago,—and I have the word of an eminent English astronomer for it. This learned man bases his calculations on the fact that, through lunar action on tides, the earth reacts on the moon, and is constantly driving it farther away. According to this scientist, who reasons backward, at one time the sun and the earth were so close together that the days were but three hours long instead of twenty-

four. The earth then made one complete revolution every three hours. It was in these ages that, as estimated, an ordinary tide would rise about 1296 feet.

But you don't understand all this, you say? And you want to know how the earth, through its tides, reacts on the moon? Well, this matter is not very clear in your Jack's mind; and the dear Little Schoolma'am is away, enjoying her "vacation." My birds can not help me this time, either. If we only had a wise old Dodo here, he might be able to explain. But the Dodo is an extinct bird, I'm told. It would be a joke, now, if these remarkable tides were before his time, even!

Anyway, if you consult an encyclopedia and read what it says about tides, you will probably either understand this business or not, more or less.

HOW THE FLAT-FISH DISAPPEARED.

HERE is a true story from a friend of the dear Little School-ma'am:

Kate and Robbie were on the bridge crossing a small creek near their home. Kate was eight years old and Robbie ten. They were watching the fish and the crabs and the shrimps, and whatever might come along. The water was only about a foot deep, and the bottom bright, clean sand, so that they could see with perfect clearness everything that passed.

Presently along came a flat-fish swimming up the creek. Flat-fish always swim close to the bottom, and when they stop swimming they lie flat on the bottom. This one was coming slowly along and stopping every few feet, and then going on again. He was about eight or ten long and was of a dark brown color, and of course, as he contrasted with the bright sand, his dark color showed very strongly. The children saw him coming and were watching him, hoping that he would stop near them. He did so, making a halt just as he reached the bridge. They were very quiet for fear that they might frighten him, not even speaking, but some movement or other disturbed him, and he disappeared. "Why, Robbie! Where is the flat-fish?" "I am sure I can not tell, Kate. Did you see him go?" "No, and I was looking straight at him all the time. How could it be that he got away so quick?"

And so they went on talking over the matter, and wondering where the flat-fish was, while all the time he lay just where they had seen him stop.

After a few minutes Robbie's sharp eyes detected two black spots on the white sand. "Kate, don't you see those two specks? I wonder what they can be. I don't believe they were there before the flat-fish came." "Why, Robbie, they look to me like eyes. Do you suppose he has gone away and left his eyes there?" "I don't know, Kate, but you just keep still a minute and I will punch the place with a stick." He brought the stick, put it down carefully, and was about to touch the black spots, when away darted the flat-fish from the very spot under the stick, and as he swam off he looked as dark brown as he was when he came.

Now, how was it that he disappeared? Where did he go? I will tell you. He did not go; he lay still all the time, but he changed his color on the instant, so that instead of being dark he was as light as the sand, and thus the children were unable to see him, and when Robbie started him with the stick he resumed his dark color as suddenly. Isn't that strange? And yet it is absolutely true. I have seen it done many and many a time. You have probably read stories about the chameleon and its power of changing color. Probably all that you have ever read may be correct, but you ought to understand that other animals can change their color as well. I have seen chameleons often, and they change astonishingly, but a number of our fishes, can do it more strikingly. I have seen cuttle-fish, which are commonly called squids, change from dark chocolate-brown to clear white, and then back to brown again, and do it repeatedly, as rapidly as I could open and shut my hand!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO, IF?

DON'T be frightened! I only want to say that the above is a good question to ask yourselves occasionally, and a careful consideration of it very helpful now and then. And here is a brief document in evidence of this fact:

Dear Jack, My mother and I forgot to arrange his clothes neatly at night, when going to bed, and Mamma chose a very novel way to cure him of his carelessness. Eddie was very much afraid of our house taking fire, or of fire in our neighborhood; so Mother said to him one night: "Eddie, what would you do if there was a fire in the night? You would not be able to find your clothes, and you would not know what to do with them. Now lay them over a chair, in just the order in which you would wish to find them in case of fire."

Eddie thoughtfully did just as Mother said, and though he had to be reminded a few times after that, three years have now passed by, and I heard him say lately: "I never go to bed now without arranging my clothes neatly close at hand." D.

Talking of "what-ifs," moreover, I'm informed that historians say of Napoleon that, before beginning a battle, he thought little of what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he would do if surprised or defeated. And the mere fact that he won so many victories is no proof, in your Jack's opinion, that his taking defeat into consideration, and pondering awhile over resorts and emergencies, was a waste of time.

BABIES AMONG THE FLOWERS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Belle found such wonderful things growing down in the ground, in one of her flower-beds, that I must tell your children about them. I had never seen such growing, either in flower-garden or woodland, and probably some of your little folk can say the same.

One cold day last spring, while sweeping withered leaves into heaps for burning, Belle heard a strange little noise, right under her broom, as it seemed. "Queak, queak," it sounded, to the alarm of the little maiden, who having great fear of snakes, thought it must be one. The noise ceasing with her broom, she again commenced sweeping, and "queak, queak," came from the pile of leaves. She took a long stick, and stirring among the leaves found—what do you suppose? Only a hole scooped out, and well lined with soft gray fur, and in it what seemed to be a moving, wriggling ball of gray fur. It was a rabbit's nest, containing three tiny rabbits not larger than grown mice, but so much prettier! Their eyes were closed; but such long, dainty ears and beautiful sleek coats! Each had a straight line of white in each forehead, as though Mother "Cotton-tail" had combed and parted each little head, like any other mother who wishes her children to look very nice. After examining them, even taking one out of the nest, Belle replaced the hair-blanket and leaf-coverlet just as she found them, and concluded not to burn that heap of leaves.

The gray babies received many visits, but soon grew so large and wide awake that one day, when Belle was taking a peep, out they scampered and were never more seen in the garden. Perhaps they came home to sleep every night, but they were not seen by Belle again.

Yours truly,

ANN N. N.

WHAT ARE THEY?

THE queer things shown in this picture are not alive, I'm told, and yet they seem to have an uncommonly lively look for what the Little School-ma'am calls "inanimate objects." Who can tell just what they are, and who can explain those strange black marks upon them that look like slits in their backs?



THE LETTER-BOX.



WHAT A CORRESPONDENT OF ST. NICHOLAS SAW IN A SEPTEMBER CORNFIELD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Almost all children like to hear stories about animals. I would like to tell you one about a dog that is owned by a neighbor of ours. This neighbor has a good many handsome chickens which he prizes very highly, also a young hunting-dog.

This dog takes it upon himself to watch over these chickens, and he treats them pretty much as he pleases. In the morning, when the door of the coop is opened, he is too busy with his own breakfast to attend to them; but, as soon as that is finished, he starts for his charge.

First, he chases them around the yard until they take refuge in the shed or his kennel; then he will sit down before the door, and, from the way in which he wags his tail and shows his teeth, I am sure he laughs at the fight he has given the poor, innocent things.

By and by a very daring chicken gets out, but the dog runs round and round it, until he runs it into the shed. This he keeps up all day, if necessary, or as long as it seems to worry the poor chicks.

I sometimes see one of the children come out with food for the dog or chickens. If the food is for him, he leaves the chickens immediately; but when it is for them, he is very sad indeed, for the child stays out there to see that he does not molest them while eating, or steal away their food. I have seen bread thrown out to the chickens, and he would chase them all away and eat it himself, wagging his tail very contentedly.

After that he has his fun, for, as the children cannot stay out all day and the chickens cannot defend themselves, he again can imprison them.

Not long ago Mr. Bergh came here and gave a lecture on the

prevention of cruelty to animals, and spoke of the organization of a society for the prevention of cruelty to children, which they have now in operation.

Now, as twelve chickens is a larger number than one dog, and as most people think the happiness of the greater number should be considered first, I think that Mr. Bergh should come here again and organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to chickens by dogs. Your faithful reader,

AMY MOTHERSHEAD (age 11).

GEORGE W. BARNES, of Philadelphia, sends a letter saying that he has been trying to make as many words as possible out of the letters contained in the words "Saint Nicholas"—and he incloses a list of seventy-two. Who will make more than this number?

KANSAS CITY, MO., January 30.

The other day my sister found a very odd bug. It was green and about two and a half inches long. The lower part of the body was quite large, and then there was a long slim part about $\frac{3}{4}$ inches long. It had a three-cornered head. The eyes were on two corners, and the mouth on the third. When approached it turned to look at us. It had six legs, and when it wanted to pick its teeth (?) it put its foreleg over the second, and brought the second up to its mouth.

BINA J. RAY.

Who recognizes the bug? Who can tell what it really does when it appears to "pick its teeth"? Do 'bugs' have teeth?

fore the Society, and also articles of interest which can not be cut from valuable books. The President always appoints one member to ask three questions to be answered at the next meeting. The correct answers are copied into our manuscript scrap-book. We often take questions from the ST. NICHOLAS. Oh! we have so much to say to you, and to ask, I hardly know where to begin or leave off. We have a specimen of the Texas centipede for exchange, also a stinging lizard and a horned frog.

MISS JENNIE WISE, Box 454, Waco, Texas.

UNION ST., TAUNTON, MASS.

Our Chapter has just held its first anniversary. We are about to hold a field meeting. It will be at Lake Assawampsett, which is about ten miles from Taunton, and the largest lake in Massachusetts. Our meetings continue to be interesting. We have lessons in taxidermy, mounting botanical specimens, preserving marine objects, etc.

HARRY G. WHITE, Curator Chap. 93.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Our report is somewhat tardy, owing to an entertainment given for our microscope fund. We realized \$85, which, with the amount on hand, gives us about \$100 to invest in a good instrument. Our Chapter has increased to twenty-four active and two honorary members. Owing to the lateness of the season, we have collectively made but one excursion, though individually we have not been idle.

CORA FREEMAN, Cor. Sec. B. Chapter A. A.

CONDENSED REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS ASSIGNED TO JNO. F. GLOSSER, BERWYN, PA.

The Treasurer of Chapter 127, Beverly, Mass., reports finances in good condition, which means no debts and a balance in hand.

Report from Secretary of Newburyport, Mass., gives account of Agassiz's birthday celebration, which was interesting throughout and enjoyed by all. The alligator, now named "Dr. Tanner," still holds his own, eating almost nothing.

It is readily seen that Chapter 109 is located at the National Capital, for they are up to all sorts of parliamentary rules in their weekly meetings. Think of their going into a committee of the whole to discuss the question of celebrating Agassiz's birthday. There are many grown people who could learn how to conduct a public meeting by reading the reports of this Chapter.

Master Frank Ramaley, Sec. St. Paul, Minn., Chapter, says they are successful so far as filling their cabinet with specimens is concerned, but fears they are not learning enough. [A most hopeful sign.]

Jennie Hughes, Sec. Minneapolis, Minn., Chapter, reports seven new members, a picnic and woods meeting on the 27th of May. An oriole and grosbeak decorate their cabinet.

Mamie L. Kimberly, Sec. Auburn, N. Y., Chapter, sends a very encouraging report. Their cabinet contains specimens of ores from nearly all the Territories; quicksilver from California; moss, ferns, and leaves from Arizona; shells, fossils, silk-worm cocoons, and a dainty humming-bird's nest. A regular course of reading in botany and zoology occupies part of their time.

I would mention, for amphibious animals, the seal, walrus, climbing perch, and beaver. In answer to your question regarding what becomes of the tail of the tadpole, I would say it is gradually absorbed into the body. I send these questions for the A. A.: 1. Describe the kudu-ayer and its habits. 2. Why is the ounce so called? 3. What is a squid?

FRANK R. GILBERT, Chap. 255.

I found a small green caterpillar on a raspberry bush, and kept him under a tumbler. Pretty soon he began to act sick. I looked at him closely, and he had little green things sticking on his sides. Next morning he was yellow and the green things were as big as his head almost, and you could see them swallowing his blood. Pretty soon he turned black, and then they went off and died, and it was good enough for them. Good-bye.

IRENE PUTNAM.

Chapter 303 is in Vancouver, Washington Territory. The address in the Hand-book is the result of an error in printing. By the way, we must repeat that all orders for the Agassiz Hand-book, and all correspondence concerning the A. A., should be addressed to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass., and not to ST. NICHOLAS.

Other reports cover our table, but for lack of space can barely be mentioned.

Miss Olive Cansey sends an excellent report from Scituate, Mass., containing the elaborate by-laws of Chapter 247.

Miss Ruegg sends us some beautiful pressed flowers from Stroud, England, among which the "wee modest crimson-tipped" daisies and the "small celandine" particularly please us.

H. H. Bice promptly sends a correction to one of his former answers, and mentions as amphibious the frog, newt, salamander, and proteus. [Who will write us a paper on the 'proteus' ?]

Miss Leila Mawer, of London, Eng., Chapter, thinks "A. B. G." is right about the bees. She says: "The outer cells of a honeycomb are always more or less circular on their sides. Some bees, too, form free cells, which are always roughly cylindrical." [See Mr. White's letter in this report.]

The Hartford Chapter has been studying natural history under P. T. Barnum, but did not learn much about insects.

Jackson, Mich., celebrated the 28th of May with the following programme: 1. Life of A. 2. Notes about A. 3. Notes from A.'s trip to Brazil. 4. A.'s wife as his helper. 5. Prayer of A. 6. Tribute to A. 7. Personal anecdotes. 8. Piano solo. 9. Recitation. 10. Recitation. 11. "A good, great man." 12. An anecdote of A. 13. A.'s museum. 14. A.'s fiftieth birthday. [Such an exercise must have been extremely interesting and profitable.]

Philip C. Tucker (best), Fred. Clearwaters, and others answer Will Lighton's question by saying that the chrysalis contains the larva of a hawk-moth; probably *Sphinx Quinque-maculatus*. The appendage is its tongue-sheath. It must have been washed into the river, as the chrysalides of sphingidae are buried underground.

Philadelphia (C) has noticed that when a snake swallowed a frog the frog's head was outward, and wishes to know "whether snakes are in the habit of swallowing their food hind part first."

Philip J. Tucker has two snake-skins, one of them three feet long.

Ernest Blehl, aged ten, has formed a wide-awake Chapter in Philadelphia. His motto is, "I will find a way, or make one."

Kansas City, Mo., has "already a good-sized cabinet, increasing every day."

San Francisco writes: "We shall get, if we can, the leaves of every tree and put them on cards."

Irene Putnam had a three-inch cocoon made of "hair." "The moth came out when we did not see it. It was very beautiful. It had feelers that looked just like big brown ostrich-feathers coming out of its head, and it had red trimming on its wings."

West Town, N. Y., is thriving in the midst of Philistines. "A good many people think and say that it won't last more than two or three months, but we are going to show them."

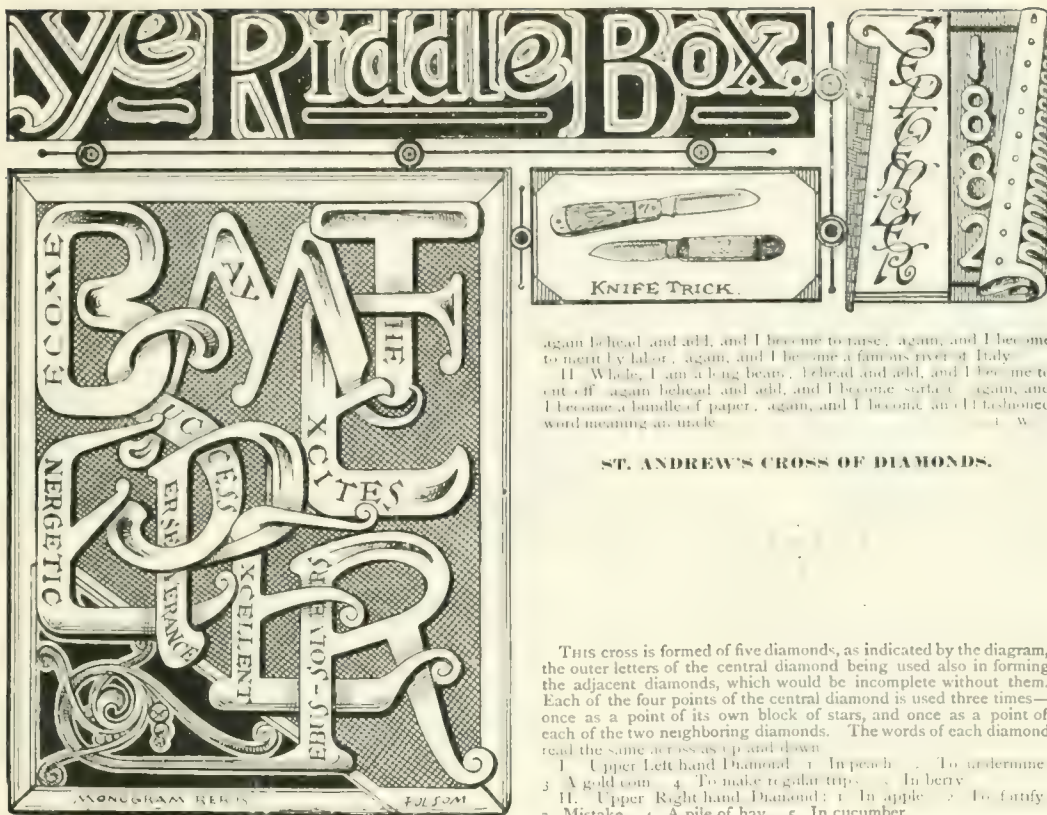
[A true interest in nature, such as most of our boys and girls have, is not a mushroom growth. It will increase with the flying years, and be a source of ever unfolding wonder and delight while life shall last. Those who have never felt this loving interest in nature can not understand it.]

Geneva, N. Y., now numbers twenty-eight. Meetings have been held every two weeks since the organization in February. Sponges, game-birds, perchers, birds of prey, and salt-water fishes have been studied and discussed. The members are carefully watching some newts' eggs as they change from small black specks. They have received as a present a "Venus basket-sponge."

One of the questions debated by Chapter 191, under the efficient guidance of President Mitchell, is, "Which is the most useful animal?"

LIST OF NEW CHAPTERS

No.	Name of Chapter.	Members.	Address.
298.	Pittsburgh, Pa. (D)	10. E. H. Henderson, 23d and Liberty Sts.	
299.	Watertown, N. Y. (A)	5. Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., care of Hon. A. W. Clark.	
300.	Bryn Mawr, Pa. (A)	6. Miss Grace A. Smith, Rosemont P. O., Montgomery Co.	
301.	Topeka, Kan. (A)	5. Chas. A. Dailey, 218 Polk St.	
302.	Cincinnati, Ohio (A)	5. Gaylord Miles, 35½ Sherman Ave.	
303.	Vancouver, Wash. Ter.	10. L. A. Nicholson.	
304.	Emporia, Kan. (A)	10. L. Osmond Perley, Box 1186.	
305.	London, Eng. (B)	8. Miss Leila A. Mawer, 10 St. Michael's, Woodgreen, London N.	
306.	Belmont, Nev. (A)	30. C. L. Deady.	
307.	Columbus, Ohio (A)	5. E. G. Rice, 135 Park St.	
308.	Wellington, Kan. (A)	5. J. T. Nixon, Box 504.	
309.	Peekskill, N. Y. (C)	5. George E. Briggs.	
310.	Belpre, Ohio (A)	5. Miss Fannie Rathbone.	



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

MONOGRAM REBUS.—Arrange the nine large letters of the above monogram so they will spell one word. Then read them in connection with the smaller letters which each large letter contains, using the large letters for the needed initials.

ksup. Tenk. — With two knives make are thousand

RECOMMEND,

1. A person who begins a voyage. 2. Finding talk. 3. To pass off in vapor. 4. The surname of an Irish revolutionist, born 1802.

DOWNWARD: 1. In September. 2. A verb. 3. To fold. 4. Affected manners. 5. A tablet for writing upon. 6. To make progress against. 7. Three-fourths of a large piece of timber. 8. A personal pronoun.

191.

HA, oons no delfi dan ihl
 Eth diwn lashi thislew ilch,
 Nad trachpair wassowl alcl rihe folcks hetrogte,
 Ot lyf mofr storf nad wosn,
 Derkes stes dan tress bewl,
 Het atre ch mers ste, lach thawer

BEHEADINGS AND FINAL ADDITIONS.

EXAMPLE: Whole, I am a flat bottomed boat, behead and add, and I am a garment worn by monks; again behead and add, and I am a species of night birds. ANSWER, scow, cowl, owls.

I, Whole, I am a rodent: behead and add, and I become surface:

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

THIS cross is formed of five diamonds, as indicated by the diagram, the outer letters of the central diamond being used also in forming the adjacent diamonds, which would be incomplete without them. Each of the four points of the central diamond is used three times—once as a point of its own block of stars, and once as a point of each of the two neighboring diamonds. The words of each diamond read the same across as up and down.

I. Upper Left hand Diamond: 1. In peach. 2. In undermine
 3. A gold coin. 4. To make regular trips. 5. In berry
 II. Upper Right hand Diamond: 1. In apple. 2. To satisfy
 3. Mistake. 4. A pile of hay. 5. In cucumber.
 III. Central Diamond: 1. In orange. 2. A West Indian vegetable
 3. Impetuous. 4. Contrasted. 5. In grape
 IV. Lower Left hand Diamond: 1. In melon. 2. Endeavor.
 3. Species of sea duck. 4. Individuals. 5. In pear
 V. Lower Right hand Diamond: 1. In apricot. 2. Uppermost.
 3. A peculiar kind of candle. 4. The god of shepherds. 5. In
 time apple.

TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. An interrogative pronoun. 2. A many-headed monster.
3. A lazy person. 4. To crawl. 5. A fabulous monster.
II. 1. Pertaining to a king. 2. A letter of the Greek alphabet.
3. To long. 4. To concur. 5. Country by-ways. A. S. C. A.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

READING: Across 1. A journey to the Empty. A river
of Africa. 4. Slumber. 5. A rack for holding pictures.

1. A girl's name. 2. A river of Africa. 3. A place defended from the wind. 4. A consonant. 5. A consonant. Reading downward: 1. A consonant. 2. Three-fourths of a river of Africa. 3. Fumes. 4. Half of a small steel instrument. 5. A consonant.

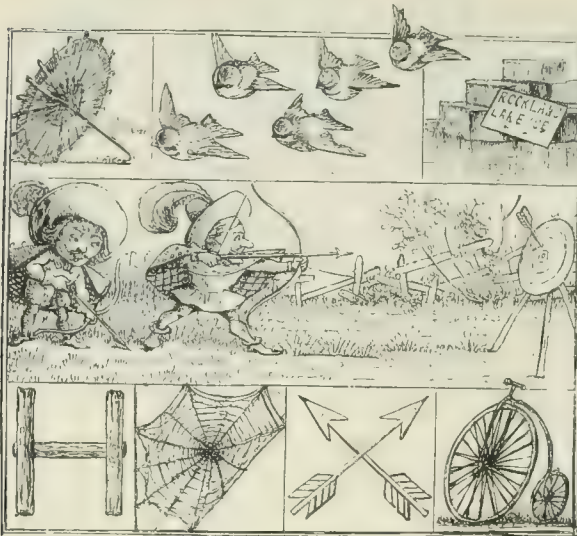
DIAGONALS. From 1 to 4, a spirit; from 2 to 3, a corner.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name the title of a versified Oriental romance.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The morning star. 2. A brisk movement in music. 3. A place of restraint. 4. A singing bird. 5. Any part of a whole.

ILLUSTRATED HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.



THIS differs from the ordinary hour-glass puzzle, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of being described. The words are to be placed in the order in which the small pictures are placed, and the central letters, reading downward, are represented by the central picture

S. A. R.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-seven letters, and form a verse from the book of Proverbs.

My 8-32-38-49 was one of the patriarchs My 37-18-40-12-32-57-29 is an island belonging to Portugal. My 1-43-7-17-33-31 is the god of fine arts. My 2-53-17-20-46 was a great general. My

4-36-10-11-6-43-56-15-25-41 was a famous poet. My 30-34-16-14-54-42 are combats. My 10-21-39-44-51-55 is a language. My 13-23-5-20-47 is robbery. My 35-48-15-9-24 is to deride. My 45-22-5-52 is the stalk of a plant. My 26-56-39-28 is crooked. My 51-27-50-13 is an action at law.

LIONEL A. BURNS.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In fox, but not in camel;
In camel, but not in cat;
In cat, but not in pigeon;
In pigeon, but not in bat.
My whole, it stands for power,
And waves o'er many seas;
My whole is, too, a flower,
Which grows on marshy leas;—
Is on the cities' crowded streets;
Now guess me, if you please.

GERMAN COUSINS.

In the following puzzle each pair of definitions refers to a word pronounced alike, but spelled differently, in German and English. The German definition is printed first, then the English.

1. An oval body; a personal pronoun. 2. An adversary; to discover. 3. Recompense; solitary. 4. Want; a sound. 5. A likeness; to construct. 6. A song; to guide. 7. A farinaceous substance; armor. 8. A rustic; an arbor. 9. Glory; an apartment. 10. Wide; brilliant.

A. T. MOMBERT.

DIAMOND.

1. In early. 2. A drinking vessel. 3. A tropical fruit. 4. A lake in Switzerland. 5. A salt-water fish. 6. One of many. 7. In late. ISOLA.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

My whole consists of eight letters, and means acted.

My 1-2-3 is to open. My 1-2-3-4-5 is a musical entertainment. My 2-3-4 is through. My 3-4-5 is a fixed point of time. My 4-5-6 is an animal. My 4-5-6-7 is proportion. My 5-6 is a preposition. My 5-6-7 is the goddess of revenge. My 6-7-8 is a boy's nickname. My 7-8 is a boy's nickname. ALCIBIADES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE. I. Double Acrostic. Primals, scythe; finals, garner. Cross-words: 1. StrikinG. 2. CeceliA. 3. YearneR. 4. TrunnioN. 5. HalberdinE. 6. EarlieR. II. Easy Diamond. 1. B. 2. TAG. 3. BaLes. 4. GEM. 5. S. III. A Word. Musical.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. August. 2. Urania. 3. Garret. 4. Unrest. 5. Siesta. 6. Tattas.

A LATIN-GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. Amor ac deliciæ generis humani. 1. A-zores. 2. M-alta. 3. O-rinoco. 4. R-otterdam. 5. A-ral. 6. C-anton. 7. D-enmark. 8. E-cuador. 9. L-yons. 10. I-tasca. 11. C-alcutta. 12. I-daho. 13. A-byssinia. 14. E-gypt. 15. G-ranada. 16. E-rie. 17. N-icaragua. 18. E-u-phrates. 19. R-ouen. 20. I-ndus. 21. S-candinavia. 22. H-enlophen. 23. U-trecht. 24. M-ozambique. 25. A-thens. 26. N-eva. 27. I-rawaddy.

PICTORIAL CHARADE. Key-stone.

Here of my first is the key, plainly presented to you;
While on this foundation we see the second is open to view.
Find the whole word on the arch.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND. (From left to right) 1. R 2. NEP. 3. ReVcl. 4. Dellver. 5. HaLes. 6. NEt. 7. D.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from R. H. S., and F. L. Athush.
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Maud, 1—Sadie L. Demarest and William M. Richards. 3—"Rose." 1—Fred. S. Elliot. 2—E. M. 1—J. W. Yeary. 2—Julius Fay. 1—C. R. W. 1—Susie M. Conant. 1—D. S. Crosby, Jr. 4—Willie B. Chase. 1—Pansy. 2—Fred. E. Stone. 3—Edith H. E. Parsons. 11—Paul England and Co. 4—Sallie Hovey. 3—Nellie Mosher. 1—Harry Reed. 1—Ada Reed. 1—"Grace Reed. 1—"Rosamond." 1—Bessie Ammerman. 4—Alice Dupré Close. 3—Mary W. Nall. 1—Katie Hoffman. 1—Charles Orcutt. 1—Nannie McL. Duff. 1—"Merry Wives of Windsor." 2—Everett Lane Jones. 1—Arabella Ward. 5—E. Hope Goddard. 7—"Two Esthetic Maidens." 7—"Patience." 5—F. Lawrence Bosque. 1—Vera. 3—Effie K. Talboys. 0—Kittie B. Harris. 1—W. St. L. 5—"Pewee." 3—Frankie Gardiner. 2—Leslie B. Douglass. 7—Cherry. 2—Cliff. M. Reif-nider. 1—"Alcibiades." 6—Frank Nugent. 2—Warren. 4—V. P. J. S. M. C. 4—Genie J. Callmeyer. 6—Jessie Hutchinson. 7—Jas. T. Howes. 7—H. L. Pruyn. 2—Arthur C. Hixon. 10—"Machine." 5—V. M. Giffin. 3—Bertie and Maud. 6—Azile. 3—Madge Tolderlund. 3—Harry Johnston. 7—J. H. Cumming. 2—Sallie Viles. 10—Fannie and Minnie. 6—Three Robins. 8—Charles H. Parnly. 5—John G. Morse. 12—Sarah and Margaret. 2—Vin. Alex. and Henry. 5—Standish McCleary. 4—Mary E. Baker. 4—Helen's Mamma. 10—Fred. Thwaites. 9—Willie L. Brower. 3—Anna K. Dessalet. 2—Appleton H. 7—Mama and Bae. 12—Florence G. Lane. 1—Clara J. Child. 10—Verna E. Barnum. 3—Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell. 3—Algernon Tassin. 4—John F. Putnam. 1—Minnie and Florence Larwill. 3—Florence Leslie Kye. 10—Pan Z. 6—Potrero. 6—Pernie. 5—G. L. and J. W. 2—"Two Friends. 5—Lyde McKinney. 6—Gardiner L. Tucker. 7—Clara and her Aunt. 8—Edwina McNeilly. 5—J. C. Winne. 1.



"WHEN WE WERE BOYS—"

[See Letter-box.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1882.

NO. 12.

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THE FAMINE AMONG THE GNOMES.

BY HJALMAR H. BOVSEN.

I BELIEVE it was in the winter of 18 (but it does not matter so much about the time) that the servants on the large estate of Halthorp raised a great ado about something or other. Whereupon the baron of Halthorp, who was too stout to walk down the stairs on slight provocation, called his steward in a voice like that of an angry lion, and asked him, "Why in the name of Moses he did not keep the rascals quiet."

"But, your honor," stammered the steward, who was as thin as the baron was stout, "I have kept them quiet for more than a month past, though it has been hard enough. Now, they refuse to obey me unless I admit them to your honor's presence, that they may state their complaint."

"Impudent beggars!" growled the old gentleman. "Tell them that I am about to take my after-dinner nap, and that I do not wish to be disturbed."

"I have told them that a dozen times," whined the steward, pitiously. "But they are determined to leave in a body, unless your honor consents to hear them."

"Leave! They can't leave," cried his honor. "The law binds them. Well, well, to save talking, fling the doors open and let them come in."

The steward hobbled away to the great oak-paneled doors (I forgot to tell you that he limped in his left foot), and, cautiously turning the knob and the key, peeped out into the hall. There stood the servants—twenty-eight in all—but, oh! what a sight! They were hollow-cheeked, with hungry eyes and bloodless lips, and deep lines about their mouths, as if they had not seen food for weeks.

Their bony hands twitched nervously at the coarse clothes that flapped in loose folds about their lean and awkward limbs. They were indeed a pitiful spectacle. Only a single one of them—and that was of course the cook—looked like an ordinary mortal, or an extraordinary mortal, if you like, for she was nearly as broad as she was long. It was owing to the fact that she walked at the head of the procession as they filed into the parlor, that the baron did not immediately discover the miserable condition of the rest. But when they had faced about, and stood in a long row from wall to wall—well, you would hardly believe it, but the baron, hard-hearted as he was, came near fainting. There is a limit to all things, and even a heart of steel would have been moved at the sight of such melancholy objects.

"Steward," he roared, when he had sufficiently recovered himself, "who is the demon who has dared to trifle with my fair name and honor? Name him, sir,—name him, and I will strangle him on the spot!"

The steward, even if he had been acquainted with the demon, would have thought twice before naming him under such circumstances. Accordingly he was silent.

"Have I not," continued the baron, still in a voice that made his subjects quake—"have I not caused ample provisions to be daily distributed among you? Have not you, Mr. Steward, the keys to my store-houses, and have you not my authority to see that each member of my household is properly provided for?"

The steward dared not answer; he only nodded his head in silence.

"If you please, your honor," finally began a squeaky little voice at the end of the row (it was



"OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN CAME A CROWD OF GNOMES."

that of the under-groom), "it is n't the steward as is to blame, but it 's the victuals. Somehow there is n't any taste nor fillin' to them. Whether I eat pork and cabbage, or porridge with molasses, it don't make any difference. It all tastes alike. As I say, your honor, the old Nick has got into the victuals."

The under-groom had hardly ceased speaking before the baron, who was a very irascible old gentleman, seized his large gold-headed cane, and, as quickly as his bulk would allow, rushed forward to give vent to his anger.

"I 'll teach you manners, you impudent clown," he bawled out, as, with his cane lifted above his head, he rushed into the ranks of the frightened

servants, shouting to the under-groom, "Criticism my victuals, will you, you miserable knave!"

The under-groom having on former occasions made the acquaintance of the baron's cane, and still remembering the unpleasant sensation, immediately made for the door, and slipped nimbly out before a blow had reached him. All the others, who had to suffer for their spokesman's boldness, tumbled pell-mell through the same opening, and jumped, rolled, or vaulted down the steps and landed in a confused heap at the bottom of the stairs.

The baron, in the meanwhile, marched with long strides up and down the floor, and expressed himself, not in the politest language, concerning the impudence of his domestics.

"However," he grumbled to himself, "I must look into this affair and find out what fraud there is at the bottom of it. The poor creatures could n't get as lean as that unless there was some real trouble."

About three hours later, the baron heard the large bell over the gable of his store-house ring out for dinner. The wood-cutters and the men who drove the snow-plow, and all other laborers on the large estate, as soon as they heard it, flung away their axes and snow-shovels and hurried up to the mansion, their beards and hair and eyebrows all white with hoar-frost, so that they looked like walking snow-men. But as it happened, the under-groom, Nils Tagfat, chanced at that moment to be cutting down a large snow-laden fir-tree which grew on a projecting knoll of the mountain. He pulled off his mittens and blew on his hands (for it was bitter cold), and was about to shoulder his ax, when suddenly he heard a chorus of queer little metallic voices, as it seemed, right under his feet. He stopped and listened.

"There is the bell of Halthorp ringing! Where is my cap? where is my cap?" he heard distinctly uttered, though he could not exactly place the sound, nor did he see anybody within a mile around. And just for the joke of the thing, Nils, who was always a jolly fellow, made his voice as fine as he could, and, mimicking the tiny voices, squeaked out:

"Where is my cap? Where is my cap?"

But imagine his astonishment when suddenly he heard a voice answer him with: "You can take Grandfather's cap!" and at the same moment there was tossed into his hands something soft, resembling a small, red-peaked cap. Just out of curiosity, Nils put it on his head to try how it would fit him, and small as it looked, it fitted him perfectly. But now, as the cap touched his head, his eyes were opened to the strangest spectacle he ever beheld. Out of the mountain

came a crowd of gnomes, all with little red-peaked caps, which made them invisible to all who were not provided with similar caps. They hurried down the hill-side toward Halthorp, and Nils, who was anxious to see what they were about, followed at a proper distance behind. As he had half expected, they scrambled up on the railings at the door of the servants' dining-hall, and as soon as the door was opened they rushed in, climbed up on the chairs, and seated themselves on the backs just as the servants took their places on the seats. And now Nils, who, you must remember, had on the cap that made him invisible, came very

at the steward's side sat the baron himself, in a large, cushioned easy-chair. He did not eat, however; he was there merely to see fair play.

Each servant fell to work greedily with his knife and fork, and just as he had got a delicious morsel half-way to his mouth, the gnome on the back of his chair stretched himself forward and calmly snatched the meat from the end of the fork. Thus, all the way around the table, each man unconsciously put his piece of beef into the wide-open mouth of his particular gnome. And the unbidden guests grinned shrewdly at one another, and seemed to think it all capital fun. Sometimes, when the



"THE BARON SPRANG UP WITH AN EXCLAMATION OF FRIGHT."

near splitting his sides with laughter. The first course was boiled beef and cabbage. The smell was delicious to Nils's hungry nostrils, but he had to conquer his appetite in order to see the end of the game. The steward stood at the end of the table and served each with a liberal portion; and

wooden trays (which were used instead of plates) were sent to be replenished, they made horrible grimaces, often mimicking their poor victims, who chewed and swallowed and went through all the motions of eating without obtaining the slightest nourishment. They all would have liked to fling

knives and forks and trays out through the windows, but they had the morning's chastisement freshly in mind, and they did not dare open their mouths except for the futile purpose of eating.

"Well, my lads and lasses," said the baron, when he had watched the meal for some minutes; "if you can complain of food like this, you indeed deserve to be flogged and put on prison fare."

"Very likely, your honor," said one of the milkmaids; "but if your honor would demean yourself to take a morsel with us, we would bless your honor for your kindness and complain no more."

The baron, looking around at all the hopeless eyes and haggard faces, felt that there was something besides vanity that prompted the request; and he accordingly ordered the cook to bring his own plate and drew his chair up to the table. Hardly had he seized his knife when Nils saw a gnome, who had hitherto been seated on the floor awaiting his turn, crawl up on the arm of his big chair and, standing on tiptoe, seize between his teeth the first bit the baron was putting to his mouth. The old gentleman looked astounded, mystified, bewildered; but, fearing to make an exhibition of himself, selected another mouthful, and again conducted it the accustomed way. The gnome came near laughing right out, as he dispatched this second morsel in the same manner as the first, and all around the table the little monsters held their hands over their mouths and seemed on the point of exploding. The baron put down knife and fork with a bang; his eyes seemed to be starting out of his head, and his whole face assumed an expression of unspeakable horror.

"It is Satan himself who is mocking us!" he cried. "Send for the priest! Send for the priest!"

Just then Nils crept around behind the baron,

who soon felt something soft, like a fine skull-cap, pressed on his head, and before he had time to resent the liberty, he started in terror at the sight of the little creature that he saw sitting on the arm of his chair. The baron sprang up with an exclamation of fright, and pushed the chair back so violently that it was almost upset upon the floor. The gnome dexterously leaped down and stood staring back at the baron for an instant; then, with a spring, he snatched a potato and half a loaf of bread, and disappeared. In his haste, the baron ran against Nils, the under-groom, who (now without a cap) was standing with a smiling countenance calmly surveying all the confusion about him.

"Now, was I right, your honor?" he asked with a respectful bow. "Did *you* find the victuals very filling?"

The baron, who was yet too frightened to answer, stood gazing toward a window-pane, which suddenly and noiselessly broke, and through which the whole procession of gnomes, huddled together in flight, tumbled headlong into the snow-bank without.

"And what shall we do, Nils?" said the baron, the next day, when he had recovered from his shock, "to prevent the return of the unbidden guests?"

"Stop ringing the great bell," answered Nils. "It is that which invites the gnomes."

And since that day the dinner-bell has never been rung at Halthorp.

But one day, late in the winter, Nils the groom, as he was splitting wood on the mountain-side, heard a plaintively tinkling voice within, singing:

"Hunger and sorrow each new day is bringing,
Since Halthorp bell has ceased its ringing."



RADSHVILLE.

BY WILLIAM G. STODDARD.

"WHAT is it, Charley—what are you digging for now? Is it mice?"

"Mice! Wud he go for mice wid a rake? An' it 's not mice, begorra," said Pat McCue.

"No, it is n't mice; but if you boys want some fun, you can climb over and take hold."

"We 're coming. I'll call Grip. What on earth is it, Charley?"

"No, sir! I don't want Grip. Not this time. I don't care to have any small dogs in my town."

"Your town?"

Hal Pinner had reached the top rail of the garden fence, and he paused for a moment to look down on the puzzle.

"Town!" echoed Pat McCue. "I 'd like to know what wud a town be wid no dogs?"

Charley Brayton had not stopped work for an instant. He was plying a long-handled garden rake upon a patch of soft earth near the fence, and his younger brother stood in the path, a few feet away, watching him very seriously.

"Dogs?" he said. "Yes, of course, dogs. When the town 's done, I'll have some; cats, too, if I can get 'em of the right size."

"Hal," said Pat McCue, gravely, "Charley 's took wid one of his quare noshins—that 's all."

Just now Charley's "queer notion" had so strong a hold upon him that he did not seem to notice it. He raked away, with a care that was quite remarkable, for a moment more. Then he drew a long breath and leaned upon his rake-handle.

"Well, I 'll tell you, boys, it 's just this way: My Uncle Frank is visiting at our house. He lives away out West. None of our folks have seen him before for years and years. I did n't know him at first. They had to tell me who he was. Then he showed me a couple of bats and a ball he 'd bought for me."

"Show us thim," interrupted Pat McCue. "Sure, it 's a new ball we nade, worst of all thins in the worruld."

"I will, by and by," said Charley. "And he brought me a new knife with four blades."

"Hear that, Hal Pinner!" shouted Pat. "It 's out West they make the right kind of uncles. I 'll get me mother to spake for wan."

"And he said if I 'd come and pay him a visit he 'd give me a gun——"

"Now, Charley, whin ye go on that visit, take me along. Mebbe he 's got two o' thim guns!"

"Keep still, Pat," said Hal Pinner. "Let Charley get through."

Charley had to turn, just then, and say to his small brother: "Keep back, Bub—you 're stepping on the boundary line," but he went right on with his explanation.

"And you see, boys, Uncle Frank 's been building a new town, and they let me sit up till eleven o'clock last night, hearing him tell all about it——"

"Elivin o'clock," muttered Pat.

"And it was all a bare prairie when he began. Not a house, nor a fence, nor so much as a field of corn on it——"

"That 's it," said Pat; "it 's aisy to do anything at all, af there 's nothing at all in the way."

"And Uncle Frank went at it, and now it 's a young city, with two railroads and a river, and all sorts of thins, and the people that live there buy town-lots of him and pay him rent for their houses, and buy sugar and coffee and thins at his store, and he has a big farm outside, and hunts for birds and deer and rabbits."

"I 'd like to have four or foive of them uncles," said Pat, with a long sigh, as he slowly came down from the fence. "But what 's all that got to do wid your rakin' for mice in the garden, to-day?"

"Mice?" said Charley. "This bed was full of radishes, till they got ripe. Then we pulled 'em up and ate them. Uncle Frank says they have radishes three times as large out West. And I asked Father if I might have the bed for a town, now it 's empty, and I 've got it almost level now. The first thing to do, when you 're going to build a town, is to get all the weeds and sticks and old roots out of the way."

Hal Pinner was on the ground now, and both he and Pat McCue began to see the fun in Charley Brayton's "quare noshin."

As for Grip, that active little black-and-tan had worked his way under the fence, but he had scented something among Deacon Pinner's lilac bushes, and was dodging in and out through them.

The rake had nearly done its part in the work of making that town, and the patch of earth, about six feet wide by twice as many long, was as smooth and level as a table.

A hoe, a shovel, a lot of half-bricks, and a pile of shingles were lying in the path, and little Bub Brayton was doing his best on a building of his own with some of the bricks.

"That 's our prairie," said Charley. "We 'll want a river next."

"What for?" asked Hal Pinner.

"What for?" said Pat McCue. "Did ye never see a river? It 's to put bridges over. What wud ye do wid yer bridges av ye did n't provide a river?"

"And to run steam-boats on," said Charley, as he worked away with his hoe at a sort of trench running across the patch from corner to corner.

"I 'll put in this end of yer river wid the spade," said Pat.

"What shall I do?" asked Hal.

"Pick out a good big brick for a corner grocery store, and another for a college, and another for a hotel. Then you go and cut some sods for a City-hall square. That 's got to be green, till the people kill the grass by walking on it. Uncle Frank says they 've killed all his grass, except some that grows wild in the streets."

The new river was rapidly dug out, but no water made its appearance.

"We 'll do without wather for a while," said Pat, "but we 'll build twice as many bridges, so they 'll know it 's a river whin they coom to it."

The sods were cut and brought, and Charley went to the house for a long pole, and, with that laid flat on the ground, he began to mark out the patch of ground into little squares of about twelve inches each.

"What are ye doin' now?" asked Pat.

"Laying out the streets. Uncle Frank did that, first thing. Only he says the cows can't find some of them yet, and there 's two he wishes he 'd lost before he let 'em be built up the way they are. This is the main street."

"Make it wider," said Pat. "Think of all the processions there 'll be on that sthreet! Make it wide enough for any kind of a Fourth of July to walk in."

"I say, Charley," said Hal, "here 's a lot of bricks just alike. Let 's have a block of stores."

"All right. And these stones are for meeting-houses."

"There 's just about shingles enough for bridges," said Pat. "But what are ye raisin' that hape o' dirt for, at the corner?"

"That 's our fort. We 'll cut a Liberty-pole and swing out a flag, and I 'll mount all three of my cannon on it."

"And my pistol," said Hal.

"And I 've a big cannon of me own," added Pat. "I can put it behind the fort, lukin' over into the town. They 'll all be panceable enough whin they luk into the mouth of it."

It was grand fun, and the boys worked like beavers.

They were so busy, in fact, that they were not listening for the sound of coming feet, and their

first warning of the approach of a visitor was from a deep voice behind them, which suddenly said:

"All right, Charley. I see what you 're up to. Did n't I hear you say that all those stones were meeting-houses?"

"Oh, Uncle Frank! Are you here? Yes, sir."

He rapidly ran over the names of several denominations, and could not see why Uncle Frank should laugh as he did.

"That 's it, Charley. We went at it just in that way. We 're doing a good deal what you are, to this very day."

"What 's that, sir?" asked Charley.

"Waiting for population, my boy. Some of it has come but we want more."

"Dade, sir, and some of ours has come, too," suddenly exclaimed Pat McCue, "and it 's diggin' cillars, first thing."

Charley turned to look, and instantly shouted:

"Hal Pinner, call off Grip! He 's scratching the main street right into the river! Bub, jump out quick! You 've put the Baptist meeting-house on top of the town-hall. Stop!"

Bub chuckled with delight, and before he obeyed he rearranged several of the bridges across the new stores instead of the river.

"What is the name of your new city, Charles?" asked Uncle Frank, soberly.

"Name? I had n't thought of that. I suppose it must have a name."

"Certainly. That 's the first thing, when you build a town. All there was of my new town, for ten years, was the name and an old wagon I left in the middle of it. The rest of it grew up around that wagon."

"Did n't ye say there was radishes here, wance, on the bed that was?" asked Pat McCue.

"Yes," hesitated Charley.

"That 's it, thin—our town is named, sir. It 's Radishville!"

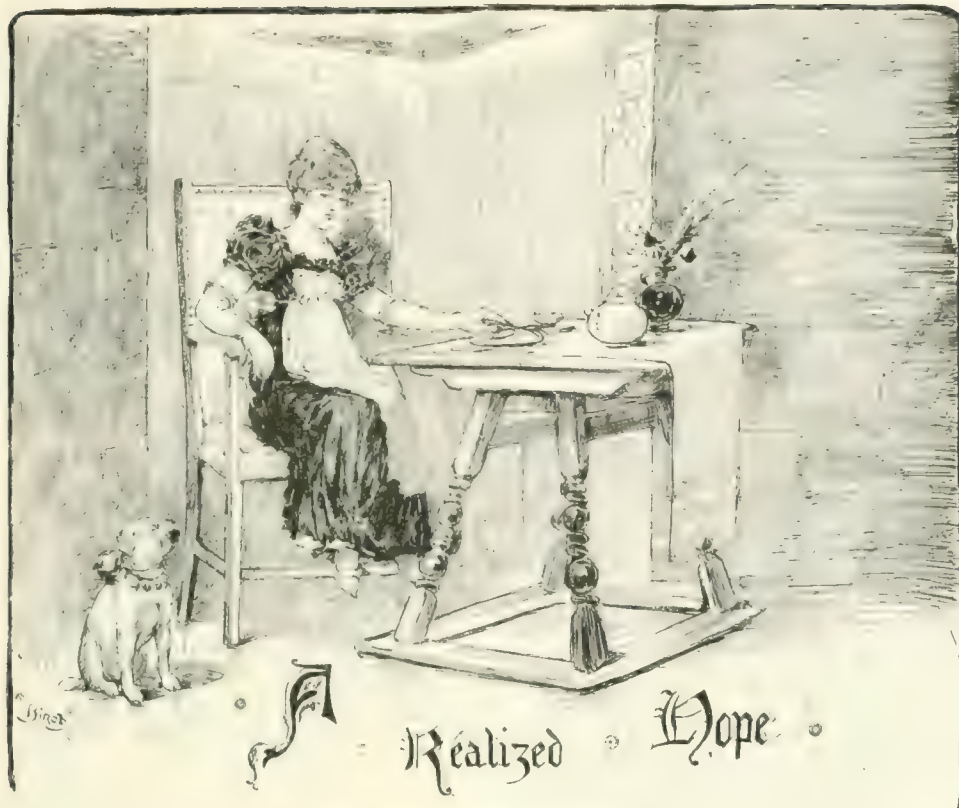
"Capital," exclaimed Uncle Frank. "All your letters 'll come straight. It 's the only town of that name in the whole country. But you 'll have to look out for one thing."

"What 's that, sir?"

"The right kind of population. We let in some that made us all sorts of trouble."

"So did we, sor," said Pat McCue. "There he is again. Was it dogs of that size, sor? Sure and that black-and-tan wud scratch the sthreet out of any town, av he got at it while it was young and tinder."

Grip was put over the fence again and Uncle Frank walked away, but the boys spent more than one morning, after that, in building up and ornamenting and fortifying Radishville.



Realized Hope

BY CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

O DEAR, it's *very* hard indeed to sit here patiently,
And see that heartless little girl eat chicken for
her tea!

She don't know how to take a hint, for I have
said "Bow-wow."

And no one could look hungrier than I am look-
ing now.

It surely is a drum-stick that she's holding in her
hand.

If I had that, I'd be the happiest puppy in
the land!

I wonder if she hears me crying softly through
my nose;

I'd yelp out if I dared, but it would never do.
I s'pose.

Ma had some meat like that one day, and I
gnawed it, but since then

She's watched me, and I've never had a single
chance again.

I've dreamed of it sometimes! "yap! yap!"

'T would move a heart of stone,
That I'm too old for bread and milk, and yet
too young for bone.

Perhaps if I should come up near, and play a
little trick.

My mistress would throw down a bite, but no!

"'T will make him sick,"—

That's what she always says, and she laughs at
my big head and feet.

'T would serve her right if I should go and get
lost in the street.

I look *so* young, she often says,—as if *she* did n't,
too!

There comes a howl! I whined so hard, I do
believe she knew.

My, what a noise! With teeth like that, a pug
like me deserves

Something beyond such trashy stuff as pickles
and preserves.

A PICUS AND HIS POTS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

IN very ancient times, when men believed that almost every mountain and river, brook and grove, was presided over by a deity of some sort, it was said that nectar and ambrosia were the drink and food of these gods. Because those old poets and philosophers indulged in those fine stories about nymphs and satyrs, fawns, naiads, and dryads, we call them heathen; but, after all, their myths, like the fictions of our own writers, are beautiful and entertaining. I have often thought of a charming story which might be written by some imaginative boy or girl about a wood deity which haunts some of the groves of America. It can be said with much truth that nectar and ambrosia fill the cups and pots of this bright and joyous being. I have seen him sipping nectar more fragrant than the fabled sweets of Hybla and Hymettus. This is saying much, for Hybla used to be the most famous town in the world for its honey, and Hymettus was a mountain, south-east of Athens, in Greece, where the bees stored their combs with the purest distillations from the flowers. But I have looked into the clean, curiously wrought cups of our American grove-god, when they were full to overflowing with clear fluid. I have even tasted the nectar, although the cups were so small that only the merest bit of my tongue could enter. It is slightly acrid, this nectar, but it has in its taste, hints, so to speak, of all the perfumes and sweets of the winds and leaves and flowers—a fragrance of green wood when cut, and of the inner tender bark of young trees. And a racy flavor, too, which comes from the aromatic roots of certain of our evergreens, is sometimes discoverable in it.

The being of which I speak is an industrious little fellow. Many times I have watched him making pots to catch nectar in, and cups to hold the precious ambrosia. These he hollows out so neatly that they all look alike, and he arranges them in rows around the bole of a tree—sometimes a maple, often an ash, may be a pine, and frequently a cedar. He has a great many of these pots and cups—so many, indeed, that it seems to keep him busy for a great part of the day drinking their delicious contents. He has very quiet ways, and you must be silent and watchful if you wish ever to see him. He rarely uses his voice, except when disturbed, and then he utters a keen cry and steals off through the air, soon disappearing in the shadows of the woods.

In the warm, dreamful weather of our early

spring days you may find him by keeping a sharp lookout for his pots, which are little holes or pits bored through the bark and through the soft outer ring of the wood of certain trees. Very often you



THE SAP-SUCKER.

can find rings and rings of these pits on the trunks of the apple-trees of the orchards, every one of them full of nectar.

And now you discover that, after all, my winged grove-deity is nothing but a little bird that many persons call by the undignified but very significant name of Sap-sucker! Well, what of it? My story is truer than those of the old Greek and Latin poets, for mine has something real in it, as well as something beautiful and interesting. I suspect that many of the ancient myths are based upon the facts of nature and are embellished with fantastic dressing, just as some imaginative boy or girl might dress up this true story of our sap-drinking woodpecker.

In fact, how much happier, how much more redolent of joyous sweets, is the life of this quiet bird than that of any such beings—if they could have existed—as those with which the ancients peopled their groves and mountains! Think of flying about on real wings among the shadows of the spring and summer woods, alighting here and

there to sip real nectar and ambrosia from fragrant cedar pots!

The sap-drinking woodpecker is of the *Picus* family, or *Picida*, which name was given to a bird of his kind in ancient times. The story runs that a king of Latium, named Picus, renowned for his beauty and for his love of horses and the chase, went forth one day to hunt in the woods, dressed in a splendid purple robe with a gold neck-band. Circe, a sorceress, became angry at him, and, striking him with her wand, turned him into the bird that has ever since borne his name.

Several of the smaller American woodpeckers are sap-drinkers; but only one kind, the one of which I am writing, ever pecks holes for the purpose of getting at the sap. He is named by naturalists *Centurus Carolinus*. He is a very cunning bird. One of his habits is to move around the bole of a tree just fast enough to keep nearly hid from you as you walk around trying to get a good look at him. This he will continue to do for a considerable length of time, but, finally getting the tree-trunk fairly between you and him, he takes to his gay wings and flies in such a line as to keep hidden from your eyes. Usually he says good-bye with a keen squeal as he starts away.

Down in the mountain valleys of Northern Georgia I used to amuse myself with watching the little half-naked negro boys trying to shoot sap-suckers by means of their blow-guns. Such a blow-gun as they had is a straight reed or cane about six feet long, through the whole length of which a smooth bore is made by punching out the joints. The arrow used in this gun is made of a sharp piece of cane-wood not longer or larger than a knitting-needle, with a ball of cotton-lint bound on the end opposite the point. The arrow is blown out of the gun by the breath from the shooter's mouth. It flies with so great force that I have seen a bird killed at a distance of forty yards. Some of the little negro boys were very skillful in using the blow-gun, and as sly as cats in creeping up close to a bird before shooting at it. Many people in Northern Georgia have China trees on their lawns. The berries of these trees intoxicate or render drowsy the robins which feed upon them, and then the poor birds are killed very easily by these blow-gun Nimrods; but the sap-sucker never eats berries of any kind, so he keeps sober and gives his persecutors great trouble, nearly always outwitting them, for birds, like people, succeed better by keeping clear of everything intoxicating.

In our Northern States, when the winter is very cold and all the maples and ash and hickory trees are frozen so that their sap will not flow into our bird's pots, he is compelled to depend upon the cedar trees for food, since their resinous sap is not

affected by the cold. Often I have seen him pecking away at the gnarled bole of an evergreen when the thermometer's mercury stood ten degrees below zero, and the air was fairly blue with winter's breath. Even in Georgia it is sometimes so cold that he chooses the pine trees, finding between their bark and the underlying wood a sort of diluted turpentine upon which he feeds. While busily engaged pecking his holes on cold, windy days he is not so watchful as in fine weather. At such times I have seen a little negro "blow-gunner" stick three or four arrows into the soft bark all around the busy bird before it would fly, and have been just as much surprised at the boy as at the bird; because, if it was strange how the bird could be so busy as not to notice an arrow "chucking" into the tree close by him, it was equally strange how that little negro could "stand it" to be out so long in such a cold, raw wind with nothing on but a shirt!

But in spring and summer it seems to me this little bird ought to be supremely happy, having



AT HOME, THE SIPSAP-SUCKER.

nothing to do but to fly from tree to tree and attend to his brimming pots of nectar and ambrosia, now sipping the amber wine of the hickory, now the crystal juice of the maple, and anon the aromatic sap of the cedar.

The nest of the sap-sucker is in a hole pecked in a rotten tree. A beautiful little home it is, cunningly carved to fit the bird's body. Its door is



THE YOUNG HUNTER AND HIS BLOW-GUN.

usually shaded by a knot or bough, and sometimes its cavity is a foot or two deep, lined in the bottom with finely pulverized wood and leaves of lichen.

One peculiarity of the woodpecker family is extremely strong in the sap-sucker. This peculiarity may be called a *rolling flight*, and is produced by a single vigorous stroke of the wings, which are then held for a second or more closely pressed to the bird's sides. Of course, with each of these wing-strokes the bird mounts high in the air; then while the wings are closed it falls a certain distance. Another stroke causes it to mount again, and so on, this peculiar flight giving it a galloping motion, or a motion like that of a boat riding on high-rolling waves.

For a long while I felt sure this bird ate nothing but the sap or *blood* of trees; but, finally, I discovered one very complacently sipping the juice of a ripe peach. I do not blame him for that, however,—do *you*? If I were a bird I should take a sample sip from every ripe peach I came across, particularly such great blood-red Indian peaches as that one was.

Many owners of orchards are of the opinion that the sap-sucker injures their trees by pecking so many holes in them, but after closely studying the subject for several years I have concluded that, instead of hurting them, he really benefits them; for some of the finest bearing apple-trees I ever saw were just as full of pits from root to top as they could be, many of these pits having been pecked ten years before I saw them. So our nectar-loving bird should not be killed as an enemy, but ought to be loved for his beauty and admired for his rare cunning.

One notable habit of the sap-sucker is that of returning year after year to the same tree for his food. I spent three consecutive winters in a cheery old farm-house, in front of whose hospitable door stood a knotty and gnarled cedar tree, to which every January came a solitary sap-sucker. It was quite a study to examine the holes he had pecked, all up and down the entire length of its rugged surface. Some of them had been made so long ago they were almost grown over; others were a little more distinct, and the latest were bright and

new, overflowing with clear, viscid fluid. By carefully comparing the number of pits made each year, and the yearly change in their appearance, I concluded that this bird had been drawing upon this tree for food every winter for at least ten years. Of course some other bird may have helped at times, but my opinion is that the sap-sucker is a very long-lived bird, and that if not frightened away he will return to his pots or make new ones in the same tree every year for a long period of time.

The red-head, the flicker, and the smaller varieties of woodpecker, all of close kin to the sap-sucker, take great delight in occasionally drinking to the health of the latter out of his own pots, first driving him away by furiously attacking him; but they are either too lazy or too ignorant to make any pots of their own. Our nectar-loving little friend, however, does not seem to care much for this kind of robbery. He knows where all the best trees are, and if he is driven from one he gives a sharp squeal and flies away to another.

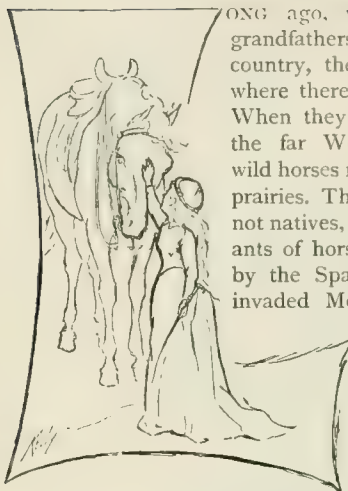
A SUDDEN SHOWER.



MEANS OF THE "SUNNY" TYPE IS THE BEST FOR THE
 THE "SUNNY" TYPE IS THE BEST FOR THE

LEARNING TO RIDE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



LONG ago, when our great grandfathers came to this country, they found a land where there were no horses. When they pushed out into the far West, they found wild horses roaming over the prairies. These animals were not natives, but the descendants of horses brought over by the Spanish when they invaded Mexico. Some of these Spanish horses ran away and became the wild horses of the plains, or, as they are called, mustangs.

To-day this is the great horse country of the world. Nowhere else are these animals so cheap and plentiful.

Now American boys are as brave and active as any in the world, and learned travelers tell us they know more than any boys yet discovered in the solar system. Likewise, the American girl is sweet and good and true—as bright as any girl in Europe. For all this, American boys and girls do not, as a rule, ride horseback. It is true, some country boys, east and west, ride fearlessly and well, but the majority of boy and girl riders have climbed, by the aid of a rail-fence, on the back of a farm-horse, and when they were mounted the horse either laughed in his mane or ingloriously tumbled the rider over his head. It is very strange that in such a land of horses so few boys and girls know how to ride. It is a mistake to think that, when Dobbin has been brought to the fence and you have climbed on his back, this is riding. Not even the most uncommonly bright girl or the most learned boy can ride without instruction. One has to learn this art, just as one must learn to play the piano or to mount a bicycle.

Let us consider the horse, see what he is like, and then, perhaps, we may learn what it means to ride. A horse is an animal with a large brain, and, though he seldom speaks, you may be sure he thinks and has a mind of his own. Besides this, he has four legs. These are important things to remember—he stands on four legs and can think

for himself. He also has ears, and, though he is not given to conversation, he hears and understands much that is said to him. He also has a temper—good or bad—and may be cross and ill-natured, or sweet-tempered, cheerful, patient, and kind. In approaching such a clever creature, it is clear a boy or girl must be equally patient, kind, cheerful, and good-natured. Unless you are as good as a horse, you have no right to get upon his back.

Of course, there are bad horses, but they are not fit for riding, and are used only to drag horse-cars or do other common work. All riding-horses fit for the society of boys and girls are good horses, not merely for walking or galloping, but morally good—gentle, kind, patient, careful, and obedient. Any boy or girl, over seven years of age, with a brave heart and steady hand, and also sweet-tempered, gentle, kind, and thoughtful, can learn to ride. All others must sit in a box on wheels and be dragged about.

Come, all boys and girls who love fun! Let us go to the Riding-school. Baby can come, too, and sit with Mamma and look on, while the others mount the ponies. The school is a large hall, with a lofty roof and a floor of sand or tan-bark. At the sides are galleries and seats for the spectators. Adjoining the school is the residence of the amiable horses and charming ponies the pupils use in taking their lessons, and it may be truly said they make a large and happy family. There are more than a hundred of them, and each one has been selected for his gentleness and sweet temper. They have nothing to do but to carry the scholars in the school-room or in the park. They certainly live in the best society, and it is not a matter of wonder that they are very polite and of the most agreeable horse-manners.

First of all is the saddling-room, a corner of which is shown on the next page. This is where our horses and ponies are harnessed for us. At the right, the man is just taking the saddles from the elevator on which they come down from the harness-room upstairs. At the back is a view of the school-room. Behind the man are three of our ponies. Another is looking this way. He certainly has a pleasant face. He will do for Nellie, as she is a beginner and rather timid.

Mamma and the baby go upstairs and find seats in the gallery, where they can look down on the school. Nellie and the girls go to their dressing-rooms to put on their habits, and the boys, includ-

ing Master Tommy, go to their quarters to make ready for the mount. When all are ready we meet in the great school-room. Here we find the head master and the assistant teachers. It is a queer school—no books or slates, and the teachers with small whips—for the horses only. Each teacher has four pupils, and Nellie falls to the lot of the head master of the school.

"Now, Miss, there is nothing to fear. See! The old fellow is as gentle as a lamb. There's no danger whatever." A fall in the riding-school is as rare as citron in a baker's cake. Still, she is afraid, and requires some urging to consent to be lifted and put on the pony's back. "Take one rein in each hand, pass it between the little finger and the next, and over the first finger, with the thumb resting on top. Do not touch the saddle nor pull hard on the reins. You must keep your seat by balancing yourself as the horse moves, but not by the reins."

all about it, but the teacher seems to have a good deal to say to him about something. The others, with merry talk and laughter, are mounted at last, and the teachers lead the horses and ponies slowly around the ring, showing each pupil how to ride correctly.

This horseback riding is a curious art, and you can not master it in one lesson. Such lessons of an hour each, three times a week, for three months, is the usual course required to make a really good rider. To make the horse perform fancy steps, leap hedges, and that sort of thing, requires from one to two years' study in a good school and much out-of-door practice. Like learning to dance, it consists in the art of holding and carrying the body gracefully and naturally. Very few boys and girls in this country ever learn to walk naturally and gracefully without instruction, and to dance or ride one must go to school. Walking, dancing, and riding are parts of a good edu-



"Hello, Master Tommy! You are over-bold. You look like a mouse on a mountain on that tall horse. Get down and take a pony of your own size." Tommy, by the way, rode the farm-horse to water once last summer, and he thinks he knows

cation. They give health and pleasant manners, but of the three, riding is the most useful in giving courage, strength, manners, and good health. Our great fault in this country is that we do not know how to be natural.

The body is the house we live in. It is a pretty good house, and should not only be neatly clothed, but be carried in a correct and natural manner. No one thinks of wearing torn clothes or living in

a tumble-down house, and why should we not stand and walk, or sit and ride, in a natural and graceful manner? We are so made that if we do things in the right way we shall always find it the easiest way also, and that it will enable us to be natural and graceful at the same time.

The art of riding teaches all this, and once learned is wonderfully easy, and becomes as much second nature as walking. It consists of two things: a good seat and guiding the horse. By a good seat is meant a secure position on the horse. For a boy it means to put both legs over the horse, with the upper part of the leg bent slightly forward, the lower part hanging down, with the foot in the stirrup and the heel slightly lower than the toes. Sit erect, with the body free to sway in every direction on the hips. For a girl, the right leg is thrown over the horn of the saddle, and the left hangs down like a boy's. Her body is really on a pivot, through the hips, and must freely bend forward or backward, or on either side, without moving in the saddle. With a little practice, even timid

of the class with the teacher. She is looking at him to see how he holds the reins. She has got over her fright in mounting and looks quite like a young horse-woman. The others follow in pairs, a boy and girl together. Last of all, on the left, is Master Tommy at the foot of the class. With all his haste he goes rather slowly. Take them altogether, they make a very handsome cavalcade.

The horse, as was remarked, has four feet and a brain. Riding consists not only in a good seat, but the art of teaching the horse to give up his will and to do, not what he wishes, but what you wish. So you must come to an understanding with the horse—learn his way of thinking and his language. Left to himself, he might go the wrong way, or stand still and go nowhere in particular. It might be very pleasant for him, but this is not what we want. So in the school you are taught all the words of command: to start, to halt, to trot or gallop, to change step, and to go to the right or left. To tell it all would fill a book, and we can only now observe, in a general way, how a horse is managed. It



"QUITE A CAVALCADE"

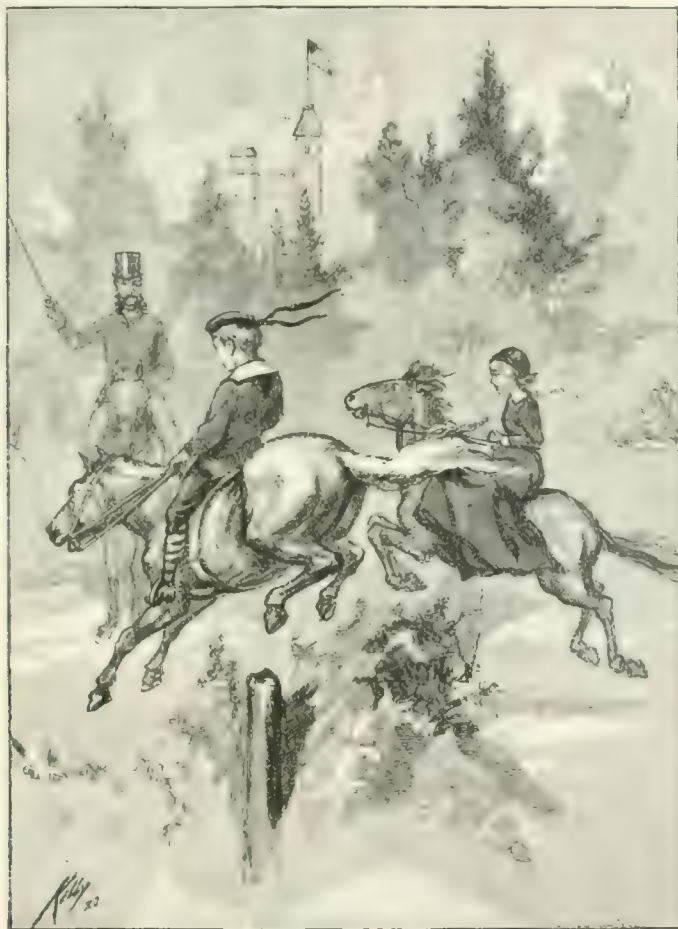
girls like Nellie soon learn to sit securely. Now she is safe and comfortable, and it is a pleasure to look at her.

Here is the entire party, with Nellie at the head

is done both by voice and by motions of the hand and body. For instance, the word is given to start or stop, but the rider's body must be moved slightly on the hips to help the horse. To turn to the right

or left, the reins are turned very slightly, the body is bent in the opposite direction to that you wish to take, and the horse's side is touched gently with the

The moment you get on his back you observe that the motion is very different from walking. As he has four legs, and as you sit between the two pair,



A LESSON IN LEAVING FENCES.

foot. Boys use either foot, but girls use only the left foot, and touch the horse on the right with a riding-whip. This is the merest hint of what is meant by learning to ride, but it is enough to show what is done in the riding-school. The horse has a mind of his own, and, though he surrenders his will to the rider, he yet watches where he is going and always has his wits about him. He will not willingly fall or stumble. He will not step on you should you fall on the ground, nor can you drive him against a wall or down a steep bank. A steam-engine has no mind, and will run into a ditch or into the river just as readily as on the rails. A horse has a brain and can use it, and so in riding he thinks for himself and the rider, and will not follow what he knows to be wrong or foolish commands.

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you are really at a place between four points of support that are continually moving. This you have always to remember, and to ride gracefully you must conform to every motion of your horse. If you wish him to turn sharply to the right and change his step, you lean to the left. This throws your weight on three of his legs and leaves the right fore leg free, and, as it moves more easily than any other, the horse steps out with that foot first. But, to give you all the details would only weary you. The best way to learn is to go to a riding-school, or else to have a good teacher at home.

After several weeks' study in the school the pupils are taken out in the park, along the bridle-paths. On the next page is a picture of one of the advanced classes out for a practice ride.



REFUGE FROM THE RAIN.

They have been caught in a shower, and have run under a bridge to get out of the rain. Two of them have been beaten in the race with the shower, as you will observe.

Sometimes boys and girls from English families come to the school with a note from home saying they must be taught to ride in the English style—that is, learn to leap fences and ditches. So Master Percy Fitzdollymount and his sister, the Honorable Mary Adelaide Fitzdollymount, are given lessons in leaping over a low fence. Why do you suppose they do this? In England, the grand people who own the land go hunting for hares, rabbits, and foxes, and ride roughly right across the country, over fields

and hedges, destroying the farmers' crops and doing a great deal of harm, all for the sake of a race after a fox or a rabbit. They never think of paying the farmer for the damage, and they call it fine sport.

We have none of this kind of riding in America. There is no need of learning to leap on horseback over a fence here, and if we did so, very likely the farmer would make us pay a fine for trampling on his crops.

Last of all, here is Nellie, just as she fell asleep in her riding habit, after her first lesson. She seems to be dreaming of the great horseshoe that surrounds her head like a glory. Let us hope that she will be a brave horsewoman, and that the shoe will bring her good luck.



A SCHOLAR.

BY SYDNEY DAVIES.

"YES, I am five years old to-day!
 Last week I put my dolls away;
 For it was time, I 'm sure you 'll say,
 For one so old to go
 To school, and learn to read and spell:—
 And I am doing *very* well;
 Perhaps you 'd like to hear me tell
 How many things I know.

"Well, if you 'll only take a look
 Yes, this is it—the last I took.
 Here in my 'pretty picture-book,
 Just near the purple cover;—
 Now listen—Here are one, two, three
 Wee little letters, don't you see?—
 Their names are D and O and G;
 They spell—now guess!—*Old Roger*!"

A STORY OF A VERY NAUGHTY GIRL: OR,
MY VISIT TO MARY JANE

FROM THE PEN OF 'LIZBETH HALL.

WHEN Mary Jane Hunt left Tuckertown last summer, she invited me to come to the city and make her a visit.

"If I were sure Mrs. Hunt wanted you, 'Lizbeth, I would like to have you go," said Mother, "for it's good for young folks to widen their horizon now and then, and you would enjoy seeing the sights."

I did n't care anything about my horizon, but I did want most awfully to see the sights; but, although I teased and teased, Mother would n't let me go.

There was a great church bother in Tuckertown that year, but our folks were n't in it. The trouble began in the choir, who could n't agree about the tunes. On some Sundays the organist would n't play, and on others the singers would n't sing. Once, they all stopped short in the middle of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and it was real exciting at church, for you never knew what might happen before you came out; but folks said it was disgraceful, and I suppose it was. They complained of the minister because he did n't put a stop to it; so at last he took sides with the organist, and dismissed the choir, and declared we would have congregational singing in the future. 'Most everybody thought that would be the end of the trouble; but, mercy! it was hardly the beginning! Things grew worse and worse. To begin with, the congregation would n't sing. You see, they had had a choir so long, people were sort of afraid to let out their voices; and besides, there

was Elvira Tucker, who had studied music in Boston, just ready to make fun of them if they did. For she was one of the choir, and they were all as mad as hornets.

In fact, the whole Tucker family were offended. They said folks did n't appreciate Elvira, nor what she had done, since she returned from Boston, to raise the standard in Tuckertown. I don't know, I am sure, what they meant by that, for I never saw Elvira raise any standard; but I do know that they were real mad with the minister, and lots of people took their side and called 'emselfes "Tuck-erites."

You see, the Tuckers stand very high in Tuckertown, and other people try to be just as like them as they can. They were first settlers, for one thing, and have the most money, for another; and they lay down the law generally. The post-office and the station are at *their* end of the village. *They* decide when the sewing-societies shall meet, and the fairs take place, and the strawberry festivals come off. If there is to be a picnic, *they* decide when we shall go, and where we shall go, and just who shall sit in each wagon. If anybody is sick, Mrs. Tucker visits 'em just as regularly as the doctor, and she brings grapes and jelly, and is very kind, though she always scolds the sick person for not dieting, or for going without her rubbers, or something of that sort. If Mother had a hand in this story, not a word of all this would go down. She says they are very public-spirited people, and that they do a great deal for Tuckertown. I suppose

they do; but I've heard other people say that they domineer much more than is agreeable.

The people on the minister's side were called "Anti-Tuckerites"; but, as I said, our folks were n't in the quarrel at all. The consequence of being on the fence was, that I could not join in the fun on either side, and I think it was real mean. Every now and then, the Tuckerites would plan some lovely picnic or party, just so as not to invite the Anti-Tuckerites. Then, in turn, *they* would get up an excursion, and not invite any of the Tuckerites. Of course, *I* was n't invited to either, and it was just as provoking as it could be.

One day, when I went to school, I found that Elvira Tucker was going to train a choir of children to take the place of the old choir.

"I went over to call on Elvira last evening," I heard Miss Green tell our school-teacher, "and I found her at the piano playing for little Nell to sing. It was just at dusk, and they did not see me; so I stood and listened, and wondered why we could n't have a choir of children instead of the congregational singing. Elvira said she thought it would be lovely."

Now, I had been to singing-school for two winters, and the singing-master said I had a good voice; so I thought I ought to belong to the choir.

"You can't, 'cause only Tuckerites are going to belong," said 'Melia Stone. "And your folks are just on the fence. They are n't one thing or another."

I could n't stand being left out of all the fun any longer, so I said: "I'm as much a Tuckerite as anybody, only our folks don't approve of making so much trouble about a small affair."

"I want to know!" said Abby Ann Curtiss. "Well, I'll ask Miss Elvira if you can belong there."

Mercy me! I had jumped from the fence and found myself a Tuckerite! I was sure Mother would be real mad if she knew what I had said, for I suspected in my heart of hearts that, if *she* had jumped from the fence, she would have landed on the minister's side. I made up my mind that I would not tell her what had passed, for maybe, after all, Miss Elvira would decide that I was no real Tuckerite. But the very next day she sent word to me by Abby Ann that she would like to have me join the choir.

I told Mother that I was wanted in the children's choir because I had a good voice, and I never said a word about being a Tuckerite.

"A children's choir," said she. "That's a real good idea—a beautiful idea."

She never suspected how I was deceiving her.

Well, we had real fun practicing. That week we learned a chant and two hymns.

One day Miss Green came in.

"How does *she* happen to be here?" I heard her ask Miss Elvira, with a significant look at me.

"Oh, she has a real good voice," answered Miss Elvira, laughing. "Most of the children who can sing are on the Tuckerite side. Besides, from something she said to Abby Ann, I think at heart the Halls sympathize with us."

What would my folks have said to that? I felt half sick of the whole affair, and went home and teased Mother to let me go to the city and visit Mary Jane.

I never shall forget the Sunday I sang in the choir. Miss Elvira played for us on the organ, for when the real organist heard that only the Tuckerite children were to belong to it she refused to play. Everybody seemed surprised to see me in it, and even Dr. Scott looked at me in a mournful sort of way, as if he thought the Halls had gone over to the enemy. What troubled me most, though, was the look Mother gave me when she first realized that the choir was formed only of the Tuckerite children, and that she had not found it out before.

But, in spite of all this, I enjoyed the singing. We sat, a long row of us, in the singers' seats up in the gallery. After the hymn was given out and we stood up, Miss Elvira nodded to me and whispered: "Now, don't be afraid, girls. Sing as loud as you can."

Mercy! how we *did* sing! Twice as loud as the grown-up choir. Luella Howe said, afterward, that we looked as if we were trying to swallow the meeting-house.

But I never sang but just that once in the choir, for next Sunday I spent with Mary Jane, in Boston.

The way it happened was this. That night Mother sent me to bed right after supper, as a punishment for not telling her all about the choir before I joined it; and, as I undressed, she had a great deal to say about the defects in my character. She talked to me a long time about my faults, and she went down-stairs without kissing me good-night. I was thinking what a miserable sinner I must be, and was trying to cry about it, when I heard her go into the sitting-room and say to Father, who was reading his paper there:

"I just put 'Lizbeth to bed; but she is n't half so much to blame as some other folks. If grown people act in such a way, you can't expect much of the children. I declare, I wish I could send her away from Tuckertown till this choir-matter is settled."

"Well," says Father, "why don't you let her go and see Hunt's girl? You know she invited her, and 'Lizbeth wants to go."

"Oh, no," says Mother. "They have so much

sickness there. I 'm afraid she would be in the way," and she ended her sentence by shutting the door with a slam.

I got right up and sat on the stairs for a long

let me go, for she was afraid Mrs. Hunt did n't like to write that my coming would be inconvenient. She declared that I ought to have written I would go if I heard that it would be agreeable.



"MERRY" HOW WE DID.

time, to see if they would say anything more about my visiting Mary Jane, but they did n't. Father began to talk of the black heifer he had just bought, and then about the Presidential campaign, and several other unimportant things like that. Not a word about me.

But I began early the next morning and teased steadily to go and visit Mary Jane. Finally, Tuesday morning Mother said I might write Mary Jane that, if it were perfectly agreeable to her mother, I would now make them the promised visit, and, if I heard nothing to the contrary from them, would start on Friday in the early train for Boston.

Well, Tuesday passed and Wednesday came, and Thursday came, and at last—at last Friday came, and no letter from Mary Jane. My trunk was all packed. I took my best dress and my second-best dress, and most of the every-day ones, and Mother lent me her hair jewelry. I had my shade hat, and my common one, and my too-good hat. That last is one I've had for years—ever so many years,—fully two years, I guess,—and it's always too good to wear anywhere, and that's why it lasts so long. At the last, Mother declared she was sorry she had ever consented to

I had fifty frights that morning before I was finally put in Deacon Hobart's care in the cars, for he, too, was going to Boston that day.

He promised my mother that, if no one was at the depot for me, he would put me in a carriage, so that I should get safely to Mrs. Hunt's house.

I was real mad to have him tag along—it would have been such fun to travel alone, and I did hope, when he stood so long on the platform talking to Father, the cars would go off without him; but he jumped on just as they were starting. However, when we finally got to Boston, and I found that nobody was waiting for me there, I was glad enough to have him with me.

I must say that, as I rode along in the carriage, I thought it was real queer and rude for no one to come to meet me; but the city was so interesting. I had forgotten about it by the time we had stopped at the Hunts' door. The house had a kind of shut-up look, and I felt queer for a moment, as I thought perhaps they were all away from home; but, just then, Mary Jane flew down the steps, and Dot came squealing behind her.

"Now, you just hush!" said Mary Jane to her, after she had kissed me. "You wake Lucy up,

and see what you'll get." (She is always awful domineering to Dot, Mary Jane is.)

"Why, what 's the matter with Lucy?" I asked.

"Why is she asleep in the day-time?"

"Why, she is sick," said Mary Jane.

"Oh, awful sick!" cried Dot.

"'T is n't catching, though; so come right in, Beth," added Mary Jane, and in we went.

She had the hackman carry my trunk up into her room, and she went up behind him all the way, ordering him to be quiet, and slapping Dot and holding up her finger at me, and making more noise herself than all the rest of us put together.

"You see, I have to take care of everything," she said, when we were up at last. "Mother has to stay with Lucy all the time, and Dot is so thoughtless. But, what have you got in your trunk?"

"Yes, why don't you unpack?" asked Dot.

It took me some time to get to the bottom of my trunk, but I showed them everything that was in it. After that, Mary Jane said she must go and see about tea. When we got down-stairs we found the table set.

"Why! there 's no preserves on it," said Mary Jane to Bridget, who tossed her head, and answered:

"Your ma did n't order any, and I wont open 'em without her telling me."

"Oh, my!" cried Mary Jane; "you are very particular just now, are n't you? You don't mind so much when your aunt's step-mother's cousin comes."

Bridget turned as red as a beet. "Now, jist you take yourselves out of my kitchen!" said she, and, as true as you live, she shut the door right in my face!

"Hateful old thing!" cried Mary Jane. "Well, never mind, I 'm going to the china-closet to get some. But, which do you like best, peach preserves or raspberry jam?"

"Peach preserves, o' course," answered Dot. "Everybody does."

I don't see why Dot had to say that. It was just enough, and I knew it would be, to make Mary Jane take the jam. When we went back to the dining-room, we found Susan (that 's the nurse) had come in with the baby.

"Here, Mary Jane," said she, "your ma said you were to take care of Baby while I 'm upstairs."

Mary Jane looked as cross as two sticks. "Oh, bother! I can't! I have Dot to take care of, and Beth and the house, and everything. Bridget ought to do that."

But just then Mr. Hunt came down. He looked real worried, but he spoke to me just as kind, and

asked after the Tuckertown folks. I tried to tell him about the singing affair, but he did n't seem to take much interest, and soon went upstairs again.

"He has n't eaten any of his supper," said Dot.

"I 'm going to give his jam to Baby."

The baby had been sitting in a high chair up to the table, and had n't had a thing but a piece of graham cracker to eat. I thought he was real good.

"He can't have any jam. Here! give it to me," said Mary Jane. "I 'll eat it."

Of course, at that he banged his cracker on the floor, and began to cry for the jam. But Mary Jane did n't take the slightest notice of him. She went on eating the jam as calmly as if he was asleep in his cradle. Dot had been sent out on an errand, so I tried to amuse him; but he was afraid of me, and screamed louder than before.

"Don't pay any attention to him," said Mary Jane. "I 'm going to break him of screaming so much. I always longed to break him of it, and at last I 've got a chance. When he finds no one takes any notice of him, he 'll stop it, I guess."

While he was still screaming, Mrs. Hunt came down. She had on her wrapper, and her hair was just bobbed up, and she looked as if she had n't slept for a month.

"Mary Jane, why don't you amuse him?" she said, after she had shaken hands with me, and had taken Baby in her arms. "You know that the noise disturbs Lucy, and yet you 'll let him cry."

"It 's too bad," said I. "I would amuse him, only he is afraid of me."

"Why, I 'll amuse him, of course," said Mary Jane.

So her mother went upstairs again, and we had that child on our hands till seven o'clock, when Susan came and took him to bed.

The next morning I told Mary Jane that I thought I ought to go home.

"Oh no!" she begged. "You are here, and you might as well stay, and Lucy will be better soon."

"Oh," said Dot, "don't go! You can help us take care of Baby, you know."

"I don't see how I can be in your mother's way, when I hardly ever see her," said I. "Besides, it would be real mean to leave you while you are in trouble." So I decided to stay.

I should have had a splendid time of it, had it not been for the baby; but we never began any interesting play but Susan would come and leave him with us, and then he always had to be amused. I never saw such a child—never quiet a moment. They said it was because he was so bright. If I

ever have a child, I hope it will be one of the stupid kind, that will sit on the floor and suck its thumb all day.

He was particularly in the way when we went to see the sights. We went to the State-house and the Art Museum, and one day Mary Jane showed me a place where they were having a baby show.

"Mercy!" said Mary Jane, "*who* would ever want to go to that?"

"Lots o' people are going in, anyhow," said Dot.

We had started on, but all at once Mary Jane stopped short. "Lizbeth," said she, "I'll tell you what. Let's take Baby to the baby show. I mean to exhibit him, and p'raps he'll take a prize, and we will have the money."

Was n't it a splendid idea? The trouble was, we did n't know how to get in. At last, Mary Jane told the ticket-master what we wanted, and he sent for the manager.

"And so you want to put this little chap in the show," said he. "How old is he?"

Mary Jane told him.

"Well, he *is* a whopper," said the man.



"LITTLE THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY."

"Is it too late for him to get the prize?" we asked.

"Oh, he wont stand so good a chance as if he had come at first. You see, the babies are all numbered, and each person, when he goes out of the show, gives the number of the baby he thinks is the finest, and the one that has the most votes, so to speak, gets the prize. Those folks that came yesterday, you see, have n't voted for *your* baby, but then you'll have part of to-day and to-morrow."

"Why, will we have to stay all the time?" asked Mary Jane.

"No, you can take him out when you choose;

but the more he is here the more votes he'll get."

"Well, if there's a prize for the baby that can cry loudest, he'll get it," said Dot.

But they did n't give any prize for that.

We gave Baby's name and address to the manager, who then took us in to the show. His number was three hundred and twelve, and a paper telling his age, and number of teeth, and so on, was tacked over the little booth where we sat.

There were lots of people in the room, but when any one came near *our* baby he cried.

"I do believe he wont get a single vote," said Mary Jane, in despair. But somebody gave him some candy, and that pacified him for a while, and ever so many persons said he was the finest child in the show. We were so encouraged, we planned just how we would spend the money, and we stayed till dinner-time, when Mary Jane thought we ought to go home.

Mrs. Hunt was real pleased that we had kept him out so long. It was a pleasant day, she said, and the air would do him good.

"We will take him out again this afternoon," said Mary Jane.

When we went back, Baby was so tired he went to sleep in Dot's lap. They looked awful cunning, and everybody raved over them; but we had to promise Dot everything under the sun to keep her quiet.

Lucy was worse that night, and the next morning Mrs. Hunt sent us right out after breakfast. We stayed at the show all day, but the baby was n't good a bit. He screamed and kicked, and looked, oh, so red and ugly! We had to send Dot for some candy for him, and we felt worried and uncomfortable.

The doctor's carriage was at the door when we went home at last, and Mr. Hunt was walking up and down in the parlor. He called Mary Jane and Dot in, and I went upstairs, for Susan said the postman had left a letter for me. I thought it was from Mother; but it was a printed thing from the Dead-letter Office, saying that a letter for me was detained there for want of postage. It had been sent to Tuckertown, and the postmaster had forwarded it to Boston. I had spent all my money, except just enough to buy my ticket home; but I thought I would take out enough for the stamps, and borrow six cents from Mrs. Hunt. I went out right off and mailed my letter with the stamps, so as to get the other letter that was in the Dead-letter Office. When I came back I found Mary Jane crying in the hall.

Lucy was worse and the doctor had given her up.

"And I have always been so cross to her." sobbed Mary Jane.

"Yes, so you have!" put in Susan, who was coming down stairs with a tray. "I hope you'll remember now to be kinder to Dot and the baby."

"But they are so healthy," she sniffed. But she seemed to feel real bad, and it's no wonder, for Lucy is a darling! I could n't help crying myself.

That night, poor little Three Hundred and Twelve was taken sick. Mr. Hunt and the doctor came to our room to ask what we had given him to eat, and when we told them about the candy (we did n't dare say a word about the show) they were angry enough.

I sha'n't forget that night in a hurry. I did n't think it would ever come to an end, and we both lay and cried till the sun shone into our window in the morning, when Susan came to tell us that Lucy was sleeping beautifully, and was going to get well, after all. After breakfast, we went into Mrs. Hunt's room, which was next to the nursery, where Lucy lay, and she took us all in her arms—there was room for me too—and we just cried with joy together.

The baby had got all over his colic, and Mary

Jane and I had just concluded we had better tell Mrs. Hunt where we had taken him, when a letter came for Mrs. Hunt.

It was a notice that number three hundred and twelve had taken the third prize at the baby show.

It could not have come at a better time for us, for how could she scold, with Lucy coming back to life, as it were, after those dreadful hours of suspense and suffering? But I know she did scold Mary Jane afterward, for it was n't right to keep the baby in that stuffy place when she thought he was in the fresh air; but that was after I went home, which happened a few days later.

And what do you think!—Just as the carriage came to take me to the depot, the postman left a sealed envelope from the Dead-letter Office. I opened it as the cars started, and while I was traveling home, I read the very letter Mrs. Hunt had written in answer to the one I wrote her to tell her I was about to visit them in Boston. And in that letter she had asked me to postpone my visit till some later date, on account of the illness of little Lucy!

TO THE AUTHOR OF JABBERWOCKY.

BY E. P. MATTHEWS.

OH, sir! I was a beamish child,
Who gyred and gimble in the lane,
Until your weird words drove me wild
A-burbling in my brain.

At brillig, when my mother dear
Calls me to dine, I really do—
To make it clear, close to her ear
I loudly cry "Callooh!"

My brother, like a frumious patch,
Regards me as his manxsome foe,
As if I were a Bandersnatch,
Or a jubjub bird, you know!

He snicker-snacks his vorpal sword,
And vows he'll slay me—what a shock!
If I do quote another word—
One word—from Jabberwock.

I then galumphing go away,
Beneath the leafy shade of trees,
Where all the day I cry "Callay!"
And chortle when I please!

I wish I were a borrowgove,
To dwell within the tulgey wood,
Where I could say the words I love;
I'd whiffle—that I should.

Oh, frabjous poem! pray, sir, tell,
Compounded was it by what laws?
Why did you write it in a book?
I know you'll say—"Because!"

Oh! when you sit in uffish thought
Beneath the tum-tum tree, and wait,
Write other words, I think you ought,
To drive these from my pate.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE ORIENT BASE-BALL NINE.

BY C. M. SHELDON.

THE Orient Base-ball Nine, of Orient Academy, hereby challenges the Eagles, of Clayton Academy, to a match game of ball—time and place to be at the choice of the challenged.

Respectfully,

TOM DEXTER, Secretary of Orient B. B. C.

To Secretary of Eagle B. B. C., of Clayton Academy.

"There!" said Tom, as he wiped his pen on his coat-sleeve; "how 'll that do?"

The Orient Base-ball nine was sitting in solemn council in Captain Gleason's room. The question had long been debated at the Orient School about playing a match game with the Eagles of Clayton, the rival Academy on the same line of railroad, about thirty miles from Orient. Until lately, the teachers of the Academy had withheld their permission for the necessary absence from school; but at last they had yielded to the petitions of the nine, and the Orient Club was now holding a meeting which had resulted in the above challenge.

"Very well put, Tom," answered Gleason, and then an animated conversation took place.

"We must beat those fellows, or they 'll crow over us forever."

"Yes; do you remember, fellows, that Barton who was down here last fall when our nine played the town boys? They say he stole a ball out of Tom's pocket during the game. I hear he's short-stop this year." This from Johnny Rider, the Orient first-baseman.

"We don't know about that," said Gleason. "Don't be too sure."

"Well," put in Wagner, the popular catcher of the nine, "we *do* know some of them are not to be trusted, and will cheat, if they get a chance. You see if they don't."

"All the more reason why we should play fair, then," retorted Gleason. "Look here, boys, I have n't time to orate, and am not going to make a speech, but let's understand one another. If we go to Clayton—and I think they will prefer to play on their own grounds—we are going to play a fair game. If we can't beat them without cheating, we won't beat them at all!"

"Three cheers for the captain!" shouted Tom, upsetting the inkstand in his excitement. The

cheers were given; and the pitcher, a short, thick-set fellow, with quick, black eyes, whispered to Wagner: "If there's any cheating done, it won't be done by Glea, that's sure."

"No," replied Wagner; "but they will beat us. You mark my words."

"We shall have something to say to that, I think;" and the Orient pitcher shut his teeth together vigorously, as he thought of the latest curve which he had been practicing.

Gradually, after more talk on the merits of the two clubs, one after another dropped out of the captain's room, and at last he and Tom Davis were alone. Tom was sealing up the challenge.

"What do you think, Glea, of Rider's remark about Barton?" asked Tom, as he licked a stamp with great relish. Base-ball was food and drink to Tom.

"Why," replied Gleason, "I don't think Barton's any worse than the others. None of them are popular around here, but I think it's only on account of the jealousy of the two academies. Probably they have the same poor opinion of us."

"They're a good nine, anyway. You know they beat the Stars last Saturday."

"Yes," said Gleason, smiling, "and we beat the Rivals."

"Do you think they'll cheat, or try to?" asked Tom.

"Well, no; there is n't much chance of cheating nowadays at base-ball. We may have some trouble with the umpire."

"Well, good-night, old fellow!" said Tom, as he rose. "I'll take this down to post, and then hie me to my downy couch. I suppose you are going to 'dig,' as usual."

"Yes; I have some Virgil to get out."

"I don't envy you. Good-night, my *pious Aeneas*."

"Good-night, my *fidus Achates*." And the captain was left alone.

He took down his books, but somehow he could not compose himself to study. The anticipated game with the Claytons filled his mind, and he could think of nothing else; so he shut the books, and took a turn up and down the room.

Young Gleason was a handsome, well-built fellow, with an open, sunny face, the very soul of honor, and a popular fellow with every one. He was all but worshiped by the nine, who adored him as a decided leader, a steady player, and a sure batsman, with a knack of wresting victory out of seeming defeat. His powers of endurance were the wonder and admiration of all the new boys, who were sure to hear of Gleason before they had been in the school two days.

He had whipped Eagen, the bully, in the cotton-mills across the river, for insulting some ladies; he

had walked from Centerville to Orient in thirty-six minutes, the fastest time on record; he had won the silver cup at the last athletic tournament, for the finest exhibition of the Indian clubs; and, in short, he was a school hero, and not only the boys but the teachers of the Academy learned to admire and love him.

Perhaps the weakest point in his character was his thirst for popularity. He felt keenly any loss of it, and when Sanders carried off the first prize for original declamation, it was noticed that Gleason treated Sanders rather coldly for some time. But, in spite of this defect, Gleason was a splendid fellow, as every one said, and sure to make his mark in the world along with the best.

For two days the nine waited impatiently for the answer to their challenge. The third day it came. The Claytons, with characteristic coolness, Wagner said, chose their own grounds, and a week from date for the match.

"Should n't wonder at all if they tried to work in some outside fellow for pitcher. I hear their own is a little weak," said the ever-suspicious Wagner.

"I'm glad they've given us a week," said Francis, the pitcher. "I need about that time for practice on the new curve, and I think you will need about the same time to learn how to catch it. So stop your grumbling, old boy, and come out on the campus."

The week sped rapidly by, and at last the appointed day arrived—clear, cool, still; just the perfection of weather for ball.

A large delegation went down to the station to see the nine off.

"I say, Glea," shouted a school-mate, "telegraph down the result, and we'll be here with a carriage to drag you up the hill when you come back."

"Yes," echoed another; "that is, if you beat. We can't turn out of our beds to get up a triumphal march for the vanquished."

"All right, fellows—we're going to beat them. We're *sure* to beat them—hey, Captain?" said Tom, looking up at Gleason.

"We'll do our best, boys," answered Gleason. Then, as the train moved off, he leaned far out of his window and whispered impressively: "You may be here with that carriage."

There was a cheer from the students, another from the nine standing on the platform and leaning out of the windows, and the Orient was whirled rapidly off to Clayton.

They reached their destination in little more than an hour, and found almost as large a delegation as they had left at Orient. The talk and excitement here for the past week over the coming game had been as eager as at Orient. Nothing about the

visitors escaped the notice of the Claytons. Their "points" were discussed as freely as if they were so many prize cattle at a county fair.

"Just look at that fellow's chest and arms!"

"He 'll be a tough customer at the bat, I 'm afraid."

"He 's the fastest runner at Orient."

These and other whispers drew a large share of the attention to Gleason, and, as usual, admiration seemed to stimulate him to do his best. He summoned the nine together before the game was called, to give them final instructions.

"Keep cool. Play steady. Don't run any foolish risks in stealing bases; and, above all, let every man do honest work. Show these fellows that we know what the word *gentleman* means."

After some little delay necessary for selecting an umpire and arranging for choice of position, the game was finally called, the *Orients* coming first to the bat.

The crowd gathered to witness the game was the largest ever seen on the grounds, and almost every man was in sympathy with the home nine. So, as Gleason had said on the train, the only hope of his men for victory was to play together, and force the sympathy of some of the spectators, at least, by cool and steady work.

The captain himself was the first man at the bat. After two strikes he succeeded in getting a base hit, stole to second on a passed ball, reached third on a base hit by Wagner, and home on a sacrifice hit by Davis, scoring the first run for *Orient* amid considerable applause. The next two batters struck out in quick succession, leaving Wagner on second.

Then the Claytons came to the bat, and after an exciting inning scored two runs, showing strength as batters and base-runners. In the third inning the *Orients* made another run, thus tying the score.

So the game went on until the ninth and last inning, when the score stood eight to seven in favor of the *Orients*.

The excitement by this time was intense. The playing all along had been brilliant and even. Both nines showed the same number of base hits and nearly the same number of errors. Francis, for the *Orients*, had done splendid work, but Wagner for some reason had not supported him as well as usual. And now, as the Claytons came to the bat for the closing inning, every one bent forward, and silence reigned over the field, broken only by the voice of the umpire.

Gleason had played a perfect game throughout. No one looking at him could imagine how much he had set his heart on the game. His coaching had been wise, his judgment at all times good, and he now, from his position in left field, awaited

the issue of the closing inning with a cheerful assurance.

The inning opened with a sharp hit to short-stop. He made a fine stop and threw to first, but poor Johnny Rider, who had played so far without an error, muffed the ball, and the Clayton batsman took his first amid a perfect storm of cries and cheers.

The next batter, after a strike, drove the ball into right field, a good base hit, and the man on first took second. Then, as if to aggravate the *Orients* and complete their nervousness, Francis allowed the third batsman to take first on called balls; and so the bases were filled. A player on every base and no one out! It was enough to demoralize the coolest players.

But Francis was one of those men who, after the first flurry of excitement, grow cooler. The next two Claytons struck out in turn.

Then Barton came to the bat, and all the *Orients* held their breath, and the Claytons watched their strongest batsman with hope. One good base hit would tie them with the *Orients*, and Barton had already made a two-bagger and a base hit during the game. The umpire's voice sounded out over the field:

"One ball. Two balls. One strike. Three balls. Four balls. Five balls. Two strikes." Francis ground his teeth, as he delivered the next ball directly over the plate. But Barton, quick as lightning, struck, and the ball went spinning out above short-stop, between second and third.

It was one of those balls most difficult to catch, nearly on a line, and not far enough up to allow of much time for judgment as to its direction. Gleason was standing well out in the field, expecting a heavy drive of the ball there, where Barton had struck before. But he rushed forward, neck or nothing, in what seemed a useless attempt. With a marvel of dexterity and quickness, he stooped as he ran, and, reaching down his hand, caught the ball just as it touched the ground, by what is known in base-ball language as a "pick-up."

He felt the ball touch the ground, heard it distinctly, and knew that, where it had struck, a tuft of grass had been crushed down and driven into the earth; and he had straightened himself up to throw the ball home, when a perfect roar of applause struck his ears, and the umpire declared "out on the fly."

He was just on the point of rushing forward and telling the truth, but, as usual after a game, the crowd came down from the seats with a rush, the *Orients* came running up to him, declaring it the best play they ever saw; and before he knew what he was about, the nine had improvised a

chair and carried him off, with cheers and shouts, to the station, for the game had been so long that they could not stay later, as they had planned.

It certainly was a great temptation. Besides, the umpire had declared it a fly. What right had he to dispute the umpire? And no one but himself knew that the ball had touched the ground. The whole action had been so quick, he had run forward so far after feeling the ball between his fingers, that not the least doubt existed in the minds of the Claytons that the catch was a fair one.

But, on the other hand, his conscience kept pricking him. He, the upright, the preacher to the rest of the nine on fair play, the one who had been such a stickler for the right, no matter what the result, he had been the only one to cheat! Yes, it was an ugly word. Cheat! But he could find no other name for it. And after all he had said!

He sat in silence during the ride home. The rest of the nine made noise enough, and as he was generally quiet, even after a victory, no one noticed his silence very much.

As the train ran into the station at Orient a great crowd was in waiting. Tom had telegraphed the news from Clayton, and all Orient was wild with joy. When Gleason appeared, he received a regular ovation, such an ovation as a school-boy alone can give or receive. They rushed him into the carriage, and before the order was given to pull up the hill to the Academy, some one cried out, "Speech, speech!"

It was the most trying moment of Gleason's life. During the ride home he had fought a battle with himself, more fiercely contested than the closest game of ball, and he had won. He trembled as he rose, and those who stood nearest the lights about the station noticed that his face was pale. There was silence at once.

"Fellows, I have something to tell you which you don't expect to hear. We would n't have won the game to-day if I had n't cheated."

"How 's that?"

"Who cheated?"

"What 's the matter?"

There was the greatest consternation among the Orients. When quiet had been partly restored, Gleason went on and related the whole event just as it happened. "And now," he concluded sadly, "I suppose you all despise me. But you can't think worse of me than I do myself." And he leaped out of the carriage, and, setting his face straight before him, walked away up the hill.

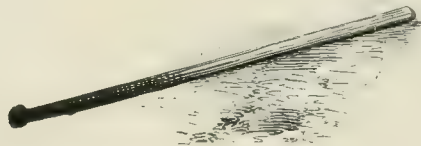
No one offered to stop him. Some hissed. A few laughed. The majority were puzzled.

"What did he want to tell for? No one would ever have known the difference."

But Tom Davis ran after the captain, and caught him about half-way up the hill. School-boy fashion, he said never a word, but walked up the hill to the captain's room, shook hands with him at his door, and went away with something glittering in his eyes.

Next morning, Gleason's conduct was the talk and wonder of the whole school. But the captain himself showed true nobility. He begged the school and the nine to consider the game played with the Claytons as forfeited to them. And, after much talk, Gleason himself wrote, explaining the whole affair, and asking for another game on the Orient grounds.

The Claytons responded, came down, and defeated the Orients in a game even more hotly contested than the first. But Gleason took his defeat very calmly, and smilingly replied to Tom's almost tearful, "Oh, why did n't we beat this time?" with, "Ah! Tom, but I have a clear conscience, and that is worth more than all the ball-games in the world!"



THE QUEEN'S REPARTEL.

BY JAY ALLISON.



I was a king, yet well
he knew
The worth of gold
for payment;
She was a queen—
a woman, too,
And fond of costly
raiment.

"This is a dainty cap,"
he said,

"'Tis as a cobweb,
truly.

What was the price?" She shook her head:
"You 'll think it cost unduly.

"Men should not ask what women pay
For ribbons, caps, and collars.
But this was a bargain, as you will say,
'T was only just ten thalers."

And beckoned a guardsman, poor and old.
"Here! you are no impostor:
Tell this lady the worth of gold;
What should that lace thing cost her?"

On his clumsy hand he turned the cap.
"I 've but a feeble notion
Of the cost of women's gear. Mayhap,
It cost her many groschen."

"Groschen, man! Such a bit of lace
As that costs ten whole thalers.
This pretty lady with smiling face
Pays dear for caps and collars.

"Ask her to give as much to you—
She can afford it surely."
He held his hand with small ado,
She gave the sum demurely.



"Only ten thalers! You can not mean
You paid such a sum of money
For that small thing, my darling queen!"
He looked o'er the landscape sunny,

Then said with a gesture arch and sly:
"This gentleman so stately
Standing here, is richer than I—
His wealth is increasing greatly;

' All that I have he gives to me
Thankfully I receive it.
Ask *twice* ten thalers, and you 'll see
He can afford to give it."

Laughing, the king bestowed the gold—
Such grace his rank befitted,
And merrily oft the story told
How he had been outwitted.

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.—TENTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

DOMENICHINO.

IN reading of the Italian painters we often find something about "the early masters." This term is applied to the great men like Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and a few others who were themselves illustrious from their own genius, and were imitated by so many other artists that they stand out with great prominence in the history of painting. Titian may be named as the last of the really great masters of the early schools. He died in 1575, near the close of the sixteenth century, just when there was a serious decline in art. The painters of that time are called "Mannerists," because they followed mechanically the example of those who had gone before. Some copied the style of Michael Angelo in a cold, spiritless manner; others imitated Raphael, and so on; but true artistic inspiration had died out—the power to fix upon the canvas or the wall such scenes as would come to a poet in his dreams seemed to be lost to the world.

About 1600 a new interest in art was felt, and painters divided themselves into two parties, between whom there was much bitterness of feeling. On one side were those who wished to continue the imitation of the great masters, but also to mingle with this a study of Nature. These men were called "Eclectics," which means that they elected or chose certain features from various sources, and by uniting them produced their own manner of painting. Their opposers desired to study Nature alone, and to represent everything exactly as it appeared—these were called "Naturalists."

The chief school of the Eclectics was at Bologna, where Ludovico Caracci had a large academy of painting, and was assisted by his two nephews, Agostino and Annibale Caracci, the latter being the greatest artist of the three. The effect of the Caracci school upon the history of painting was so great that it can scarcely be estimated, and Domenico Zampieri, called Domenichino, was the greatest painter who came out from it.

Domenichino was born at Bologna in 1581, and was early placed under the teaching of Denis Calvart, who forbade his drawing after the works of Annibale Caracci. The boy, however, disobeyed this order; and, being discovered, was treated with such severity that he persuaded his father to remove him from Calvart and place him in the Caracci school.

He was so dull a boy that his companions gave him the name of "the Ox"; but the master, Annibale, said, "Take care: this ox will surpass you all by and by, and will be an honor to his art." Domenichino soon began to win the prizes in the school, and at last, when he left his studies and went to Rome, he was well prepared for his brilliant career. He shunned society, and visited public places only for the purpose of studying the expressions of joy, sorrow, anger, and other emotions which he wished to paint in his pictures, and which he could see without embarrassment on the faces of those whom he observed at places of public resort. He also tried to feel in his own breast the emotion of the person he was representing. It is said that, when he was painting an executioner in his picture of the "Scourging of St. Andrew," he threw himself into a passion and used high words and threatening gestures; at this moment he was surprised by Annibale Caracci, who was so struck with the ingenuity of his method, that he threw his arms about his pupil, exclaiming, "To-day, my Domenichino, thou art teaching me!"

The masterpiece of Domenichino is now in the Vatican, and is called the "Communion of St. Jerome." This is universally considered as the second picture in Rome, the "Transfiguration," by Raphael, only being superior to it. St. Jerome is one of the most venerated of all saints, and especially so on account of his translation of "The Vulgate," or the New Testament, from Hebrew into Latin. The story of St. Jerome's life is very interesting. He was of a rich family, and pursued his studies in Rome, where he led a gay, careless life. He was a brilliant scholar, and became a

celebrated lawyer. When he was thirty years old he was converted to Christianity; he then went to the Holy Land and lived the life of a hermit. He founded a monastery at Bethlehem, and there made his translation of the Scriptures, which entitled him to the consideration of all Christian people.

After ten years' absence from Rome he returned, and made as great a reputation as a preacher as he had before enjoyed as a lawyer. Under his influence many noble Roman ladies became Christians. After three years he returned to his convent in Bethlehem, where he remained until his death. When he knew that he was about to die, he desired to be carried into the chapel of the monastery; there he received the sacrament, and died almost immediately.

It is this final scene in his life that Domenichino has painted. In the foreground is the lion usually seen in all pictures of St. Jerome, and which is one of his symbols, because he was a hermit and passed much time where no living creature existed save the beasts of the desert. There is also a legend told of St. Jerome and a lion, which says that one evening, as the saint was sitting at the gate of the convent, a lion entered, limping, as if wounded. The other monks were all terrified, and fled, but Jerome went to meet him; the lion lifted up his paw and showed a thorn sticking in it, which Jerome extracted, and then tended the wound until it had healed. The lion seemed to consider the convent as his home, and Jerome taught him to guard an ass that brought wood from the forest. One day, while the lion was asleep, a caravan of merchants passed, and they stole the ass and drove it away. The lion returned to the convent with an air of shame. Jerome believed that he had killed and eaten the ass, and condemned him to bring the wood himself; to this the lion patiently submitted. At length, one day, the lion saw a caravan approaching, the camels led by an ass, as is the custom of the Arabs. The lion saw at once that it was the same ass that had been stolen from him, and he drove the camels into the convent, whither the ass was only too glad to lead them. Jerome at once comprehended the meaning of it all, and, as the merchants acknowledged their theft and gave up the ass, the monk pardoned them and sent them on their way.

After a time, the jealousy of other artists made Domenichino so uncomfortable in Rome that he returned to Bologna, and his fame having gone abroad, he was invited by the Viceroy of Naples to come to that city, and was given the important commission to decorate the chapel of St. Januarius. At this time there was an association of painters in Naples who were determined that no strange artist who came there should do any honorable

work. They drove away Annibale Caracci, Guido Reni, and others, by means of a petty system of persecution. As soon as Domenichino began his work, he was subjected to all sorts of annoyances; he received letters threatening his life; and though the Viceroy took means to protect him, his colors were spoiled by having ruinous chemicals mixed with them, his sketches were stolen from his studio, and insults and indignities were continually heaped upon him. At length, he was in such despair that he secretly left the city, meaning to go to Rome.

As soon as his flight was discovered, the Viceroy sent for him and brought him back. New measures were taken for his protection, but, just as his work was advancing well, he suddenly sickened and died. It has been said that he was poisoned; be this as it may, there is little doubt that the fear, anxiety, and constant vexation that he had suffered caused his death; and in any case his tormentors must be regarded as his murderers. He died in 1641, when sixty years old.

GUIDO RENI.

GUIDO was the next most important painter of the Caracci school. He was born at Bologna, in 1575. His father was a professor of music, and, when a child, Guido played upon the flute; but he early determined to be a painter, and was a great favorite with the elder Caracci. When still a youth, Guido heard a lecture by Annibale Caracci, in which he laid down the rules which should govern the true painter. Guido listened with fixed attention, and resolved to follow these directions closely in his own work. He did so, and it was not long before his pictures attracted so much attention as to arouse the jealousy of other artists; he was accused of being insolent and trying to establish a new system, and, at last, even Ludovico turned against him and dismissed him from the Academy.

He went to Rome, where his fate was but little better. Caravaggio then had so much influence there that he almost made laws for all other painters, and when the Cardinal Borghese gave Guido an order, he directed him to do his work in the manner of Caravaggio. The young painter obeyed the letter of the command; but quite a different spirit from that of Caravaggio filled his picture, and his success was again such as to make other artists hate and endeavor to injure him.

Considering the work of this artist with the cooler and more critical judgment made possible by the lapse of so many years, the truth seems to be that Guido was not a truly great painter, but he had a lofty conception of beauty, and tried to

reach it in his pictures. He really painted in three different styles. His earliest manner was the strongest, and had a force that he outgrew when he came to his second period, where his only endeavor was to make everything bend to the idea of sweetness and grace. His third style was careless, and came to him when his ambition to be a great artist was gone, and only a desire for money remained.

In his best works there is no full depth of meaning, and a great sameness of expression marks them as the pictures of an artist lacking originality and inventive power. His masterpiece in Rome was the "Aurora," on a ceiling in the Rospigliosi Palace. It is much admired, and is familiar to us from the engravings after it. Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, is represented as floating on the clouds before the chariot of Phœbus, or Apollo, the god of the sun. She scatters flowers upon the earth, which is seen in the distance far below. The sun-god holds the reins over four white and piebald horses; just above them floats Cupid, with his lighted torch. The hours, represented by seven graceful female figures, dance along beside the chariot. A question is sometimes asked as to the reason of their number being seven. The hours, or *Horæ*, have no fixed number; sometimes they were spoken of by the ancients as two; again three, and even ten, are mentioned. Thus an artist has authority for great license in painting them; however, it has always seemed to me, in regard to this picture, that Guido counted them as ten, for in that case three would naturally be out of sight on the side of the chariot which is not seen in the picture.

A second very famous picture by Guido, painted during his best period, is the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, which is in the gallery of the Barberini Palace at Rome. There are few pictures in the world about which there is so sad an interest. The beautiful young girl whom it represents was the daughter of Francisco Cenci, a wealthy Roman nobleman. The mother of Beatrice died, and her father made a second marriage, after which he treated the children of his first wife in a brutal manner; it is even reported that he hired desperate men to murder two of his sons, who were returning from a journey to Spain. It is said that his cruelty to Beatrice was such that she murdered him, with the aid of her brother and her step-mother. Other authorities say that these three had no hand in the father's murder, but were made to appear as the murderers through the plot of some robbers who were really guilty of the crime. But, guilty or innocent, all three were condemned to death, and were executed in 1599. Clement VII. was the Pope at that time, and would not pardon Beatrice

and her companions in their dreadful extremity, though all the crimes and cruelty of the father were told to him, and mercy was implored for this beautiful girl. It has been stated that the Pope desired to confiscate the Cenci estates, as he had a right to do if the members of the family suffered the penalty of death. The sad face of the girl, as painted by Guido, is so familiar to us, from the many reproductions that have been made from it, that sometimes when we see it suddenly it startles us almost as though it were the face of some one whom we had known.

After a time, Guido left Rome for Bologna. From there he sent his picture of St. Michael to the Cappucini in Rome, and wrote as follows concerning it: "I wish I had the wings of an angel to have ascended into Paradise, and there to have beholden the forms of those beatified spirits from which I might have copied my archangel; but not being able to mount so high, it was in vain for me to search for his resemblance here below; so that I was forced to make an introspection into my own mind, and into that idea of beauty which I have formed in my own imagination." It is said that this was always his method—to try to represent some ideal beauty rather than to reproduce the actual loveliness of any living model. He would pose his color-grinder, or any person at his command, in the attitude he desired, and, after drawing the outline from them, he would supply the beauty and the expression from his own imagination. This accounts for the sameness in his heads: his women and children are pretty, his men lack dignity; and we feel this especially in his representations of Christ.

It is said that on one occasion a nobleman, who was very fond of the painter Guercino, went to Guido, at the request of his favorite artist, to ask if he would not tell what beautiful woman was the model from which he painted all the graces which appeared in his works. In reply, Guido called his color-grinder, who was a dirty, ugly-looking fellow; he made him sit down and turn his head to look up at the sky. He then sketched a Magdalen in the same attitude, and with the same light and shadow as fell on the ugly model; but the picture had the beauty and expression which might suit an angelic being. The nobleman thought this was done by some trick, but Guido said: "No, my dear count; but tell your painter that the beautiful and pure idea must be in the head, and then it is no matter what the model is."

Toward the end of his life, Guido's love for gaming led him into great distresses, and he multiplied his pictures for the sake of the money of which he stood in great need; and for this reason there are many works said to have been painted



BEATRICE CENCI. (AFTER THE PAINTING BY GUIDO RENI.)

by him which are not worthy of his name. He died at Bologna in 1642, when he was sixty-seven years old; and though he had always received the most generous prices from his patrons, he passed his last days in miserable poverty, and left many unpaid debts as a blot upon his memory.

ELISABETTA SIRANI.

AMONG the followers of Guido Reni, this young woman, who died when but twenty-five years old,

associated with her. She was also a charming singer, and was ever ready to give pleasure to her friends. Her admiring biographers also commend her taste in dress, which was very simple; and they



"AURORA," BY GUIDO RENI.

is conspicuous for her talents and interesting on account of the story of her life. She was the daughter of a reputable artist, and was born at Bologna about 1640. She was certainly very industrious, since one of her biographers names one hundred and fifty pictures and etchings made by her, and all these must have been done within a period of about ten years.

She was a good imitator of the sweet, attractive manner of Guido Reni, and the heads of her Madonnas and Magdalens have a charm of expression which leaves nothing to be desired in that respect; and, indeed, all that she did proves the innate grace and refinement of her own nature. Much has been said of the ease and rapidity with which she worked, and one anecdote relates that on an occasion when it happened that the Duchess of Brunswick, the Duchess of Mirandola, and Duke Cosimo de' Medici, with other persons, all met at her studio, she astonished and delighted them by the ease and skill with which she sketched and shaded drawings of the subjects which one after another named to her.

When twenty years old, she had completed a large picture of the "Baptism of Christ." Her picture of "St. Anthony adoring the Virgin and Child," in the Pinacotheca of Bologna, is very much admired, and is probably her masterpiece.

The story of her life, aside from her art, gives an undying interest to her name, and insures her remembrance for all time. In person she was beautiful, and the sweetness of her character and manner won for her the love of all those who were

even go so far as to praise her for her moderation in eating! She was well skilled in all domestic matters, and would rise at daybreak to perform her lowly household duties, never allowing her art to displace the homely occupations which properly, as she thought, made a part of her life.

Elisabetta Sirani's name has come down through two hundred and seventeen years as one whose "devoted filial affection, feminine grace, and artless benignity of manner added a luster to her great talents, and completed a personality which her friends regarded as an ideal of perfection."

The sudden death of this artist has added a tragic element to her story. The cause of it has never been known, but the theory that she died from poison has been very generally accepted. Several reasons for this crime have been given: one is that she was sacrificed to the jealousy of other artists, as Domenichino had been; another belief was that a princely lover, whom she had treated with scorn, had taken her life because she had dared to place herself, in her lowly station, above his rank and power.

A servant-girl named Lucia Tolomelli, who had been long in the service of the Sirani family, was suspected and tried for this crime. She was sentenced to banishment; but, after a time, Elisabetta's father requested that Lucia should be allowed to return, as he had no reason for believing her guilty. And so the mystery of the cause of her death has never been solved; but its effect upon the whole city of Bologna, where it occurred, is a matter of history.

The entire people felt a personal loss in her death, and the day of her burial was one of general mourning. The ceremonies of her funeral were attended with great pomp, and she was buried beside her master, Guido Reni, in the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary, in the magnificent Church of the Dominicans. Poets and orators vied with one another in sounding her praises, and a book published soon after her death, called "*Il Pennello Lagrimato*," is a collection of orations, sonnets, odes, anagrams, and epitaphs in both Latin and Italian, all telling of the love for her which filled the city, and describing the charms and virtues of this gifted artist. Her portrait, representing her when painting that of her father, is in the Ercolani Gallery at Bologna. According to this picture she was very pretty, with a tall and elegant figure.

The two sisters of Elisabetta, called Barbara and Anna Maria, were also artists, but the fame of the first was so great as to overshadow theirs.

THE NATURALISTS.

THE character and life of Michael Angelo Amerighi, called Caravaggio, who was the head of the school of Naturalists at Naples, were not such as to make him an attractive study. His manner of painting and his choice of subjects together produced what has been called "the poetry of the repulsive." Caravaggio was wild in his nature and his life. If he painted scenes of a religious character they were coarse, though his vivid color and his manner of arranging his figures were striking in effect. His "*Cheating Gamesters*" is a famous picture, and represents two men playing cards, while a third looks over the shoulder of one, and is apparently advising him how to play.

Next to Caravaggio came Ribera, called *Il Spagnoletto* because of his Spanish origin. It is said that, when very young, he had made his way to Rome, where he was living in miserable poverty, and industriously copying the frescoes which he saw all about the public places of the city. He attracted the attention of a cardinal, who took the boy to his home and made him comfortable. But soon Ribera ran away and returned to the vagrant life of the streets; the cardinal searched for him, and when at last the boy was brought before him he called him an "ungrateful little Spaniard," and offered to receive him into his house once more. Ribera replied that he could not accept, and declared that as soon as he was made comfortable and well fed he lost all his ambition and his desire to work; adding that he needed the spur of poverty to make him a good artist.

The cardinal admired his courage and resolution, and, the story being repeated, the attention of other artists was attracted to him; and from this time he was known as *Il Spagnoletto*. He made rapid advances in his style of painting, and later, in Naples, he joined with Belisario Corenzio and Gianbattista Caracciolo in the plan, to which we have referred, of keeping all other artists from being employed there. On Ribera rests much of the responsibility of the many crimes which were committed in Naples, even if he did not actually do the deeds himself; and when one sees his works, and the horrible, brutal subjects which he studied and represented, it is easy to understand how all kindness of feeling might have been crushed out of a man whose thoughts were given to such things. He became very rich, and his numerous works are in the famous galleries of the world, from Madrid to St. Petersburg.

LITTLE GUIDO'S COMPLAINT.

Bozonia, A. D. 1888.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"OH, how shall I bear it? They've taken away
My brushes, and paper, and pencil, and say
I must thrum on the harpsichord till I can play.

"My father is fretted, because he foresees
I have not his marvelous genius to please
The lute-loving, musical-mad Bolognese.

"My mother—dear heart! there is pain in her
look
Whenever she finds me hid safe in some nook.
Bent over my drawing, instead of my book.

"And so, as it daily is coming to pass,
She twits me with idleness, chiding: 'Alas!
They tell me my Guido is dunce of the class.'

"And Friar Tomaso (the stupid old fool!),
Because on my grammar, instead of the rule,
I had scribbled his likeness, has whipped me
in school.

"The boys, leaning over, with shoutings began:
'Oh, ho! Little Guido Reni is the man
To step after Raphael, if any one can!'

"I drew on the door of my chamber, in faint,
Yet delicate outlines, the head of a saint:
My mother has blotted it over with paint.

"I sketched with a coal, on the vestibule wall,
Great Cæsar, returning triumphant from Gaul:
They came with their whitewash and covered
it all;

"And yesterday, after the set of the sun
(I had practiced my lute, and my lessons were
done),
I went to the garden; and choosing me one

"Of the plots yet unplanted, I leveled it fair,
And traced, with a stick, the Horatian pair
Of brothers. To-day, there's no trace of it there.

"If only Caracci one moment could see
My drawings, and know how I'm thwarted—
why, he
Is a painter—and so would be sorry for me.

"Ah, the pictures, the pictures that crowd to my
eye!
If they never will let me have brushes to try
And paint them—Madonna! *I think I will die!*"



AN OLD CROSS-PATCH.

THE SISTERS THREE AND THE KILMARREE.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE were once three sisters, who were nearly grown up. They were of high birth, but had lost their parents, and were now under the charge of a fairy godmother, who had put them on an island in the sea, where they were to live until they were entirely grown up. They lived in a beautiful little palace on this island, and had everything they wanted. One of these sisters was pretty, one was good, and the other had a fine mind. When the Fairy Godmother had settled everything to her satisfaction, she told the sisters to stay on the island and be happy until they were grown up, and then she sailed away in a kilmarree.

A kilmarree is a boat used exclusively by fairies, and is shaped a good deal like a ram's horn, with little windows and doors in various parts of it. The waters between the main-land and the island of the sisters were full of strange, entangled currents, and could be navigated only by a boat like a kilmarree, which could twist about as much as any current or stream of water could possibly twist or turn. Of course these boats are very hard to manage, for the passengers sometimes have to get into one door, and sometimes into another; and the water sometimes comes in at a front window and goes out at a back one, while at other times it comes in at a back window and goes out at a front one; sometimes the boat twists around and around like a screw, while at other times it goes over and over like a wheel, so that it is easy to see that any one not accustomed to managing such boats would have a hard time if he undertook to make a trip in one.

It was not long after the three sisters had been taken to their island that there came riding, on a road that ran along the shore of the main-land, a lonely prince. This young man had met with many troubles, and made rather a specialty of grief. He was traveling about by himself, seeking to soothe his sorrows by foreign sights. It was now near evening, and he began to look for a suitable spot to rest and weep. He had been greatly given to tears, but his physicians had told him that he must weep only three times a day, before meals. He now began to feel hungry, and he therefore knew it was weeping-time. He dismounted and seated himself under a tree, but he had scarcely shed half a dozen tears before his attention was attracted by the dome of a palace on an island in the sea before him. The island was a long way off, and he would not have noticed the palace-

dome had it not been gilded by the rays of the setting sun. The Prince immediately called to a passer-by, and told him to summon the Principal Inhabitant of the adjacent village.

When the Principal Inhabitant arrived, the Prince asked him who lived in that distant palace, the dome of which was gilded by the rays of the setting sun.

"That palace," replied the other, "is the home of three sisters. One is pretty, one is good, and the other has a fine mind. They are put there to stay until they are grown up."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Prince. "I feel interested in them already. Is there a ferry to the island?"

"A ferry!" cried the Principal Inhabitant. "I should think not! Nobody ever goes there, or comes from there, except the Fairy Godmother, and she sails in a kilmarree."

"Can you furnish me with a boat of that kind?" asked the Prince.

"No, indeed!" said the Principal Inhabitant. "I have n't the least idea where in the world you could find a kilmarree."

"Very well, then, sir," said the Prince, "you may go. I am much obliged to you for coming to me."

"You are very welcome," said the Principal Inhabitant, and he walked away. The Prince then mounted his horse, rode to the village, ate his supper, and went to bed.

The next morning the Prince shed barely three tears before breakfast, in such a hurry was he to ride away and find the kilmarree in which he might sail to the distant isle and the sisters three. Before he started, he went to the place whence he had first seen the dome of the palace gilded by the rays of the setting sun, and there he whittled a large peg, on which he cut his initials. This peg he drove down on the very spot where he had seated himself to cry, that he might know where to start from in order to reach the island. If he began his voyage from any other place, and the evening sun did not happen to be shining, he thought he might miss his destination. He then rode away as fast as he could go, but he met nobody until he came to the outskirts of a little village. Here, in a small workshop by the side of the road, was a young man busily engaged in making wooden piggins.

This person was an expectant heir. Among the things he expected to inherit were a large fortune

from an uncle, a flourishing business from his brother-in-law, a house and grounds from his maternal grandfather, a very valuable machine for peeling currants, from a connection by marriage, and a string of camels from an aged relative. If he inherited any one of these things, he could either live in affluence or start himself in a good business. In the meantime, however, he earned a

sidered very smart, and now, though quite young, was the head of the family. He had been educated at a large school near by, in which he was the only scholar. There were a great many masters and professors, and there used to be a great many scholars, but these had all finished their education and had gone away. For a long time there had been no children in that part of the



THE PRINCE CATCHES SIGHT OF THE ISLAND OF THE SISTERS THREE.

little money by making piggins. The Prince dismounted, and approached this young man.

"Can you tell me," he said, "if any one in these parts has a kilmaree?"

"I don't so much as know," said the Expectant Heir, sitting down on his work-bench, "what a kilmaree is."

The Prince then told him all he had heard about the kilmaree, and why it was necessary for him to have one to reach the distant isle.

"I expect," said the other, "to inherit a house and grounds. Among the valuable things there I shall find, no doubt, a kilmaree, which I shall be very glad to lend to you; but, perhaps, you will not be willing to wait so long, for the person from whom I am to inherit the house is not yet dead."

"No," said the Prince, "I can not wait at all. I want a kilmaree immediately. Could you not make me one? You seem to work very well in wood."

"I have no doubt I could make one," said the Expectant Heir, "if I only had a model. From what you say, a kilmaree must be of a very peculiar shape, and I would not know how to set about making one. But I know a person who probably understands all about kilmarees. His name is Terzan, and he lives at the other end of this village. Shall we go to him?"

The Prince agreed, and the two then proceeded to the house of Terzan. This individual was a poor young man who lived in a cottage with his mother and five sisters. He had always been con-

sidered very smart, and now, though quite young, was the head of the family. He had been educated at a large school near by, in which he was the only scholar. There were a great many masters and professors, and there used to be a great many scholars, but these had all finished their education and had gone away. For a long time there had been no children in that part of the country to take their places. But the masters and teachers hoped their former pupils would marry and settle, and that they would then send their boys and girls to the school. For this reason the school was kept up, for it would be a great pity if there should be no school when the scholars should begin to come in. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that the teachers and masters took Terzan, when a mere boy, into their school. They were afraid they would forget how to teach if they did not have some one to practice on.

Every day Terzan was passed from professor to professor, from teacher to teacher, each one trying to keep him as long as possible, and to teach him as much as he could. When they were not teaching Terzan, the teachers and professors had nothing to do, and time hung heavy on their hands. It is easy to see, therefore, that Terzan was taught most persistently, and, as he was a smart boy, it is probable that he must have learned a good deal. In course of time he was graduated, and although the professors wished him to begin all over again, so as to make himself absolutely perfect in his studies, his family thought it would be much better for him to come home and work for his living. Terzan accordingly went home, and worked in the garden, in order to help support his mother and sisters. These good women, and indeed nearly everybody in the village, thought Terzan was the smartest boy in the world, and that he knew nearly everything that could be learned. After a time, Terzan

himself believed that this was partly true, but as he was a boy of sense he never became very vain. He was very fond, however, of having his own way, and if people differed with him he was apt to think that they were ignorant or crack-brained.

The Expectant Heir knew what a clever fellow Terzan was considered to be, and he therefore supposed he knew all about the kilmarée.

But Terzan had never seen such a boat. He knew, however, what a kilmarée was. "It is a vessel that belongs to a fairy," said he, "and it is a curly-kew sort of a thing, which will go through the most twisted currents. If I could see a kilmarée, I could easily make a model of it; and I know where there is one."

"Where? oh, where?" cried the Prince.

"It belongs to a fairy godmother, who lives in a mountain not far from here. It is in a little pond, with a high wall around it. When the moon rises to-night we can go and look at it, and then, when I have carefully considered it, I can make a model of it."

"You need not take that trouble," said the Prince. "You and this young man can just lift the boat out of the pond, and then I can take it and sail away to the distant isle."

"No, indeed!" cried Terzan. "That would be stealing, and we will do nothing of that sort."

"We might borrow it," said the Expectant Heir, "and bring it back again. There could be nothing wrong in that. I have often borrowed things."

But Terzan would listen to neither of these plans; so that night, when the moon rose, they all went to the Fairy's pond, that they might see the kilmarée, and that Terzan might have the opportunity of carefully considering it, so that he could make a model of it. Terzan had a good idea about such things, and he studied and examined the kilmarée until he was perfectly satisfied that he could make one like it. Then they went home, and the next morning work was commenced upon the vessel. The Expectant Heir was used to working in wood, having been a piggin-maker for several years, and he, therefore, was expected to do the actual work on the kilmarée, while Terzan planned it out and directed its construction. The Prince was in a great hurry to have the vessel finished, and said that he hoped that they would work at it night and day until it was done.

"And what are you going to do?" said Terzan.

"I shall wait as patiently as I can until it is finished," said the Prince. "I dare say I can find some way of amusing myself."

"But you expect to sail in it when it is finished?" asked Terzan.

"Of course I do," replied the Prince, proudly. "What do you mean by such a question?"

"Then, if you expect to sail in this kilmarée," said Terzan, "you must just go to work and help build her. If you don't do that, you shall not travel one inch in her. And, as you do not appear to know anything about ship-building, you may carry the boards and boil the pitch."

The Prince did not like this plan at all; but, as he saw very plainly that there was no other chance of his sailing in a kilmarée, he carried the boards and he boiled the pitch. The three worked away very hard for several days, until at last their boat began to look something like a kilmarée.

It must not be supposed that the Fairy was ignorant of what was going on. She had sat and watched the three companions while Terzan examined and studied her kilmarée, and she knew exactly what they intended to do, and why they wished to do it. She knew very well they could never build a vessel of the proper kind, but she let them work on until they had nearly finished their kilmarée. She could see, as well as anybody could see anything, that, if that vessel were ever launched upon the water, it would immediately screw itself, with everybody on board, down to the bottom of the ocean. It was not her intention that anything of this kind should happen, and so, at night, after the three workers had gone to bed, she removed their vessel, and had her own kilmarée put in its place in the work-shop of the Expectant Heir.

In the morning, when the three companions came to put the finishing touches to their work, Terzan began to compliment the Expectant Heir upon the excellent manner in which he had built the vessel.

"You really have made a splendid kilmarée," said he. "I don't believe there is anything more to be done to it."

"It does seem to be all right," said the other, "but I never should have built it so well had you not told me exactly how to do it."

The Prince expected one or the other would say something about the admirable manner in which he had carried the boards and boiled the pitch; but, as neither of them said anything of the kind, he merely remarked that it was a very good kilmarée, and the sooner it was launched the better. To this the others agreed, and the same day the vessel was carried down to the shore and placed in the water.

"Now, then," said the Prince, when this had been done, "I shall sail along the coast until I reach the spot where I drove my peg, and then I shall go directly across to the distant isle. I am very much obliged to both of you for what you have done, and when I come back I will pay you something for your trouble."

"Then," asked Terzan, "you expect to sail alone in this kilmaree?"

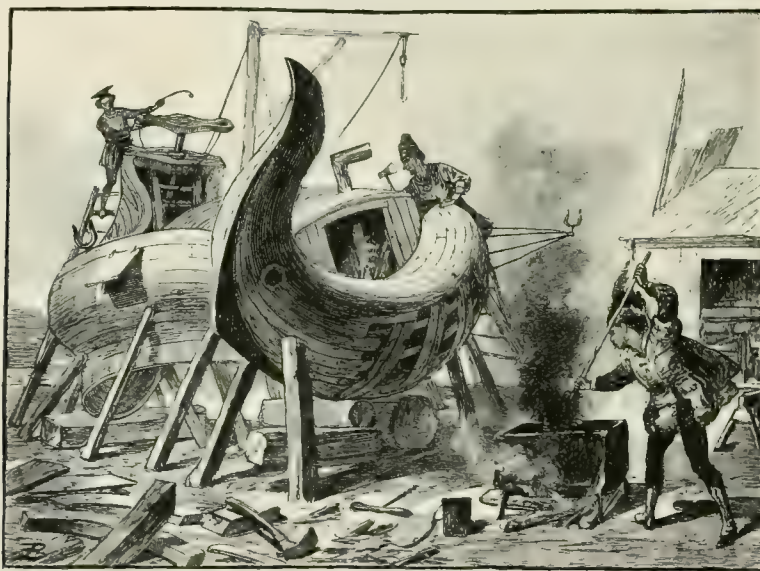
"Oh, yes," replied the Prince. "I know the direction in which to steer it, and there is no necessity for any one coming with me."

"Indeed!" cried Terzan. "Do you suppose we built this boat just for you to sail to the distant isle? I never heard such nonsense. We, too, are going to sail in this kilmaree, and, as you were good enough to carry the boards and boil the pitch, we will take you with us, if you behave yourself. So, if you want to go, just jump aboard, and clap your hand over the forward spout-hole. It will be your duty to keep that shut, except when I tell you to leave it open. And you," said he to the Expectant Heir, "may sit in the middle, and open and shut the little door on the right where the water runs in, and open and shut the little door on the left where it runs out. I'll steer. All aboard!"

There was nothing else for the Prince to do, and so he jumped on the kilmaree, and clapped his hand over the forward spout-hole. The Expectant

times, when the boat rolled over, the Prince tumbled overboard, and then the kilmaree dipped down and scooped him up, making the others just as wet as he was. The Expectant Heir, at his post in the middle of the vessel, found the waters sometimes rush in so fast at one little door, and rush out so fast at the other, that he thought it would wash all the color out of him. Sometimes the kilmaree would stand up on one end and then bore itself far down into the water, rubbing against sharks and great, fat turtles, and darting about as if it were chasing the smaller fish; then, just as Terzan and his companions feared they were going to be drowned, it would come to the surface and begin to squirm along on top of the water. The others thought that Terzan did not know how to steer, and he admitted that perhaps he did not guide the kilmaree in exactly the proper way, but he hoped that after some practice he would become more skillful.

It began to be dark; but, as there was no stopping the kilmaree, which sailed by some inward



"THE BOAT BEGAN TO LOOK SOMETHING LIKE A KILMAREE."

Heir went to his duties in the middle of the vessel. And Terzan sat in the stern to steer. But he did not steer at all. The Fairy was there, although he did not see her, and she made the kilmaree go just where she pleased.

Off they started, and very soon the three companions found that sailing in a kilmaree was no great fun. Just to amuse herself, the Fairy made it twist and turn and bob up and down in the water in the most astonishing manner. Several

power of its own, they were obliged to keep on. Terzan thought he could steer by the stars, and so they all tried to be as well satisfied as possible. But the Fairy knew very well how to steer, and as soon as it became dark she steered right away from the distant isle of the sisters three, and sailed toward a large island far out in the ocean. About midnight they arrived there, and the three companions immediately jumped on shore.

"I am glad to be out of that horrible kilma-

ree!" said the Prince, "but how in the world am I to find the palace and the sisters three? It is as dark as pitch."

"You will have to wait till morning," said Terzan, "when we will go and help you look for it."

who does not know how well off he is. What I want you to do with these three persons, who are all very young men, is to take the nonsense out of them."

"I 'll undertake the task with pleasure," said



"THEY SAW THE GREAT, BLACK AFRITE SITTING ON THE SAND BEFORE THEM."

"You need not go at all," said the Prince. "I can easily find it when it is light."

"We shall certainly go with you," said Terzan, "for we want to find the palace as much as you do. Don't we?" said he, addressing the Expectant Heir.

"Indeed, we do," replied that individual.

"The palace I am looking for," said the Prince, "is occupied by three sisters of very high degree, and why a poor young gardener and a pigginist should wish to call upon such ladies, I can't, for the life of me, imagine."

"We will show you that when we get there," said Terzan; and he laid himself down on the sand and went to sleep. The two others soon followed his example.

As for the Fairy Godmother, she left the three young men, and went to a castle near by, which was inhabited by an Afrite. This terrible creature had command of the island, which belonged to the Fairy Godmother, and was tenanted by many strange beings. "I have brought you," said she to the Afrite, "three very foolish persons: one of them is a poor young gardener, who thinks he is a great deal better off than he is; one of them is an expectant heir, who expects to be much better off than he ever will be; and the other is a Prince,

the Afrite, with what was intended to be a bland and re-assuring smile.

"Very well," said the Fairy, "and when the nonsense is entirely out of them, you can hoist a copper-colored flag on the topmost pinnacle of your castle, and I will come over and take charge of them."

And then she left the castle, and sailed away in her kilmaree.

The next morning, when the three young men awoke, they saw the great black Afrite sitting on the sand before them. Frightened and astonished, they sprang to their feet. The Prince first found courage to speak.

"Is this the island of the sisters three?" he asked.

"No," replied the Afrite, with an unpleasant grin; "it is my island. There are plenty of sisters here, and brothers, too; but we don't divide them up into threes."

"Then we have made a mistake," said Terzan. "Let us go back. Where is our kilmaree?"

"Your kilmaree is not here," said the Afrite, sternly, rising to his feet; "you have n't any, and you never had one. The thing you made would not work, and the Fairy Godmother brought you here in her own kilmaree."

The three companions looked at each other in astonishment.

"Yes," continued the Afrite, "she sat in her little cranny in the stern, and steered you to this island. She has told me all about you. You are three young men who don't know how to take care of yourselves. How did you ever dare to think of going to the island of the sisters three, and of stealing the model of the Fairy's kilmaree?"

"I wanted to see the beautiful palace and the three sisters," said the Prince. "It seemed a novel and a pleasant thing to do."

"That was my case also," said Terzan.

"And mine," said the Expectant Heir.

"And so, just to please yourselves," said the Afrite, "you were going to a place where you knew you were not wanted, and where, by going, you would interfere with kind and beneficent plans. You need say no more. You are not fit to take care of yourselves, and what you need is a guardian apiece. Come along, that I may put you under their care."

The three young men mournfully followed the Afrite to his castle. He led them through its gloomy halls to a great court-yard in its center. This yard was filled with all sorts of unnatural creatures. Here were two or three great, grim giants chained together; here and there sat a sulky-looking genie surrounded by mischievous elves and fairies, while, scattered about, were gnomes, and dwarfs, and imps, and many other creatures which our friends had never seen nor heard of. The island seemed a sort of penal colony for such beings, every one of whom looked as if he or she had been sent there for some offense.

"Now, then," said the Afrite to the young men, "I will give you the privilege of choosing your own guardians. Go into that yard, and each pick out the one you would like to have take care of you."

The young men did not want to have anything to do with these strange beings, but there was no disobeying the Afrite. So they went into the court-yard and looked about them. In a short time each had selected a guardian. The Prince chose a malignant fay. The Afrite told him what she was, but the Prince said she was such a little thing, and had such a pleasing aspect, that he would prefer her to any of the others. So the Afrite let him take her. The Expectant Heir selected a spook, and Terzan chose a dryad.

"Now, then," said the Afrite, "begone! And I hope it will not be long before I have a good report of you."

The Malignant Fay led the Prince to the seashore. As he walked along he remembered that for several days he had forgotten to weep before

meals. The sisters three and the kilmaree had entirely filled his mind. So he wept copiously to make up for lost time.

"Now, then," said the Fay, with a smile, "sit down on the sand and tell me all about yourself. How do you live when you are at home?"

Then the Prince sat down and told her all about the beautiful palace, the fine kingdom, and the loving subjects he had left in order to find something novel and pleasant that would make him forget his grief.

"What is it you would like more than anything else?" she asked.

"I think I would rather go to the isle of the sisters three than to do anything else," he said.

"All right!" said the Malignant Fay. "You shall go there. Pick up that ax and that bag of nails you see lying there, and follow me into the forest."

The Prince picked up the ax and the nails, and followed his guardian. When, after a long and toilsome walk, he reached the center of the forest, the Malignant Fay pointed out to him an enormous tree.

"Cut down that tree," she said. "And when that is done you shall split it up into boards and planks, and then you shall build a boat in which to sail to the distant isle of the sisters three. While you are working, I will curl myself up in the heart of this lily and take a nap."

The poor Prince had never used an ax in his life, but he felt that he must obey his guardian. And so he began to chop the tree. But he soon became very tired, and sat down to rest. Instantly the Fay sprang from her lily, and pricked him in the face with a sharp bodkin. Howling with pain, the Prince seized his ax, and began to work again.

"There must be no stopping and resting," cried his guardian. "You must work all day, or the boat will never be built."

And so the Prince worked all day, and for many, many days. At nightfall, his guardian allowed him to stop and pick some berries for his supper. And then he slept upon the ground. He now not only wept before each meal, but he shed a tear before each berry that he ate.

As the Expectant Heir and his guardian left the castle, the Afrite beckoned the Spook to one side, and said:

"Do you think you can manage him?"

The Spook made no answer, but opening his eyes until they were as wide as tea-cups, he made them revolve with great rapidity. He then grinned until his mouth stretched all around his head, and his lips met behind his ears. Then he lifted his right leg, and wound it several times around his

neck; after which he winked with his left ear. This is a thing which no one but a spook can do.

The Afrite smiled. "You'll do it," said he.

"Now, then," said the Spook to the expectant heir, after they had gone some distance from the castle, "I am famishing for exercise. Will you hold this stick out at arm's length?"

The Expectant Heir took a stick about a yard long, which the Spook handed him, and he held it out horizontally at arm's length. The Spook then stood on tiptoe, and stuck the other end of the stick into the middle of his back. He was a smoky, vapory sort of being, and it did not seem to make any difference to him whether a stick was stuck into him or not. Throwing out his legs and arms, he began to revolve with great rapidity around the stick. He went so fast he looked like an enormous pin-wheel, and, as his weight was scarcely anything at all, the Expectant Heir held him out without difficulty. Soon he began to go so fast that, one after another, his arms, legs, and

arms and legs. I wear them only because it is the fashion. Come along!"

They then proceeded up a steep and stony hill, and paused under a tall tree with a few branches near the top. The Spook languidly clambered up the trunk of this tree, and hitched his right foot to the end of one of the limbs. Then, hanging head downward, he slowly descended, his legs stretching out as he gradually approached the ground. When his head was opposite that of the Expectant Heir, he turned up his face and gazed steadily at him, revolving his eyes as he did so. Had the Expectant Heir been a little boy, he would have been very much frightened.

"What do you want most in this world?" asked the Spook.

"A large fortune, a flourishing business, a house and grounds, a machine for peeling currants, and a string of camels," answered the expectant heir.

"Do you want them all, or would two or three of them do?" asked the other.

"Two or three would do very well, but I would not object to have them all."

"Would you like to have them now?" asked the Spook, "or are you disposed to postpone the fulfillment of your wishes until some indefinite period, when you may actually come into possession of what you desire?"

"Wait till I get them, you mean?" said the Expectant Heir.

"Precisely," answered the other.

"I have been doing that for a long time,"

said the Expectant Heir, rather pensively.

"Indeed!" observed the Spook; and turning away his head, he began to try to unhitch his foot from the limb. Finding he could not do this, he climbed up his leg, hand over hand, and fastened his foot. Then he dropped to the ground, and, drawing his leg in to its ordinary size, he started off again up the hill, the Expectant Heir closely following. When they reached the top of the hill, the Spook stopped before five small trees which grew close together in a row.

"I want you to stay here and watch these trees," said the Spook to the Expectant Heir. "One of them bears plums, another peaches, another dates,



head flew off, and fell to the ground at some distance. Then the body stopped whirling.

"Hello!" said the head. "Will you please pick me up, and put me together?"

So the Expectant Heir gathered up the arms, legs, and head. "I hope," said he, "that I shall be able to stick you together properly."

"Oh, it does n't matter much," said the Spook, whose head was now on his body. "Sometimes I have a leg where an arm ought to be, and sometimes an arm in a leg's place. I don't really need

another pomegranates, and the last one bears watermelons."

"Watermelons don't grow on trees!" cried the Expectant Heir.

"There is no knowing where they will grow," said the Spook. "You can't be sure that they

Another day, the Spook said: "Would you like some peppered peppers?"

"Peppered peppers!" exclaimed the Expectant Heir in horror.

"They are red peppers stuffed with black pepper," said the Spook. "I expect they are hot, but you 'll have to eat them, for they are all I have got."

So the Expectant Heir had to eat the peppered peppers, for the fruit-trees had barely begun to blossom.

"Would you like some ice-cream?" the Spook said, another time. "I 've only the kind which is flavored with mustard and onion-juice, but you 'll have to eat it, for it is all I have got."

Day after day the Spook brought such disagreeable food to the Expectant Heir, who was obliged to eat it, for these fruit-trees were just as slow as any other trees in bringing forth their fruit, and the poor young man could not starve to death.

The Afrite told the Dryad to take Terzan and be a guardian to him. "You can take him about all day," he said, "but at night you must go to your tree and be shut up."

As they went out of the castle, the Dryad explained to Terzan that she had been sent to that island as a punishment for abandoning the tree she should have inhabited. "I now spend the days in this castle," she said, "and the nights in a tree over there in the forest. I am glad to get out. Come along, and I will show you something worth seeing."

As they went along, they passed a little garden in which some gnomes were working, and Terzan stopped to look at them.

"What do you see there?" asked the Dryad, impatiently.

"Oh, I take great interest in such things," replied Terzan. "I have a little garden myself, and it is one of the best in all the country round. When I am at home, I work in it all day."

"I thought you had a good education," said the Dryad, "and could do better things than to dig and hoe all day."

"I have a good education," said Terzan, "and, what is more, no man can dig potatoes or hoe turnips better than I can."

"Humph!" sneered the Dryad. "A fellow could do those things who had no education at all. I'd as soon be shut up in a tree as to spend my life digging and hoeing, when I knew so much about better things. Come along."



"THE HERMIT'S LIBRARY WAS ALWAYS OPEN TO THE DRYAD AND HER WARD."

will never grow on trees until you see they don't. You must watch these trees until they have each borne ripe fruit. There are no buds yet, but they will soon come; then the blossoms will appear; and then the green fruit; and after a while, in the course of time, the fruit will ripen. Then you will have something to eat."

"Oh, I can't wait so long as that!" cried the Expectant Heir. "I am hungry now."

"You can wait easily enough," said the Spook; "you are used to it. Now, stand under these trees and do as I tell you. I will bring you something now and then to take off the edge of your appetite."

So the Expectant Heir stood and watched, and watched. It was weary work, for the buds swelled very slowly, and he did not know when the blossoms would come out.

One day, the Spook came to him and asked: "Do you like pickled lemons?"

"They must be dreadfully sour," said the Expectant Heir, screwing up his face at the thought.

"That is all I have got for you to-day," said the Spook, "therefore you 'll have to eat them or go hungry."

So he had to eat the pickled lemons, for he was very hungry.

Day after day the Dryad led Terzan to lofty mountain-tops, whence he could see beautiful landscapes, with lakes and rivers lying red and golden under the setting sun, and whence he could, sometimes, have glimpses across the waters of distant cities, with their domes and minarets sparkling in the light.

"Do you not think those landscapes are lovely?" said the Dryad. "And there are lovelier views on earth than these. And, if you ever visit those cities, you will find so many wonderful things that it will take all your life to see and understand them."

On other days she took him to the cell of a hermit. The good man was generally absent looking for water-cresses, but his extensive library was always open to the Dryad and her ward. There they sat for hours and hours, reading books which told of the grand and wonderful things that are found in the various parts of the earth.

"Is n't this better than being shut up in a tree, or a little garden?" said the Dryad.

quilly, pursuing their studies, and enjoying the recreations and healthful exercises for which the Fairy Godmother had made the most admirable arrangements. Their palace was furnished with everything they needed, and three happier sisters could nowhere be found.

In the course of time the Afrite went to look into the condition of the young men who had been intrusted to him. He first visited the Prince, and found him still chopping away at his tree.

"How do you feel by this time?" said the Afrite.

"I feel," said the Prince, leaning wearily upon his ax, for he was not afraid of the Malignant Fay now that the Afrite was by, "that I wish I had never left my kingdom to seek to soothe my sorrows by foreign sights. My troubles there were nothing to what I endure here. In fact, from what I have seen since I left my home, I think they were matters of slight importance, and I am very sure I did not know how well off I was."

"Ha! ha!" said the Afrite, and he walked away.

He next went to the hill-top where the Expectant



THE FAIRY GODMOTHER INTRODUCES THE YOUNG MEN TO THE SISTERS THREE. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"Perhaps it is," said Terzan, "but my garden was a very good one, and it helped to support my mother and sisters."

"He 'll have to see a good many more things," said the Dryad to herself.

All this time the three sisters on the distant isle had no idea that three young men had ever thought of visiting them in a kilmaree. They lived tran-

Heir was watching the fruit-trees. "How do you feel now?" said the Afrite to the young man.

"I am sick of expecting things," said he. "If I ever get back to my old home, I am never going to expect any good thing to happen to me unless I can make it happen."

"Then you don't like waiting for this fruit to ripen?" said the Afrite.

"I think it is the most tiresome and disagreeable thing in the world," said the Expectant Heir.

"I thought you were used to expecting things," said the Afrite.

"Oh, I was a fool!" said the other. "I had no right to expect to be as well off as I thought I would be."

Just then the Spook came up with a gruel of brine-water thickened with salt.

"You need not give him that," said the Afrite.

When the Afrite came to the hermit's cell, where he found Terzan and the Dryad, he asked the young man how he felt now.

"I feel," said Terzan, looking up from his book, "as if I had wasted a great deal of valuable time. There are so many wonderful things to be seen and to be done in this world, and I, with a good education, have been content to dig potatoes and hoe turnips in my little garden! It amazes me to think that I should have been satisfied with such a life! I see now that I thought myself a great deal better off than I was."

"Oh, ho!" said the Afrite, and he walked away to his castle, and hoisted a copper-colored flag upon the topmost pinnacle.

The Fairy immediately came over in her kilmaree. "Is the nonsense all out of them?" she said, when she met the Afrite.

"Entirely," he replied.

"All right, then!" she cried. "Dismiss the guardians, and send for the boys."

The three young men were brought to the castle, where they were furnished with a good meal and new clothes. Then they went outside to have a talk with the Fairy.

"I think you are now three pretty sensible fellows," said she. "You, Terzan, have not been punished like the other two, because, although you wasted your time and talents, you worked hard to help support your mother and sisters. But you two never did anything for any one but yourselves, and I am not sorry that you have had a pretty hard time of it on this island. But that is all over, and now that the nonsense is entirely out of you all, how would you like to sail in my kilmaree, and visit the isle of the sisters three?"

"We should like it very much, indeed!" they answered all together.

"Then come along!" she said. And they went on board of the kilmaree.

This time the Fairy steered the vessel swiftly and smoothly to the distant isle. The kilmaree turned and screwed about among the twisted currents; but the motion was now so pleasant that the passengers quite liked it. The three young men were taken into a beautiful room in the palace, and there the Fairy made them a little speech.

"I like you very much," she said, "now that the nonsense is out of you; if you don't object, I intend you to marry the sisters three."

"We don't object at all!" they replied.

"Very well," said the Fairy. "And Terzan, I will give you the first choice. Will you take the pretty one? the good one? or the one with a fine mind?"

Terzan really wanted the pretty one, but he thought it was proper to take the one with a fine mind; so he chose her. The Expectant Heir also thought he would like the pretty sister, but, under the circumstances, he thought it would be better for him to take the good one, so he chose her. The pretty one was left for the Prince, who was well satisfied, believing that a lady who would some day be a queen ought to be handsome.

When the sisters came in, and were introduced to their visitors, the three young men were very much astonished. Each of the sisters was pretty, all were good, and each of them had a fine mind.

"That comes of their all living together in this way," said the Fairy. "I knew it would be so, for good associations are just as powerful as bad ones, and no one of these sisters was either ugly or bad or stupid to begin with." And then she left them to talk together and get acquainted.

In about an hour the Fairy sent for a priest and had the three couples married. After the weddings they all sailed away in the kilmaree, which would accommodate any number of people that the Fairy chose to put into it. The Prince took his bride to his kingdom, where his people received the young couple with great joy. The Expectant Heir took his wife to his native place, where he went into a good business, and soon found himself in comfortable circumstances. Before long his connection by marriage died, and left him the valuable machine for peeling currants, after which he became quite rich and happy.

Terzan and his wife went to a great city, where he studied all sorts of things, wrote books, and delivered lectures. He did a great deal of good, and made much money. He built a comfortable home for his mother and sisters, and lived in a fine mansion with his wife. When his children were old enough, he sent them to the school where he had been educated.

Every year the three friends took a vacation of a month. They all went, with their wives, to the spot on the shore where the Prince had driven down his peg; then the Fairy took them over to the distant isle in her kilmaree. There they spent their vacation in pleasure and delight, and there were never any six persons in the world who had so little nonsense in them.

THE RIDDLE.

BY M. P. D.



"WOULD YOU HAVE A TRAITOR SERVE US?" [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

FIERCE and bitter was the struggle,
 But the strife at length was o'er,
 And the joyful news went ringing,
 Ended is the cruel war.
 Proudly homeward rode his lordship,
 Bold Sir Guy of Atheldare;
 Flashed his eyes with pride and triumph
 As his praises filled the air.

Every heart was full of gladness.
 Said I, every heart? Ah, no!
 Here, amidst this joyful people,
 One heart ached with speechless woe:
 'T was the little captive stranger,
 Claude, the vanquished Norman's son—
 Taken prisoner, brought a trophy
 Of the victory they had won.

Bravely fought he for his freedom,
 And, when taken, smiled disdain
 As his captors stood around him,
 Bound his arms with gyve and chain;
 Smiled defiance when they told him
 That Sir Guy his life would spare,
 Should he serve and swear allegiance
 To the house of Atheldare,—

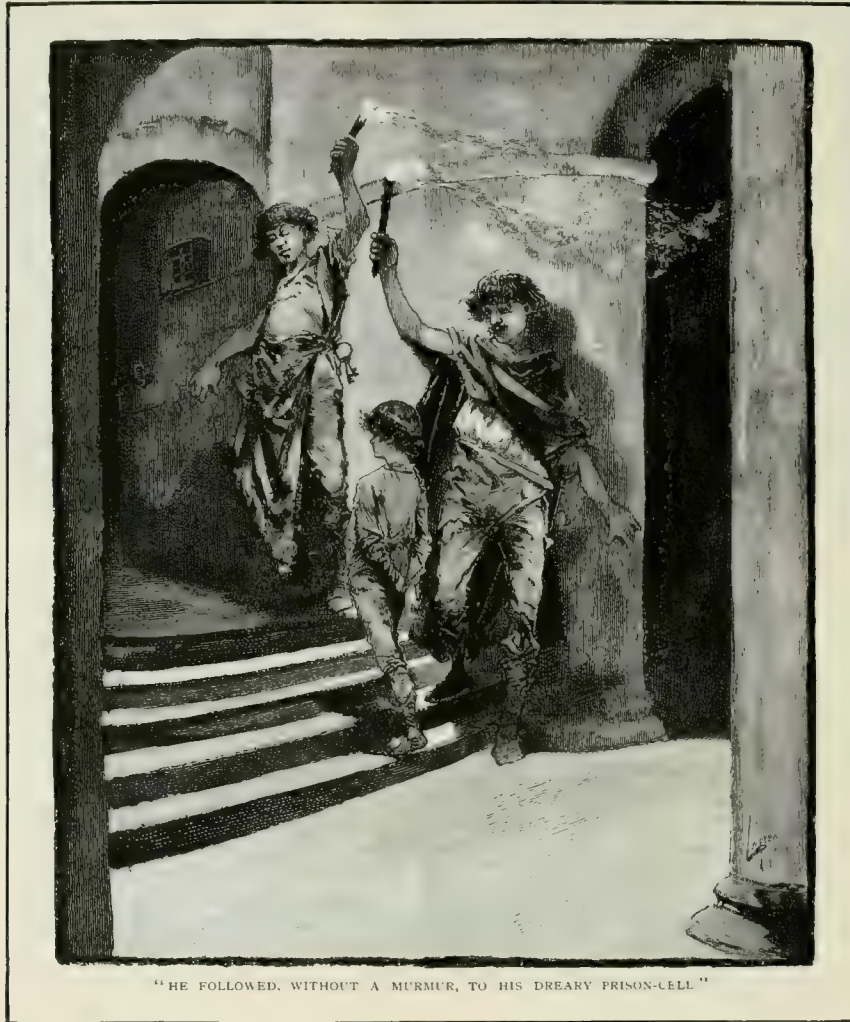
Spurned their offer, while his dark eyes
 Spoke the scorn he could not tell,
 As he followed, without murmur,
 To his dreary prison-cell.
 Then they left him, and his young heart
 Bowed beneath its weight of pain
 For a moment. But he rose up,
 Calm and cold and proud again.

From without the grated window,
 In the pleasant court below,
 He could see the little princess,
 As she wandered to and fro.
 Long and eagerly he watched her;
 Like a cloud the golden hair
 Glanced and rippled in the sunlight,
 Framing in her face so fair.

And the little Highland princess,
 As if by a magic spell,
 Seemed to feel her eyes drawn upward
 To the dreary prison-cell;
 And the sad, pale face she saw there
 Caused the ready tears to start,
 While a woman's gentlest pity
 Filled the tender, childish heart.

Then a firm resolve rose in her—
Lit the troubled little face.
Not a moment to be wasted;
Breathless, hurrying from the place
On an errand fraught with mercy,
Straight she to her father sped;
Humbly kneeling down before him,
Lowly bowed the dainty head,

"But we pardon this, and tell you
Of our wise and just decree:
If this captive swear to serve us,
We will spare and set him free."
Then up rose the little maiden
Dauntlessly, without a fear.
"Would you have a traitor serve us?"
Rang her voice out, sweet and clear.



"HE FOLLOWED, WITHOUT A MURMUR, TO HIS DREARY PRISON-CELL"

While the sweet lips, red and quivering,
Falterd out her anxious plea,
Told her pity for the captive,
Begged Sir Guy to set him free.
But he answered, sternly gazing
On the downcast face so fair:
"Can our daughter doubt the justice
Of the house of Atheldare?"

And Sir Guy paused for a moment,
All his anger from him fled,
As he watched her, flushed and eager,
While her cause she bravely plead.
Gravely smiled he as she ended,
Drew her gently on his knee:
"You have conquered, little pleader—
You have gained the victory."

"But your prince must earn his freedom:
Not with bow or spear in hand—
We are weary of the bloodshed
Spread so long throughout the land.
Let him ask our court a riddle:
Six days' grace to him we give,
And the court three days to guess it;
If it fail, he then may live."

Once more in the pleasant court-yard
Danced the little maid in glee;
Surely he could find a riddle
That would save and set him free.
But five long days and five nights passed,
And the prince no riddle gave:
To his brain, all dazed with sorrow,
Came no thought his life to save.

And the little blue-eyed princess
Pondered sadly what to do,
Till at last she sought the counsel
Of her old nurse, tried and true.
"Go," her nurse said, as she finished,
"Go, and search the green fields over,
Never stopping for an instant
Till you find a four-leaf clover.

"Take and put it in a nosegay,
In the center, full in sight,
Throw it to the little captive;
All I promise will come right."
Out into the merry sunshine,
While her feet scarce touched the ground,
Went the princess, never stopping
Till the treasure she had found.

Threw it, with the pretty nosegay,
In the window, barred and grated.
Then, and only then, she paused—
Paused, and hoped, and feared, and waited.
Through the window, barred and grated,
In the dreary prison-cell,
Like a ray of happy sunshine
At his feet the nosegay fell.

As he raised and held it gently,
While the burning tears brimmed over,
Through the mist he caught a glimpse
Of the little four-leaf clover.
Thoughts went dashing through his brain,
And, before the evening dew
Kissed the flowers of the land,
All the court this riddle knew:

*Fourteen letters am I made of,
Over countries fair and bright,
Under many different heavens,
Raise we flags, both red and white.*

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*Living with my many brothers,
Ever in the long, sweet grass,
As we play, the happy zephyrs
Fan us gently as they pass.
Chanced you to find me out,
Luck I'd surely bring to you.
Often of me have you heard,
Very often seen me, too;
Ere you turn away from me,
Read me well—my name you 'll see.*

Three days passed, unguessed the riddle,
And the sun rose joyfully,
Turned the prison bars all golden,
Told the captive he was free.
Life had never looked so radiant,
Earth had never seemed so fair;
Sang the birds and played the fountain,
Sweetest fragrance filled the air.

But the day wore slowly on,
Sank the sun from out the sky
Ere the waited summons came,
And he stood before Sir Guy.
In the stately council there
Knelt he down, with peerless grace;
Not a tinge of doubt or fear
In the proud patrician face.

To him, then, began Sir Guy:
"You have earned your freedom well,
And, we pray you, speak the answer
That our court has failed to tell."
Then up rose the little captive,
While his eyes with fun danced over:
"If you read its letters downward,
You will find a four-leaf clover."

And Sir Guy laughed long and loud,
As he read the riddle through,
That the court had failed to guess
With the answer in full view.
So the little prince was saved,
And ere many days were o'er,
Happily he sailed away
Toward his longed-for home once more.

But he carried back a memory
Of a court-yard fresh and fair,
Where there walked a little princess
Radiant with her golden hair.
So my story 's almost finished,
And the end I need not tell,—
For of course 't is in the ringing
Of a joyful wedding-bell.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

(A Drama for Children.)

BY MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

CHARACTERS:

ESTHER, a girl of fifteen.	MAUD.
GEORGE, her younger brother.	LIZZIE.
DELIA, his younger sister.	OTIS.
CLARENCE, their cousin.	FREDDIE.
TOM, his older brother.	BRIDGET, a servant.

TIME: Evening. SCENE: A sitting-room.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DRESS.

ESTHER.—Red and blue skirt; white waist, with yellow stars; liberty cap or helmet; carries small flag; wears a number of very small flags.

GEORGE.—Gilt crown, cut in points; hair and whiskers of yarn ravelings or curled hair; dressing-gown edged with ermine (ermine made of cotton flannel spotted with black paint or cloth); vest covered partly or wholly with red; long stockings (over trousers); buckled shoes (buckles made of tinsel or silver paper); carries scepter.

MAUD.—Plaid skirt (short); white waist; bright or plaid scarf over right shoulder; stockings criss-crossed with two colors; plaid Scotch cap, edged with dark binding or with fur.

OTIS.—Dark jacket; plaid skirt, ending above the knees, and belted over the jacket with black belt; criss-crossed stockings; plaid scarf with long ends, clasped together on left shoulder; Scotch cap, edged with plaid, with cock's feather in front; carries bow and arrows; dagger in belt.

LIZZIE.—High comb, with hair of jute or yarn, done high; a narrowish cape, made long on the shoulders; dress, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, or an old-fashioned small shawl may cover waist and sleeves; carries work-bag.

FREDDIE.—Felt hat, turned up, with a large feather; a skirt; a large cape, opening at the right shoulder; wide ruffle, edged with points or lace; long stockings, with bows at the knees.

DELIA.—Light dress, with garlands of flowers; hat trimmed with flowers; basket of flowers on arm; carries bouquet.

CLARENCE.—Red flannel jacket or shirt; dark trousers; belt; long boots; cap, with large visor and a cape at the back of it; carries slender cane.

BLIND MAN.—Very shabby clothes; hair of gray curled hair or ravelings.

If these articles of dress are not easy to procure, different ones may be used; also, if desirable, other characters may be substituted for those here designated. Feathers are easily made of tissue-paper and wire.

[Enter GEORGE, dressed as a King. Walks pompously about the room.

[Enter ESTHER, as America; courtesies to GEORGE.

ESTHER. The Goddess of America, at your Majesty's service.

GEORGE (*extending his hands*). You have our royal blessing.

E. (*earnestly*). It took me so long to find these little flags that I was afraid Clarence would arrive before I could get them arranged.

G. I think the cars are not in yet. Is Delia ready?

E. Yes; she makes a darling flower-girl; and Otis and Maud have come in their Highland costumes. I'll go for them—Oh! here they are, with Delia.

[Enter MAUD and OTIS, followed by DELIA.

G. (*advancing*). Welcome, my Highland subjects!

MAUD (*clapping her hands*). Oh, splendid! Why,

George, you make a splendid king! Wont it be larks! Wont it be larks! I wonder if the cars are in?

OTIS. Is it a sure thing that he will be here to-night?

DELIA. Our mother wrote so.

M. Does Lizzie know all about it?

E. Not yet; I had time only to scribble a note and ask her to come this evening in that old-fashioned dress, you know, and bring her little brother as page, and to be sure and get here before seven, for something very particular. She may not come at all. (*A knock at the door.*) I do believe she has come! (*Steps quickly to open door. Enter LIZZIE and FREDDIE.*) Oh, I am so glad to see you!

THE OTHERS (*coming forward and speaking nearly at the same time*). And so am I.

M. (*looking at LIZZIE's dress*). Now, is n't that dress too funny for anything? And Freddie's is just capital! Oh, what larks! what larks!

LIZZIE (*breathing hard*). Oh, we did have to hurry so! I thought surely we'd be late!

FREDDIE (*looking at his feet*). And I almost jumped into a mud-puddle.

G. (*taking out watch*). It is time for the cars.

O. Lizzie should be told before he gets here.

G. Let's all sit down. (*They seat themselves.*) In the first place (*turning to LIZZIE*), our Cousin Clarence is coming to-night.

D. And we have n't seen him for three years!

O. Is he a boy, or a young fellow?

E. When he was here three years ago, with his brother Tom, he was about a year older than I.

M. I dare say he is more than that much older now.

E. Yes, living in the city, and being a boy (*to LIZZIE and FREDDIE*). You know our father and mother went to Aunt Margaret's, and left us three to keep house. Well, this morning I got a letter from my mother, written yesterday—stop! I'll read that part of the letter.

(*Takes long letter from pocket, and reads hurriedly.*) "If your dress needs—" Oh, that's not it! (*Looks farther on.*) "If that stove gets red-hot—" Pshaw! (*Turns the sheet.*) Oh, here it is! "If a tramp comes to the house to-morrow evening, do not be afraid to let him in. Your Cousin Clarence is home on his vacation. He thinks you will be having fine times there by yourselves, and wants to come down, if only for a day; and I tell his mother he ought to, it is so long since you have seen him. There is one thing I think I must tell you. Perhaps George and Delia need not be told of it, but if Clarence does as he is planning to do, I think one of you should have a hint of it, for fear you might be really frightened. Clarence has been with Tom to masquerade parties and surprise parties lately, and his head is full of costumes and odd pranks, and he has spoken of taking some old clothes along and coming to

the door as a tramp and surprising you. I thought that if he should, and should insist on entering the house, you or Delia might be alone, and might be badly frightened, and that one of you ought to be told of it. Clarence will bring his violin, and you can have family concerts. Give him the best the house affords, for he is remarkably fond of goodies. When you go——" Oh, that's something else.

M. So, instead of being surprised yourselves, you are going to surprise him?

E. I thought of it almost as soon as I read the letter.

O. A bright thought, Esther; I'm glad it occurred to you.

D. And she has told Bridget, and asked her to send him in here.

G. And we are going to ask him questions, to hear what he will say.

F. (*speaking quickly*). What questions shall we ask? [Enter BRIDGET.]

BRIDGET. There's an ould man at the door, Miss, an' he says he's an ould blind man, Miss, an' he axes a morsel o' food.

E. (*excitedly*). That's the one! Send him in, Bridget.

[Exit BRIDGET.]

G. and E. look at each other; clap hands softly; rise; sit down; rise again; go toward the door; listen; tiptoe back to seats.

MAUD (*coming*). Hush! hush! Let's keep sober faces.

O. So he's coming in a blind way!

L. When we ask questions, we must not let him suspect we know who he is.

I. (*more loudly than before*). What questions shall we ask?

G. Oh—ask him how he lost his eyesight.

D. (*motioning to others with her hand*). Hark! I hear him!

[All look toward the door. BRIDGET shows in an old blind beggar with bundle and cane, with which he feels his way. He wears a green blinder.]

BLIND MAN (*pulling at the rim of his hat*). Good evening. Pretty cold weather we're having. Bless ye all, and may ye never lack for a friend in need!

G. (*placing chair near him*). Wont you sit down? There are seven of us here, all young people.

[G. remains standing.]

O. And all dressed in costume—if you could only see us!

E. Would you like something to eat?

B. M. Yes, Miss; and thank ye kindly.

E. I will fetch you something immediately.

[Exit ESTHER.]

L. (*pitifully*). Do you feel very, very, very tired?

B. M. (*with heavy sigh*). I'm ready to drop, Miss.

D. Have you come far to-day?

B. M. A long, long way, Miss.

G. Have you much farther to go?

B. M. (*sighs*). I hope to beg a night's lodging somewhere hereabout (*mournfully*)—if anybody will take me in.

M. Poor old man! Are these the best shoes you've got?

B. M. I've a pair a trifle better, given to Miss.

L. (*pitifully*). Sometimes I suppose you get any food at all?

B. M. (*sadly*). I often go hungry, Miss.

F. (*speaking up loudly*). How did you eyesight?

B. M. Ah, little boy, little boy! (*Shakes head sadly*). Do you want to hear my story?

[Enter L. with tray, on which is bread and water.]

E. Here is something for you to eat. (*Smiling at the others*.) I suppose you are used to living on bread and water?

[ESTHER remains standing.]

B. M. An' may I always be able to get that, is my humble prayer.

[Eats bread.]

M. (*to L., aside*). How well he acts his part! (*To B. M.*) Good stranger, have n't you a fiddle outside?

L. That you could play us a tune on, by and by?

D. If we want to dance?

G. I'll fetch my flute, and we'll play a duet.

B. M. Ah, children, I've only my bits o' duds tied up here in my bundle to put on when these drop off o' me.

[Continues eating and drinking.]

M. (*to E., aside*). It is too bad to make him eat that dry bread! Let's tell him we know him.

E. Would you?

M. and O. (*aside*). Yes, yes!

E. (*coming toward B. M.*). Come, Mr. Blind Man, you may as well give up; we know who you are.

D. (*rising*). Mother gave us a hint, for fear we'd be frightened.

G. Yes, Clarence, take off your duds and your blinder, and get your fiddle, and we'll play a tune, and then have some supper.

B. M. Children, don't make a jest of me! Don't!

F. He seems exactly like a blind man.

O. So he does. Things are not what they seem.

L. (*to M., aside*). He seems to mean to keep up the joke.

G. Come now, Clarence, don't keep it up any longer; we want to have some fun, you know. I'll agree to restore your sight in ten seconds, and not charge a cent.

B. M. (*shakes head sadly*). It may be a joke to you, but, ah! if you knew the reality! (*Sighs*.) If you only knew!

M. (*to L., aside*). He knows how to disguise his voice, does n't he?

[Enter BRIDGET.]

BRIDGET. There's a fireman come to the house, Miss. He says he was sent by the Fire Brigade to expect the chimbleys.

[Enter CLARENCE, as Fireman. Exit BRIDGET.]

CLARENCE. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the Fire Brigade think there may be danger that this house will take fire.

[All look at CLARENCE in amazement.]

G. Our house? Why, it never did!

C. Very likely; but that is no reason why it never will.

E. (*anxiously*). What do they think is the danger?

C. They think one of the stoves stands too near the chimney-piece.

M. (to E., *anxiously*). Do you really suppose there is any danger?

L. (to E., *in alarm*). Is there very much fire in it now?

O. (*hastily*). We boys will take hold and pull it forward.

G. Then the pipe would be too short.

E. We should have to put out the fire.

D. Why, Mother wrote about that stove, in her letter.

C. Yes, she's one of the Fire Brigade which sent me; your father is the other one. (*Takes off cap, false hair, and whiskers; bows to G. and E.*) I have the honor to be your Cousin Clarence, supposed by this cruel maiden to be regaling himself on bread and water. (*Briskly, and shaking hands.*) How do you do, Cousin Esther? How do you do, Cousin George? How do you do, my little flowery maiden, with bright flowers laden? (*Shakes hands with DELIA.*) And are all these my cousins, too?

E. (*laughing*). Oh, no; this is my friend, Miss Maud Somers, and this is my friend, Miss Lizzie Bond.

[MAUD and LIZZIE rise.

G. (*quickly, and laughing*). And this is my friend, Mr. Otis Somers, and this is my friend, Mr. Freddie Bond. [OTIS and FREDDIE rise. All shake hands, with much merriment.

OTIS (*suddenly*). But who is this? (*Points to Blind Man.*)

G. Yes! Who? If it is not — (*Looks at Clarence.*)

C. (*briskly*). No, it is not I. "I've a little dog at home, and he knows me." Clarence Cahoon, at your service (*bows*), Fireman and Letter-carrier. This is from your mother. (*Gives E. a letter.*)

E. So we were cheated, after all!

M. How strange that this real blind man should happen in here to-night!

C. Pardon me, Miss Maud, he did not happen in; he was sent in.

M. (*with a roguish smile*). By t' e Fire Brigade?

C. Oh, no; by the Fireman.

D. You mean you, Cousin Clarence?

F. (*speaking up loud*). We thought that blind man was you.

G. Do tell us all about it, Clarence.

E. We may as well be seated. [They take seats.

L. (to M.). Did you ever know anything so funny?

M. Truly, I never did.

C. My first idea was to come to the door as a tramp, but I suspected, from questioning your mother, that she had given you a hint of this, and decided to come in my fireman's costume. I really was requested to see about the stove. Your father and mother both seem to think that some calamity will befall the family while they are away.

E. But where did you find this poor, unfortunate man?

C. At the station. I knew that you were expecting something of the kind, and thought I might play a trick upon you, and get him a good supper at the same time. [Blind Man coughs, putting handkerchief to his mouth.

G. Perhaps he'll play for his supper; blind men usually can handle a fiddle. Of course you brought yours, Clarence?

E. (*starting up*). And we'll have a dance! (*Counting.*) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight; just enough!

B. M. (*starting up, to CLARENCE*). And I thought I might play a little trick upon you!

[Pulls off hat, wig, beard, and blinder, showing brown hair and mustache. The others start and stare.

CLARENCE, } My brother Tom!

GEORGE, } Cousin Tom!

ESTHER, } [GEORGE goes toward him.

CLARENCE (*clutching his own hair*). Beaten! cheated! done for! fooled! bamboozled! humbugged! (*Clasps hands theatrically.*) I'm a dunce! an idiot! a goose! an owl! a bat!

TOM. Neither of the last two, or you'd have seen better in the dark.

C. (*sitting down*). I'll go to the school for feeble-minded youth! (*Rising.*) But, say, Tom, how did you ever think of anything so bright?

TOM. Oh, I never like to be left out of a good time, you know; and I thought it would be fun to appear here in disguise and cheat the cheater. My plan was to come to the house *after* you. Your help in bringing me here was unexpected; so unexpected that when you stepped up and spoke to me I very nearly betrayed myself. Luckily the cotton in my mouth kept you from recognizing my voice. But, how do you do, cousins? (*Shaking hands with G., E., and D.*) Please, ladies and gentlemen (*bowing to the others*), I am my brother's brother. My brother's brother is not so stout as he seems; it is *clothes* which make the man.

E. (*comically*). Shall I take your hat and coat?

TOM. No, thanks; I prefer being in costume, like the rest. (*Puts on hat, wig, etc.*)

G. But can you see through that green silk?

TOM. Oh, yes; it is thin silk, just stretched over a wire. Now, I'll get the fiddle, and play for you.

[Steps briskly out, followed by GEORGE and CLARENCE.

E. So we were all cheated.

O. And a jolly cheat it was!

M. The whole thing is perfectly splendid!

L. Oh, I am so glad I came!

D. I'm glad I've learned the grand right and left. Freddie, can you dance?

F. I can *sash-ay*, and all promenade, and cross over, and do some of the other things.

L. He'll need a little help from his partner — just a little.

[Enter TOM, GEORGE, and CLARENCE, with fiddle.

G. We'll have one dance before supper.

[TOM tries the bow on the strings, tightens keys, and then starts off into a lively tune. CLARENCE takes ESTHER, GEORGE takes MAUD, OTIS takes LIZZIE, FRED takes DELIA. They go through several changes, CLARENCE calling. (Curtain falls.) Or they can form into a march (if there is no curtain), and march out. An accordion, or even a jew's-harp, can take the place of a fiddle.

. Bakertown .

"Now, which is the way to Bakertown?
 Pray, tell me, little man." [down]
 "Why, you walk up the hill and you then walk
 And you go just as far as you can.
 When you can not go any farther,
 Turn quickly and come back,
 And ask of the man with the tin dinner can
 Who works on the railway track."

Oh, which is the way to Bakertown?
 Do tell me, little maid."
 "Why, follow your nose just as far as it goes,
 And never you be afraid.
 Why you must be a stranger
 Or you'd 'a' heard somebody say,
 How Bakertown was first burned down
 And then it blew away!"

DONALD AND DOROTHY.*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW.

DONALD, going to his room, laid the three Ellen Lee letters upon the table before him and surveyed the situation. That only one of them could be from the right Ellen Lee was evident; but which one? That was the question.

"This can not be it," thought Donald, as he took up a badly written and much-blotted sheet. "It is English-French, and evidently is in the handwriting of a man. Well, this brilliant person requests me to send one hundred francs to pay *her* expenses to Aix-la-Chapelle, and *she* will then prove *her* identity and receive the grateful reward. Thank you, my good man!—not if the court knows itself. We'll lay you aside for the present."

The next was from a woman—a *bonne*—who stated that by good nursing she had saved so many babies' lives in her day that she could not be sure which two babies this very kind "D. R." alluded to, but her name was Madame L. N. Lit. A wise friend had told her of this advertisement, and explained that as L. N. Lit in French and Ellen Lee in English had exactly the same sound, the inquirer probably was a native of Great Britain, and had made a very natural mistake in writing her name Ellen Lee. Therefore she had much pleasure in informing the kind advertiser that at present her address was No. — Rue St. Armand, Rouen, where she was well known, and that she would be truly happy to hear of something to her advantage. Donald shook his head very doubtfully, as he laid this letter aside. But the next he read twice, and even then he did not lay it down until he had read it again. It was a neatly written

little note, and simply stated, in French, that D. R. could see Ellen Lee by calling at No. — Rue Sou-dièrre, Paris, and making inquiry for Madame René.

"An honest little note," was Donald's verdict, after carefully scrutinizing it, "and worth following up. I shall go to Paris and look up the writer. Yes, this Madame René shall receive a visit from his majesty."

Don was in high spirits, you see, and no wonder. He already had accomplished a splendid day's work in visiting M. Bajeau, and here was at least a promising result from this advertisement. He longed to rush back at once to the quaint little shop, but he had been asked to come in the evening, and the old gentleman had a certain dignity of manner that Don respected. He felt that he must be patient and await the appointed hour.

It came at last, and by that time Donald had enjoyed a hearty meal, written to Mr. Wogg, and made all needed preparations to take the earliest train for Paris the next day.

M. Bajeau — good old man! — was made happy as a boy by the sight of Ellen Lee's letter.

"It is great good luck, my friend, that it should come to you," he said, in rapid French, his old cheeks fairly flushing with pleasure. "Now, you take my word, if she is tall, dark, fine-looking — this Madame René, eh? — you have found the very *bonne* who came to my little shop with the widow lady. Ask her about me — if she remembers, eh? how I engraved the two letters with my own hand, while she stood by, holding the pink-faced baby — ha! ha!" (Here Monsieur rubbed his hands.) "She will remember! She will prove what I say, without doubt. She will know about the key to the necklace — yes, and the lock that has the air of a clasp. Let me see it again. You have it with you?"

Donald displayed the treasure promptly.

"Stay," said Monsieur. "I will, with your permission, try and open the little lock for you. I shall be very careful."

"No, no — thank you!" said Donald, quickly, as M. Bajeau took up a delicate tool. "I would rather wait till I have tried to find the key, and until my uncle and — and sister have seen it again just as it is. My uncle, I am positive, never suspected that the top of the clasp could be slid around in this way. The key itself may come to light yet — who knows? Now, Monsieur, will you do me a great favor?"

"Name it," replied the old man, eying him not unkindly.

"Will you allow me to cut that page out of your order-book?"

"Certainly, my boy; certainly, and with pleasure," said M. Bajeau.

No sooner said than done. Donald, who had his penknife ready, delighted M. Bajeau with his clever way of cutting out the page, close to its inner side and yet in a zigzag line, so that at any time afterward the paper could be fitted into its place in the book, in case it should be necessary to prove its identity.

Next the story of the chain was retold with great care, and written down by Don as it came from Monsieur's lips, word for word, and signed by M. Bajeau with trembling nicety. "Stay!" he exclaimed, as he laid down the pen. "It will be right for me to certify to this in legal form. We can go at once to my good neighbor the notary. We shall soon know whether this Madame René is Ellen Lee. If so, she will remember that hour spent in the shop of the watch-mender Bajeau, ha! ha!"

Monsieur could afford to laugh, for, though he still repaired watches, he had risen somewhat in worldly success and dignity since that day. An American, under the same circumstances, would by this time have had a showy bric-à-brac establishment, with a large sign over the door. But Monsieur Bajeau was content with his old shop, well satisfied to know the value of the treasures of jewelry and rare furniture which he bought and sold.

The visit to the notary over, Donald took his leave, promising the old man to come and bid him good-by before sailing for America, and, if possible, to bring Ellen Lee with him.

Late in the afternoon of the same day, after a dusty seven-hours' ride in a railway coach, he found himself in Paris, on the way to the Rue Sou-dièrre, in search of Madame René.

It was something beside the effort of mounting five flights of stairs that caused his heart to beat violently when, after inquiring at every landing-place on his way up, he finally knocked at a small door on the very top story.

A short, middle-aged woman, with pale blue eyes and scanty gray hair, opened the door.

"Is this Madame René?" asked Donald, devoutly hoping that she would say "No."

The woman nodded, at the same time regarding him with suspicion, and not opening the door wide enough for him to enter.

"You replied to an advertisement, I believe?" began Donald again, bowing politely; but noting the woman's blank reception of his English, he repeated the inquiry in French. The door opened wide; the woman smiled a smile that might have been agreeable but for the lonely effect of her solitary front tooth, and then courteously invited her visitor to enter and be seated.

Poor Donald, wishing that he were many miles away, and convinced that nothing could come of

an interview with this short, stout, pale-eyed "Ellen Lee," took a chair and waited resignedly for Madame to speak.

"I have advertised," she said in French, "and am ready to begin work."

Donald looked at her inquiringly.

"Perhaps Madame, the young gentleman's mother," she suggested, "wishes a fine pastry-cook at once?"

"A pastry-cook!" exclaimed Donald, in despair. "I came to see Ellen Lee, or rather to inquire for Madame René. Is your name René?"

"I am Madame René," answered a woman, in good English, stepping forward from a dark corner of the room, where she had been sitting, unobserved by Donald. "Who is it wishes to see Ellen Lee?"

"The boy whose life you saved!" said Donald, rising to his feet and holding out his hand, unable in his excitement to be as guarded as he had intended to be. A glance had convinced him that this was Ellen Lee, indeed. The woman, tall, dark-eyed, stately, very genteel in spite of evident poverty, was about thirty-five years of age. There was no mistaking the sudden joy in her care-worn face. She seized his hand without a word; then, as if recollecting herself, and feeling that she must be more cautious, she eyed him sharply, saying:

"And the other? the brother? There were two. Is he living?"

For a second Donald's heart sank; but he quickly recovered himself. Perhaps she was trying tricks upon him; if so, he must defend himself as well as he could. So he answered, carelessly, but heartily, "Oh! he's alive and well, thank you, and thanks to you."

This time they looked into each other's eyes—she, with a sudden expression of disappointment, for would-be shrewd people are apt to give little credit to others for equal shrewdness.

"Did you never have a sister?" she asked, with some hesitation.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "but I must ask you now to tell me something of Ellen Lee, and how she saved us. I can assure you of one thing—I am alive and grateful. Pray tell me your story with perfect frankness. In the first place: Are you and Ellen Lee the same?"

"Yes."

"And do you know *my* name?" he pursued.

"Indeed I do," she said, a slow smile coming into her face. "I will be frank with you. If you are the person I believe you to be, your name is Donald Reed."

"Good!" he exclaimed, joyfully; "and the other—what was——"

"His name?" she interrupted, again smiling. "His name was Dorothy Reed, sir! They were twins—a beautiful boy and girl."

To the latest day of his life Donald never will forget that moment, and he never will understand why he did not jump to his feet, grasp her hand, ask her dozens of questions at once, and finally implore her to tell him what he could do to prove his gratitude. He had, in fancy, acted out just such a scene while on his hopeful way to Paris. But, no. In reality, he just drew his chair a little nearer hers,—feeling, as he afterward told his uncle, thoroughly comfortable,—and in the quietest possible way assured her that she was right as to the boy's name, but, to his mind, it would be very difficult for her to say which little girl she had saved—whether it was the baby-sister or the baby-cousin.

This was a piece of diplomacy on his part that would have delighted Mr. Wogg. True, he would prefer to be entirely frank on all occasions, but, in this instance, he felt that Mr. Wogg would highly disapprove of his "giving the case away" by letting the woman know that he hoped to identify Dorothy as his sister. What if Madame René, in the hope of more surely "hearing of something greatly to her advantage," were to favor his desire that the rescued baby should be Dorothy and not Delia?

"What do you mean?" asked Madame René.

"I mean, that possibly the little girl you saved was my cousin and not my sister," he replied, boldly.

Ellen Lee shrank from him a moment, and then almost angrily said:

"Why not your sister? Ah, I understand!—you would then be sole heir. But I must tell the truth, young gentleman; so much has been on my conscience all these years that I wish to have nothing left to reproach me. There was a time when, to get a reward, I might, perhaps, have been willing to say that the other rescued baby was your cousin, but now my heart is better. Truth is truth. If I saved any little girl, it was Dorothy—and Dorothy was Donald Reed's twin sister."

Donald was about to utter an exclamation of delight, but he checked himself as he glanced toward the short, light-haired Madame, whose peculiar appearance had threatened to blight his expectations. She was now seated by the small window, industriously mending a coarse woolen stocking, and evidently caring very little for the visitor, as he was not in search of a pastry-cook.

"We need not mind her," Madame René explained. "Marie Dubois is a good, dull-witted soul, who stays here with me when she is out of a situation. She can not understand a word of English. We have decided to separate soon, and to leave

these lodgings. I can not make enough money with my needle to live here; and so we must both go out and work—I as a sewing-woman, and she as a cook. Ah me! In the years gone by, I hoped to go to America and live with that lovely lady, your poor mother.”

“Do you remember her well?” asked Donald, hesitating as to which one of a crowd of questions he should ask first.

“Perfectly, sir. She was very handsome. Ah me! and so good, so grand! The other lady—her husband’s sister, I think—was very pretty, very sweet and gentle; but *my* lady was like a queen. I can see a trace of her features—just a little—in yours, Mr.—Mr. Reed. I did not at first; but the likeness grows on one.”

“And this?” asked Donald, taking a photograph from his pocket. “Is this like my mother?”

She held it up to the light and looked at it long and wistfully.

“Poor lady!” she said at last.

“Poor lady?” echoed Donald, rather amused at hearing his bright little Dorry spoken of in that way; “she is barely sixteen.”

“Ah, no! It is the mother I am thinking of. How proud and happy she would be now with this beautiful daughter! For this *is* your sister’s likeness, sir?”

Ellen Lee looked up quickly, but, re-assured by Donald’s prompt “Yes, indeed,” she again studied the picture.

It was one that he had carried about with him ever since he left home—tacking it upon the wall, or the bureau of his room, wherever he happened to lodge; and it showed Dorothy just as she looked the day before he sailed. He had gone with her to the photographer’s to have it taken, and for his sake she had tried to forget that they were so suddenly to say “good-by.”

“Ah, what a bright, happy face! A blessed day indeed it would be to me if I could see you two, grown to a beautiful young lady and gentleman, standing together——”

“That you *shall* see,” responded Donald, heartily, not because he accepted the title of beautiful young gentleman, but because his heart was full of joy to think of the happy days to come, when the shadow of doubt and mystery would be forever lifted from the home at Lakewood.

“Is she coming? Is she here?” cried Madame René, who, misinterpreting Donald’s words, had risen to her feet, half expecting to see the young girl enter the room.

“No. But, depend upon it, you will go there,” said Don. “You must carry out the dream of your youth, and begin life in America. My uncle surely will send for you. You know, I promised

that you should hear of something greatly to your advantage.”

“But the ocean,” she began, with a show of dread, in spite of the pleasure that shone in her eyes. “I could never venture upon the great, black ocean again!”

“It will not be the black ocean this time. It will be the blue ocean, full of light and promise,” said Donald growing poetic; “and it will bear you to comfort and prosperity. Dorothy and I will see to that——”

“Dorothy!” cried Ellen Lee. “Yes, I feel as if I could cross two oceans to see you both together, alive and well, so I would.”

At this point Madame Dubois, rousing herself, said, rather querulously, in her native tongue: “Elise, are you to talk all night? Have you forgotten that you are to take me to see the lady on the Rue St. Honoré at six?”

“Ah, I did forget,” was the reply. “I will go at once, if the young gentleman will excuse me.”

“Certainly,” said Donald, rising; “and I shall call again to-morrow, as I have many things yet to ask you. I’ll go now and cable home.”

Ellen Lee looked puzzled.

“Can I be forgetting my own language?” she thought to herself. But she had resolved to be frank with Donald—had not he and Dorothy already opened a new life to her? “Cable home?” she repeated. “I do not understand.”

“Why, send a cable message, you know—a message by the ocean telegraph.”

“Oh, yes. Bless me! It will be on the other side, too, before one can wink. It is wonderful; and Mr. Donald, if I may call you so, while you’re writing it, would you please, if you would n’t mind it, send my love to Miss Dorothy?”

“Good!” cried Donald. “I’ll do exactly that. Nothing could be better. It will tell the story perfectly.”

Donald, going down the steep flights of stairs soon afterward, intending to return later, longed to send a fine supper to Ellen Lee and her companion, also beautiful new gowns, furniture, pictures, and flowers. He felt like a fairy prince, ready to shower benefits upon her, but he knew that he must be judicious in his kindness and considerate of Ellen Lee’s feelings. Poor as she evidently was, she had a proud spirit, and must not be carelessly rewarded.

Before another night had passed, Uncle George and the anxious-hearted girl at Lakewood received this message:

Ellen Lee Sends Love to Dorothy.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MADAME RENÉ TELLS HER STORY.

ON the following day, when Donald again climbed the many flights of stairs and knocked at her door, he found Madame René alone. The

self had brushed her threadbare gown with care, and, by the aid of spotless white collar and cuffs, given herself quite a holiday appearance. Very soon she and Donald, seated by the shining little window, were talking together in English and like old friends, as indeed they were. The reader shall hear her story in her own words, though not



DOROTHY, AT SIXTEEN.

pastry-cook advertisement had succeeded: Marie was gone to exercise her talents in behalf of a little hotel on the Seine, where, as she had assured her new employer, she would soon distinguish herself by her industry and sobriety. The almost empty apartment was perfectly neat. Madame René her-

with all the interruptions of conversation under which it was given.

"It 's no wonder you thought me a French-woman, Mr. Donald. Many have thought the same of me from the day I grew up. But, though

I look so like one, and speak the language readily, I was born in England. I studied French at school, and liked it best of all my lessons. In fact, I studied little else, and even spoke it to myself, for there was no one, excepting the French teacher, who could talk it with me. I never liked him. He was always pulling my ears and treating me like a child when I fancied myself almost a woman. Then I took to reading French stories and romances, and they turned my head. My poor home grew stupid to me, and I took it into my heart to run away and see if I could not get to be a great lady. About that time a French family moved into our neighborhood, and I was proud to talk with the children and to be told that I spoke 'like a native' (just as if I did!), and that, with my black hair and gray eyes, I looked like a Normandy girl. This settled it. I knew my parents never would consent to my leaving home, but I resolved to 'play' I was French and get a situation in some English family as a French nurse—a real Normandy *bonne* with a high cap. I was seventeen then. The *bonne* in the latest romance I had read became a governess and then married a marquis, the eldest son of her employer, and kept her carriage. Why should not some such wonderful thing happen to me? You see what a silly, wicked girl I was.

"Well, I ran away to another town, took the name of Eloise Louvain (my real name was Elizabeth Luff), and for a time I kept up my part and enjoyed it. The parents who engaged me could not speak French, and as for the children—dear, what a shame it was!—they got all they knew of it from me. Then I went to live with a real Parisian. The lady mistrusted my accent when I spoke French to her, and asked me where I was born; but she seemed to like me for all that, and I staid with her until she was taken ill and was ordered to the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle for cure. I had the name of being quieter than I was by nature, for I always spoke French or broken English, and it was not always easy. At last I saw in the newspaper that a lady in Aix wanted a French maid to go with her to America. Here was my chance. Why, Mr. Donald, if you'll believe me, I was n't sure but that if I went I'd in time be the bride of the President of America himself! You need n't laugh. Many 's the silly girl—yes, and boy, too, for that matter—who gets ridiculous notions from reading romantic books. My French lady was sorry to lose me, but she let me go, and then, sir, I became your mother's maid. By this time my French was so good that she need n't have found me out; but she was so lovely, so sweet and sharp withal, that I one day told her the whole truth, and it ended in my writing a letter home by

her advice, sending my parents fifty francs, asking their forgiveness, begging them to consent to my going to America with my new lady, and telling them that I would send presents home to them whenever I could. When the answer came, with love from my mother, and signed, 'Your affectionate and forgiving father, John Luff,' I laughed and cried with joy, and forgot that I was a Normandy *bonne*. And a *bonne* I was in earnest, for my lady had the prettiest pair of twins any one could imagine, if I do say it to your face, and such lovely embroidered dresses, more than a yard long, the sleeves tied with the sweetest little ribbon-bows——"

Here Donald interrupted the narrative: "What color were they, please?" he asked, at the same time taking out his note-book.

"Pink and blue," was the prompt reply. "Always blue on the boy and pink on the girl—my lady's orders were very strict on that point."

"Did—did the other baby—little Delia, you know—wear pink bows?"

"Not she, never anything but white, for her mamma insisted white was the only thing for a baby."

"What about their hair?" Donald asked, still holding his note-book and looking at this item: "*Girl's hair, yellow, soft, and curly. Boy's hair, pale brown, very scanty.*"

"Their hair? Let me see. Why, as I remember, you had n't any, sir, at least, none to speak of—neither had the poor little cousin; but my little girl—Miss Dorothy, that is—had the most I ever saw on so young a child; it was golden-yellow, and so curly that it would cling to your fingers when you touched it. I always hated to put a cap on her, but Mrs. Reed had them both in caps from the first. I must hurry on with the story. You know the other baby was never at Aix. We met it and its parents at Havre, when my lady went there to take the steamer to America. You twins were not two months old. And a sad day that was indeed! For the good gentleman, your father—Heaven rest his soul!—died of a fever before you and Miss Dorothy had been in the world a fortnight. Oh, how my lady and the other lady cried about it when they came together! I used to feel so sorry when I saw them grieving, that, to forget it, I'd take you two babies out, one on each arm, and walk the street up and down in front of the hotel. I had become acquainted with a young Frenchman, a traveling photographer, and he, happening to be at Havre, saw me one morning as I was walking with the babies, and he invited me to go to his place, hard by, and have my picture taken, for nothing. It was a willful thing to do with those two infants, after I had been allowed only to walk

a short distance by the hotel; but it was a temptation, and I went. I would n't put down the babies, though, so he had to take my picture sitting on a rock, with one twin on each arm. If you'll believe it, the babies came out beautifully in the picture, and I was almost as black as a coal. It was like a judgment on me, for I knew my lady would think it shocking in me to carry the two helpless twins to a photographer's."

"But the picture," said Donald, anxiously, "where is it? Have you it yet?"

"I'll tell you about that soon," Madame René answered, hurriedly, as if unwilling to break the thread of her story. "The dear lady was so kind that I often had a mind to own up and show her the picture, but the thought of that ugly black thing, sitting up so stiff and holding the little innocents, kept me back. It's well it did, too—though it's rare any good thing comes out of a wrong—for if I had, the picture would have gone down with the ship. Well, we sailed a few days after that, and at first the voyage was pleasant enough, though I had to walk the cabin with the babies, while my lady lay ill in her berth. The sea almost always affects the gentry, you know. The other lady was harder, though sometimes ailing, and she and her husband tended their baby night and day, never letting it out of their arms when it was awake. Poor little thing, gone these fifteen years!"

"Are you sure the little cousin was lost?" asked Donald, wondering how she knew.

"Why, Mr. Donald, I drew it from your not saying more about the child. Was she ever found? And her mother, the pretty lady, Mrs. Robbins—no, Robertson—and my lady, your mother? I heard people saying that all were lost, except those of us who were in our boat. And I never knew to the contrary until now. Were they saved, sir?"

Donald shook his head sadly.

"Not one of them saved!" she exclaimed. "Ah me! how terrible! I had a sight of Mr. Robertson with their baby in his arms—just one glimpse in the dreadful tumult. It all came on so suddenly—every one screaming at once, and not a minute to spare. I could not find *my* lady, yet I fancied once I heard her screaming for her children; but I ran with them to the first deck, and tried to tie them to something—to a chair, I think, so they might float—I was frantic; but I had no rope—only my gown."

"Yes, yes," said Donald, longing to produce the pieces of black cloth which he had brought with him, but fearing to interrupt the narrative then. "Please go on."

"I tore long strips from my gown, but I could not do anything with them; there was not time. The men were filling the boats, and I rushed to the

side of the sinking vessel. No one could help me. I prayed to Heaven, and, screaming to the men in a boat below to catch them, I threw the babies out over the water. Whether they went into the boat or the water I could not tell; it seemed to me that some one shouted back. The next I knew, I was taken hold of by strong arms and lifted down into one of the boats. My lady was not there, nor the babies, nor any one of our party—all were strangers to me. For days we drifted, meeting no trace of any other boat from the ship, and living as best we could on a few loaves of bread and a jug of water that one of the sailors had managed to lower into our boat. We were picked up after a time and carried to Liverpool. But I was frightened at the thought of what I had done—perhaps the twins would have been saved with me if I had not thrown them down. I was afraid that some of their relatives in America would rise up and accuse me, you see, sir, and put me in disgrace. I had acted for the best, but would any one believe me? So when they asked my name, I gave the first I could think of, and said it was 'Ellen Lee,' and when they wondered at such a strange name for a French girl, as I appeared to be, I told them one of my parents was English, which was true enough. Not having been able to save a bit of my luggage, I was fain to take a little help from the ship's people. As I had been entered on the passenger-list only as Mrs. Wolcott Reed's maid, they were satisfied when I said I was Ellen Lee. After getting safe ashore I kept my own counsel and hid myself. To this day I never have breathed a word about the shipwreck or my throwing out the babies—no, not to a living soul, save yourself, sir. Well, a woman gave me another gown, which was a help, and I soon found a place with a family in the country, fifteen miles from Liverpool, to sew for the family and tend the children. Of course I dropped the name of Ellen Lee the moment I left Liverpool, and I hoped to settle down to a peaceful life and faithful service. But I grew sadder all the time; nothing could cheer me up. Night and day, day and night, I was haunted by the thought of that awful hour."

"Yes, awful indeed," said Donald. "I have often thought of it and tried to picture the scene. But we will not speak of it now. You must comfort yourself with knowing that, instead of losing the babies, you saved them. Only don't forget a single thing about the twins and their mother. Tell me all you can remember about them. Have n't you some little thing that belonged to them or to any of the party? A lock of hair or a piece of a dress—*anything* that was theirs? Oh, I hope you have—it is so very important!"

"Ah, yes, sir! I was just coming to that.

There 's a few things that belonged to the babies and the poor mother—and, to tell you the truth, they 've pressed heavy enough on my conscience all these years."

Donald, with difficulty, controlled his impatience to see the articles, but he felt it would be wisest to let Madame have her way.

"You see how it was: a young man—the same young man who had taken the picture—came to the ship to bid me good-by, and stood talking apart with me a minute, while the ladies were looking into their state-rooms and so on; and somehow he caught hold of my little satchel and was swinging it on his finger when Mrs. Reed sent for me. And before I could get back to him, the ship was ready to start; all who were not passengers were put ashore; somebody shouted an order, and we began to move. When at last I saw him, we were some distance from shore and he was standing on the dock looking after me, with my satchel in his hand! We both had forgotten it—and there was nothing for me to do but to sail on to America without it."

"Were the things in that satchel?" cried Don. "Where is the man? Is he living?"

Her eyes filled with tears. "No, I shall never see him again in this world," she said.

Her grief was so evident that Donald, whose disappointment struggled with his sympathy, felt it would be cruel to press her further. But when she dried her eyes and looked as if she were about to go on with the story, he could not forbear saying, in a tone which was more imploring than he knew: "Can't you tell me what was in the satchel? Try to think."

"Yes, indeed, I can," she said, plaintively. "There was the picture of the babies and me; the baby Dorothy's dress-ribbon; my purse and the key——"

"A key!" cried Donald. "What sort of a key?"

"Oh, a little bit of a key, and gloves, and my best pocket-handkerchief, and—most of all, Mrs. Reed's letter——"

"Mrs. Reed's letter!" echoed Don. "Oh, if I only could have had that and the picture! But do go on."

"You make me so nervous, Mr. Donald—indeed you do, begging your pardon—that I hardly know what I'm saying; but I must tell you first how each of the things had got into my hands. First, the picture was my own property, and I prized it very much, though I had not the courage to show it to Mrs. Reed; then the pink ribbon was for baby Dorothy. My lady had handed it to me at the hotel when we were dressing the twins, and in the hurry, after cutting off the right lengths to

tie up the dear little sleeves, I crammed the rest into my satchel."

"And the key?"

"Oh, you see, baby Dorothy had worn a chain from the time she was a week old. It fastened with a key. Mr. Reed himself had put it on her little neck and locked it the very day before he was taken down, and in the hurry of dressing the babies, as I was telling you, Mrs. Reed let fall the speck of a key; it was hung upon a bit of pink ribbon, and I picked it up and clapped it into the satchel, knowing I could give it to her on the vessel. But the letter—ah, that troubles me most of all."

She paused a moment and looked at Donald, before beginning again, as if fearing that he would be angry.

"It was a letter to a Mr. George Reed, somewhere in America—your uncle, is n't he?—and your mother had handed it to me a week before to put in the post. It would then have gone there in the steamer before ours, but—ah, how can I tell you? I had dropped it into my little satchel (it was one that I often carried with me), and forgotten all about it. And, indeed, I never thought of it again till we had been two days out, and then I remembered it was in the satchel. I don't wonder you feel badly, sir, indeed I don't, for it should have gone to America, as she intended, the poor, poor lady!"

"Heaven only knows what trouble it might have spared my uncle, and now he can never know," said Donald in a broken voice.

"Never know? Please don't say that, Master Donald, for you 'll be going back alive and well, and giving the letter to him with your own hands, you know."

Donald could only gasp out, "With my own hands? What! How?"

"Because it's in the satchel to this day. Many a time, after I was safe on shore again, I thought to post it, but I was foolish and cowardly, and feared it might get me into trouble in some way, I did n't know how, but I had never the courage to open it when the poor lady who wrote it was dead and gone. May be you 'll think best to open it yourself now, sir——"

So saying, Madame René stepped across the room, kneeled by an old trunk, and opening it, she soon drew forth a small leather hand-bag.

Handing it to the electrified Donald, she gave a long sigh of relief.

"There it is, sir, and it's a blessed day that sees it safe in your own hands!"

Yes, there they were—the ribbon, the picture, the tiny golden key, and the letter. Donald, looking a little wild (as Madame René thought), examined them one after the other, and all together,

with varying expressions of emotion and delight. He was bewildered as to what to do first: whether to take out the necklace, that he now always carried about with him, and fit the key to its very small lock; or to compare the group with the babies' photographs which his uncle had intrusted to him, and which he had intended to show to Madame René during the present interview; or to open and read his mother's letter, which the nature of his errand to Europe gave him the right to do.

The necklace was soon in the hands of Madame René, who regarded it with deep interest, and begged him to try the key, which, she insisted, would open it at once. Donald, eager to comply, made ready to push aside the top of the clasp, and then he resolved to do no such thing. Uncle George or Dorry should be the first to put the key into that long silent lock.

Next came the pictures. Don looked at the four little faces in a startled way, for the resemblance of the babies in the group to those in the two photographs was evident. The group, which was an ambrotype picture of Ellen Lee and the twins, was somewhat faded, and it had been taken at least three weeks before the New York photographs were. But, even allowing for the fact that three weeks make considerable change in very young infants, there were unmistakable points of similarity. In the first place, though all the four heads were in baby caps, two chubby little faces displayed delicate light locks straying over the forehead from under the caps, while, on the other hand, two longish little faces rose baldly to the very edge of the cap-border. Another point which Ellen Lee discovered was that the bald baby in each picture wore a sacque with the fronts rounded at the corners, and the "curly baby," as Donald called her, displayed in both instances a sacque with square fronts. Donald, on consulting his uncle's notes, found a mention of this difference in the sacques; and when Madame René, without seeing the notes, told him that both were made of flannel, and that the boy's must have been blue and the girl's pink,—which points Mr. Reed also had set down,—Don felt quite sure that the shape of the actual sacques would prove, on examination, to agree with their respective pictures. Up to that moment our investigator had, in common with most observers of the masculine gender, held the easy opinion that "all babies look alike," but circumstances now made him a connoisseur. He even fancied he could see a boyish look in both likenesses of his baby self; but Madame René unconsciously subdued his rising pride by remarking innocently that the boy had rather a cross look in the two pictures, but that was "owing to his being the weakest of the twins at the outset."

Then came the pink ribbon—and here Donald was helpless; but Madame René came to the rescue by explaining that if any ribbons were found upon baby Dorothy they must match these, for their dear mother had bought new pink ribbon on purpose for her little girl to wear on shipboard, and this was all they had with them, excepting that which was cut off to tie up the sleeves when the baby was dressed to be carried on board the ship. And now Madame recalled the fact that after the first day the twins wore only their pretty little white night-gowns, and that, when it was too warm for their sacques, she used to tie up baby Dorothy's sleeves loosely with the bits of pink ribbon, to show the pretty baby arm.

Next came the letter. Donald's first impulse was to take it to Uncle George without breaking the seal; but, on second thoughts, it seemed probable that for some yet unknown reason he ought to know the contents while he was still in Europe. It might enable him to follow some important clew, and his uncle might regret that he had let the opportunity escape him. But—to open a sealed letter addressed to another!

Yet, all things considered, he would do so in this instance. His uncle had given him permission to do whatever, in his own judgment, was necessary to be done; therefore, despite his just scruples, he decided that this was a necessary act.

Madame René anxiously watched his face as he read.

"Oh, if you had only posted this, even at any time during the past ten years!" he exclaimed, when half through the pages. Then, softening, as he saw her frightened countenance, he added: "But it is all right now, and God bless you! It is a wonderful letter," said Donald, in a tone of deep feeling, as he reached the last line, "and one that Dorothy and I will treasure all our lives. Every word seems to confirm Dorry's identity, and it would complete the evidence if any more were needed. How thankful Uncle George will be when he gets it! But how did you ever get all these treasures again, Ellen Lee?"

Madame René started slightly at hearing her old name from Donald's lips, but replied promptly:

"It was by neither more nor less than a miracle. The satchel was given back to me not very long after I found myself in Europe again."

"Not by that same young man!" exclaimed Donald, remembering Madame René's tears.

"Yes, Mr. Donald, by that same young man who took it on the vessel—the photographer."

"Oh!" said Donald.

"I may as well tell you," said Madame René, blushing, and yet looking ready to cry again, "that I had his address, and, some months after

the shipwreck, I sent him a line so that he might find me if he happened to pass my way. Well, you may believe I was glad to get the purse and some of the other things, Mr. Donald, but the picture and the key were a worriment to me. The picture did not seem to belong to me any longer. Sometimes I thought I would try to send them to the ship's company, to be forwarded to the right persons, and so rid my mind of them; but I had that foolish, wicked fear that I'd be traced out and punished. Why should I, their *bonne*, be saved and they lost? some might say. Often I was tempted to destroy these things out of my sight, but each time something whispered to me to wait, for some day one who had a right to claim them would be helped to find me. I little thought that one of the very babies I threw down over the waves would be that person——"

"That's so," said Donald, cheerily.

Hearing a doleful sound from the alley far below them, he opened the window wider and leaned out.

A beggar in rags stood there, singing his sad story in rhyme.

Verse after verse came out in mournful measure, but changed to a livelier strain when Don threw down a piece of money, which hit the ragged shoulder.

"Well," said Donald, by way of relief, and again turning to Madame René, "that's a sorry-looking chap. You have all kinds of people here in Paris. But, by the way, you spoke of tearing strips from your gown on the night of the shipwreck. Do you happen to have that same gown, still?"

"No, Master Donald—not the gown. I made it into a skirt and wore it, year after year, as I had to, and then it went for linings and what not; yonder cape there on the chair is faced with it, and that's ready to be thrown to the beggars."

"Let *this* beggar see it, please," said Donald, blithely; and in a moment he was by the window, comparing his samples with the cape-lining as knowingly as a dry-goods buyer.

"Exactly alike!" he exclaimed. "Hold! let's try the flavor."

This test was unsatisfactory. But, after explanations, the fact remained to the satisfaction of both, that the "goods" were exactly the same, but that Madame René's lining had been washed many a time and so divested of its salt.

Here was another discovery. Donald began to feel himself a rival of the great Wogg himself. Strange to say, in further corroboration of the story of the buxom matron at Liverpool, Madame René actually gave Donald a fragment of the gown that had been given to her so long ago; and it was

identical, in color and pattern, with the piece Mr. Wogg had lately sent him.

"How in the world did you ever get these pieces, Master Donald?" asked Madame René.

Whereupon Donald told her all about his Liverpool friend and her rag-bag—much to Madame's delight, for she was thankful to know that the good woman who had helped her long ago was still alive and happy.

"And now," said Donald, pleasantly, "let me hear more of your own history, for it interests me greatly. Where have you lived all these years?"

"Well, Master Donald, I went on keeping my own counsel, as I told you, and never saying a word about the wreck or the two dear babies, and living with Mr. Percival's family as seamstress and nursery governess, under my old French name of Eloise Louvain. I was there till, one day, we said we'd just get married and seek our fortunes together."

"We!" repeated Donald, astonished and rather shocked; "not you and Mr. Percival?"

"Oh, no, indeed!—I and Edouard René," she said, in a tone that gave Don to understand that Edouard René was the only man that any girl in her senses ever could have chosen for a husband.

"What! The photographer?"

"Yes, Mr. Donald, the photographer. Well, we married, and how many nice things they gave me—and they were not rich folk, either!"

"They? Who, Madame René?"

"Why, Mrs. Percival and the children—gowns and aprons and pretty things that any young wife might be proud to have. She had married a fine gentleman, but she had been a poor girl. Her little boy was named after his grandfather, and it made such a funny mixture,—James Wogg Percival, but we always called him Jamie."

"Wogg!" exclaimed Don. "I know a James Wogg—a London detective——"

"Oh, that's the son, sir, Mrs. Percival's brother; he's a detective, and a pretty sharp one, but not sharp enough for me."

She said this with such a confident little toss of her head that Don, much interested, asked what she meant.

"Why, you see, Mr. Wogg often came to see his sister, Mrs. Percival, as I think, to borrow money of her, and he was always telling of the wonderful things he did, and how nothing could escape him, and how stupidly other detectives did their work. And one day, when I was in the room, he actually told how some people were looking for one Ellen Lee, a nursemaid who had been saved from shipwreck, and how one of the survivors was moving heaven and earth to find her, but had n't succeeded; and how, if the case had

been given to him he would have done thus and so—for she never could have escaped him. And there I was, almost under his very nose!—yes, then and many a time after!”

“It’s the funniest thing I ever heard!” cried Donald, enjoying the joke immensely, and convulsed to think of Mr. Wogg’s disgust when he should learn these simple facts.

“Poor old Wogg!” he said. “It will almost kill him.”

“I tell you, Mr. Donald,” continued Madame René, earnestly, though she had laughed with him, “I listened then for every word that man might say. I longed to ask questions, but I did not dare. I heard enough, though, to know they were looking for me, and it frightened me dreadfully.

“Well, as soon as we were married,—Edouard and I,—we went to my old home, and I made my peace with my poor old parents, Heaven be praised! and comforted their last days. Then we went about through French, Swiss, and German towns, taking pictures. I helped Edouard with the work, and my English and French served us in many ways. But we found it hard getting a living, and at last my poor man sickened. I felt nothing would help him but the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle. He felt the same. We managed to work our way there, and, once safe at Aix, I found employment as a *doucheuse* in the baths.

“What is that, please?” asked Don.

“The *doucheuse* is the bath-woman who gives the douche to ladies. My earnings enabled my poor husband to stay and take the waters, and when he grew better, as he did, he got a situation with a photographer in the town. But it was only for a while. He sickened again—Heaven rest and bless his precious soul!—and soon passed away like a little child. I could n’t bear Aix then, and so I went with a family to Paris, and finally became a visiting dress-maker. My poor husband always called me Elise, and so Madame Elise René could go where she pleased without any fear of the detectives finding her. At last, only the other day, I picked up a French newspaper, and there I chanced to see your notice about Ellen Lee, and I answered it.”

“Bless you for that!” said Donald, heartily. “But had you never seen any other? We advertised often for Ellen Lee in the London and Liverpool papers.”

“No, I never saw one, sir; and, to tell the truth, I hated to remember that I had ever been called Ellen Lee, for it brought back the thought of that awful night—and the poor little babes that I thought I had killed. If the notice in the paper had not said that I saved their lives, you never would

have heard from me, Mr. Donald. That made me happier than I ever had been in all my life—mostly for the babies’ sake, though it seemed to lift a load of trouble off my mind.”

Several times, during the long interview with Elise René, Donald found himself wondering how he could manage, without hurting her pride in any way, to give her the money which she evidently needed. For she was no pauper, and her bright, dark eyes showed that time and trouble had not by any means quenched her spirit. The idea of receiving charity would shock her, he knew; but an inspiration came to him. He would not reward her himself; but he would act for Dorothy.

“Madame René,” he said, with some hesitation, “if my sister had known I was coming here to talk face to face with the friend who had saved her life, I know what she would have done: she would have sent you her grateful love and—and something to remember her by; something, as she would say, ‘perfectly lovely.’ I know she would.”

Madame had already begun to frown, on principle, but the thought of Dorry softened her, as Donald went on: “I know she would, but I don’t know what to do about it. I’d buy exactly the wrong article, if I were trying to select. The fact is, you’ll have to buy it yourself.”

With these words, Donald handed Elise René a roll of bank-notes.

“Oh, Mr. Donald!” she exclaimed, flushing, “I can’t take this—indeed, I can not!”

“Oh, Madame René, but indeed you can,” he retorted, laughing. “And now,” he added hastily (to prevent her from protesting any longer), “I am not going to inflict myself upon you for the entire day. You must be very tired, and, besides, after you are rested, we must decide upon the next thing to be done. I have cabled to my uncle, and there is no doubt but he will send word for you to come at once to America. Now, can’t you go? Say yes. I’ll wait a week or two for you.”

Elise hesitated.

“It would be a great joy,” she said, “to go to America and to see little Dorothy. She is a great deal more to me—and you, too, Mr. Donald—than one would think; for, though you were both too young to be very interesting when I was your *bonne*, I have thought and dreamed so often of you in all these long years, and of what you both might have lived to be if I had not thrown you away from me that night, that I——” her eyes filled with tears.

“Yes, indeed; I know you take an interest in us both,” was his cordial reply. “And it makes me wish that you were safe with us in America, where you would never see trouble or suffer hardship any more. Say you will go.”

"Could I work?" she said, eagerly. "Could I sew, make dresses, do anything to be useful to Miss Dorothy? My ambition of late has been to go back to England and set up for a dress-maker, and some day have a large place, with girls to help; but that would be impossible—life is so hard for poor folk, here in Europe. I feel as if I would do anything to see Miss Dorothy."

"But you can have America, and Miss Dorothy, and the dress-making establishment, or whatever you please," Don pursued with enthusiasm; "only be ready to sail by an early steamer. And, since you go for our sakes and to satisfy my uncle, you must let us pay all the cost and ever so much more. Think what joy you give us all in proving, without a doubt, that Dorothy is—Dorothy."

"I will go," she said.

That same day Donald, who had found a letter waiting for him on his return to the hotel at which he had that morning secured a room, flew up the long flights of stairs again, to ask if he might call in the evening and bring a friend.

"A friend?" Madame René looked troubled. Donald, to her, was her own boy almost; but a stranger!—that would be quite different. She glanced anxiously around, first at the shabby apartment and then at her own well-worn gown—but Mr. Donald, she thought, would know what was best to do. So, with a little Frenchy shrug of her shoulders, and a gesture of resignation, she said, Oh, certainly; she would be much pleased.

The evening visit was a success in every way, excepting one. The *bonne* of former days did not at first recognize the "friend," M. Bajeau, though at the first sight he was certain that this tall, comely woman was the veritable person who had come with Mrs. Reed and the pink-faced twins into his little shop. But she remembered the visit perfectly, and nearly all that happened on that day. She recalled, too, that Mrs. Reed had intended to have the baby's full name, Dorothy, engraved upon the clasp, and that, on account of the smallness of the space, the initials D. R. were decided upon. Still it was annoying to M. Bajeau, and, consequently, rather embarrassing to Donald, that the woman did not promptly recognize him as the same jeweler.

The simple-hearted and somewhat vain old gentleman, who felt that this would be a very important link in the chain of evidence, had recognized Madame René; and why could she not return the compliment?

Donald, by way of relieving the awkwardness, remarked, during a rather stiff moment, that it was unusually warm, and begged leave to open the door. At this, Monsieur, hinting delicately that a

draught would in time kill an angel, produced a skull-cap, which he deftly placed upon his head; and no sooner was this change effected than Madame René grew radiant, clasped her hands in honest rapture, and declared that she would now recognize M. Bajeau among a million as the very gentleman who engraved that blessed baby's dear little initials upon the clasp.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DAY OF JOY.

WHILE the great ship that bears Donald and Madame René to America still is plowing its way across the ocean, we who are on dry land may look into the home at Lakewood.

Uncle George and the two girls have just come in from a twilight walk, the glow of exercise is on their faces, and they are merry, not because anything funny has been seen or said, but because their hearts are full of joy. Donald is coming home.

Down-stairs, in the cozy sitting-room, are a pair of old friends, and if you could open the door without being seen you would hear two familiar voices.

"Where 's the use," Mr. Jack is saying confidentially, "in Master Donald's bein' away so long? The place aint natteral, nothing 's natteral, without that boy. And there 's Miss Dorothy, the trimmest little craft that ever was, here she 's been tossin' about and draggin' anchor, so to speak, all because he haint here alongside. He 's gone to find out for certain! Is he? Where 's the use in findin' out? One clipper 's as good as another, if both are sound in the hull and full-rigged. To my mind, the capt'n 'd better took what the Lord 's giv him, and be thankful accordin'. You can make any sea rough by continyely takin' soundin's. I tell you, messmate—"

He stops short as Lydia raises a warning finger:

"You're forgetting again, Mr. Jack!" she pleads, "and after all the grammár me and Miss Dorry have taught you. Besides, you might be just as elegant in talking to me as to the family."

"Eleganter, Mistress Blum—eleganter," is the emphatic rejoinder, "but not when a chap 's troubled—'t aint in the order o' things. A cove can't pray grammatic and expect to be heard, can he? But, as I was sayin', there 's been stormy times off the coast for the past three days. That boy ought t' have been kept at home. Gone to find out. Humph! Where 's the use? S'pose, when them two mites was throwed out from the sinkin' ship, I 'd 'a' waited to find out which babies they

were; no, I ketched 'em fur what they was. Where 's the use findin' out? There *aint* no use. I 'm an old sailor, but somehow I 'm skeery as a girl to-night. I 've kind o' lost my moorin's."

"Lost what, Mr. Jack?" said Liddy, with a start.

"My moorin's. It seems to me somehow 's that lad 'll never come to land."

"Mercy on us, Jack!" cried Lydia, in dismay. "What on earth makes you say a thing like that?"

"'Cos I 'm lonesome. I 'm upso't," said Jack, rising gloomily, "an' that 's all there is about it: an' there 's that wall-eyed McSwiver——"

"Mr. Jack," exclaimed Lydia, suddenly, "you 're not talking plain and honest with me. There 's something else on your mind."

"An' so there is, Mistress Lydia, an' I may as well out with it. Ken you pictur' to yourself a craft tossed about on the sea, with no steerin' gear nor nothin', and the towin'-rope draggin' helpless alongside—not a floatin' thing to take hold of it. Well, I 'm that craft. I want some one to tow me into smooth waters, and then sail alongside allers—somebody kind and sensible and good. Now, do you take the idee?"

Lydia thought she did, but she was not quite sure; and as we can not wait to hear the rest of the conversation that followed, we will steal upstairs again and see Mr. George lock up the house, bid Dorothy and Josie good-night, and climb the softly carpeted stair-way, followed by a pretty procession of two.

Later, while the girls are whispering together in their room, the long letter is written to Eben Slade, which tells him at the close that he may now come on with "legal actions" and his threats of exposure; that Mr. George is ready to meet him in any court of law, and that his proofs are ready. Then at the last follows a magnanimous offer of help, which the baffled man will be glad to accept as he sneaks away to his Western home—there to lead, let us hope, a less unworthy life than of old.

The letter is sealed. Now the lights are out.

Mr. Jack, tranquil and happy, has tiptoed his way to his bachelor-room above the stable, and Watch settles himself upon the wide piazza to spend the pleasant midsummer night out-of-doors.

Sleep well, good old Watch! To-morrow will be a busy day for you. A trim young man will come with a letter from the telegraph office, and you will have to bark and howl as he approaches, and slowly subside when Dorothy, after calling from the window, "Be quiet, Watch!" will rush down to receive the telegram. Then affairs at the stable will occupy you. Jack, getting out the carriage in a hurry, and harnessing the horses with trembling hands, never heeding your growls and caresses, will drive to the house, and (while you are wildly threading your way between wheels and the horses' legs) Uncle George, Josie, and Dorothy, radiant with expectation, will enter the vehicle, Jack will mount to the box, and off they will start for the station!

Lydia, happy soul! will scream for you to come back, and then you may amuse yourself with the flies that try to settle on your nose, while she makes the house fairly shine for the welcoming that is soon to be, and rejoices that, after their wedding, she and Jack are to continue living on the old place just the same, only that they are to have a little cottage of their own. Yes, you may doze away your holiday until the sunset-hour when Lydia, Jack, and all the Danbys stand waving handkerchiefs and hats, as two carriages from the station come rolling up the shady avenue.

Hurrah! Bark your loudest now, old Watch! Ed. Tyler, his father, and Josie Manning jump out of one carriage; Uncle George, leaping like a boy from the other, helps a tall, bright-eyed woman, dressed in black, to alight, and then, amid a chorus of cheers and barking, and joyous cries of welcome, happiest of the happy, follow the brother and sister—Donald and Dorothy!

THE END.



WHAT CAN BE MADE WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

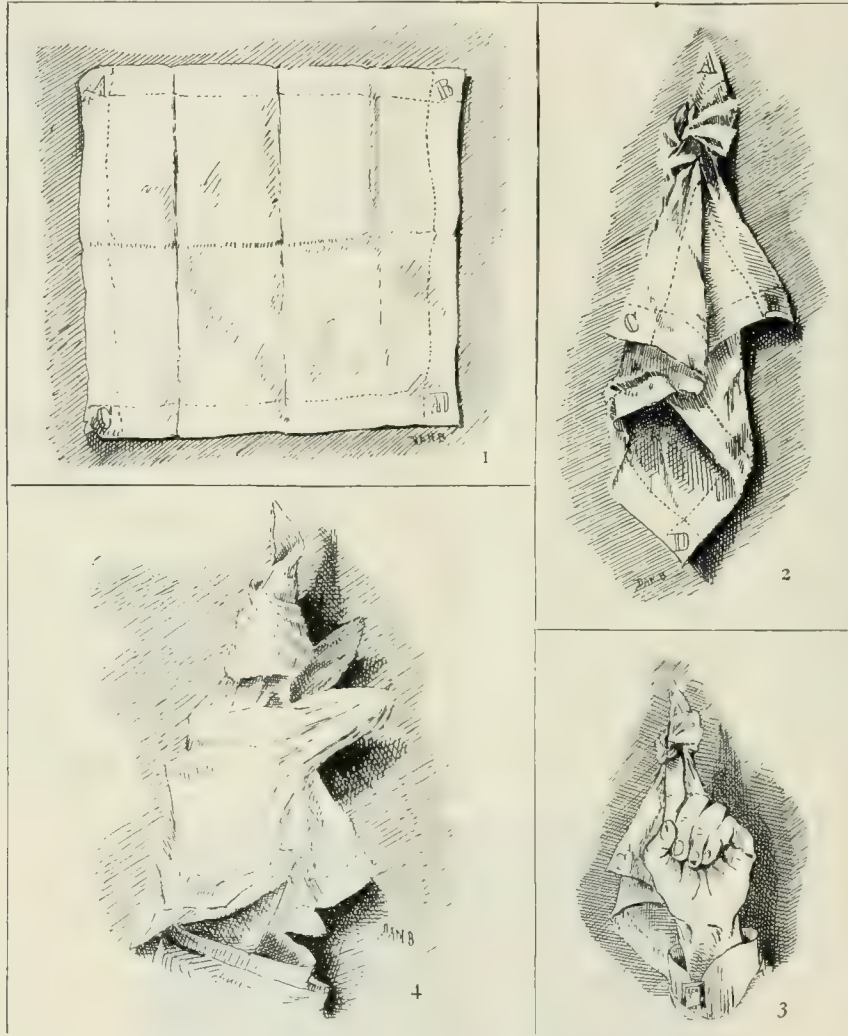
If a folder of handkerchiefs folds as he's told,
 Rolling and folding the folds he has rolled,
 The folder unfolds, from folds he has rolled,
 Amusing amusement both for young and for old.

A PLAIN white handkerchief would hardly appear a very promising object from which to derive any great amount of amusement, but, as the complicated and intricate steam-engine was evolved from

make from an ordinary pocket-handkerchief. As the conjurer says, after surprising you with some marvelous trick, "It's quite easy when you know how."

"The Orator" (Fig. 4) is one of the most simple, and, in the hands of a clever exhibitor, one of the most amusing, of all the handkerchief figures.

To "make up" the Orator, tie a common knot



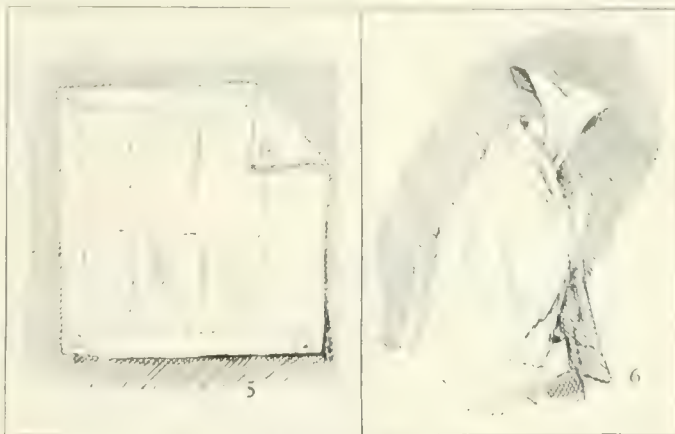
"THE ORATOR."

the boiling tea-pot, you need not be astonished when you see what curious and interesting things we can in the corner A (Fig. 1). (See Fig. 2.) Fit the knot on the forefinger of the left hand, as in Fig.

3, draw the sides B and C over the thumb and middle finger to form the arms, and our orator stands forth (Fig. 4) ready to entertain his audience. If, now, the speech of Othello, beginning "Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors," be repeated, accompanied with appropriate gestures of its arms and solemn nods of its head, the ludicrous effect will cause great fun and many a merry laugh.

"The Father Confessor and the Repentant Nun" properly come next, as the Orator will serve for the Priest. To form the Nun, another handkerchief is required. As you know, the dress of a nun is very simple. You have but to turn the corner B (Fig. 5) and place it over the forefinger of the right hand with the fold uppermost, so as to form the cap; then draw the handkerchief over the hand, using the thumb and middle finger as arms, as in the Orator, and the Nun is complete (Fig. 6). With the left

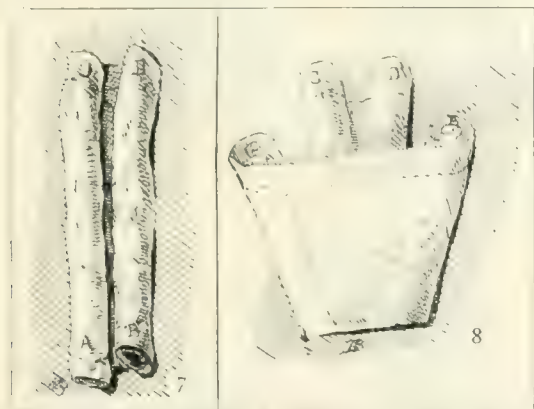
appropriate for the little folks. The first thing which suggests itself as a toy for a child is almost invariably a doll. Almost all children have a natural curiosity to



"THE REPENTANT NUN"

discover the mechanism of their playthings, otherwise toys would last much longer than they do; so, to stand and watch the manufacture of the doll will prove a new source of pleasure to our little ones. "The Doll-baby" is a little more complicated than the preceding figures, but, after one or two trials, is not difficult to make. First, roll the two sides of the handkerchief until they meet in the middle; next, fold the two ends, A and B (Fig. 7), as shown in Fig. 8; then fold the upper ends, C and D, over and down, as in Fig. 9. The rolled ends, C and D, are then brought around the middle of the handkerchief and tied, the ends of the knot forming the arms; then, with a little pulling and arranging, you have a pretty fair doll (Fig. 10).

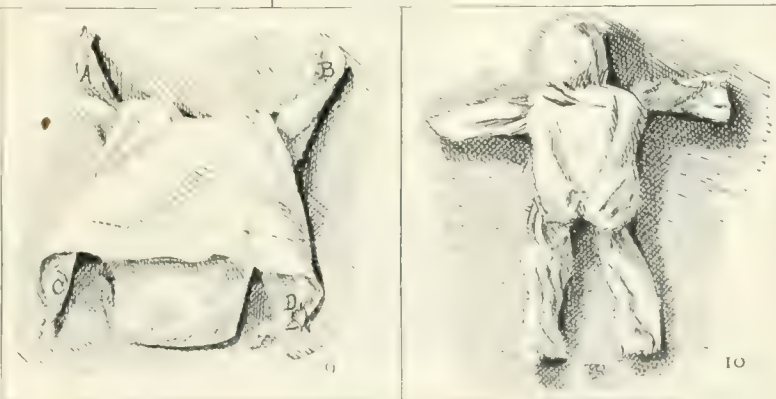
We know that some little boys will disdain to play with dolls, as belonging exclusively to



hand dressed as the Priest, and the right as the Nun, any dialogue that suggests itself may be repeated.

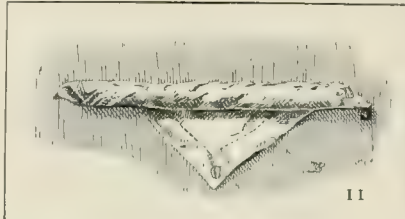
If the proper gestures, nods, and bows be introduced, this will prove very laughable to those who have never seen it before.

Now, let us see if the handkerchief cannot produce something more especially appro-

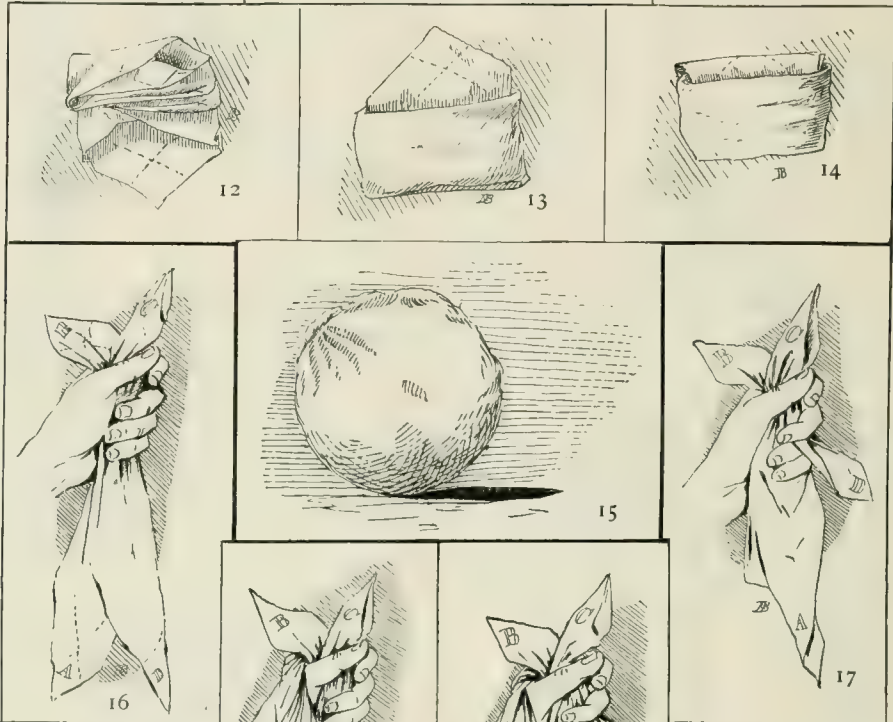


"THE DOLL"

the girls. Such little fellows can be pacified at once by the production of a very creditable ball, and one that can be thrown against a looking-glass or window without the slightest danger of damage. To roll up a ball, fold the corner B, as in Fig. 5, and roll the handkerchief as in Fig. 11; fold back the two ends, A and



the white rabbit. Take the two corners B and C once by the production of a very creditable ball, (Fig. 1), holding them as shown in Fig. 16, while you bring the end D over the back of the hand, and hold it down with the second finger (Fig. 17). Draw the end A over the front of the hand, and hold it down as seen in Fig. 18. Still holding these tightly, fold the end A,



D (Fig. 12),—the reverse side is represented in Fig. 13,—and turn the point C back over A and D; then the pocket (Fig. 14) formed by the sides should be turned inside out, and this process of turning kept up (being always careful to take hold at the corners when turning) until a firm ball is formed (Fig. 15). The first attempt may not produce as round a ball as might be desired, but practice will make perfect.

You can further delight the children with "Bunny,"

and bring the corner D through the hand, clasp-
ing it as in Fig. 19. The portion of the handkerchief covering the back of the hand must then be turned over that in front, taking heed, however, to prevent the ends B, C, and D (which are to form the ears and the tail respectively) from being wrapped in with the body; keep turning (after the manner in making the ball) until the body is firm; then spread out the ears and arrange the tail, and you

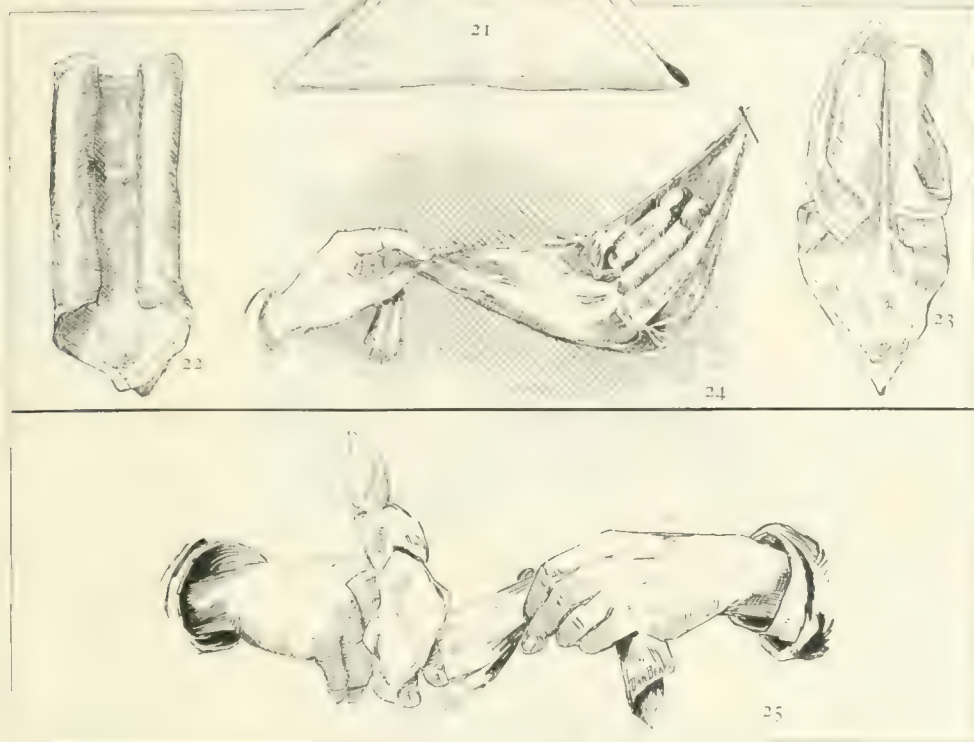
"THE BALL."—"THE RABBIT."

have "Bunny," as shown in Fig. 20. A pink button fastened on makes an effective eye.

"The Twins" are not so difficult to make as the preceding, but would be quite odd, if they were not

tied loosely in one corner; the remainder of the handkerchief is then wrapped around the two first fingers, as shown in Fig. 25.

Call the attention of the spectators to the comical appearance that a man



even. Fold the handkerchief as in Fig. 21; roll up the two folded ends as in Fig. 22; then take the handkerchief by the two lower corners and gently pull them in opposite directions. (See Fig. 23.) A doll's head may then be placed in each of the rolls, or a string tied around them a little below the upper ends, which will give the appearance of heads. The hammock, with the twins in it, will then appear, as in Fig. 24.

The Bather is simple in construction, consisting of a handkerchief with an ordinary knot



"THE TWINS."—"THE BATHER."

cuts in a bathing-dress, and then run the handkerchief figure (Fig. 26) rapidly toward the company. He is sure to create a laugh, if made properly.

"Oh, you have left out Little Red Riding Hood!" exclaimed a young friend of mine, after she had carefully examined the foregoing sketches.

"And, pray, how is Little Red Riding Hood made?" I asked.

She answered by running into the next room, and, returning with a bright red silk pocket-

handkerchief, she proceeded to fold it in the manner shown in Fig. 27. Then, at the places marked by the dotted line, she folded the corners back, and, reversing the handkerchief, the opposite side appeared folded as shown in Fig. 28. At each fold, she patted the handkerchief, and said: "There, you see how that's done?"

"Yes, but that looks like a soldier's hat," said I.

"Now, you wait a moment," she

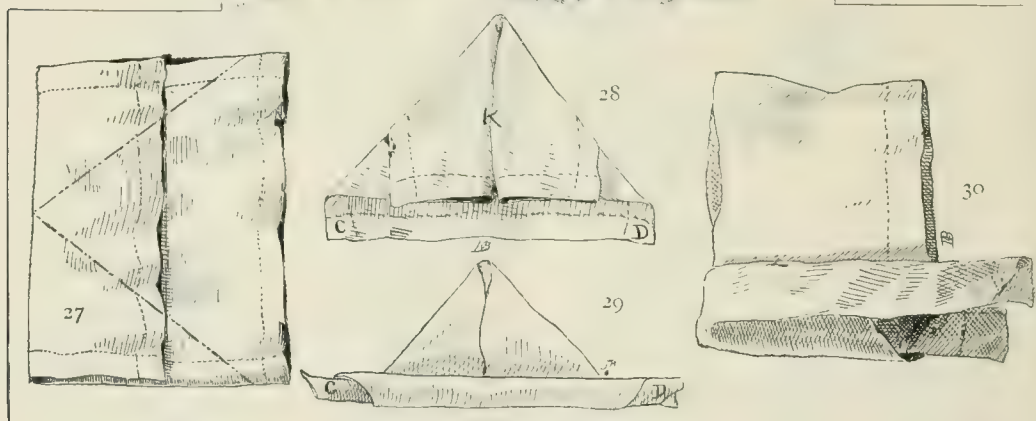


Sure enough, here was the hood (Fig. 30).

Putting it upon her head, and deftly tying the ends under her chin, she exclaimed: "And here is Little Red Riding Hood!"

A more simple but very cunning little cap may be made for baby (see final illustration), by tying knots in the four corners of a handkerchief, and fitting it closely to the head.

Of course, these are only a few of the curious and



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

answered, and, as she spoke, she folded the bottom margin, C D, over, until it had the form of Fig. 29.

"Now, what do you call that?" I asked.

"Why, that" (here she picked it up by the corners C and D and bent the corners back, making a fold at K) "is the hood!"



interesting things that can be manufactured from a handkerchief. And now that the girls and boys have seen how easily these have been made, they can exercise their own ingenuity in devising other methods of using their handkerchiefs for the amusement of their friends in the coming winter evenings.

THE POOR DOLLY.



THE POOR DOLLY.

It was a good while af-ter Christ-mas, when Su-sie and Jen-nie, two lit-tle girls who had en-joyed the hol-i-days ver-y much, made up their minds that they would let their doll-ba-bies have the same pleas-ure that they had had, and that they would give them a Christ-mas of their own. So they set up a lit-tle tree, and got out the dolls' stock-ings to hang up, and did ev-ery-thing that lit-tle girls do for dolls when they give them hol-i-days of this kind. But Su-sie thought they ought to do some-thing more than this.

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do," said she to Jennie. "We 'll have a poor dol-ly. She shall be hun-gry and cold and wear rag-ged clothes, and then our dolls, who have ev-ery-thing they want, shall in-vite her to their Christ-mas par-ty, and give her some of their clothes and good things, and hang some pres-ents for her on their tree, and nev-er say one word to hurt her feel-ings."

"Oh, that will be splen-did!" said Jen-nie, and the two lit-tle girls hur-ried off to find a poor dol-ly. They had three good dolls, whose names were Hen-ri-et-ta, Lau-ra, and Car-min-a-tive. The oth-er name of this last doll was Bal-sam. They had read the whole name on a bot-tle, and they thought it ver-y pret-ty. They once had an-oth-er doll, who lost her arms, and so she had been put a-way in a clos-et. They thought she would make a good poor dol-ly, and so they brought her out and called her Ann. They tore her clothes, which were pret-ty old, any-way, and made her look ver-y rag-ged and cold.



HENRIETTA, LAURA, AND CARMINATIVE.

Ann was in-vit-ed to the Christ-mas par-ty, and she came. The tree was all read-y, the dolls' ta-ble was spread with their best chi-na, and there was can-dy, cake, and jel-ly, be-sides al-monds and rai-sins.

"Now then," said Su-sie, "I will speak for our dolls, and you must speak for Ann."

Jen-nie a-greed, and then Su-sie said, speak-ing for Hen-ri-et-ta:

"How do you do, lit-tle girl? Are you ver-y cold? Come up close

to the fire, and eat some of this jel-ly. It will warm you." And then Su-sie took a small spoon-ful of the jel-ly, and af-ter put-ting it to Ann's mouth, she of course ate it her-self.

"Thank you ver-y much," said Jen-nie, speak-ing for Ann. "I think



I will take some of this can-dy as well as the jel-ly." And Jen-nie put a piece of can-dy to Ann's mouth and then in-to her own.

"Are you ver-y poor?" said Su-sie, speak-ing for Lau-ra. "Is your fa-ther dead? Do you like al-monds?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jen-nie, speak-ing for the poor dol-ly, and each of the lit-tle girls gave her an al-mond, and then ate them themselves.

"Have you any lit-tle broth-ers and sis-ters?" said Su-sie, speak-ing for Car-min-a-tive Bal-sam. "Do they have to go out and work?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jen-nie, for Ann. "They go out to work at five o'-clock ev-ery morn-ing. They are ver-y young."

"What do they work at?" asked Su-sie, speak-ing for Hen-ri-et-ta.

"They make but-tons," said Jen-nie, af-ter think-ing a-while.

Then all the dolls were set up at the ta-ble, and Su-sie and Jen-nie ate for all of them, giv-ing the poor dol-ly just as much as the rest. Af-ter sup-per the pres-ents were tak-en down from the tree, and Ann had a lit-tle sil-ver thim-ble which had once be-longed to Jen-nie.

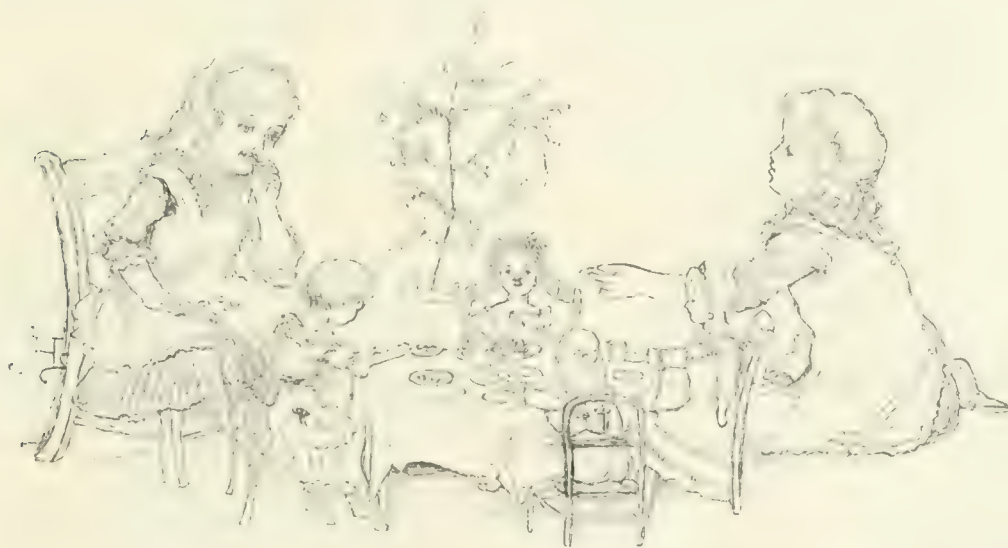
It was now time to hang up the stock-ings, and Su-sie said that Ann must hang up her stock-ing just the same as the rest.

Then all the dolls were laid on their fac-es on the floor, so that they should not see, while Su-sie and Jen-nie played they were San-ta Claus

and his wife, and filled the four stock-ings with small bits of can-dy and pieces of ap-ple cut quite small. As Ann was so poor, a rai-sin was al-so crammed in-to her stock-ing. When the dolls were tak-en up and seat-ed in a row, and af-ter they had looked at the stock ings long e-nough to won-der what was in them, each one's stock-ing was placed in her lap.

It was now quite time for Ann to go home, but be-fore she went a-way Hen-ri-et-ta gave her a frock; Lau-ra gave her a lit-tle straw hat, while Car-min-a-tive gave her a red shawl, which was much bet-ter for her than a cloak, as she had no arms. Some cake, and some of the jel-ly that was left, was wrapped up in a piece of pa-per for her to car-ry home to her moth-er and her lit-tle broth-ers and sis-ters, and then, be-ing made just as hap-py as it was pos-si-ble for a poor dol-ly to be, she was tak-en back to the clos-et, which was now sup-posed to be her moth-er's home, up a lit-tle al-ley.

"Those chil-dren of ours," said Su-sie, in a thought-ful tone, "ought to be much hap-pi-er for hav-ing been kind to that poor dol-ly."



"I think they look hap-pi-er al-read-y," said lit-tle Jen-nie, who looked hap-py her-self for e-ven hav-ing played at kind ness.

When the old-er sis-ter of these two lit-tle girls has time to make arms for poor Ann, Susie and Jen-nie in-tend to a-dopt her in-to their fam-i-ly, and be moth-ers to her, as they are to the oth-er dolls.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

LITTLE squirrels, crack your nuts;
 Chip your busy tune;
 Sound your merry rut-a-tuts—
 Boys are coming soon!
 Hide to-day, and pile to-day,
 Hoard a goodly store;
 When the boys are gone away,
 You may find no more.
 Hear you not their merry shout,
 Song, and happy laughter?
 Sure as leaping, boys are out!
 Girls are coming after.
 Hide and pile, then, while you may,
 Hoard a goodly store;
 If the children come this way,
 You may find no more.

THE TROUBLES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

I HAVE told you before of the way in which my birds look at the telegraph wires. The little rascals truly believe them to be hanging in mid-air just for their benefit—a sort of perching ground, you know. But some birds are wiser—either because they have traveled more, or because they number traveled birds among their intimate acquaintances. What stories, now, some of those gay foreign songsters and talkers might tell of far-away telegraph lines; and who knows what the sea-gulls may hear of the trials of the ocean cable! Think of the fish that gnaw its covering; the heavy shell-animals that cling to it and weigh it down; the whales that bump against it! And as for overland wires, it would astonish you to hear the birds tell secrets about that telegraph in Sumatra, which, you know, is one of the East India Islands. Think of it there, helpless and alone among the jungles! The dear Little School-ma'am says that at first, within three years, there were over fifty serious interruptions on

this Sumatra telegraph, on account of elephants. They actually pulled down the wires, in some instances, and hid them away in the cane-brakes! Probably they mistook them for a sort of trapping apparatus. Imagine a suspicious elephant (with a young family growing up about him) wrenching up poles and dragging down wires, by way of precaution! Think, too, of the tigers and bears that gently rub their sides against the poles, and the monkeys that delight in finding such grand tightropes all ready for their performances! Ah, the telegraph in that region has a hard time of it, and the men who have to go and repair it are certainly not to be envied. How would you like to be in that service, my hearers?

Very much? Well, well! Go and tell your mothers at once, then, and we'll see what can be done about it.

THE SQUIRREL AND HER CHILDREN.

DEAR JACK: Here is another letter about squirrels. A lady that we know tamed a squirrel, and it became so tame that it would sit in her lap and eat out of her hand. One day, after it had been with her about two months, it disappeared, and the lady was much troubled to know what had become of it. One day, after it had been missing about a month, she was out on the piazza; she saw the squirrel running toward her with five little squirrels, the body of each being about as long as a boy's finger. The mother brought them forward, one at a time, as if to introduce them. They were very timid at first, but they soon got bolder, for their mother was ashamed of them for being so much afraid. When they ran away, she would run after them and scold at them.—Yours, sincerely,

M. AND W.

THE LAST OF THE SEVEN WONDERS.

A YOUNG friend, fourteen years of age, sends me this account of a big pyramid, and when I ask the dear Little School-ma'am whether it is exactly correct or not, she says: "Ask the children." So, why not?

DEAR JACK: I have been reading a good deal about the Great Pyramid of Cheops. It is the only one remaining of the seven wonders of the ancient world. It stands on a bluff on the edge of the desert across the Nile from Cairo. It is 460 feet high and 793 feet square—all built of large blocks of stone. I have some pieces of it. They are yellowish-white, and somewhat harder than chalk. There is no rain or frost in Egypt. It is said there are as many solid feet of rock in the pyramid as it is miles to the sun. If this pyramid was converted into paving stones two feet wide and one and a half inches thick, it would make a pavement around the earth twice, and then leave enough to pave from New York to the principal cities of the Union. You or your "chicks" can make the estimate. J. M.

A TRICYCLE JOURNEY.

WHAT think you, young bicyclers, of a three-wheeled, no-horse journey of over two thousand miles? The dear Little School-ma'am has just given me the particulars of precisely such an exploit. M. Somebody, Vice-President of a French Bicycling Club, and his wife, started from Lyons lately on a two-seated machine. They went on into Italy, through Nice, Genoa, and Rome, to Naples. On their way back to France, they took in Florence and Turin, making, in fact, a total journey of 2300 miles, and at an average rate of fifty to sixty miles a day.

Exactly. And your Jack has an idea that the worthy but enterprising couple have been resting at the rate of fifty to sixty days a mile ever since.

But then, what can a poor Jack-in-the-Pulpit know of the charms of bicycle travel?

who knows but you, too, may yet smile through your spectacles at gray-haired Master Tommy or Miss Sue, your present chum, when in the year nineteen hundred and something you call to mind that picnic near the melon patch last month, or yesterday's fine trick upon Cousin Jack?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read the article in the November number about some curious birds'-nests, and thought I would tell you of one which I saw near Muscatine, Iowa.

The Cedar River, though quite wide at Muscatine, is very shallow, and each ferry boat is run across by means of a wire rope stretched from one bank to the other. A block and pulley slips along the wire, and from each end of the boat comes a rope, which is fastened to the block; by means of these ropes the boat is inclined to the current in such a manner that the force of the stream drives the boat across without the use of oars, paddles, or screw-propeller.

On this traveling block, a pair of birds built their nest, and successfully reared a brood of young. The boat crossed at all times of the day and night, and every time the block, with the nest on it, would go rattling across on the iron cable, above the water. The nest was well guarded by the ferry man, and was the marvel of all who passed by.—Yours, I. M.

THE following bright little puzzle is from a seven-year old reader of ST. NICHOLAS:

DEAR ST NICHOLAS.
I HAVE MADE A REBUS.
CAN THE CHILDREN GUESS
IT. I AM SEVEN YEARS OLD
AND I LIKE TO DRAW.
PICTURES. I AM ONE OF YOUR
LITTLE FRIENDS.
ARTHUR W. DAVIS.
THE ANSWER IS AMEN



THE following are the most important existing works of the artists mentioned in this month's "Art and Artists" paper:

DOMENICHINO: Communion of St. Jerome, Vatican, Rome; Martyrdom of St. Agnes, Pinacotheca, Bologna; St. Mary Magdalen, Pitti Gallery, Florence; Portrait of a Cardinal, Uffizi Gallery, Florence; the Cumaean Sibyl, Borghese Palace, Rome; Six Pictures in the Louvre, Paris; Tobias and the Angel, National Gallery, London; St. Jerome and the Angel, National Gallery, London; many frescoes in the Churches of Rome, Fano, and Naples.

GUIDO RENI: Aurora, Rospigliosi Palace, Rome; Portrait of Beatrice Cenci, Barberini Palace, Rome; Madonna della Pietà, and seven other pictures, Pinacotheca, Bologna; Sts. Paul and Anthony, Berlin Museum; Cleopatra, Pitti Gallery, Florence; Virgin and

Child, Uffizi Gallery, Florence; Sts. Paul and Peter, Erera, Milan; Fortune, Academy of St. Luke, Rome; Bacchus and Ariadne, Academy of St. Luke, Rome; and many others in European galleries and churches.

THE ALTEA SEANO: St. Anthony Adoring the Virgin and Child, Pinacotheca, Bologna; Charity, Sciarra Palace, Rome; Martha and Mary, Belvedere, Vienna; Cupids, Lichtenstein Gallery, Vienna; Infant Christ, Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

CARAVAGGIO: Beheading of St. John, Cathedral, Malta; Entombment of Christ, Vatican, Rome; Holy Family, Borghese Gallery, Rome; Chastity, Cassin, St. Peter's, Rome; Geometry, Spada Palace, Rome; Fortune-teller, Capitol Gallery, Rome; Earthly Love, Berlin Museum; Portrait of Vignacourt, Louvre, Paris.

EL SEAN DE LA: Having, St. Patrick's, Queen of Spain's Gallery, Madrid; Ixion on the Wheel, Queen of Spain's Gallery, Madrid; Jacob's Dream, Queen of Spain's Gallery, Madrid; Jacob Watering the Flock, Escorial, Spain; Adoration of the Shepherds, Cathedral of Valencia; Cato of Utica, Louvre, Paris.

THE MASSIZ ASSOCIATION—NINETEENTH REPORT.

DURING the summer months many, if not most, of our Chapters have been scattered. But the objects of the society have not been forgotten. Indeed, freed from city limits and roaming by the seashore and among the mountains, we have all enjoyed the best opportunities for collecting and observing. And now the tide has turned, and the town-bound trains have been the full ones, and our dispersed naturalists have gathered together again, and are busily comparing the fruits of their various expeditions. Your President lately had the pleasure of visiting Chapter 283, of Greenfield, Mass., and was greatly surprised and delighted. There are now thirty members, and all are wide-awake and enthusiastic. Every day, during vacation, excursions were made for flowers, eggs, or insects, or time was spent in classifying and arranging the specimens. They have built three elegant cases, and have in one of them over one thousand insects, many of which are accurately labeled. We hope that the Secretary will be willing to write for us a complete description of their entomological and botanical cases, for they are the best adapted to the wants of the A. A. of any we have seen. They have eggs to exchange. Other requests for exchanges follow.

EXCHANGES.

Oregon and Washington Ter. Plants, for eggs, minerals, fossils, and shells.—H. W. Cardwell, White Salmon, Klital Co., Washington Ter.

Sandwich Islands. Shells, for insects or living chrysalids.—Miss Isabel P. Cooke, Concord, Mass.

Petrified wood, for sea-beans, buck-eyes, ores, or Florida moss; also desired, a foreign correspondent.—Jacob Gaddis, Fairfield, Iowa.

Insects and birds' eggs. Please write before sending specimens.—Fred. W. Hatch, Box 338, Nashua, N. H.

Copper ore, for fossils.—Ezra Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Eggs, for eggs and sea-mosses.—C. W. Sprague, Hodges' Block, Twenty-second St., Chicago, Ill.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
312.	New York, N. Y. (G)	4.	Geo. Wildey, 249 W. 26th St.
313.	Chicago, Ill. (H)	1.	O. J. Stein, 18 Sheldon St.
314.	Lancaster, Pa. (A)	6.	R. Heitsch, 322 W. James St.
315.	Syracuse, N. Y. (A)	6.	E. J. Carpenter, 222 Montgomery St.
17.	Palmyra, N. Y. (A)	8.	Jarvis Merick.
17.	Buffalo, N. Y. (E)	10.	W. L. Koester, 523 Main St.
17.	Sweetland, Cal. (A)	7.	Miss K. M. Fowler.

CHAPTER REPORTS.

JEFFERSON, OHIO.

We have an aquarium almost finished. On a piece of fresh cocoanut I saw what I took to be a mold, but it was very strange. All over it were tiny crimson sacs. Will some one tell me what it was? I have analyzed twenty-four flowers.

We have heard essays on chalk, the echinus, reindeer, etc. The boys are going to make a cabinet.

CLARA L. NORTHWAY, Sec.

One of our members found a petrified mushroom. We think it a wonderful specimen.

DAVID K. ORR, Allegheny City, Pa.

H. U. Williams, of Buffalo (B), writes: We know Number 14. We try to have the subject of every paper something which has fallen under the writer's personal observation. I think it will please you to know that the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences allows us to meet at its rooms. We also have the benefit of its library and museum.

SYCAMORE, ILL.

The cat-birds have held a grand concert in our cherry-trees this morning. Is n't it a pity that, when they are such fine songsters, they condescend to squall as they usually do? I have a little garden with twelve varieties of wild flowers. It is ever so much better than an herbarium, for I can watch the flowers grow. I love the A. A. work more and more.

PANSY SMITH.

[It will be new to many that the cat-bird is a "fine songster," but he is little inferior to the mocking-bird. How many have heard him do his best?]

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

This city is on an island of the same name, in the Gulf of Mexico. It is low and flat, not being more than six feet above the gulf in the highest part. It is formed of sand from South American rivers, brought over by the gulf current. It was settled in 1836, after the battle of San Jacinto, which secured the independence of Texas. Before this it was covered with tall grass, and the only trees upon it were three small groups of stunted oaks. The nearest rocks are three hundred feet below the surface of the island, and therefore there is no way of collecting them. I have sea-shells and "sand-dollars" to exchange for ores.

PHILIP J. TUCKER.

MALDEN, MASS.

Our Chapter was organized early in June, with six members. We now have nine. Being in a region rather unfavorable to research in natural history, it is more difficult for us than for some of the more favored Chapters. Nevertheless, the difficulty of acquiring knowledge and obtaining specimens will make us value more highly the results of our exertions.

CHAS. C. BEALE.

[Nothing is more true. If a large collection were given to any Chapter, it would be nearly worthless.]

ST. CLAIR, PA.

Allow me to offer a suggestion as to the possible formation of geodes. Water, we know, sinks into the ground until it comes to some thick rock, and then stands, and is reached by artesian wells. The water, standing thus in pools, may have had a hard crust formed around it, and afterward the water may have dried, leaving a crystallized surface. Large caves are formed by the action of water on limestone, and my thought is that geodes are only miniature caves, and formed in the same way.

GEO. POWELL.

LEVERETT, MASS.

One day I saw this: At the base of the stalk of an herb was a web extending entirely around the stalk, and within it a mass of life which, on examination, proved to be small green spiders. I think I am not exaggerating when I say there were not less than ten thousand of them. Are spiders ever gregarious, laying their eggs so that the young form vast communities? One morning I noticed that our fly-trap, which had been full of flies the evening previous, was nearly empty. Soon I saw, to my astonishment, a line of black ants enter the trap, where each one seized a fly, whirled it rapidly around a few times, and then tugged it off to its nest. I calculated that several hundred flies had been carried off during the night.

EDITH S. FIELD.

INDEPENDENCE, KANSAS.

We have eighteen members, and we are trying to improve our minds in natural history. The prairies are covered with wild flowers, and we are learning to analyze them. We have a large room, with a picture of Prof. Agassiz hung up in it. We have had essays read on different subjects. The next will be on serpents. We gave an entertainment recently, and took in enough money to buy a good microscope (magnifies 1000 times), and had some left besides. We are trying to be one of the Banner Chapters.

WILLIE H. PLANK, Sec.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

I have prepared a number of microscopic objects in Canada balsam, between glass slips, such as blood-corpuscles, bees'-wings, sulphur (which looks very beautiful under the condensing lens at night), scales of butterflies, etc. I have three dainty humming-birds' nests, and a humming-bird and egg from Southern California. The bird (*Chrysomitris moschitus*) is three and a quarter inches long, including the bill. The back is brilliant green, and the throat a bright ruby, that sparkles in the sunlight like gems. The nests are about the size of small walnuts. They are made of sage-leaves, cotton, wool, seeds of grasses, down, feathers, and cobwebs. One has pale

green lace-moss woven in and streaming out. The egg is like a small white bean. I have also an oriole's nest from California, made of straw and lined with hair and wool. The straw is woven in and out of eucalyptus leaves, and looks as if it had been sewed. The egg is white, with scrawls on it, which look as if made with a pen.

JOHN L. HANNA, 219 Madison Street.

WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

Chapter 189 has been analyzing minerals. We have been given the use of a small room. It has been freshly papered and we are now painting it. We are to have a press in the club-room, and each is to bring her flowers and press them there.

EDITH LAMSON, Sec.

LANSING, MICH.

The interest increases, and we have added four new members. Our work has been mainly on the questions from ST. NICHOLAS. We have quite a number of specimens for our cabinet.

MRS. N. B. JONES.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

We like the following method of preparing a paper on any subject: First, think of all the questions you can on the subject; write them down and number them; then read up on each of these, and write the answers from memory.

ELLISTON J. PEROT.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

Peekskill Chapter has made a fort on a small rocky island in the Hudson, and christened the island Agassiz Island, and the fort Fort Agassiz.

GEO. E. BRIGGS.

CONDENSED REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS ASSIGNED TO
JNO. F. GLOSSER, BERWYN, PA.

Linville H. Wardwell, Secretary Beverly, Mass., Chapter, reports appropriation of \$14.00 for instruments, etc. Among those purchased is a microscope. The question whether all animals are useful to man was discussed, but remained undecided at date of report. Three keepers were appointed, one each to have charge of the herbarium, minerals, and insects. A vacation of two months was taken by this Chapter.

The report of Chapter 126, E. Philadelphia, Pa., through its Secretary, Raymond P. Kaighn, says a vacation, extending through July and August, is taken. Many specimens are contributed, among which are two nicely mounted red-wing blackbirds.

[In reading this letter to our Berwyn Chapter, one bright member, of about twelve years, took exception to the name "red-wing blackbird," and said the proper name is "starling." Whether he is right or not, I leave to you, but judging from the number of specimens he brings in at a meeting he has fallen madly in love with natural history.]

Report from Chapter 109, Washington, D. C., states that all rules are suspended from June to September, and that a picnic will be held each week during that time. The President sends the report this time, and says the Secretary will be abroad for several years. While we regret losing her pleasantly written reports, the Chapter, no doubt, will gain numerous specimens from the countries she may visit.

Charles W. Sprague, Secretary Chapter 108 (D), Chicago, Ill., says they have obtained a great number of birds' eggs, and have a variety in good condition to trade for rare and valuable specimens of any kind.

A GENERAL DEBATE.

Instead of the regular monthly reports for November, we propose a general debate, in which all Chapters and all corresponding members are invited to participate. Let the question be:

Resolved, That geodes are formed without the intervention of animal or vegetable life.

We hope that the President of each Chapter will interest himself to appoint some one who can worthily represent his Chapter (the person might be determined by competitive papers in the Chapter), or that he will cause the Chapter, as a whole, to prepare a paper on this subject. The best arguments on both sides shall be printed. All papers must reach us by the first of January, 1883. The usual reports will be resumed again in December. Let us get all the information possible on this subject. Consult books, papers, and friends. Examine specimens and localities, if possible; reason out your own conclusions, and let us see whether we can not settle the question.

Address all communications to H. H. BALLARD, Principal Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

